

Plymouth Mail.

VOL 7 NO 22

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1894.

WHOLE NO 334

THEY SAY THAT

Advertising in these columns one cent per word each week.

—Nice winter weather.

—Mrs. Fred Gray of Wayne, was in town Tuesday.

Shelled corn, 43c per bushel, at F. & P. M. elevator.

—H. J. Harrison of Inkster, was in town Tuesday.

—Miss Myrtle Willett Sundayed with friends at Northville.

—Men commenced cutting ice at the Phoenix pond, Tuesday.

—Miss Wolf of Detroit, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Streng, this week.

—Mrs. John Lutz of North Village, is very sick at this writing, with the grip.

—Quite a crowd of our young people took in the show at Northville, Monday evening.

—A masquerade ball will be given at the Penniman Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 14th.

—The Arizona Kicker. Copyrighted 1893. Published every Wednesday, 50 cents for three months. \$2. per annum. Sample Copies 10 cents. Address—Arizona Kicker, Tombstone, Arizona. tf.

—Miss Bertha Erlenbush and a Mr. Holmes of Salem, were married on Wednesday evening of last week. Mr. Jacob Lipp and Miss Minnie Erlenbush, the bride's sister, acted as best gent and lady.

—Our postmaster still holds forth at the old stand. Just when the change will be made, is no more definite at this time than before election. Whether the change is made or not, however, is of no consequence to the majority.

—"Cursed are ye when the editor shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely because you do not pay your subscription". Kindly take notice, also give your neighbor a friendly tip, as we need your help now.

—Detective J. C. Johnson, of the D. L. & N. R. R., made the village a visit, to the sorrow of a couple of our boys, who were each fined \$5 and costs, on Monday for riding on D. L. & N. trains, by Justice Lombard. Boys you may as well obey the law.

—One of our ministers thought out a novel way to exercise his chickens and so make the hens lay more. He suspended a cabbage from the coop ceiling and derived much amusement watching the chickens jump for it but somehow the increase in eggs, that was expected, failed to materialize. We don't know, but think he exercised the wrong muscles.—Ypsilantian.

—Some party or parties unknown took advantage of the genial Burt Bennett, on Sunday night of last week, by sleeping in a bed he had made up for "sample" purposes. Burt says he has no objection to giving a night's lodging, but he would prefer knowing something about it before hand. Burt will reside in the store night's hereafter.

—Early last Friday morning when Richard Sands and his son went to the barn to do the chores, they observed a large bird take wing from the barnyard, and light in a clump of bushes not far away. The boy got his gun and after firing four shots killed the bird, which proved to be a very large owl with a steel trap attached to his claws. The owl was covered with blood, and they were not long in discovering upon what it had been feasting. They found upon entering the pen a full-grown sheep lying dead with its throat terribly mangled. Mr. Sands says the owl was the largest one he ever saw or heard of in this vicinity. The supposition is that the bird had been in the trap some time, and was driven by hunger to attack the sheep in so savage a manner.—Milford Times.

Chicago newspapers have lately gone into merchandising in connection with their efforts to increase their circulation, to such an extent as to involve them in some difficulty with their large advertisers who object to the low prices and good values offered. The most notable instance of this is The Inter Ocean, which was compelled to discontinue its very popular Book Department for no other reason. It continues its World's Fair Portfolio Department, however, which is delivering about 11,000 copies per day at present and has just added a comprehensive series of "Views of the World," and a book of music called "Harmonized Melodies" on the same plan. They are sold at a certain price provided the purchaser presents a certain number of coupons cut from the paper.

—M. F. Gray and Bert Baker, of Wayne were in town Wednesday and Thursday.

—Our ice men have been taking advantage of the late freeze, and putting up some ice.

Freddie, the eight-year-old son of Robert Schweickherath, of Chelsea, was killed by the cars the other day.

—Two good organs for sale cheap, on easy payments or would exchange for wood. J. H. Steers, Northville.

Farm for Sale—Fifty-two acres, 1 1/2 miles from Plymouth. Inquire of M. Conner, Plymouth.

—The furniture brought from the new Hotel Plymouth is selling rapidly. There is a nice lot of it and some rare bargains.

—The D. L. & N. railroad has put in a siding at Island Lake, and will take large quantities of ice from there.

—A little snow, on Monday, "greased" up the sleighing so that quite a number of cutters were on the streets.

—The grist mill of Mettler & Son, of Flat Rock, was burned last Friday morning. It was a first-class roller mill. The loss is about \$10,000, with a little insurance.

—The supreme court has decided that the stockholders in the defunct Milford bank are liable to additional amount equal to the par value of their stock.

—A man with a horse and a scraper cleaned the snow from a large portion of the ice on the Phoenix pond, Friday and Saturday, and the young people utilized the ice for skating.

—C. A. Pickney returned from the east last Saturday evening. While there he took occasion to call on James Madden and family, of Bayside, L. I., a former resident of this place.

—An authority says that three-fourths of a pound of Paris green or London purple to 100 gallons of water is the proper quantity for spraying fruit trees.

—We are pleased to state that the greater number of our sick are improving. Mr. and Mrs. Fishbee are both able to be on the street; also E. W. Chaffee and Geo. VanVleit.

—Saturday afternoon our streets were lined with teams, nearly every hitching place being occupied. With the return of good roads, our merchants will no doubt see an improvement in their trade. Bad roads always affect trade.

Editor DeForest Marvin, of Dimondale, has worn one pair of boots 18 years continuously. They are just as good as new, although they have kicked many a poet and irate subscriber from the sanctum. He has worn one overcoat about the same length of time, and he carries a pocket comb which he purchased in 1862. He shaves himself with a razor that has done service for three generations.—Ex.

—A resolution has been placed before the common council of Holly, to bond the village in the sum of \$14,500 for the purpose of paying the Hunter judgment. The bonds to be in the sum of \$500 each: three of them to be made payable the first year; three the second year; four the third year; five the fourth year; six the fifth year and eight the sixth year. Interest at six per cent.

—Byron people are complaining that they have been beaten by a shrewd little Frenchman who talked them into buying his book, without seeing the volume. Let's see. Didn't the same thing happen in Milford not so very long ago?—Milford Times. Just such a one struck Plymouth a couple of years ago and several of our people bought twenty-five cent books for \$2.50 each, before seeing them.

—A young lady who got tired of her caller and feared he never would depart, gave him a little problem to solve. She handed him a pencil and told him to "make a row of eleven ciphers; then to make a perpendicular mark downward, at the right of the first, fifth and tenth ciphers, and upwards on the fourth, seventh and eighth." After he had completed his task he surveyed it for a minute, and then without a word of explanation, suddenly departed.

—One day last week the president of the village received a tip from a Plymouth official that some of the sporting element had selected the vicinity of Milford as the scene of a pugilistic encounter—not between Corbett and Mitchell however. The village officers kept on the look-out, but not discerning any indications of a scrap, decided that the matter was either a hoax, or the result of an effort to throw the Plymouth authorities off the scent. It has since been learned that Billy Gaffney and an Evansville pugilist attempted to fight at Plymouth Thursday night, but were chased out of the county by a couple of justices.—Milford Times.

—Have you paid your subscription for 1894?

—W. H. Hoyt was at Northville Tuesday.

—A little more snow would make good sleighing.

—G. W. Springer was in Detroit Wednesday.

Give us a trial subscription—three months for 25 cents.

—I. N. Starkweather of Northville, was in town Tuesday.

Best flour 50c a sack, or \$3.09 a barrel. L. C. Hough & Son.

—A. K. Wheeler of Grand Rapids, was in town Tuesday.

—L. M. Sheffield of Detroit, was in the village this week.

—Potatoes are coming in at a lively rate. The price paid is 40 cents a bushel.

—Reported that Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Dickerson will soon move to Northville.

—Read Bennett's change of ad. He is rattling his furniture off at a great rate.

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

—Mr. Holsington who has been very sick, for the past few weeks with the grip, is much improved.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chadwick of Northville, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baker.

—A "hard times dance" will be given at Lapham's hall on Wednesday evening Feb. 7th. Bill 30 cents. All are invited.

—Miss Rosina Vokes, the actress, died at her home in London, Eng., after several weeks' battle against that dreaded disease, consumption.

—Don't take a single job of printing outside, until you have called at the MAIL office. We can do anything in our line, at reasonable prices.

—Calvin Stevens will offer all his farm stock, implements, etc. at public auction on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, at the Albert Durfee farm. He will retire from farming.

—Besides the large quantity of stamps sent to them by correspondents, Dr. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, will use 250,000 more 8 cent stamps to mail their seed catalogues.

—While engaged working at the shaper in Markham's shop on Monday last, C. L. Babcock had the misfortune to lacerate his hand very severely. The injury will lay him off work for some time.

—E. C. Hough, of the firm of L. C. Hough & Son, left Thursday morning for Richmond, and other points in the south, looking after the interest of the firm. He took with him a large quantity of potatoes.

—The "Plymouth Lively Colored Boys" will give a minstrel entertainment on the evenings of February 15th and 16th, for the benefit of the fire department boys. Besides our best local talent, foreign talent will assist, among the latter being two noted Detroit artists. Chase yourself around and get a quarter and help the boys along.

—The ladies relief corps will give a ten cent supper at Safford's Hall next Tuesday evening, Feb. 6th. After the supper, the drawing of the quilt will take place. Tea served from six o'clock to seven thirty. All are invited.

—What intelligent animals some horses are. On Tuesday a horse got mad because he was compelled to run around the streets without shoes on, and so laid down in the road. His owner took the hint and provided the necessary to keep him on his feet.

—A movement is on foot to get up an entertainment for the benefit of the orphans under the care of Rev. W. S. Sly. Our readers are familiar with his work and know that the cause is a worthy one. The children must be fed and clothed, and Mr. Sly has undertaken the task of doing so, which by the way, is by no means a small one. Let us all join hands and make it a "howling success."

—The Poultry Keeper has reached the front as the leading authority on poultry. Sixteen large pages, monthly, fifty cents per annum. "Farm and Fireside" is a 16-page paper coming twice a month, fifty cents per annum. We will send both papers one year and fifty photographic views of the World's Fair, to new subscribers only, all for fifty cents. Sample copy of the Poultry Keeper, with particular care. Send five cents for either of the following back numbers equal to a 25-cent book: Poultry Houses, July 1891, has 50 views; Brooders and Incubators, August 1890 and August 1891. Address The Poultry Keeper Co., Parkersburg, Pa.

J. R. RAUCH

WILL SELL ALL

Winter Goods at Cost

I take this opportunity to thank my friends for responding to my request in last week's issue and I would most respectfully ask those who have not done so to please call and see me as soon as possible as I am very much in need of money.

J. R. RAUCH.

Plymouth, Mich.

BIG CUT

In Prices.

Very heavy, finely carved, Bed Room Suit, sold in Detroit for \$50. We sell for \$35.

A lighter Suit with an elegant cheval dresser, sold in Detroit for \$50. We sell for \$30.

We have one brand new, solid Oak XVI century style Suit for \$25.00. Greatest Bargain out, sold last year for \$45.

A nice servicable Oak suit for \$20 Your choice of style of dresser.

Besides these we have Mattresses, Springs, blankets, Sheets, Pillow cases, chamber sets, Pillows, chairs, side boards, etc.

These Goods are going fast.

Your only Opportunity is now.

BERT B. BENNETT.

PLYMOUTH

OUR TWO PENINSULAS.

NEWS GATHERED FROM THE ENTIRE STATE.

Bloody Domestic Tragedy Near Grand Haven—Another Murder in Gladwin County—Items.

The village of Robinson, 10 miles southeast of Grand Haven was the scene of an exciting tragedy. A man named Hawkins caught his wife and a man named Ellsworth in a compromising position recently and was on the lookout for the fellow, who is a mail-carrier on a "star route," but failed to find him, and then Hawkins tried to murder his wife. He fired at her while she was running from the house, the charge of bird shot striking her in the shoulder and side of the neck and face. Hawkins warned three neighbors who came for the purpose of quieting the fracas to keep away, remarking that he would soon be dead anyway. They failed to heed the warning and continued to close in on him, when he fired at one of them but missed. A neighbor, Foster, then shot Hawkins, filling his body with buckshot.

Hawkins swallowed an ounce of chloroform just a few minutes before he was shot. He was not seriously injured by Foster's shot. It was Hawkins' intention to also shoot Ellsworth, the man whom he is said to have caught in a compromising position with his wife, but he failed to find him. It is evident from what can be learned that this man Ellsworth brought about the trouble. If he had been found that night there might have been a lynching. Little is known of Hawkins and wife, except that they came from Texas last summer and bought the farm where the tragedy occurred. Hawkins was about forty years of age. They had no children.

Grand Lodge F. & A. M. Officers.
The grand lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons held a three days' session at Saginaw. Grand Master G. E. Dowling, of Montague, presided, and there were present about 600 delegates from 460 lodges—the largest attendance ever noted. The election resulted: Grand master, H. Phillips, Menominee; deputy grand master, E. L. Bowring, Grand Rapids; grand senior warden, J. C. Carlton, Flint; grand junior warden, L. B. Winsor, Reed City; grand treasurer, H. S. Noble, Monroe; grand secretary, J. S. Conover, Coldwater; grand lecturer, A. M. Gark, Lexington.

The report of the committee appointed a year ago to provide for a special session of the grand lodge to be held in Detroit on the third Tuesday in December next to celebrate the semi-centennial of the formation of the grand lodge was adopted and the matter referred to a committee of seven to prepare a program.

Culp Confess—Another Arrested.
W. H. Culp pleaded guilty before United States Commissioner McGurrian, at Kalamazoo, to passing counterfeit coin, and was held to appear before the United States court at Grand Rapids March 6, in \$1,000 bail.

Ed Smith, colored, was arrested at Kalamazoo for attempting to pass two counterfeit dollars of the same kind as those found in Culp's satchel, and probably from the same dies. He claims he did not know they were counterfeit, but the officer who made the arrest says he tried to secrete one of the dollars and ran.

Murder in Gladwin County.
At the village of Estey's in the township of Bentley, Gladwin county, Andrew Glenn shot and instantly killed James Forster. The men lived together. The shooting occurred early in the morning, but no one was informed until nearly evening. Glenn was then arrested by Deputy Sheriff Benton, of Rhodes, and was taken to Gladwin and lodged in jail. Glenn admits the shooting, but claims it was an accident. Others claim that there has been bad feeling between the two for some time, and that the shooting is the result.

A Remarkable Operation at Ann Arbor.
A remarkable operation was successfully performed in Dr. Fleming Carrow's clinic at the Michigan university, the patient being Mrs. Danbury, of Colon, Mich. The cause of the trouble was a growth of bone filling the hollow part of the skull, just above the eyes, endangering both the eyesight and the brain. The bone of the forehead was sawed so that a V-shaped portion was taken out, the bony growth underneath in the sinus chiseled out and then the frontal bone replaced. The patient is recovering nicely.

Thankful for the Blizzards.
A blizzard from the northwest with driving snow was welcomed by peach growers in the peach belt. They were feeling blue over the warm weather and rain that recently prevailed, fearing the buds would swell and become tender. The trees went into winter in fine condition, and up to date, peach and apple trees give promise of an abundant crop.

Killed by an Engine.
Freddie, the 9-year-old son of Robert Schweickerath, of Chelsea, was struck by a Michigan Central engine and instantly killed. There is a double track through the place, and the boy was standing on the south track watching a train that was approaching from the east, and did not hear the train from the west.

The Lake Shore Railroad company has adopted a rule which requires all the main line freight hands to rest six hours at each terminal of their run.

MINOR MICHIGAN NEWS.

Adrian claims the largest flouring mill in the state.

Tecumseh Masons intend to build a temple in the spring.

A lodge of Loyal Americans has been organized at Grand Rapids.

J. W. McCann found several nuggets of gold on his farm near Newaygo.

The D. L. & N. depot at Chadwick's burned to the ground. It is a total loss.

Jerry LeDuke, aged twenty-two, was instantly killed at Escanaba by a falling tree.

Richard Dougherty, of Three Rivers, has converted his wheat fields into a skunk farm.

Blissfield saloons and billiard halls have been ordered closed at 7 o'clock each evening.

Fr. McNamara, of Muskegon, has organized a total abstinence union, which now has 225 members.

A special conference of the Evangelical German Lutheran church of southern Michigan was held at Adrian.

Mrs. Rowan, of Petoskey, organized a five of Lady Maccabees at East Jordan, with a membership of fifty-one.

Jacob Anspach's clothing store at Wyandotte was burned out. A lamp had exploded. The loss is \$2,500, fully insured.

Twenty runaway freight cars belonging to train No. 14 on the G. R. & I. R. R. were wrecked at Edgerton. No one was hurt.

The ninth annual session of the Michigan State Assembly, Knights of Labor, will convene at Holland, Feb. 13 and 14.

Allegran wants to be incorporated as a city and will have a special census taken to find out if she has a sufficient number of citizens.

Howard Spohn and Charles Loucks have been arrested at Bay City on charge of wholesale chicken thieving. Mrs. Spohn makes damaging admissions.

The Haskell Home for Orphans, built at Battle Creek under the direction of Dr. Kellogg of the sanitarium, has been dedicated. Bishop Gillispie delivered the address.

Bay City men, headed by W. H. Sharp, propose to put in a plant at Marine City able to turn out 2,500 barrels of salt daily and employing from 75 to 150 men the year round.

Peter Paulson, proprietor of the Menokaunee House, Menominee committed suicide by shooting himself through the head at his home. Paulson has been on a protracted spree.

The new inter-urban electric road to be built between Adrian and Ann Arbor is to be known as the "Ghost Line." It is suggested by the intention of having all the cars painted white.

Gov. Rich has appointed Henry A. Haigh, of Detroit, assistant paymaster-general with rank of captain. He has also appointed Fenton R. McCreery, of Flint, assistant commissioner to the California Mid-winter exposition.

George Bridges and wife went sleigh-riding at Grand Rapids, taking their three-months-old baby with them. After being out half an hour the mother discovered that the child was dead in her arms. It had been smothered.

W. G. Fellars, of Onsted, was arrested for spearing fish in Devil's Lake, and has been sentenced by Justice Groger to pay a fine and costs amounting to \$50 or go to jail at Adrian for ten days. Other prosecutions are yet to follow.

Capt. Kemp, of Bangor, Mich., who built a sailboat in 1892 to take his family to Florida, wintering on the Illinois river a year ago, is only half way down the Mississippi. He is held indefinitely in a bayou by a log jam and has had many hairbreadth escapes.

Mrs. Ed. Silliman, wife of the junior partner of the firm of Martin & Silliman, lumber shippers, of Cheboygan, and her mother, Mrs. Moore, of Cleveland, were found unconscious on the floor being nearly asphyxiated by coal gas from the furnace. Prompt treatment saved them.

Friends of the University at Ann Arbor have already contributed \$5,000 toward the \$15,000 necessary to get the big World's Fair organ. There is little doubt that the remainder will soon be obtained. The organ will be a memorial to the late Prof. Frieze, who was a fine organist.

Judge Person, of Ingham county, has announced that he will certainly call a grand jury. He was going to call one in March, anyway, for the Central Michigan Saving bank matter, but he will call it earlier now, so that the salary amendment scandals may be investigated at once.

The stock of the Mendelson Manufacturing company, at Ludington, including 17,000 pairs of finished and 8,000 pairs of unfinished pants, the machinery, uncut cloth, etc., was sold at sheriff's sale for \$24,000. Thus ends this concern which has been one of the features of that place for the past year.

The store and stock of John McKinley, dealer in general merchandise, and the drug store and residence of D. J. W. Jackman, of Caseville, were totally destroyed by fire. The total loss is \$10,000; total insurance, \$2,000. There is no fire apparatus in the place, and it was only by hard work that the Ross hotel was saved.

Cadillac's city marshal has warned all keepers of disreputable houses to close up their places and get out of town, bag and baggage, by Feb. 1. A raid at a "maison de joie" netted the city nearly \$200 in fines, and resulted in compelling several "nice" young men to leave town between two days.

THE FOREIGNERS FIGHT.

SLAVS, POLES AND BELGIANS CAUSE BLOODSHED.

Coal Miners Who Were Working Attacked and Maltreated—A Vast Mining Territory Terrorized.

Dispatches are received from several places in the Pennsylvania coal fields regarding the riots of unemployed and disgruntled foreign miners of the anarchistic stripe.

Woodville, Pa.: A mob of 600 striking coal miners, most of whom were Slavs, Belgians and Frenchmen, went to the Federal & Woodville coal mines of the Pittsburgh, Charties & Youghioheny railroad and made a violent assault upon the miners who were at work. Stones and clubs were thrown, and many pistol shots were fired, but no one killed. Several buildings were damaged, windows smashed, cables cut, coal cars and other property destroyed. The rioters then marched on the Stones & Powers mine, where the rioting was repeated. A train conveying deputy sheriffs arrived, but the officers quickly discovered that they were entirely unable to cope with the lawless foreigners, and requested Sheriff Richards, of Pittsburgh to send additional assistance. The mob left for Bridgeville, with the avowed intention of closing the mines at that place. A serious riot and bloodshed no longer seems to be inevitable.

Mansfield, Pa.: A battle took place between rioting miners and deputy sheriffs at W. J. Steen's mines on Tom's Run. Several shots were fired and a number of rioters were arrested. Franz Josef Stepij, a rioter, was killed at the Beading mines. Half the members of company K, Fourteenth regiment, were sworn in as deputies, as were 25 Mansfield citizens.

The rioters assembled in Heidelberg and pledged themselves to revenge the death of their comrade by destroying the Bridgeville tippie.

Fr. Wertz, pastor of the Catholic church at Mansfield, says that there are 100 families of anarchists in his parish. He attributes the outbreak to their influence.

Pension Appropriations.
Washington, special: The pension estimates submitted by the commissioner of pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, are \$162,631,570. The committee on pension appropriations of the house have appropriated \$151,581,570. The appropriations for the current fiscal year are \$106,530,530. The appropriations for the next year, therefore, are in round numbers about \$15,000,000 less than those for this year. Attached to the report of the committee is a table showing that the number of pensioners on the rolls have increased from 243,765 in 1879 to 966,012 in 1893. During the same time the disbursements on account of the pensions increased from \$35,121,482 to \$159,357,577.

Convict Who Wants to Die in Public.

Convict John Conroy rose in the presence of the 1,900 prisoners seated at breakfast in the Columbus, O. penitentiary, and announced his intention of taking his own life. Conroy slashed his neck with the knife with which he had been eating, and down the blood poured in a stream. The wound is not fatal. The fellow has a mania for killing himself in public. Once he deliberately sawed a finger off in the prison shops in order that he might not be compelled to work. He is serving five years from Muskingum county for having burglars' tools in his possession.

Pretty Girl Forced to Become a Tramp.

Section men on the B. & O. railroad near Tiffin, O., found two tramps in an unused coal shed. One of them, upon seeing the section men, cried: "I am a woman! Help me to escape!" It developed that the girl was Mattie Meeks, aged 16, of Ridge Farm, Ill., who had been abducted five weeks ago by her companion. When dressed in her proper attire she proved to be a very handsome girl. She told a terrible story of abuse at the hands of her captor and was returned to her home while the villainous abductor is in jail.

Gold and Silver Mining in Ohio.

Gold, silver and lead have been discovered in Spruce Hill near Bournville, Ross county, O., by A. W. Stretcher, of Xenia, who became wealthy by similar discoveries in California 40 years ago. Springfield capitalists are associated with him. They have been prospecting over six months and will begin digging.

At Lima, O., two masked men knocked Joseph Shipman down and robbed him of \$1,500. His skull was fractured and he cannot live.

The Hower oatmeal mills at Akron, O., owned by the American Cereal company, have burned. The loss is \$100,000. The insurance is \$50,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Baltimore & Ohio, Southwestern, Big Four and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, Ohio railroads, announce reductions after February 1 involving the cutting of salaries of officers as well as office, shop and train men.

At a wedding reception at the residence of Henry Mayer, Cleveland, O., Annie Cowen was accidentally shot by Louis Mayer, who was playing with a small rifle. The bullet lodged in Miss Cowen's brain and she will die.

Ex-Gov. James E. Campbell, of Ohio, now of New York, is a bankrupt. He could not pay a note given while governor of Ohio, and on his examination confessed himself to being penniless. He will return to his old home in Hamilton, O.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE—Thirty-fourth day—The Hawaiian question was discussed, but no action was taken. The bill repealing the federal election law came up on an unopposed basis and Senator Lodge spoke in opposition to it. House—The bill repealing the iron schedule on the tariff bill was taken up. Mr. Taylor, of Tennessee, offered an amendment to make the duty on iron ore 75 cents per ton as in the McKinley bill. Mr. Belmont, Dem., Penn., made a sensational denunciation of the Wilson bill, declaring that it would strip the iron ore industry of its principle, he said, involved a surrender of right, and had ended in ignominious failure. Every Democratic platform from the foundation of the government until 1892 had declared for protection to American labor. Messrs. Chickering, of New York, and White, of Ohio, Republicans, opposed free iron ore and read memorials from iron ore men and lake vessel men protesting against free iron. Over \$300,000,000, the memorial said, were invested in the mining, shipping and transportation of iron. Free iron would strike a deadly blow at this investment and affect the employment of over 100,000 men. Mr. Denson, Dem., Ala., made another sensational speech against the Wilson bill, declaring that it would strip the iron ore industry of its principle, he said, involved a surrender of right, and had ended in ignominious failure. Every Democratic platform from the foundation of the government until 1892 had declared for protection to American labor. Messrs. Chickering, of New York, and White, of Ohio, Republicans, opposed free iron ore and read memorials from iron ore men and lake vessel men protesting against free iron. Over \$300,000,000, the memorial said, were invested in the mining, shipping and transportation of iron. Free iron would strike a deadly blow at this investment and affect the employment of over 100,000 men. 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What Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has done for others for nearly two generations it will do for you. If you will try it, you will be convinced that it is the best family medicine, and you will never be without it.

Most of the beautiful things in the world do not last.

The attention of base ball players who receive wounds of one kind or another every day, from a ball or ball, is directed to the fact that salivation is the best application in use for the cure of cuts, bruises and sprains. 25 cents

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"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. —Christian World, London, Eng.

A woman oftener tells what she thinks than what she knows.

The Modern Inval d. Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults a physician; if constituted he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

Love beats the devil on young hearts, and the tattoo on old ones.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Brown's Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." It is always guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

Coughs can be permanently cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters

For sunburn, sweet oil and lime water—two parts oil to one of lime water—will be found very efficacious.

"German Syrup"

Just a bad cold, and a hacking cough. We all suffer that way sometimes. How to get rid of them is the study. Listen—"I am a Ranchman and Stock Raiser. My life is rough and exposed. I meet all weathers in the Colorado mountains. I sometimes take colds. Often they are severe. I have used German Syrup five years for these. A few doses will cure them at any stage. The last one I had was stopped in 24 hours. It is infallible." James A. Lee, Jefferson, Col.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

La Grippe! Grippe! Grippe! After Effects Cured.

Mr. Bilger writes: "I had a bad attack of the Grippe; after a time caught cold and had a second attack. It settled in my Kidneys and Liver and Oh! such pain and misery in my back and legs. The physicians' medicine and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a physical wreck and given up to die. Father bought me a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Grippe is left."



Swamp-Root Saved My Life. D. H. Bazzan, Huberville, Pa., Jan. 10th, 1893. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Health's Guide to Health" Free—Consultation Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's PARILLA LIVER PILLS Are the 43 PILLS, 25 cents. — All Druggists.

I still have a few High Grade FARM WAGONS FOR SALE CHEAP. LLOYD EBERHART, Joliet, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm. CATARRH. Price 50 Cents. Apply freely to each nostril. 50 W. Warren St., N. Y.

CURES RISING BREAST

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon woman. I have been a mother for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has brought about relief and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone. Mrs. M. H. BAZZAN, Montgomery, Ala.

Phillip will go no more to the barricades," she told Kathleen. "He was wounded in the shoulder yesterday—a very slight wound, praise to Heaven! but enough to prevent his fighting any more."

Kathleen heard with a shudder, remembering that file of prisoners, with fettered limbs and downcast eyes, pale, despairing, submissive. She had heard people say that all who had carried arms against the Republic would be served thus. "Puisse vos lés armes!" The phrase was familiar enough now. A short shift, and your back against a wall, citizen, your waistcoat open, and eight muzzles pointed at your head. "Where's Gaston?" said Rose presently.

A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK. CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"My friend, do you think I need any payment? What has a lonely old woman with a small annuity to do in this world except care for her neighbors? And Rose and Kathleen are to me as my own daughters. Did I not see them when they first entered Paris, foot-ore and dusty, but so gentle and so pretty in their weariness? Was I not the first to welcome them to this great city, which is now the city of death? Heaven help us! Lie still, and keep your mind tranquil, my friend, and soon as I have given baby his bath—how he loves the water, the dear innocent!—I will come and put a fresh dressing on that poor arm."

Madame Schubert was surgeon, nurse, intermediary between the sick-room and the outer world—everything to the Durand household in their affliction. From his bed in the kitchen Philip heard Kathleen's return—her feeble voice presently talking in low murmurs with Madame Schubert. She was safe; she had returned. Through fire and smoke and carnage she had passed unharmed. Here, at least, was a blessed relief—one burden lifted from their weary hearts. But he, the husband? What of him?

Kathleen told Madame Schubert the story of her pilgrimage, told how she had knelt upon the bloodstained ground where her husband's corpse had lain. But the good Schubert refused to be convinced, would not see any sufficient evidence of Gaston's death. What did it come to after all, this story which Kathleen had heard in the Avenue d'Italie? A young man, nameless, with dark hair and eyes, had been killed with the good fathers. But why should that young man be Gaston Mortemar?

"There are enough young men in France, my faith, with dark hair and eyes! *Can ne manque pas*," said Madame Schubert.

"Has my husband come home?" asked Kathleen. The good Schubert shrugged her shoulders, and shook her head despondingly. "Alas, no."

"Then he is dead—no matter how or where. He is dead? Do you think that if he was living he would forsake me?" asked Kathleen.

"He may be a prisoner." "Would to God it were so! But I know; there is something here," touching her breast, "something stronger than myself, that tells me he fell yesterday—on that spot."

"Kathleen," called a voice from behind the closed door, "Kathleen!"

Rose had heard those murmurs in the next room, and had recognized Kathleen's voice. Madame Schubert grasped Kathleen's arm as she was going to answer that call.

"Don't go to her yet," she said. "You will frighten her with your ghastly face and your dust-stained gown. She was very ill yesterday, weak and feverish. She is weak to-day, but the fever is better. She must not be agitated in any way. Go to your room, and wash and change your clothes, and come down presently looking bright and happy."

"It will be easy," said Kathleen, with a ghastly smile. "Yes, I understand."

"And not a word about Gaston or your wanderings. We told her nothing but lies yesterday—told her that you were in your own bed, ill with a cold. Don't deceive her. She is so happy, poor soul, nursing her first baby. Yet, even in the midst of her new happiness, she was full of anxiety about you."

"I will be careful," said Kathleen. "I think I am getting used to sorrow. I ought to be able to hide it."

She obeyed Madame Schubert in every particular, and came back in less than an hour, fresh and bright in her cotton gown and black silk apron, her lovely hair brushed to silky softness, and coiled in a smooth chignon at the back of her head. She smiled as she kissed Rose. She sat beside the bed and rocked the baby on her knees, and talked to him, and cooed at him, trying to awaken some faint ray of intelligence in the little pink face, which seemed to the mother to be full of soul.

"Do you think he has grown?" asked Rose fondly. "I think he is wonderfully improved since the day before yesterday," answered Kathleen.

"Improved?" Rose felt inclined to resent the word. Could there be room for improvement in a being so perfect as that child had been from the very first hour of his life? But Kathleen had vague memories of an unlovely redness and splotchiness in the infant's earliest days of a complexion, and the soft rosy tints of to-day seemed to her a marked advance in baby's development.

Rose lay with her face turned towards her sister, her hand in Kathleen's hand, perfectly happy. Happy in the fulness of her love, albeit still answered fort with sullen thunder, and cannon and mitrailleuse, chasspot and revolver, still made deadly music in the streets. There was peace here for Rose Durand in the narrow circle of home. She had suffered all anxieties about the outside world to be lulled to rest by Madame Schubert's cheerful assurances. And then, since the birth of the Commune, Paris had grown accustomed to the sound of bombardment, to the smoke of cannon. Polichinelle had made his jokes, the merry-go-rounds had revolved the barrel-organs and drums had sounded cheerily in the Champs Elysees, albeit Versailles was bombarding Paris. The roar of guns, the noise and havoc of war, had become the every-day sounds of the city. Rose, lying in her curtained bed, windows closed and muffled, hardly knew that the guns to-day sounded louder and nearer.

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Madame Schubert said he was at the office all yesterday. His newspaper is to be revised now that Paris is more tranquil, she told me. Are you glad of that, Kathleen? I hope he will not preach revolution any more. We have had enough of the Commune.

"Yes, enough—more than enough," said Kathleen, her pale lips quivering as she turned away her head.

All that day the sisters spent together, Kathleen devoting herself to Rose and the baby, smiling upon both, speaking hopeful words; but after dark, when Rose had fallen asleep, Kathleen stole away from the sick room just as Madame Schubert re-entered, after having attended to her own home affairs. Before Madame Schubert had time to ask her a question, Kathleen was gone. She ran up to her own room, put on her neat little bonnet and shawl, her thick black veil, and then back to those terrible streets, to the stifling smoke, the glare of the conflagration, the tramp of soldiery, the cry of "Stand, or I fire!"

The struggle was over in the center of Paris. The insurgents had retired to Pere Lachaise, Montmartre, Belleville, the Buttes Chaumont. The huge storehouses of Villettes filled half the sky with lurid flame, across which flashed the swift white light of the cannon. The Hotel de Ville stood sharply up against the sky of flame and moonlight—a ruin, grand as any wreck of Roman greatness; airy columns, fairy arches, doorways without rooms, spectral corridors, cornices of delicate tracery; and, above all, unharmed, in big golden capitals, the legend, "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!"

And still roars the demonic thunder of the cannon. Montmartre, from its superior height, rains death and destruction upon Belleville and La Roquette. Belleville and La Roquette reply with mitrailleuse and shell.

"Any news—any news of Colonel Serizier?" Kathleen asks of a group of women at a street-corner.

But they do not even know who Serizier is. They are full of their own troubles, their own fears. One of these weeps for a husband whom she has not seen for four days; called out against his will—be, the peaceable father of a family—to go and work and fight and die at the barricades.

"Ah, ma bonne," she says to Kathleen, with streaming eyes, "the Commune was very cruel; and now they say Monsieur Thiers will be cruel too. Those foolish people have pulled down his house, and that will not help to arrange matters."

Serizier? No; no one in the streets knew anything about Serizier.

What was this dark rumor which the loiterers in the streets repeated to each other with awe-stricken faces? The hostages had been murdered at La Roquette three days ago; slaughtered within the walls of the prison. The Archbishop of Paris, the Curé of the Madeline, Monsieur Bonfleur the President—eighteen victims in all.

Yes, it was true. True also that at five o'clock this afternoon, in the bright May sunshine, another band of hostages—priests, soldiers, civilians—to the number of fifty-two, had been done to death by a savage mob in the Rue Haxo, on the heights of Belleville; but this new horror had not yet become town talk.

It was one o'clock in the morning when Kathleen went home, worn out by wandering up and down the streets, standing at corners or on the bridges listening to the passers-by, to the people who stood at their doors; but nowhere could she hear anything which threw new light upon the tragedy in the Avenue d'Italie, or the wretch who had planned that bloody deed.

CHAPTER XI. KATHLEEN'S AVOCATION.

Whit Sunday. May on the threshold of June, the very dawn of summer; but the sun, which hitherto has shone pitiless searching light upon scenes of death and horror, shines no more. Stormy winds beat and bluster against that feeble old house in the Rue Git le Cœur, with a sound and fury as of thunder; the cannonade of heaven takes up the cannonade of earth, and echoes it with twenty-fold power. Tempestuous rain lashes the windows, like the spray from a seething ocean. The cannon of Montmartre thunders against the heights of Belleville and Montmartre. The insurgents reply with savage fury, blind, reckless, deluging Paris with shells.

And while the pitiless struggle still goes on upon the heights of Belleville, the day of reprisals has already begun for the insurgents. From Mazas they bring a hundred and forty-eight prisoners, hastily huddled into the prison yesterday. In the stormy Sunday morning, Whitsuntide morning, they are marched to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, among the trees and the flowers and the marble monuments of the distinguished dead; and there, hard by that common grave where the murdered Archbishop and his companions lie in their bloody shrouds, the Federal prisoners are divided into batches of ten, and shot to death. They die bravely, joining hands and crying, "Long live the Commune!" with their last breath.

In the prison of Little Roquette, at about the same hour, two hundred and twenty-seven insurgents meet the same doom; not quite so boldly, for some of these, said an eye-witness, were snivellers, and begged for mercy.

The final hour has come; those shells are verily the death-rattle of the Commune. Thirty thousand men are said to be concentrated upon this point of Paris, where they have built up against barricades, almost impenetrable fortresses, communicating with each other by underground passages, a wonder of rough and ready masonry and skill. They are held in this supreme hour by men of desperate courage, men who have sworn not to surrender.

Two o'clock on that stormy Sabbath; and so far there has been neither rest nor respite. Cannon, mitrailleuse, chasspot, thundering, rattling, roaring, hissing; but now as the afternoon wears on there come intervals of silence. The cannonade pauses to draw breath. The sounds of battle seem more remote—they die away in the distance. Then silence.

Silence! Are they all dead? This is Sunday, the day when the laborer rests from his toil; but to-day there has been only one laborer, and his name is Death.

Evening, and for the first time for many weeks and many days no more cannon. O happy silence of peace! Or should we not rather say silence of death?

A column of six thousand prisoners who have surrendered at Belleville slowly defile along the boulevard; and this is verily the end. Yes, the cup of desolation has been drained to the dregs. There have been the sword to slay, and the dogs to tear, and the fowls of the heaven and the beasts of the earth to devour and destroy, as in the day of the Prophet; only the dogs have been human dogs; and the beasts have been human beasts; and the whirlwind of the Lord has gone forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind, and it has fallen with pain upon the head of the wicked; and on the head of the good and just, and innocent and gentle also.

The sacred month of May month dedicated to the holy mother of God, was over—month of May never to be forgotten by the French people, May which has left its indelible mark upon the city of Paris—and now all the gates of the city were opened, and the world came to see the work of destruction. English, Americans, foreigners of all kinds went about looking at the ruins, as at Pompeii or Herculaneum, criticizing, examining, somewhat disappointed that the havoc was not more universal.

On the 7th of June came the funeral procession of Monsignor Darbois, the third Archbishop of Paris murdered within a quarter of a century. Under a gray and sunless sky the car with its long train of mourners, soldiers, people, solemnly, silently defiled along the quays, past the still smouldering ruins of palaces and mansions. No roll of drums, no funeral music broke that awful silence; only the rhythmic tread of the soldiers, the hollow rattle of gun-carriages. In the dumbness of a broken-hearted city, a city reeking with blood newly shed, the martyr was carried to his tomb in the great cathedral—last stage of a journey that had known so many dismal halting-places—from prison to prison, and then to the common grave at Pere Lachaise, from there to the bed of state in the archiepiscopal palace, and now to the final resting-place among the historic dead.

In the Rue Git le Cœur life had resumed its wonted way, save for one empty place. Rose was again astride the careful manager, the attentive wife, nursing her baby, busy with her domestic work, cleaning, cooking, keeping the little apartment as neat and bright as a palace. There were flowers on the window-sill again, a bunch of flowers on the table at which Philip wrote or read, a bouquet of lilies of the valley, pure, spotted, telling no tale of a ruined city, a humiliated and impoverished nation. Within, by the domestic hearth, all was peace. Philip's arm was slowly mending. He was able even to work a little at the famous carved sideboard in his workshop, or to bring one of the panels in his wife's sitting-room, to sit there by the open window, chiselling a group of fruit, bird or fish, and whistling softly to himself as he worked, while Rose sat in her rocking chair crooning to her sleeping babe.

And Kathleen, the widowed, the heart broken, what was her life in these days of restored peace? She was very quiet. She bore her sorrow with the silent resignation which was more pathetic than loud wailings or passionate tears. But Rose would have liked better to see her weep more. That bloodless face, those fixed and hollow eyes, that slow and heavy step—the step which had once been so light and swift upon the stair—those long intervals of silence and apathy, were not these the indications of a broken heart?

Rose Durand did all in her power to comfort the mourner. She tried to persuade her sister to surrender the apartment on the upper story, and to occupy a little room off Philip's workshop; a mere closet; but Rose could furnish it, and make it a pretty nest for her darling; and then Kathleen would be her child again, always under her watchful care. She would share all their meals, live with them altogether; and the company of the little one, who showed himself full of intelligence, would soothe and amuse her.

"You are very good, dear," answered Kathleen meekly, when this scheme was pressed upon her; "you and Philip have been all goodness to me. But I like to live alone, just now. I am not fit company for any one. And again, if—if—" with a profound sigh, "if—he should come back, and find his rooms altered, his books disturbed—it would seem as if I had not really loved him."

Rose was silent. Till this moment she had supposed that Kathleen was absolutely convinced of her husband's death, that the black gown she wore was the sign of hopeless widowhood; but these words told of a lingering hope, and after this Rose no longer urged her sister to give up the apartment. It was better she should go on hoping until the thin thread of hope wore out, than that she should sink all at once into the gulf of an absolute despair. Better, too, that she should have the daily occupation of arranging her rooms, dusting Gaston's books, opening a volume now and then and looking at a page, as if it held his own words. There were pages of Musset's poetry which seemed to speak to her with her husband's voice, so often had he read the lines to her in their brief married life. She knew all his books, and knew the measure of his love for each.

Every morning she put a little bunch of flowers on his writing-table by the window. And yet in her heart of hearts she was convinced that he was dead, and that it was his blood she had been staining the dusty ground in the street off the Avenue d'Italie. And then when this work of dusting, polishing, and arranging everything was done, work over which she lingered lovingly, she would put on her little black bonnet, with a thick crape veil over her face, and go out and wander about the streets and the quays, and loiter on the bridges, hearing all that could be heard of the public news. People respected that black gown and bonnet, and the thick mourning veil. She was recognized as one of the many mourners who had been left behind after that awful tide of blood and fire had rolled over Paris. Lowly as she was, young, beautiful, no one molested her. She went from place to place, secure in the majesty of her desolation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Trade Losing Ground. The tea trade of Japan is constantly increasing, while that of China is diminishing. The increase is at the rate of more than \$5,000,000 pounds yearly. Most of the Japanese tea is consumed in the United States and Canada.

The evils of malarial disorders, fever, weakness, lassitude, debility and prostration are avoided by taking Beecham's Pills.

The great man is great in knowing how to make others make him great.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column. Stinginess is perverted economy.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Trade on a guarantee. It cures Incurable Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Price, 50c. & \$1.00.

I hope paints only in the bright colors.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Death casts no shadow until it is near.

Hansen's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

No man is absolutely free from hypocrisy.

Have You Asthma? Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of "Schiffmann's Asthma Cure" free to any sufferer. He advertises by giving it away. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases and cures who cannot find. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

The tongue wasn't made to tell everything the eyes see or the ears hear.

THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which is usually the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results by its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

To remove warts, apply sweet oil and cinnamon, which will in time cause them to disappear.

Much Made. Money stringency is not the only cause of hard times, and it takes very little money to make a good deal of happiness, as the following shows: R. R. H. Kyle, Tower Hill, Appomattox county, Va., writes that he was afflicted with rheumatism for several years, and physicians gave him no relief. Finally he was rubbed all over with St. Jacob's Ointment. During his illness he had spasms and was not expected to live. This ointment was so many who think times hard, but who can find an easy way out of their troubles.

Inkstand—Why is it that most blotters feel so blue? Men—because they are ink-lined that way, I suppose.

EARLY CORN OVER 1 FOOT LONG. Seller illustrates in a colored plate a nearly yearly corn, a giant of its kind, and offers \$300 in gold for the largest ear in 1894. In addition to this early Giant corn, which yielded in 1893 110 bushels per acre, he has over twenty other prolific field corns. He has the best fodder corn in the world. He is the largest grower of farm-seeds, such as oats, barley, wheat, millet, potatoes, etc., in America. Fifty kinds of grasses and clovers.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It With 15c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue.

If that statement "money talks," is literally true we don't wonder at the recent confusion in financial circles.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cured disease that a man has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Starr's Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and as such a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a taken internal y acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving to the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.

First ninth grader—Do you believe in "looking backward"? Second ninth grader—Yes, when the girls are in the gallery.

Orchards. Plant, encourage your neighbor to plant. It takes to-day a bushel of wheat to buy a peck of apples—orchards pay. Stark Bros. share or co-operative orchards, furnished without money—an investment for the well-to-do, as well as for men of limited means and providing orchards which of course they might never get. A great orchard system on thorough business-like plans—something never before attempted. We practice what we preach, show our faith in our orchards, in our trees—two million trees, co-operative 8 per cent plan, already planted; over two million—over 200,000 acres, share plan and adding over half million a year. Farms with orchards doubling in value annually; a sure income. Our helps enable beginners to succeed. Write us, see adv. in another column this paper.

For the buyer a hundred eyes are too few; for the seller one is enough. Never be found living where you would not be willing to be found dead.

The older we become the more the wheels of time seem to have been oiled.

THROW IT AWAY. There's no longer any need of wearing corsets, chadsey trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

HERNIA (Bunch), or rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another Triumph in Conservative Surgery is the cure of

TUMORS. Ovarian, uterine and other of various kinds, without the peril of cutting.

PILE TUMORS, however large, internal or external, and other diseases of the lower bowel, promptly cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE. Large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

STRICTURE of urinary passage is also removed without cutting. Abundant references and pamphlets on above diseases sent in plain envelopes, 25c. (refund) WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Churches.

Presbyterian—Rev. G. H. Williams, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. following morning services. Bible Study and Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m.

Societies.

W. O. T. U.—Meets every Thursday at their hall, in Hedden block, on second floor across from photograph gallery. Mrs. C. A. Frisbee, president.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. KIMBLE. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence and office 2 doors south of fencing mill shop Main. Prompt attention to all calls.

WE RETIRE.

Arrangements have been made by which we retire from the management of the MAIL, and turn it over to younger and more competent hands.

J. H. STEERS.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue, THE MAIL comes before you under a new management. Just what course we will follow out can hardly be laid down at this writing.

Our efforts will be to make a good live, readable paper every week, and one you can take pride in showing or sending to your friends.

We have no party lines to follow out. What our own personal feelings may be in the political field, makes no difference.

We will give all the news in as readable a manner as possible, giving only the facts as far as possible.

Thanking you for your kind reception, and trusting we may prove worthy of your support, we remain,

Your servant, M. FRED GRAY, Publisher.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the change that has been made in the management of the MAIL, we would like to say a word to our correspondents.

It you are out of paper and envelopes, notify us and we will gladly attend to your wants. Get all the subscribers you can to THE MAIL for which we will allow you a liberal commission.

Make us a call and get acquainted at your earliest convenience, and never fail to call on us when the opportunity presents itself.

Calvin Stevens is going to South Lyon to start a meat market.

Wm. Armstrong of Grand Rapids, is in town visiting his mother.

The dance at Livonia, Friday evening called quite a few of our young people out.

Detroit has made a move to celebrate the fourth of July on the "American plan".

The Doctor and Mrs. Hatch were guests at J. H. Steers', Northville, Wednesday.

The Plymouth Tobacco Co. have just put in a new fire proof safe to protect their books and papers.

The past cold weather, stopped work on the fire-alarm tower, but it was resumed again this week.

Congressman Gorman fell on the sidewalk while on his way from the Capitol and injured himself severely.

Winter caps and underwear cheap to close out. Other goods at low prices, at Hall's store, in the Bradner block, Plymouth.

J. M. Allen, for many years editor of the Dexter Leader, died at the home of his son, W. K. Allen, editor of the Wayne Pilot, on Monday last.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated by the Knights of the Maccabees in elegant style. A grand ball will be given in Penniman's Hall.

Those not dressed in costume will not be permitted to dance at the masquerade ball to be held in Penniman's hall on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 14th.

Nathan J. Kelly of Wayne, well known here, died at that place on Tuesday. He had been sick for some time, having been first taken with the grip.

This is the day when the old bear comes out, and if he sees his shadow, he goes back into his den and remains for six long weeks; or in other words, we may expect six weeks of cold or undesirable weather.

Mayor Pingree has made the crowing hit by defeating the street railway company in its law suit. The mayor has proven that he was on the right track and that the railway company's franchises must revert to the city of Detroit.

The Columbian Literary Society of the high school did a meritorious deed last week in dividing ten dollars among three needy families. In hard times like these, such acts are very praiseworthy and reflect credit on our young people.

The three new hose carts for our village fire department, which are being built by our hustling blacksmith, Chas. Brems, are about completed and they are nice ones too, and are well made and will be serviceable. The authorities showed good business tact, by having them built at home.

Look out for the World's Fair. It will be re-produced and reviewed Friday evening, Feb. 9th, at the town hall, in an able lecture, illustrated by views of the finest order, and a stereopticon of the highest oxy hydrogen light power.

Every place is bothered more or less by some "cheap jack" dropping in with a stock of old goods that they desire to palm off on the public. You can generally put it down that the goods are no good at any price.

Persons owing me will please call and settle same, any whom I am owing will please send statement of same.

Pedro saves cards at this office. Old papers cheap at the MAIL office. Ranch has something new for you in his ad this week. Mrs. Weiss and little daughter Eva, of Saginaw, are visiting here. Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Dewey entertained the pedro party Thursday afternoon. Riggs believes in keeping warm and likes to see others well supplied. See his ad.

Denton.

Myra, the sixteen year old daughter of Andrew McKinstry, died with membranous croup at Detroit Jan. 22nd. She went to the city only a few days before her death to accept a position as clerk offered to her by influential friends.

The funeral exercises of the wife of John W. Gundry, were held at the residence Wednesday. She was widely known and very popular, having won all hearts by her kind and courteous manners.

John Smith is cheerful and happy. It is a girl.

John Robinson, our young Daniel Boone, purchased a few cartridges which were to large for his gun. He made the attempt to drive one in with the hammer.

Livonia.

Miss Edna Flint of Detroit, spent last week with her young friends in this town.

C. Pankow is preparing to build a large barn in the spring.

News was received at this place last week that Chas. Bentley, who rented his farm in this town about one year ago, and went in a store at Dwyer Plains, lost his dwelling house, stock of goods and every thing but what he and his wife had on their backs.

Wm. Smith killed twenty-eight nice hogs last Monday.

A great many are buying hay in this town.

There is not much ice secured in this town yet.

G. P. Benton and wife visited A. Stringer's family last Sunday.

Patterson & Kingsley have put rollers in their mill here.

Meads Mills.

Mrs. Horace Greene spent a part of last week at Mr. Geo. Greene's, west of Plymouth.

G. T. Benton's flock of sheep were molested by dogs recently.

Frank Johnson is improving as fast as can be expected, and is able to ride out.

Miss Lautenslager spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Grace Huntington, Plymouth.

Our teacher attended the party at Ed Starkweather's.

Mr. D. Taylor's sister, Mrs. Rogers and daughter are visiting friends in this place.

Miss Annie Eckles is on the sick list, caused by a fall on the ice while visiting her sister in Sumpter.

Notices.

All moneys due the Plymouth MAIL office previous to this date are payable to J. H. Steers, and all debts incurred on account of the office previous to this date are to be paid by him.

J. H. STEERS.

Notices.

Persons owing me will please call and settle same, any whom I am owing will please send statement of same.

J. H. STEERS.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Caughjoharie, N. Y. says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

So many convicts escape from the South Carolina authorities that the state has taken to publishing a cloth bound volume containing descriptions of them.

The superstitious peasants of Great Britain believe that a white pigeon alighting on a chimney or flying against a window betokens a speedy death in the house.

The Salem, Mass., police arrested a man and woman a few days ago for intoxication. Examination showed that the former had become drunk from drinking Jamaica ginger, while the latter had indulged too freely in essence of peppermint.

At Uniontown, Pa., James Fordyce charges McCullough, Marker and Samuel Nelson with confronting him with a revolver and compelling him to hand over a number of letters, written by Miss Mell Magie, who was going to marry Fordyce, but changed her mind and wanted her letters back.

Several months ago Rose Picknowski and her husband opened a boarding house for Huns and Russians at Erie, Pa. The boarders made their landlady their banker. Two months ago she went away and took with her \$450 belonging to the boarders. She has been caught at Philadelphia.

In the islands of the Indian ocean a genus of luminous fungi known as pleurotus, furnishes a species which is so abundant and in which the phosphorescence is so enduring that the native women use it for personal adornment in the hair and dress. It is said that the glow will continue occasionally for twenty-four hours.

A man in Biddeford, Me. who was buying groceries at the city's expense, made a terrible mistake the other day. Instead of the store account book which he thought he was handing to the cashier to have the entries recorded, he passed out his bank book, showing quite a large deposit to his credit. The grocer promptly notified the overseers of the poor.

A Detroit minister called at a house to find no one but the servant girl at home, and as he prepared to go away he said: "Give Mrs. Blank my best regards and say I will call to-morrow." "Very well, sir; will you leave your card?" "Oh, it's of no consequence." "But it is, sir. There's one man coming to whitewash the kitchen to-morrow; another to beat carpets; a third to paper and a fourth to do some painting. If you don't leave your card we may get all mixed up and take you for the second-hand man who is coming to buy the old range for \$1." He left it.

GAME AND GAMESTERS.

The annual report of Lieutenant C. L. Collins, inspector of small arms practice in the department of the Colorado, states that the competitions in target shooting have shown that men with light blue eyes rank highest, followed in their order by dark blue, slate blue, light brown, dark brown and black. In the colored troops light blue eyes again stand at the top.

Three young girls of Chestertown, Md., went hunting and to their dismay were successful to the extent of a big bear. Two of the girls beat the world's woman's record for tree climbing, but the other emptied her gun at the animal, disabling it, then loaded and fired again, until the bear lay dead.

Some days ago a dog, while chasing a fox near Plymouth, N. H., pushed his head between two ledges of rock in such a way that he could not withdraw it and four hunters worked all day and night with drills to release him. It was then found that he had chased a hedgehog and was covered with quills.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Ulcers, Bilt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by John L. Gale, Grocer.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the twenty-fourth day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

In the matter of the estate of Edw. B. Safford deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Joseph Black, praying that administration with the will annexed of said estate, may be granted to Robert C. Safford, or some other suitable person.

EDGAR O. DUBREK, Judge of Probate. HOMER A. FLINT, Register.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of John P. Page, deceased.

W. H. Tuttle, Commissioner. CHARLES HYDER, Notary Public. Dated February, 2nd, 1894.

Plymouth Savings Bank. PLYMOUTH, MICH. L. E. LEACH, President. L. E. BENNETT, Cashier. 4 PER CENT, paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up. Come and open an account with us. DIRECTORS: E. C. LEACH, L. E. BENNETT, J. B. TILLOTSON, J. N. STARKWEATHER, G. B. VANSICKLE, T. V. QUACKENBUSH, L. C. HOUGH, S. J. SPRINGER, A. D. LYNDON, J. R. BOHLE, WM. MANCHESTER, WM. GERR, L. C. SHERWOOD. 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. Star. Grocery. Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Etc. PAINTS AND OILS. School Books and Stationery. Statement Every Three Months. No goods sold on Sunday. Mrs. C. E. Passage. What is this Non-pull-out anyhow? It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch. To be had only with Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark. A postal will bring you a watch once opened. Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

PATENTS. CLAIMS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a new invention and an honest opinion, write to MURKIN & CO. who have had twenty years' experience in the patent business. Consultations strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Patents taken through Murkin & Co. secure special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, disseminates first-class knowledge in the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$2 a year. Sample copies sent free. Building, 250 Broadway, New York. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains special notices in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, counting business to show the latest and best methods of building. MURKIN & CO., NEW YORK, 250 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW. FOR HOME STUDY. 243 BROADWAY N. Y. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

DECOYED INTO DANGER

What did you say?" asked the colonel of the shepherd, a Mexican, who had just come in. "Indians, sir, in the plain—Apache!"

"No nonsense!" was the reply, mingled with some stronger terms, but the man stuck to his text, and offered to show the colonel and his companions the Indians. He seemed very anxious I thought.

Among us at the time were Ben Mellor and his sister, her friend, a Miss Nevil, and two other men named Radcliffe and Mitchell. The colonel was my partner in the rancho (ranch). Bowler was his name—mine doesn't matter.

"Indians!" exclaimed Miss Mellor; "surely they won't come here!" "Indians is queer cuss. But you may depend when they do come they won't give us much notice. Let us ride up and see."

In the course of a few minutes we all rode out into the plain. On we went until road gave way to path and path to desert track and this to desert—a world of grass, with here and there a tree. Beyond a pond of water, called by the natives estaque, near which the herds of sheep and goats were gathered. Out on the plain was a moving mass, which the dark shepherd called Indians.

"Why, it's buffalo!" cried my partner. "Hurrah, hurrah!" "You must ride back, ladies," I said; "this chase will be a long one. Radcliffe will escort you, perhaps."

"Oh, no; we can take care of ourselves. We are armed and can shoot if necessary," replied Miss Mellor. "Come on, Violet; let these hunters go their own way. Manuel (the shepherd) will accompany us."

So we parted. We all had pistols, and two of us carried rifles as well. Mine was hung by my saddle, but we did not anticipate any attack. The shepherd had turned back with the ladies. I did not altogether trust him, and mentioned my suspicions to the colonel.

"Oh, he can't hurt; they'll soon settle him," was my friend's reply; "he's a hillman certainly, and I'm not sure that he's over-honest, but he can't hurt the rancho."

We saw the ladies picking their way along the brown prairie, for the paths are many and puzzling; then we started full gallop on the trail of the buffaloes, which had stamped toward the hilly country. We rushed on pell-mell, in no order, until we



A REMARKABLE TABLEAU.

reached the summit of a rising ground, whence we perceived the herd—a few only, attended by two splendid bulls; one of these standing sentry, as is the habit of the buffalo to do.

He knew our object and perhaps in some rough bullish way guessed that he would be the first victim. He gave the alarm and away fled the herd lumbering along in front of him. We dashed down the slope and scattered. To my surprise the sentinel bull, instead of running with the remainder, made a detour, which, if he continued in his course, would bring his pursuer back by a wide circle to our ranch again.

This fellow attracted me, so I quitted the line and went after him, believing that my mustang would soon overtake him, for buffaloes are not rapid runners. But to my astonishment, Pedro, my horse, showed signs of fatigue, and I perceived that some time must elapse before I could overtake the bull. My Winchester rifle was now across my saddle; the buffalo headed for home, a most unusual course, and I could not imagine what instinct guided the animal to rush in a direction opposite to his comrades and toward our rancho.

But I pressed on, getting nearer and nearer. By this time the ladies must be safe at home, I thought, and they will be rather surprised to see me hunting a buffalo close up to the station. They could thus witness the denouement and my prowess, for I was not altogether insensible to Miss Mellor's charms and glad to display my unerring aim and my skill in hunting.

Now was my chance! True, I could not see the horse, but if I wished to kill my buffalo now was my time. I fired, and to my astonishment, missed! Missed! Yes! The bullet went flying on its mission. Little did I imagine what that mission was.

Once again I fired, stopping my mustang in order to take a steadier aim. The buffalo swerved; the bullet struck a tree and in another moment I heard a loud cry. The animal could not have uttered the sound. It was more like a human voice. Had I shot any one?

Suddenly a horror came over me. Had my random bullet struck one of the ladies? Had I killed or wounded Miss Mellor or her friend? Was it possible?

In my anxiety I spurred poor Pedro and was intent on dispatching the buffalo, when two pistol shots rang out from the direction of our rancho. One lucky shot; the bull fell; another in the heart; my victory stood complete! But my joy was very quickly tempered with alarm, when I heard a savage yell, which I could not mistake.

Great powers! Indians at the rancho! And the ladies— My heart leaped to my throat. Hastily loading all the chambers of my Winchester, I spurred my steed for home. The house was not far distant and in a few minutes I came within view.

The door stood open. In front were six Apaches, held in check at thirty paces distant by a woman and a servant—a youth—both of whom were armed and actually defying the Indians for the moment.

Why they had opened the door I could not understand. It would not easily have been found, and the windows were handier for the assailants. Yet here they were, standing irresolute. There was no time to be lost. My approach was almost unheeded as I emerged from the cover of the wood around the house. One glance was sufficient.

Halting, I fired all the chambers of my rifle in quick succession. An answering fire came from the hall. Four Indians dropped; the others fled at once, after discharging a volley of arrows at the defenders, who avoided them by promptly lying down as soon as they saw the bows drawn.

My astonishment was extreme when in the defenders of our house I recognized Miss Mellor and a shepherd—not the young stranger who had informed us of the neighborhood of Indians. In a few moments I was in possession of the facts, but Miss Nevil was missing and Miss Mellor was in the greatest distress concerning her. It appeared that the dark-skinned new shepherd had carried her away into the wood, and the servants who now began to assemble gave evidence that he had actually done so.

As we were discussing the chances, the other members of our party, alarmed by the reports of firearms, had come up. A search was at once instituted. The cry which I had heard while chasing the buffalo was still ringing in my ears. We hurried into the wood, or scrub, and after a search were rewarded by hearing a faint cry for help. We searched in the direction of the sound, and a most remarkable tableau met our gaze. On the ground lay the dark-featured shepherd dead, his body pierced by a bullet from my Winchester. Standing beside him was an Indian pony, and strapped to the body by a belt lay—or rather hung—Miss Nevil, quite unable to move and but half sensible.

A few moments sufficed to relieve her from her perilous position. She afterward told us how the shepherd, in league with the Apaches, had attempted to plunder our house and carry her off. The buffaloes were only a decoy, driven in by some of the tribe, while others plundered us. The traitor shepherd had attempted to carry off Miss Nevil, but the first shot which I had fired struck him and put an end to his career. My second bullet had glanced away, fortunately, perhaps; but Miss Nevil's scream of terror had guided me to the house.

I need hardly say that the rescue was entirely due to the course adopted by the bull, and we were very grateful for his share in the business. But, alas for sentiment! we needed beef, and many an excellent meal was made from what Radcliffe ever afterward termed "that blessed buffalo"—Saturday Post.

Why She Shock Him "I'll never, never speak to him again!" she exclaimed. "Never in this wide, wide world!"

"Why, Clara, he adores you!" "Perhaps he does, but he has no appreciation, no judgment, no idea of the fitness of things. Why, the other night when he called I put on that new gown I have just had made."

"Yes, what of it?" "What of it? You know what a beautiful and artistic creation it is!" "Yes, indeed."

"And how perfectly it fits!" "Yes." "Well, I asked him how I looked and he said I looked like an angel. Why, I could have cried for mortification, and my dressmaker was nearly heart-broken. She felt it keenly. Such a reflection on her work, you know."

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COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of William A. Bassett, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1894, and on Saturday the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1894, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance. ROBERT C. RAFFORD, GEO. A. STARKWEATHER, Commissioners. 353 355. Dated January 17th 1894.

F. & P. M. R. R.

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

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Train No. 4, 10:25 p. m.	Train 1, 8:30 a. m.	" 2, 9:15 a. m.	" 3, 10:10 p. m.
" No. 8, 8:25 p. m.	" 5, 8:10 p. m.	" 9, 6:45 p. m.	
" No. 10, 1:35 a. 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. FARMAN, Traffic Manager. General Offices, Saginaw, East Side, Mich. No. 9 runs daily from Detroit to Bay City, and on signal will make all stops between Wayne Junction and Flint, Sunday nights. Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, except Sunday.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R.R.

STANDARD TIME, NOV. 19, 1893.

Going East.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Lv. Grand Rapids	7:00	11:40	6:40	
Howard City	5:30		4:15	
Ionla	7:30	11:10	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	9:51		1:52	
Fowlerville	9:54		1:54	8:30
Howell	9:56	3:50	2:02	8:45
Howell Junc.	9:59		2:04	
Brighton	10:13		2:13	9:02
South Lyon	10:20		2:38	9:17
Salem	10:38		2:45	
Plymouth	10:58	4:40	3:08	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	11:45	8:00
Plymouth	8:30	12:00	2:20	6:40
Salem	8:42	12:15		6:51
South Lyon	8:59	12:37		7:01
Brighton	9:07	12:45		7:15
Howell Junc.	9:10	12:57		7:27
Howell	9:28	1:03	3:07	7:38
Fowlerville	9:41	1:20		7:48
Webberville	9:51	1:30		7:58
Williamston	10:01	1:43		8:10
Lansing	10:29	2:07	4:06	8:34
Grand Lodge	10:56	2:35	4:36	9:00
Ionla	12:06	8:30		10:05
Howard City	1:45			11:15
Grand Rapids	12:45	8:40	9:40	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 Mackinac 7:30 a. m. 1:25 p. m. 5:45 p. m. Local for White Cloud, Fremont and Big Rapids 8:45 p. m. Ed. FULTON, Agent, Plymouth. GEO. DEHAVEN, General Pass'r. Agent, Grand Rapids.

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MISSING LINK IS FOUND FIRE AND WATER-PROOF! THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

There were 28,757 medals awarded at the world's fair, and sometime before the present century runs out they will probably be ready for delivery to the owners.

A MASSACHUSETTS thief has been systematically stealing canary birds. The theory is that he carries a ladder, opens second story windows, as these are usually left unfastened, quietly unlocks the cage and carries off the creature. The police have not yet apprehended him.

CALIFORNIA turfmen who have taken to the habit of "doping" their horses so the poor creatures run miles and miles defiant of restraint ought to get a dose of their own medicine. Before charging the turfmen with the vitalizing fluid it would be well to set their faces towards the sea.

THE spirit of reform has seized the missionary societies of America and an effort is to be inaugurated to make the foreign missions more nearly self-supporting. It is openly charged that many of them live too extravagantly and build churches of a style not justified by their surroundings.

THE best proposition from Rev. Dr. Talmage's tabernacle is to charge an admission fee of ten cents, and after this proposition goes into effect any worshiper in that temple caught singing

"Salvation is free for you and for me," should at once be arrested, sent off in the patrol wagon and charged with disorderly conduct.

MORE than 250 dispossess warrants have been served on New York tenants by landlords during the last few weeks. It is presumed that failure to pay rent was the cause in the majority of cases. This indisposition to practice leniency toward impoverished tenants, is peculiar to New York landlords, no reports of similar proceedings having been received from any other city. Rather than afford shelter to destitute families, or families in arrears for rent, they preferred to allow their buildings to stand idle. This may be business, but in these times the interjection of the milk of human kindness into business is not only commendable but it is what is expected from people who are themselves in the enjoyment of the necessaries of life.

THE growth of periodical literature is something unprecedented, and there is hardly a prominent author in the United States who is not tempted away from his books to contribute articles to the Forum, the North American Review, the Atlantic or Century, where his work commands immediate recognition and excellent pay. This is one of the influences against the making of books which is permanently hostile. It marks the special literary development of our own time. It shows that the world of thought moves more rapidly than the world of books, and that the magazines as a quicker means of reaching the public mind, have stepped in front of books and to a certain extent usurped their place.

BOSTON has a modern professor of grammar in the person of Colonel Albert A. Pope, who spends his leisure moments running down errors in schoolbooks. He is about to issue a little volume containing a list of the errors he has discovered and located. It is said that the list reaches up into the thousands. There is a Colonel Albert Pope of Boston who has been for years enthusiastically urging the necessity for smoother roadways in this country. From a fight against the humps in highways to a fight against the humps in school book literature may appear so long a step as to make it seem impossible that the fighter for smoother bicycle roads and the fighter for smoother educational roads are identical. Still, anything is possible in the capital of Beandom.

The organization of the National dairy union will attract attention to the great value and growing importance of an industry which used to be estimated as merely incidental to agriculture proper. The revenue now derived from dairy products is enormous and it is annually expanding in volume. In the West the present proportions of this industry are not up to its possibilities, but it is growing. Careful attention can make it a source of untold riches. It is an interest which can be successfully managed by women and, if properly conducted, it can be made to furnish to the wives of farmers the means of supplying their households with all the necessities and many luxuries. Indeed, in occasional instances the women on farms make more out of their cows and chickens than the men do out of their regular crops. Good butter and cheese and milk, marketed as they ought to be, always bring a fair price.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TALMAGE PREACHES A MOST REMARKABLE SERMON

The Subject Being "Festivity"—"Come, for All Things are Now Ready," Luke 14:17—The Beautiful Character of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 28.—The usual large audience assembled to-day in the Tabernacle and listened to a sermon of remarkable power and interest by Rev. Dr. Talmage, the subject being "Festivity." The text selected was Luke 14:17, "Come, for all things are now ready." It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted at the gate with floating islands, and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced into a dining-hall, the luxuries of which astonished the world; 400 servants waited upon the guests; the entertainment cost \$5,000 each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and traveled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables aglitter with imperial plate and laden with the rarer of meats and a blush with the costliest wines. And when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health, first of the king of England and next of the king of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton court.

But I have to tell you of a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels are the cupbearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banqueting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plate; and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere, and, oh, that for yourselves, you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come now, for all things are ready." There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light failed; but I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that, "All things are now ready."

In the first place, I have to announce that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is ready. Cardinal Wolsey came into the feast after the first course; he came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast; aye, he has been waiting eighteen hundred and ninety-four years for his guests. He has been standing on his mangled feet; he has had his sore hand on his punctured side; or he has been pressing his lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that he has not been impatient, and that he has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out;" but he has been waiting. No banqueter ever waited for his guests so patiently as Christ has waited for us. To prove how willing he is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down his cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channeled his brow, and his back, and his hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that he uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonizing, overwhelming. I gather all the pains that shot from spear, and spike and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on his brow, and under the gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated, and gashed, and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think he

days; but this feast is for all eternity. Lords and princes were invited to that; you, and I, and all our world are invited to this. Christ is ready. You know that the banqueters of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion; so, my Lord Jesus hath wrapped himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair he is! His eye, his brow, his cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, his hand having the omnipotent surgery with which he opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair, Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and arch-angel—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory, world without end!"

I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough on which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: "J-E-S-U-S." It is this One, infinitely fair, to whom you are invited. Christ is waiting for you; waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with fingers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! O! give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning—something high as heaven, and deep as hell, and long as eternity. Not hoping that you can help me with such a comparison I will say: "He is waiting—as only the all-sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son, Come, and welcome, sinner, come. Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christian songs do not get their way under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "holloa?" It is because there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that Spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon, and lift the prayer, and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That Spirit is willing to come at our call and lead you to eternal life, or ready to come with the same power with which he unhorsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydia in her fine store, and lifted the three thousand from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the Spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the Spirit of God employs for man's conversion? There was a man on a Hudson river boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat-sleeve, and he saw on it the word "eternity," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the king, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Savior, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving day I read for my text: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit took that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phoenician woman's cry to Christ: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table."

Do you know that the Holy Spirit almost always uses insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody; metaphysical sermons never save anybody; philosophical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Sabbath to his pulpit, worn out with engagements and the jangling of a crazed door bell; he has only a text and two or three ideas, but he says: "O, Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak thou

through my poor lips;" and before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the judgment. The great French orator, when the dead king lay before him, looked up and cried: "God only is great;" and the triumph of his eloquence has been told by the historians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly critics may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpiece. But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until he came out of the sick room, white and emaciated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. In the great day of eternity, it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ, not by the Bossuets, and Massillons, and Bourdaloues, but by humble men who, in the strength of God, and believing in the eternal Spirit, invited men to Jesus. There were wise salves—there were excellent ointments, I suppose, in the time of Christ, for blind or inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned his back upon them, and put the tip of his finger to his tongue, and then, with the spittle that adhered to the finger, he anointed the eyes of the blind man, and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the Spirit of God takes that humble prayer-meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian influence, and anoints the eyes of the blind, and pours the sunlight of pardon and peace upon the soul. O, my friend, I wish we could feel it more and more, that if any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent Spirit. I do not know what hymn may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of the scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God may hurl the very text into your heart: "Come, for all things are now ready."

Again, the church is ready. Oh man, if I could take the curtain off these Christian hearts, I could show you a great many anxieties for your redemption. You think that old man is asleep, because his head is down and his eyes are shut. No, he is praying for your redemption, and hoping that the words spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that prayer is going up from Fulton street prayer-meeting, and from Friday evening prayer-meeting, and going up every hour of the day for the redemption of the people? And if you should just start toward the door of the Christian Church, how quickly it would fly open. Hundreds of people would say: "Give that man room at the sacrament. Bring the silver bowl for his baptism. Give him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Bring him into all Christian associations." Oh, you wanderer on the cold mountains, come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the Shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian hands beckon you into the Church of God. A great many people do not like the church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites; but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swung its gates, and lifted its arches, and curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around Chosen and made peculiar ground; A little spot enclosed by grace, Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A great many Christians think that the talk about angels is fanciful. You say it is a very good subject for theological students who have just begun to sermonize; but for older men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward? that they stand before the throne, their faces covered up with their wing, while they cry: "Holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!" Did not David see thousands and thousands? Did not one angel slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand men in Sennacherib's army? And shall they not be the chief harvesters at the judgment?

There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship, the air is full of them. If each one of you have a guardian angel, how many celestials there are here. They crowd the place, they hover, they sit about, they rejoice. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the glorified. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the golden city! Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the air: "Come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have stood in glory—they know all about it. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears and no graves; immortal health but no invalidism; songs, but no groans; wedding bells, but no funeral torches—eyes that never weep—hands that never blister—heads that never faint—hearts that never break—friendships that are never weakened. Again, your kindred in glory are all

ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no better business than to crawl under a table and rattle the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad, because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the Word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption. This Bible says, plainly there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and if angels rejoice and know of it, shall not our friends, standing among them, know it? Some of these spirits in glory toiled for your redemption. When they came to die, their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said: "Meet me in heaven," and put their hand out from the cover and said: "Good-by." Now, suppose you should cross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should be born into the kingdom. Suppose you should now say: "Farewell, O deceitful world! Get thee gone, my sin! Fie upon all the follies! O Christ, help me or I perish! I take thy promise. I believe thy word. I enter thy service." Suppose you should say and do this? Why, the angel sent to you would shout upward: "He is coming!" and the angel, poising higher in the air, would shout it upward: "He is coming!" and it would run all up the line of light, from wing to wing, and from trumpet to trumpet, until it reached the gate; and then it would flash to "the house of many mansions," and it would find out your kindred, there, and before your tears of repentance had been wiped from the cheek, and before you had finished your first prayer, your kindred in glory would know of it, and another heaven would be added to their joy, and they would cry: "My prayers are answered; another loved one saved. Give me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! saved! saved!"

If I have shown you that "all things are ready," that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified kindred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get in to the King's banquet, it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most importunate invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross, soaked in blood from elbow to finger-tip; two lips quivering in mortal anguish; two eyes beaming with infinite love, saying: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

I told you that when the queen came to Kenilworth castle, they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh! if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the clocks, that the hands might forever point to this moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremendous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and invite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saying: "Come!" I would like to take every one of you by the hand, and say: "Come!" Old man, who has been wandering sixty or seventy years, thy sun almost gone down, through the dust of the evening stretch out your withered hand to Christ. He will not cast thee off, old man. Oh! that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. After Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in his praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard! Christ can put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that shackle. He can restore thy blasted home. Go to Johns' Libertine! Christ saw thee where thou wert last night. He knows of thy sin. Yet, if thou wilt bring thy polluted soul to him this moment, he will throw over it the mantle of his pardon and love. Mercy for thee, O thou chief of sinners. Harlot! thy feet foul with hell, and thy laughter the horror of the street—oh, Mary Magdalen—look to Jesus. Mercy for thee, poor lost wail of the street! Self-righteous man, thou must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God. Do you think you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you were invited—and the King sits with his guests, and the servant stands with his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut. It is half-way shut. It is three-fourths shut. It is only just ajar. Soon it will be shut. "Come, for all things are now ready."

Have I missed one man? Who has not felt himself called this hour? Then I call him now. This is the hour of thy redemption.

While God invites, how blest the day, How sweet the Gospel's charming sound Come sinner, haste, oh, haste away, While yet a pardoning God is found.

The queen of Greece is president of a sisterhood devoted to the reformation of criminals and the personal visits prisoners.

CORBETT THE CHAMPION.

The Great Fistic Battle Ends in Dramatic Defeat of the Englishman.

After all the talk and worry by the authorities of Florida to prevent the fight between Corbett and Mitchell taking place in Jacksonville the Duval Athletic club succeeded in tying the hands of the state's executive through the intervention of the courts and on the day appointed for the great international fight the principals stepped into the ring amidst the cheers of thousands who braved the rain and went down in their pockets for the little \$25 admission.

Corbett entered the ring first and five minutes later Mitchell followed. Corbett refused to shake hands and time was called at 2:35.

In the first round Corbett began to force Mitchell to the ropes, the latter showed up in fine style in a clinch getting in a good left blow on Corbett's stomach, but received an ear stinger from the "big fellow's" right; Mitchell reached Corbett's ribs twice, the American landing a left over the Britain's heart; Mitchell reached Corbett's face twice.

Second round: Mitchell was forced to the ropes by Corbett rushing in; the latter struck his opponent a terrible left in the face and forced Mitchell into a corner, but by clever ducking he escaped serious punishment for the instant; Mitchell rushed on Corbett, but received a heavy left body blow; Mitchell clinched Corbett, but they soon broke with no serious results to either; Corbett cornered Mitchell and gave him a right upper cut over the heart, but missed on a left swing; Corbett continued to force Mitchell and gave him another right over the heart; Mitchell ran to the center of the ring, Corbett followed like a cyclone, sending right and left blows alternately with wonderful rapidity; from this point it was Corbett's fight; as Mitchell tried to get in a left after some awful punishment he caught a cross-counter on his jaw and was felled to the ground; Corbett was preparing to strike the fallen man in his ferociousness and it required seconds and referee to prevent his losing the battle on a foul; there was great excitement and it was eight seconds before Mitchell arose and fell in on Corbett to avoid punishment; the bell called time and while Corbett was walking to his corner Mitchell followed and struck him a cowardly right swing upon the head; Corbett's seconds called foul, but the Californian didn't want to win that way and refused to claim the foul.

"Center, gentlemen," called Referee Kelly to open the third round. Mitchell was in poor condition from the heart blows of the former round; Corbett was unscratched; Corbett went at his man almost ferociously. Mitchell tried to keep him away and failing, clinched; Corbett brushed him away and landed his famous right that sent Mitchell against the ropes and to the ground; Corbett coolly walked to his corner; it was a clear knock down, but Mitchell recovered before the 10 seconds elapsed; Corbett leaped toward Mitchell, who could make but little effort to save himself; Corbett running struck Mitchell landing a right swing like a sledge hammer squarely upon the Britisher's jaw, his head fell forward, his arms limp and he tumbled to the floor face downward. Referee Kelly counted off 10 seconds and then shouted "Corbett wins."

THRONES OF ROYALTY

COSTLY CHAIRS OCCUPIED BY FIGURE HEADS.

The Seats of State Occupied by the Czar of All the Russias, Emperor William, Queen Victoria and Other Monarchs of the East.



SO MUCH FIGURATIVE uses has the word "throne" been put that it scarcely suggests nowadays the elaborate and expensive article of furniture to sit wherein seems destined soon to be the only important prerogative crowned royalty will possess, even in such a land as Russia. But occasionally an incident, like that one which has just given melancholy prominence to that prince royal among chairs in which mad King Ludwig of Bavaria had dreamed of a long enthroned regality, serves to remind us that the appendage still lingers.

Ludwig's throne chair was to have been a World's Fair exhibit but like every other extravagance of its departed owner, proved but an element of discord among all who had anything to do with it. As a consequence it now exists only in detached and costly fragments, like the isolated limbs of some modern statue to the golden god of vanity, deprived of a Bion to weep over them. For democracy will not play the part of Nibbe when tears are to be shed over the departed state of kings. In this old age of the nineteenth century popular ignorance on the subject of thrones is appropriately dense, in spite of the fierce light poetically charged with the irreverence of beating upon them.

Thus Queen Victoria's subjects, to cite the leading nation among monarchies, are almost universally unaware that the royal lady is entitled to take her seat in a trinity of thrones. As queen of Great Britain she occupies the chair upon which fortunes have been spent and which, hidden beneath cloth of gold and elevated upon a dais of four steps, lives in the history of human glory as the throne of England.

As queen of Ireland there is reserved for her in the Dublin palace of the lord lieutenant a semblance of the shambled wreathed seat that Emmet apostrophized on the scaffold as the couch of Erin's kings. It is now nothing more than a semblance, for Ireland's real throne has never been occupied but by Ireland's real kings. Tradition has it that the royal chair was spirited away as long ago as the time of that English Henry who, according to the rhymes that any of your acquaintance can repeat, "laid Ireland low."

The continental monarchies have been far more liberal in providing throne chairs for their sovereigns than the English people. This is, perhaps, because only British royalty must give an account of how its subjects' money is spent.

Emperor William, upon assuming his prerogatives, gave orders for the construction of two elaborate throne chairs. One was for the emperor of Germany, the other for the king of Prussia. Hardly was the work of making them begun than the young ruler changed his mind and decided that the paternal seats would do.

The present imperial throne chair of the empire of Germany seems never to have been intrinsically appraised, but \$100,000 is hardly an exaggerated statement of what it and its present appurtenances have cost.

Those who have seen the czar of all the Russias sitting scepter in hand, on his great white throne, agree in pronouncing the sight one of the few impressive things connected with the nineteenth century royalty. The czar, being an absolute despot, can not be said to have an official residence for the chair of state. Wherever he sits is



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At Bannockburn 135,000 men fought, and 38,000 were killed or wounded. One of the first things the engaged girl rushes for is lessons in cookery. A little red pepper sprinkled in the bottom of the shoes will keep the feet warm, according to a street car conductor. The oldest son of Sir Robert Peel got into a bankrupt court lately, and among his liabilities was found a bill for \$4,000 worth of shirts. James O'Connor, a burglar, with a decided penchant for the number 38, was arrested in New York recently while burglarizing the store, 138 W. 38th street. O'Connor is 38 years old. Just before he shot himself at Rockbridge, Alum Springs, Va., Charles Warwick shaved himself carefully, attired himself in his dress suit, and otherwise composed his "remains" for burial. An observant old gentleman says he has noticed that, when he tells a lady that her daughter is just the image of her when she was that age, the mother looks pleased, the daughter looks scared. Max Meyer, a noted Berlin student, who, though blind from birth, has kept the head of the class in every school he attended, received the degree of doctor of philosophy in that city a short time ago. Before creaming butter pour some hot water into the creaming bowl. Then turn it out, dry and in a minute or two put in the butter. Add the sugar a little at a time, stirring either with the hand or a wooden spoon. Eva Bird, the 3-year old daughter of William Bird, a New York machinist, an inmate of St. Agnes' day nursery for children, has a singular appetite. She does not disdain the ordinary food prepared in the institution, but, in addition eats rags, thread, cord and all sorts of things with apparent relish.

"I see one of your old delinquents has paid the debt of nature." "Thank heaven," muttered the editor, "he has paid something at last." Train Robber—Come! shell out! Rural Minister—If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then, I might have something to give you. "That is a wonderfully bright dog of Timmins'. Can do almost anything but talk." "That makes them a pretty good team. Timmins can do nothing but talk." "Bridget, those capers for the sauce to night are so large you would better cut them." "I'll do nothing of the sort, mum, for I've always been respectable, and never cut a caper in my life." Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have. Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkedown paid a big compliment to me to-day. Mother—Did she really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say? Little Johnny—She said she didn't know how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am. A few English workingmen were discussing names of great scientists in Manchester. The name of Darwin cropped up. "One of the company, less learned than the rest said: "Darwen, I kna that place. A've been ther' monny a toime." "Go' out, you fool!" said another. "We're nut talkin' about the place called Darwen, but the mon. Hev'n't ye niver heard o' Darwen? Why, if it hadn't been for Darwen we s'ould all h've been chatterin' monkeys, and nut gentlemen, like we are."

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THE MARKETS.

Detroit.

Cattle—Good to choice	\$ 4.00	\$ 4.50
Hogs	3.45	3.55
Sheep and Lambs	3.50	3.60
Wheat—Red spot, No. 2	59 1/2	59 1/2
White spot No. 1	59 1/2	59 1/2
Gorn No. 2 spot	37	37 1/2
Oats—No. 2 white spot	32	32 1/2
Hay—Timothy	10.50	12.00
Potatoes	50	55
Butter—Creamery per lb.	13	15
Creamery	20	23
Eggs per doz.	14	15
Live poultry—Fowls	7 1/2	7 1/2
Chickens	7	8
Ducks	7	8
Turkeys	8	9

Chicago.

Cattle—Steers	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50
Common	3.25	4.00
Sheep—Mixed	2.25	3.45
Lambs	4.50	4.75
Hogs—Mixed	5.30	5.45
Wheat—No. 2 red	58	59
Corn No. 2	35	35
Oats	28	29 1/2
Meat Pork per bbl.	13 1/2	13 20
Lard per cwt.	7 1/2	7 80

New York.

Cattle—Natives	\$ 4.00	\$ 4.00
Hogs	3.50	3.50
Sheep—Good to choice	2.50	3.00
Lambs	3.25	5.00
Wheat—No. 2 red	63 1/2	66
Corn—No. 2 white	43	43 1/2
Oats	30 1/2	30 1/2

Tulsa—Grain.

Wheat—No. 3 spot	\$ 59 1/2	\$ 59 1/2
No. 2	63 1/2	63 1/2
Corn—No. 2	35 1/2	35 1/2
Oats—No. 2 White	23	23 1/2

Buffalo—Live Stock.

Cattle—Mixed shipments	\$ 2.25	\$ 3.75
Sheep	3.50	4.50
Lambs	3.75	4.75
Hogs—Choice weights	5.80	5.80
Common and rough	4.25	4.75

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

New York, January 29.—B. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says Secretary Carlisle's decision to issue bonds and the early reports of large bids for them helped to accelerate recovery of industries and trade as was hoped last week. The revenue is still small from customs, and the volume of domestic trade is still small. The increase in number of hands employed adds to the purchasing power of the people, and dealer's stocks are so reduced that any sign of larger consumption quickly gives mill's more orders. In short, the conditions are such that, if not interrupted by adverse forces, they would naturally bring a steady revival of business. The industrial gain is more definite than a week ago. Few establishments have stopped work, while many have resumed or increased production, and though these are not waste employing thousands each, the aggregate increase is considerable. Reductions in wages continue, and about a quarter of the work is done at 10 per cent. The rest ranging from 7 to 17 per cent. In no direction are quotations of manufactured products higher, but while some have actually declined, the general tone is somewhat stronger. Produce markets have been decidedly dull. Wheat exports are insignificant and the stocks in sight are too large for speculators or short crop prophets. Coffee and petroleum are a shade lower. Cotton, after a decline, has advanced a shade, although receipts continue heavy. Futures in the United States were up 3 1/2 cents, against 23 1/2 last year, and 13 in Canada, against 6 1/2 last year. None are of great magnitude.



THRONE CHAIR OF THE DEMENTED KING OF BAVARIA.
the throne of Russia. But in the palace of St. Petersburg there is an apartment in which his imperial majesty's advisers assemble on such occasions as it suits him to call them together officially. It is described as an immense marble hall, with an inclosure at one end, vaguely suggestive of a cathedral altar.

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Come On Boys! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE FOR AN OVERCOAT.

Beginning Saturday, January 27, for Ten Days, we shall offer our entire stock of boys Overcoats at just Half Price. Not one reserved; every one in the stock—about 150 in all—at just half the regular price. We have too many and can't afford to carry them over. This is why we prefer to sacrifice on them now and sell them quick. Your Loss is Your Gain. Bring your Boys in Saturday and fit them up. You will find the goods just as we advertise them. It's a big investment for you, if you don't need them till next winter.

We have some big bargains in mens and boys Boots and shoes for Saturday. Come and look them over.

RIGGS, THE CLOTHIER.

Russia is valued at \$5,000,000,000.
The bank capital of France is \$268,000,000.
The bank capital of Great Britain is \$210,000,000.
The property of Germany is assessed at \$3,500,000,000.
All the property of Italy is assessed at \$3,000,000,000.
France is worth, all property considered, \$8,000,000,000.
Over 41 per cent of all the property in the German empire is mortgaged.
The annual increase of wealth in the United States is over \$35 per inhabitant.
In Great Britain the mortgages average 58 per cent of the value of real estate.
The average value of cultivated land in Germany is \$105 per acre; in France, \$165.
The assessed valuation of the property and wealth of Great Britain is \$9,000,000,000.
The annual value of hardware manufactured in the world is estimated at \$2,815,000,000.
The assessed valuation of Prussia is \$3,425,000,000; of the whole empire, \$5,681,000,000.
The people of the United States have over \$350,000,000 invested in church property.
The banking capital of the United States is estimated at \$5,150,000,000, the greatest in the world.
Canada, Belgium, Holland and Sweden are all assessed at about the same figure—\$1,000,000,000.
The assessed valuation of the United States, according to Mulhall, is \$13,000,000,000, or \$65,000,000,000.
The value of the railroads in the United States is greater than the combined railroad valuation of Great Britain, France and Germany.
Mulhall estimates that the land in the United States is worth \$13,500,000,000; the cattle, \$5,500,000,000; the houses, \$14,300,000,000; the furniture, etc., \$7,200,000,000; the railroads, \$10,000,000,000; the shipping, \$300,000,000; the total wealth per inhabitant, \$1,050.

DAME NATURE.

The blue ceanothus came from Venezuela in 1818.
The verbena is a native of Venezuela, taken to Europe in 1827.
The petunia emigrated from Venezuela to Europe in about 1823.
The peacock throne of Shah Jehan was valued at \$30,000,000, his crown at \$12,500,000, and when he died \$250,000,000 of gems were found in his treasury.
The topaz took its name from a Greek word meaning glass, since the ancients could only guess at the locality whence this beautiful stone was obtained.
The diamond is believed to be of recent geological formation and a microscopic examination often discloses in its substance minute plants and vegetable fibers.
Garnets are brought from Bohemia, Ceylon, Peru and Brazil. The most common color is a shade of red, but brown, yellow, green and even black varieties are known. Pure stones are never larger than a hazel nut.
An eagle measuring six feet eight inches from tip to tip of its wings was captured by a dog near Seid, Oregon, recently. The eagle was eating a gander it had killed when the dog stole up and pounced upon it. An exciting struggle ensued, in which the dog was much hurt by the eagle's sharp beak and talons, but it ended in the death of the bird.
Lawson Tait, the well-known English surgeon, says that the sugar in certain fruits becomes changed into alcohol during the process of decay, and that wasps sometimes get very drunk thereon. On grapes and certain plums, he says, "you will see them get very drunk, crawl away in a semi-comatose condition and repose in the grass for some time until they get over the 'hook,' and then they will go at it again."

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE.

Ada—Why does Clara speak of George as her intended? Are they engaged? Alice—No; but she intends they shall be.

The mayor of South Norwalk, Conn., Mr. Lockwood, not only did not oppose his wife's application for divorce, but furnished evidence upon which it was granted upon statutory grounds. Then the churches of the town went for the young mayor with such vigor that he has resigned the office, and is expected to move out of the town.
The ancient fort of Old Harbour, island of Jamaica, West India, which was a place of considerable importance a hundred years before New York was settled by the Dutch, was reopened recently. Old Harbour was the first port established in Jamaica by the Spaniards soon after the discovery of the island by Columbus on his second voyage in 1494, and was for a considerable period the principal port of the island.

FACT AND FANCY.

Manitoba has 1,000,000 acres of wheat. Locomotives have electric headlights.
Florida has over fifty varieties of the orange.
Canada had both Indian and negro slaves in 1793.
Professor Enoch, the "man-fish," plays a trombone under water.
Denmark has an old maid insurance company. Benefits are paid at 40 years.
D. B. F. Hardin of Myrtle, N. C., claims that his daughter, aged four and a half years, can read any book or paper perfectly.
A paper at Fossil, Oregon, failed to appear the other day on account of the compositor, who is a ball player, having his finger broken during a game of ball.
Whitefish, which were once so abundant along the western shore of Michigan, but have been entirely absent from those waters for several years, are again coming back, and fishermen are making moderate hauls of them.
A shoemaker down in Maine has just completed the payments for a piece of land which he bought over a dozen years ago and for which the seller agreed to take his pay in work. The deed says that consideration for the land was "cobbling."
William Weathersby, who bore the reputation of being one of the most remarkable men of Delaware, died near Laurel lately. He was 98 years old, and up to within a few weeks of his death, labored on his farm. Mr. Weathersby had been married six times.
Among the successful farmers and fruit growers in California are a hundred or more Turks, who came to this country to be farmers. A great many of the small farmers on the Pacific coast are Chinamen, who carry their fruit and truck to the towns in boxes and baskets swung from a yoke on the shoulders.

ALL SORTS AND SIZES.

English locomotives have no bells.
The cost of the Mexican war was \$66,000.
Most workers in Switzerland labor about eleven hours a day.
Of the population of Spain one-fifth are said to be nobles.
The breeding of parrots in hot-houses is said to be practicable.
In many parts of California quail pick up grain with the domestic chickens and roost in orchard trees.
The Mohawk Indians will not allow so much as a blade of grass to grow upon the graves of their companions.
Mrs. Lucinda Estes of Rockland, Me., is 99 years old and is yet able to take a tramp of several miles a day and like it.
A process of dyeing wood that is largely used in Germany, and particularly in Bavaria, has been successfully tried by Canadian lumbermen.
The bishop of Urgel, in the republic of Andorra, recently prohibited and anathematized the installation of telephonic apparatus and other "supersticial and diabolical electrical contrivances."
Mrs. Flora Kimball selected and superintended the planting of trees on seven miles of the streets of National City, Cal., by request of the supervisor, who deemed her the most competent person in the place.

Teacher—What animal is it that produces the best hams and spare ribs? Johnny—The butcher.

She—Oh, George, what shall we do if the boat sinks? He, very pale—Never mind about that, Sarah; it's not our boat.

Griggs—Why, don't you ever have any trouble whatever in meeting your bills? Spriggs—Trouble? Not a bit of it. I meet 'em every where I go.

"De bes' kin' ob thanks," said Uncle Eben, who always has a sermon ready, "is not whut yoh gibe yerself, but whut yer pervides an' excuse fur fun others."

Mrs. Bicker, petulantly—Oh, it's all very well to talk, but you'd be glad if I were dead! Mr. Bicker, bluntly—Whatever you do, dear, is sure to be the right thing.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warning?" "Yep." "And the result?" "The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."

Peddler—Is the lady of the house in? Mr. Newlywed—Yes; but there isn't a thing in the wide world we want. Peddler—All right, sir; I'll call again when the honeymoon is over.

"Don't you," said the pious landlady to the boarder, "believe that all flesh is grass." "No," hesitated the boarder, as he took another hold on his knife, "I think some of it is leather."

Maud—Charlie de Softleigh is an awful bore. He is always in love. Marie—I should think that would make him interesting. Maud—It would, if it wasn't always with some other girl.

Jeweler—I have shown you all the rings I've got for girls of twelve years old. Lady Customer—I have changed my mind. I believe I'll wait until my daughter is fifteen years old. Jeweler—All right, madam. Will you have a chair?

Mrs. Nufye, whispering to her father from the country, who is dining with her at a party of city guests—Father! You mustn't tuck your napkin under your chair. Her father, in robust tones—I know it, Em'ly, but I ain't got no safety pin fer to fix it.

A Scotch preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, it is nae fair. Wait till I get a start, and then if I am nae worth listening to gang to sleep; but dinna nod your paws before I ge commenced. Gi'e a mon a chance."

A soldier of the Highland regiment, the proud wearer of war-medals, after his return from foreign service proceeded on furlough in order to visit his aged mother. When he arrived at his parent's abode a neighbor who had been paying a visit to the old lady, rushed from the cottage and spread the news throughout the village. "Eh, mercy!" she exclaimed. "Jock Macnab's hame an' he's wearin' a' the silver he's gotten on his breast. Hale fowre half-croons! He mannae learned that frank frae the outlandish foreign blackamoor folk he's been among, who dinnae wear any claes, an' hinnie purse, leave alane a pooch ta put their bits o' bawbees in, pair bodies!"

MEN AND WOMEN.

Baby ribbon is much affected by silly bridesmaids.

Candied chrysanthemums are the latest in confection novelties.

The devil trembles when a bad man begins to think about his good mother.

The names of 300 women undertakers in this country are given in a trade paper.

At 20 the will reigns; at 30, the wit; at 40, the judgment; afterward, proportion of character.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and freshens them.

It is a noticeable fact that the melancholy individual who says he doesn't care whether he lives or dies always wears a chest protector and gum shoes.

When walnuts have been kept until the meat is too much dried to be good let them stand in milk and water eight hours. Dry them and they will be as fresh as when new.

The following two Southern families are probably unrivaled: Rev. Asa Routh of Sullivan county, Tennessee, is 70 years old and the father of thirty-three living children. The other family is that of Moses Williams, colored, who lives near Fayetteville, North Carolina. He has been married twice, and is said to possess forty-five children, all but five of whom are girls.

A rival of Sandow, the strong man, is said to live in Augusta, Ga., in the person of William Hecker, a Swiss baker. He is 21 years old, and his strength is wonderfully developed. "Among other things he moves a freight car with his teeth, lifts four horses, breaks ropes with his naked hands, wraps chains around the muscles of his arms, and, by contracting the muscles, rends the chains asunder, etc."

Emin Pasha was brave to the extent of placing but small value on his life and possessed an unbending will. As a scientist he collected new information and data of immense value to geographers, ethnologists, linguists, zoologists and botanists, and left behind for posterity thick volumes and notes on African ornithology, meteorology and travel, with invaluable maps.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The Socialist associations of Sicily count 300,000 members.

The population of Italy is very dense, there being 270 people to every square mile of territory.

In the year 760 A. D. Pope Paul I. sent the only clock in the known world as a present to Pepin, king of France.

The name Brazil means "red wood" or "land of the red wood." The original discoverer called it "the land of the holy cross."

Yarrow is building a torpedo boat for the French navy made out of aluminum, which will be hoisted in and out with great ease.

One variety of the India rubber tree (ficus elastica) has leaves of the deepest green each provided with a narrow border of very bright red.

In the harem of the sultan of Turkey the supreme authority is vested in his mother, and she alone is entitled to go to and fro in the harem unvetted.

The British foot guards are to be given a higher standing. The war office has raised the minimum of height for recruits from five feet eight inches to five feet nine inches.

The finest opal of modern times belonged to Empress Josephine. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

Hawaii has about fifty miles of railway and 250 miles of telegraph lines, and almost every dwelling and business house in Honolulu has its telephone. The city has also street railways and is lighted by electricity.

Scientific investigation shows that the seas around the British coast are being exhausted of fish. The subject is receiving very grave consideration, and in all probability there will have to be very elaborate means established for stocking the English waters.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is pursuing two distinct lines of policy. In Austria he remains faithful to the conservative traditions of the house of the Hapsburgs. In Hungary he is prepared to make essay of liberal measures, and has given the Hungarians an almost unlimited freedom of action.

The letter-carrier in England never has to buy any uniforms—even the overcoat, storm coat and boots are furnished by the government. When sick he gets full pay, and has physicians and medicine gratis. He receives double pay for overtime work, and is pensioned after twenty-five years of service.

It is generally supposed that the Brooklyn bridge has the longest single span, 1,595 feet, in the world. There are several much longer, two in the bridge of the Firth of Forth are each 1,700 in length, and that over the Oxn has a span of 2,004 feet. The proposed Hoboken will have a single span of 2,280 feet.

The Syracuse salt works, the most extensive in the United States, have an evaporating surface of over 12,000,000 square feet.

The presents received by the Russian admiral, Avelan, and his officers, while in France are estimated to be worth 3,000,000 francs.

A rule has been put in force at the new Metropolitan opera house in New York forbidding the passing of any flowers over the footlights.

In Oklahoma there are already established 165 Methodist, 25 Baptist, 24 Congregationalist, 25 Roman Catholic, 24 Presbyterian and 6 Episcopal congregations.

A Salem, Mass., savings bank cashier, turned up missing a few days ago and the bank officers had his rooms searched. In one of his trunks were found 2,000 poker chips.

Marie Jamet, the poor peasant girl who founded the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, died recently in Brittany at the age of seventy-four. The order has now 253 houses, sheltering 4,000 sisters.

The department of the Salvation army's "Darkest England" scheme known as the "bridge," a bureau for helping discharged prisoners, reports failure in scarcely seven per cent of the convicts received.

An Italian, who neglected to respond when the name of Cono Casello was called in a Williamsburg, N. Y., police court a day or two ago, explained that he had exchanged that one for Casey. Casello lives in an Irish district and had gone into politics.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Flora—Do you know that a tree gets a new ring every year? Prunella—Every year? Why I get one every few weeks.

Jonas Aycede, during the flirtation—Would you rather have me tall, "Tiddy" Matilda, blushing—I'd rather have you 'round, Jonas.

Bluster—Do you mean to say that I am a liar. Blister—I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing. But I see you catch my idea. "Do you enjoy holidays?" said Johnny's uncle. "Yes, sir." "What do you enjoy most about them?" "Bein' able to stay home from school without bein' sick."

"And you really consider it good luck to find a horseshoe, then?" "Certainly. They're worth two cents apiece at any junk dealer's, and every little helps these hard times."

Johnny Muggs—Pop, git me a bicycle, won't yer? Pop—Hain't got no money to waste that way. Johnny—Well, git me a bull-dog wot I kin train to bite other fellers wot's got bicycles.

"What a lovely new bonnet!" Mrs. Potts—It's funny the way I got it, too. I insisted on having my husband explain all about the new tariff bill. He talked for about five minutes and then compromised on this.

"Aw—have you such a thing as a full-dress cigar?" inquired Fweddy, who was on his way home from a reception. "I think not, sir," said the tobacconist reflectively, "but we have some in very elegant wrappers."

"Do you like to look at the boys?" said Farmer Eighland to his little niece from the city. "Yes, indeed, uncle," replied the intelligent child, "but I can't make out yet which pig it is which gives the boneless bacon."

The lady had given the small boy an apple and he had said nothing in recognition. "What does a little boy say when he gets anything?" asked the lady insinuatingly. He hesitated a moment. "Some little boys," he said, "says 'thank you,' some says 'mach obliged,' and some just keeps thinkin' how much better an orange is than an apple."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Little thinkers are big talkers. If you would discover poverty, try to borrow money.

We forget the sunlight when we notice the shadow.

A bad man is controlled by his fears; a good man by his love.

When people get rich how soon they forget how to give.

If we would look for more to love we would see less to hate.