

Plymouth Mail.

VOL 7 NO 23

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1894.

WHOLE NO 335

COMMON COUNCIL.

Regular Meeting held on Monday Evening.—The Business was Light.

The regular meeting of the Common Council was held on Monday evening. The president in the chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved. A number of bills were allowed. A report on providing for a fire alarm was made and the committee continued. We can be sure of an alarm that will be heard by all when the committee has finished its work.

The street lamp question was handled without gloves. Arrangements were made to satisfy all for the time being. Not much use going to the expense of buying more lamps. Candles are cheaper.

A petition from the water works contractors was laid on the table for future reference.

Lot No. 185, block E. in the Riverside Cemetery was given to C. A. Rowe.

There is but room enough for one grave in the lot and as Mr. Rowe has been of very valuable help to the corporation, it was given to him to be used for charitable purposes. Council adjourned for one week.

The Plymouth Fair.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Plymouth Fair Association, the following officers were elected:

President—T. C. Sherwood Treasurer—F. D. Holloway, Directors—T. C. Sherwood, L. H. Bennett, R. L. Root, R. E. Kinyon, J. M. Collier, J. G. Bradner, L. C. Hough.

It was decided to hold the fair the week following the state fair.

The association was found to be in good working order, and although one year has been missed, the same enthusiasm was manifested that made previous fairs successful.

Following the state fair as it does, there is no doubt but what we will have even a better fair than ever before. Greater inducements will be offered this year, and every effort put forth to draw the best exhibits and the people.

The Village Sued.

Thomas P. Sheahan, who was one of the contractors in constructing the village water works, has started a suit in the Wayne circuit court by summons claiming \$20,000, being what he claims is due him for extra work. Just why Mr. Sheahan has opened up the fight alone cannot be stated. A communication to the village council the Monday evening before was merely placed on file. The communication being sent for the sole purpose of placing on record the fact that he had offered to settle with the village.

This is but the beginning of what will most likely prove a long and tedious suit, unless settled out of court. The contractors failed to complete their work. They had overdrawn on work done and when they found out they had taken it too low, and were going to lose money if they continued any further, threw up the sponge and left the work in a miserable condition for the village to proceed with.

Mr. Sheahan has the nerve to commence suit to recover on a contract he made and failed to complete.

The contract is an iron clad one and when the village gets around to business it will make it so warm for the contractors and their bondsmen, that \$20,000 will be a small item to what the village will require as damages and non-fulfillment of contract.

Like A Oharm.

Last week the MAIL found it necessary to come down hard on "cheap Jack" fellows who laid in a town and dispose of cheap stoddy goods, and thus kill the business of merchants and rob purchasers who think they are getting a big bargain. Plymouth was visited a few days ago by just such a chap. His life here was a short one. He billed the village thoroughly for three or four days, but to no avail.

The MAIL got there with a two-stick item and completely knocked our short friend out. He packed up his goods during Tuesday night and on Wednesday morning with "you think you are d— smart" parting to the MAIL editor, shook the dust of our village from off his feet and left a poorer man than when he arrived. If all such people who come here are treated in a like manner, we will soon know the value of buying from our own merchants.

A Great Need.

A stranger coming to Plymouth to locate, has one great obstacle to encounter, that of securing a desirable house to live in. We can speak from experience in this line.

When we came here a few days ago our first duty was to look up a place to live in, this was no easy task. We found but two or three empty houses, and they were only large enough for two. They were just our size but not quite our style.

Should a person desire a place large enough for a family of five or six, we believe he would find it very difficult to secure one. Why would it not be a wise thing for some of our speculators to invest in this line? A few good houses would find ready occupants at the present time.

If private capital cannot be invested why not form an association? A live building and loan association in Plymouth would meet with abundant success. It is time we got our thinking caps on and prepared ourselves to entertain all comers. By all means let us provide places suitable to live in and not have to turn anyone away that would otherwise locate here.

W. C. T. U. Items.

Mrs. Clara Frisbee has so far recovered from her recent severe illness as to be present at the regular weekly meetings of the W. C. T. U. and resume her position as president.

The recording secretary, Mrs. Mary Manning, is still too ill to attend the meetings and Mrs. E. L. Beals will fill the position until Mrs. Manning recovers. Mr. Safford has made improvements in his new hall, consisting of two large lamps for the main hall and a railing for the stairs.

Supt' of Press.

Denton.

Miss Bertha Smith, one of our most amiable young ladies, has been appointed clerk at the post office.

Mr. Panek of Ypsilanti, called on his old friends here last week.

There will probably be a trotting race here in the near future, between W. J. Gillespie's Maid of the Mist, C. R. Woolger's Little Dick and A. Huston's Jay-Eye-See. As the horses are all good movers it would be hard to predict the winner.

A. Easter is now busily engaged filling his ice house. He employs a great many men and teams. The ice is of the best quality.

Miss Lizzie Vance of Tyler St. visited friends here last week.

Livonia.

Chas. Bentley of Drayden Plains, was in town last week visiting old friends.

The dance at the town hall was a grand success, 77 numbers being sold.

C. P. Colby has purchased the place on Turnbull Ave. formerly owned by Wm. Millard.

Geo. Wright of Canton made his friends a short call last Saturday.

Sam Johnson filled his ice house last week. The ice was about five inches thick.

A few old story tellers were in A. Stringer's store one night last week seeing who could tell the biggest potato story. Each one in turn told a story; then a little fellow who had been listening said he had one to tell. He said he found a potato last fall that he had to put on a wheel-barrow in order to get it to the house. He left it in the yard the other day and at night found a hen's nest with twelve eggs in one of the eyes of the potato. It is needless to say that the boy was awarded the belt.

Reduced Rates To Detroit.

On account of the Michigan Club Banquet at Detroit, Feb. 22nd, the C. & W. M. and D. L. & N. lines will sell tickets at one and one third fare for the round trip, on Feb. 21st and 22nd, good to return until Feb. 23rd. 385

Notice.

Strayed—A white and black hound dark brown head, height 12 inches; one foot and one half long. Came to my place Sunday Feb. 4th. Owner can have same by calling at my place paying for advertising and keeping, or any other expenses incurred.

LOUIS SCHWAB.
Plymouth.

The Detroit, Lansing & Northern local offices are to be moved from the Hammond building to No. 7, Fort St. West of the place formerly occupied by Ross' restaurant.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

From Being Killed.—He Jumped and Saved his Life.

Charles Chaufele, Sr. had a narrow escape from being killed Friday by the Flint & Pere Marquette passenger train, which goes south from this place at about 3:20 p. m. local time. He was going with a horse and wagon for a load of wood, and in crossing the railroad track, near his residence, one and one-half miles south of here was startled by the locomotive whistle of the train. Mr. Chaufele dropped the lines and jumped for life, when the cowcatcher struck the wagon between the fore and hind wheels. The reach broke close up to the front axle, allowing the horse and front wheels to run away, but the wagon box and hind wheels were demolished in short order. Mr. Schaufele is about 60 years of age, but says he jumped about twenty feet, and never did it so easy in his life. He landed in a ditch, with no apparent injury.

ALL SORTS AND SIZES.

Alabama miners run a newspaper. Orange groves produce the best honey.

The largest European city park is in Denmark. It contains 4,200 acres.

Ham & Bacon is the suitable name of a firm of Pennsylvania butchers.

One-fifth of the population of Canada have found homes in the United States.

The Rio Grande, for more than 200 miles above El Paso, Texas, is probably the crookedest and most winding stream on the continent.

Mme. Eve set herself up as a dressmaker in New York, while a Mr. Adam, not two blocks away, calls attention to the fact that he makes the most fashionable attire for gentlemen.

A species of asparagus, introduced some years ago as an ornamental foliage plant for winter decorations indoors, has become so popular as to drive out similar to a considerable degree.

The longest voyage on record in a balloon was made by John Wise, from St. Louis to Henderson, N. Y., in July, 1859—a distance of 850 miles, which was made in nineteen hours, or at the rate of forty-six miles an hour.

Most persons toss away rubber overshoes at the first sign of a break, but shoemakers in New York's Italian quarter, realizing the value of an appeal to the spirit of economy, advertise the repairing of rubbers.

Notice.

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 Canaboharie, 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; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman Durgist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00. 3

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption, and that there was no help for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her, and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 189 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine, in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at John L. Gale's, drug store. Regular price 50c. and \$1.00. 5

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. At John L. Gale's drug store. 5

George W. Childs, philanthropist and editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, died at 8:01 o'clock last Friday morning.

Hello Chicago! Hello Plymouth!

Spanking Bran New Goods,
Have Arrived this week at

Bennett's New Furniture Store.

Which we will offer at Low Prices.

Bed Room Suits Folding Beds, Side Boards, Stands, 4 Different Parlor Suits, Marble Top Tables,

Upholstered Rockers, Cane Seated Chairs Leather Bottom Cane Seated, Rugs, Carpets, Japanese Rugs,

Pictures, Frames, Mattresses, Pillows, Sheets, Woolen Blankets, Comforters, Springs, Chamber Sets. Towels, Napkins.

And other articles too numerous to mention.

Remember we are going to sell at a

TERRIBLE SACRIFICE.

MUST HAVE CASH.

Those who want Carpets very cheap must come early.

BURT B. BENNETT.

PLYMOUTH.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

"Now It Came to Pass While I Was Among the Captives by the River of Chebar That the Heavens Were Opened and I Saw Visions of God."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 4, 1891.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this forenoon the hymns, the scripture lesson and the prayers, as well as the sermon, were about the future world more than about this world. Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject: "A Vision of Heaven," the text being: Ezekiel 1:1: "Now it came to pass as I was among the captives by the River of Chebar that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God."

Expatriated and in far exile on the banks of the River Chebar, an affluent of the Euphrates, sat Ezekiel. It was there he had an immortal dream, and it is given to us in the holy scriptures. He dreamed of Tyre and Egypt. He dreamed of Christ and the coming heaven. This exile seared by that river Chebar had a more wonderful dream than you or I ever have had, or ever will have, seated on the banks of the Hudson, or Alabama, or Oregon, or Thames, or Tiber, or Danube.

But we all have had memorable dreams, some of them when we were half asleep and half awake, so that we did not know whether they were born of shadow or sunlight; whether they were thoughts let loose and disarranged as in slumber, or the imagination of faculties awake.

Such a dream I had this morning. It was about 5:30 and the day was breaking. It was a dream of God: a dream of heaven. Ezekiel had his dream on the banks of the Chebar; I had my dream not far from the banks of the Hudson. The most of the stories of heaven were written many centuries ago, and they tell us how the place looked then, or how it will look centuries ahead. Would you not like to know how it looks now? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back. How I got into that city of the sun I know not. Which of the twelve gates I entered is to me uncertain. But my first remembrance of the scene is that I stood on one of the main avenues, looking this way and that, lost in raptures, and the air so full of music and redolence, and laughter and light, that I knew not which street to take, when an angel of God accosted me and offered to show me the objects of greatest interest, and to conduct me from street to street, and from mansion to mansion, and from temple to temple, and from wall to wall. I said to the angel, "How long hast thou been in heaven?" and the answer came, "Thirty-two years according to the earthly calendar."

There was a secret about this angel's name that was not given me, but from the tenderness, and sweetness, and affection, and interest taken in my walk through heaven, and more than all in the fact of thirty-two years' residence the number of years since she ascended, I think it was my mother. Old age, and decrepitude, and the tired look were all gone, but I think it was she. You see, I was only on a visit to the city, and had not yet taken up residence, and I could know only in part.

I looked in for a few moments at the great temple. Our brilliant and lovely Scotch essayist, Mr. Drummond, says there is no church in heaven, but he did not look for it on the right street. St. John was right when in his Patmos vision, recorded in the third chapter of Revelation, he speaks of "The Temple of My God." I saw it this morning; the largest church I ever saw; as big as all the churches and cathedrals of the earth put together, and it was thronged. Oh, what a multitude! I had never seen so many people together. All the audiences of all the churches of all the earth put together would make a poor attendance compared with that assemblage. There was a fashion in attire and head-dress that immediately took my attention. The fashion was white. All in white, save one. And the head-dress was a garland of rose, and lily, and magnolia, mingled with green leaves culled from the royal gardens, and bound together with bands of gold.

And I saw some young men with a ring on the finger of the right hand, and said to my accompanying angel, "Why those rings on the fingers of the right hands?" and I was told that those who wore them were prodigal sons, and once fed swine in the wilderness, and lived on husks, but they came home, and the rejoicing Father said, "Put a ring on his hand."

But I said there was one exception to this fashion of white pervading all the auditorium and clear up through all the galleries. It was the attire of the one who presided in that immense temple. The chiefest, the mightiest, the loveliest person in all the place. His cheeks seemed to be flushed with infinite beauty, and his forehead was a morning sky, and his lips were eloquence omnipotent. But his attire was of deep colors. They suggested the carnage through which he had passed, and I said to my attending angel, "What is that crimson robe that he wears?" and I was told, "They are

died garments from Bozrah," and "he trod the wine press alone."

Soon after I entered this temple they began to chant the celestial litany. It was unlike anything I had ever heard for sweetness or power, and I heard the most of the great organs, and the most of the great orators, I said to my accompanying angel, "Who is that standing yonder with the harp?" and the answer was, "David!" And I said, "Who is that sounding that trumpet?" and the answer was, "Gabriel!" And I said, "Who is that at the organ?" and the answer was, "Handel!" And the music rolled on till it came to a doxology extolling Christ himself, when all the worshippers, lower down and higher up, a thousand galleries of them, suddenly dropped on their knees and chanted: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Under the overpowering harmony I fell back. I said, "Let us go. This is too much for mortal ears, I can not bear the overwhelming symphony."

But I noticed as I was about to turn away that on the steps of the altar was something like the lachrymal, or tear-bottle, as I had seen it in the earthly museums, the lachrymals, or tear-bottles into which the Orientals used to weep their griefs and set them away as sacred. But this lachrymal or tear-bottle, instead of earthenware as those the Orientals used, was lustrous and fiery with many splendors, and it was towering and of great capacity. And I said to my attending angel, "What is that great lachrymal, or tear-bottle, standing on the step of the altar?" and the angel said, "Why, do you not know? That is the bottle to which David the psalmist referred in his fifty-sixth Psalm, when he said, 'Put thou my tears into thy bottle.' It is full of tears from earth; tears of repentance; tears of bereavement; tears of joy; tears of many centuries." And then I saw how sacred to the sympathetic God are earthly sorrows.

As I was coming out of the temple I saw all along the pictured walls there were shelves, and golden vials were being set up on all those shelves. And I said: "Why the setting-up of those vials at this time? They seem just now to have been filled," and the attending angel said: "The week of prayer all around the earth has just closed, and more supplications have been made than have been made for a long while, and these new vials, newly set up, are what the Bible speaks of as golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints." And I said to the accompanying angel, "Can it be possible that the prayers of the earth are worthy of being kept in such heavenly shape?" "Why," said the angel, "there is nothing that so moves heaven as the prayers of earth, and they are set up in sight of these infinite multitudes, and, more than all, in the sight of Christ, and he cannot forget them, and they are before him world without end."

Then we came out, and as the temple is always open and some worship at one hour and others at other hours, we passed down the street amid the throngs coming to and going from the great temple. And we passed along through a street called Martyr Place, and we met there, or saw sitting at the windows, the souls of those who on earth went through fire and flood, and under sword and rack. We saw John Wickliffe, whose ashes were by decree of the Council of Constance thrown into the river; and Rogers, who bathed his hands in the fire as though it had been water; and Bishop Hooper, and McKail, and Latimer, and Ridley, and Polycarp, whom the flames refused to destroy as they bent outward till spear did the work, and some of the Albigenes, and Huguenots, and consecrated Quakers who were slain for their religion. They had on them many scars, but their scars were illumined and they had on their faces a look of especial triumph.

Then we passed along Song row, and we met some of the old gospel singers. "That is Isaac Watts," said my attendant. As we came up to him he asked me if the churches on earth were still singing the hymns he composed at the house of Lord and Lady Abney, to whom he paid a visit of thirty-six years, and I told him that many of the churches opened their Sabbath morning services with his old hymn, "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," and celebrated their gospel triumphs with his hymn, "Salvation, O the Joyful Song," and often roused their devotions by his hymn, "Come we that Love the Lord."

While we were talking he introduced me to another of the song writers, and said, "This is Charles Wesley, who belonged on earth to a different church from mine, but we are all now members of the same church, The Temple of God and the Lamb." And I told Charles Wesley that almost every Sabbath we sang one of his old hymns, "Arm of the Lord, Awake!" or, "Come, Let us Join our Friends Above," or "Love Divine, All Love Excelling!" And while we were talking on that street called Song row, Kirk White, the consumptive college student, now everlastingly well, came up, and we talked over his old Christmas hymn, "When Marched on the Nightly Plain!" And William Cowper came up, now entirely recovered from his religious melancholy, and not looking as if he had ever in dementia attempted suicide, and we talked over the wide earthly celebrity and heavenly power of his old

hymn, "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."

And there we met George W. Bethune, of wondrous Brooklyn pastorate, and I told him how his comforting hymn had been sung at obsequies all around the world—"It is not Death to Die." And Toplady came up and asked whether the church was still making use of his old hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." And we met also on Song Row, Newton, and Hastings, and Montgomery, and Horatio Bonar, and we heard floating from window to window snatches of the old hymns which they started on earth, and started never to die.

"But," say some of my hearers, "did you see anything of our friends in heaven?" Oh yes, I did. "Did you see my children there?" says some one, "and are there any marks of their last sickness still upon them?" I did see them, but there was no pallor, no cough, no fever, no languor about them. They are all well, and ruddy, and songful, and bounding with eternal mirth. They told me to give their love to you; that they thought of you hour by hour, and that when they could be excused from the heavenly playgrounds they came down and hovered over you, and kissed your cheek, and filled your dreams with their glad faces, and that they would be at the gate to greet you when you ascended to be with them forever.

"But," say other voices, "did you see our glorified friends?" Yes, I saw them, and they are well in the land across which no pneumonias, or palsies, or dropsies, or typhoids ever sweep. The aroma blows over from orchards with trees bearing twelve manner of fruits, and gardens, compared with which Chatsworth is a desert. The climate is a mingling of an earthly June and October: the balm of the one and the tonic of the other. The social life in that realm where they are is superb and perfect. No controversies, or jealousies, or hates; but love, universal love, everlasting love. And they told me to tell you not to weep for them, for their happiness knows no bounds, and it is only a question of time when you shall reign with them in the same palace, and join with them in the same exploration of planets, and the same tour of worlds.

But yonder in this assembly is an upturned face that seems to ask how about the ages of those in heaven. "Do my departed children remain children, or have they lost their childish vivacity? Do my departed parents remain aged, or have they lost the venerable out of their nature?" Well, from what I saw I think childhood had advanced to full maturity of faculty, retaining all the resilience of childhood, and that the aged had retreated to mid-life, freed from all decadence, but still retaining the charm of the venerable. In other words, it was fully developed and complete life of all souls, whether young or old.

Some one says, "Will you tell us what most impressed you in heaven?" I will. I was most impressed with the reversal of earthly conditions. I knew, of course, that there would be differences of attire and residence in heaven, for Paul had declared long ago that souls would then differ "as one star differeth from another," as Mars from Mercury, as Saturn from Jupiter. But at every step in my dream in heaven I was amazed to see that some who were expected to be high in heaven were low down, and some who were expected to be low down were high up. You thought, for instance, that those born of pious parentage, and of naturally good disposition, and of brilliant faculties, and of all styles of attractiveness, will move in the highest range of celestial splendor and pomp. No, no. I found the highest thrones, the brightest coronets, the richest mansions, were occupied by those who had reprobate father, or bad mother, and who inherited the twisted natures of ten generations of miscreants, and who had compressed in their body all depraved appetites, and all evil propensities, but they laid hold of God's arm, they cried for especial mercy, they conquered seven devils within and seventy devils without, and were washed in the blood of the Lamb, and by so much as their contest was terrific and awful, and prolix, their victory was consummate and resplendent, and they have taken places immeasurably higher than those of good parentage, who could hardly help being good, because they had ten generations of preceding Diety to aid them. The steps by which many have mounted to the highest places in heaven were made out of the cradles of a corrupt parentage. When I saw that, I said to my attending angel, "That is fair; that is right. The harder the struggle the more glorious the reward."

Then I pointed to one of the most colonnaded and grandly-domed residences in all the city, and said, "Who lives there?" and the answer was, "The widow who gave two mites." "And who lives there?" and the answer was, "The penitent thief to whom Christ said, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'" "And who lives there?" I said, and the answer was, "The blind beggar who prayed, 'Lord, that my eyes may be opened.'"

Some of those professors of religion who were famous on earth, I asked about, but no one could tell me anything concerning them. Their names were not even in the city directory of

the New Jerusalem. The fact is that I suspected some of them had not got there at all. Many who had ten talents were living on the back streets of heaven, while many with one talent had residences fronting on the King's park, and a back lawn sloping to the River Clear as Crystal, and the highest nobility of heaven were guests at their table, and often the white horse of him who "hath the moon under his feet," champed its bit at their doorway. Infinite capsize of earthly conditions! All social life in heaven graded according to earthly struggle and usefulness as proportioned to talents given!

As I walked through those streets I appreciated for the first time what Paul said to Timothy: "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." It surprised me beyond description that all the great of heaven were great sufferers. "Not all?" Yes, all. Moses, him of the Red sea a great sufferer. David, him of Absalom's unfilial behavior and Ahithophel's betrayal, and a nation's dethronement, a great sufferer. Ezekiel, him of the captivity, who had the dream on the banks of the Chebar, a great sufferer. Paul, him of the diseased eyes, and the Mediterranean shipwreck, and the Mamertine underground, and the whipped back and the headman's ax on the road to Ostia, a great sufferer. Yea, all the apostles after lives of suffering died by violence, beaten to death with fuller's club, or dragged to death by mobs, or from the thrust of sword, or by exposure on barren island, or by decapitation. All the high up in heaven great sufferers and women more than men, Felicitas, and St. Cecilia, and St. Agnes, and St. Agatha, and St. Lucia, and women never heard of outside their own neighborhood, queens of the needle, and the broom, and the scrubbing brush, and the wash-tub, and the daisy, rewarded according to how well they did their work, whether to set a tea-table or govern a nation, whether empress or milkmaid. I could not get over it as in my dream I saw all this, and that some of the most unknown of earth were the most famous in heaven, and that many who seemed the greatest failures of earth were the greatest successes of heaven. And as we passed along one of the grandest boulevards of heaven, there approached us a group of persons so radiant in countenance and apparel I had to shade my eyes with both hands because I could not endure the luster and I said: "Angel! do tell me who they are," and the answer was: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!"

My walk through the city explained a thousand things on earth that had been to me inexplicable. When I saw up there the superior delight and the superior heaven of many who had on earth had it hard with cancers, and bankruptcies, and persecutions, and trials of all sorts, I said, "God has equalized it all at last; excess of enchantment in heaven has more than made up for the deficits on earth."

"But," I said to my angelic escort, "I must go now. It is Sabbath morning on earth and I must preach to-day and be in my pulpit by 10:30 o'clock. Good-by," I said to the attending angel. "Thanks for what you have shown me. I know I have seen only in part, but I hope to return again, through the atoning mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Good-by."

Then I passed on amid chariots of salvation, and along by conquerors' thrones, and amid pillared majesties, and by windows of agate, and under arches that had been hoisted for returned victors. And as I came toward the walls with the gates, the walls flashed upon me with emeralds, and sapphires and chrysopeprases and amethysts, until I trembled under the glory, and then I heard a bolt shove, and a latch lift, and a gate swing, and they were all of pearl, and I passed out loaded with raptures, and down by worlds lower and lower, and lower still, until I came within sight of the city of my earthly residence, and unfit through the window of my earthly home the sun poured so strong upon my pillow that my eyelids felt it, and in bewilderment as to where I was, and what I had seen, I awoke.

Reflection the first: The superiority of our heaven to all other heavens. The Scandinavian heaven: The departed are in everlasting battle except as restored after being cut to pieces, they drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies. The Moslem heaven as described by the Koran: "There shall be Houris with large black eyes like pearls hidden in their shells." The Slav's heaven: After death the soul hovers six weeks about the body, and then climbs a steep mountain, on the top of which is paradise. The Tasmanian's heaven: A spear is placed by the dead, that they may have something to fight with, and after awhile they go into a long chase for game of all sorts. The Tahitian's heaven: The departed are eaten up of the gods. The native African heaven: A land of shadows, and in speaking of the departed they say, all is done forever. The American aborigine's heaven: Happy hunting grounds, to which the soul goes on a bridge of snake. The philosopher's heaven: Made out of a thick fog, or an infinite don't know. But hearken! and behold our heaven, which, though

mostly described by figures of speech in the Bible and, by possible of a dream in this discourse, has for its chief characteristics: separation from all that is vile; absence from all that can discomfort; presence of all that can gratulate. No mountains to climb; no chasms to bridge; no night to illumine; no tears to wipe. Scandinavian heaven. Slav's heaven, Tasmanian heaven, Tahitian heaven, African heaven, aborigine's heaven, scattered into tameness and disgust by a glimpse of St. John's heaven, of Paul's heaven, of Christ's heaven, of your heaven, of my heaven!

Reflection the second: You had better take patiently and cheerfully all pangs, affronts, hardships, persecutions and trials of earth since if rightly borne they insure heavenly payments of ecstasy. Every twinge of physical distress, every lie told about you, every earthly subtraction if meekly borne, will be heavenly addition. If you want to amount to anything in heaven, and to move in its best society, you must be "perfected through suffering." The only earthly currency worth anything at the gate of heaven is the silver of tears. At the top of all heaven sits the greatest sufferer, Christ of the Bethlehem carpentry and of Pilate's Oyer and Terminer and of the Calvarnean assassination.

What he endured, oh, who can tell! To save our souls from death and hell. Oh, ye of the broken heart, and the disappointed ambition, and the shattered fortune, and the blighted life, take comfort from what I saw in my Sabbath morning dream.

Reflection the third and last: How desirable that we all get there! Start this moment with prayer and penitence and faith in Christ, who came from heaven to earth to take us from earth to heaven. Last summer, a year ago, I preached one Sabbath afternoon in Hyde Park, London, to a great multitude that no man could number. But I heard nothing from it until a few weeks ago, when Rev. Mr. Cook, who, for twenty-two years has presided over that Hyde Park out-door meeting, told me that last winter going through a hospital in London he saw a dying man whose face brightened as he told him that his heart was changed that afternoon under my sermon in Hyde Park, and all was bright now at his departure from earth to heaven. Why may not the Lord bless this as well as that? Heaven, as I dreamed about it, and as I read about it, is so benign a realm you can not any of you afford to miss it. Oh, will it not be transcendently glorious after the struggle of this life is over to stand in that eternal safety? Samuel Rutherford, though they viciously burned his book, and unjustly arrested him for treason, wrote of that celestial spectacle:

"The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb with his fair army,
Both on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwell
In Immanuel's land."

BLITHESOME BITS.

She—Why have you never been in love? He—Oh, well, I've never known any rich girls.

Diner—This soup is cold, waiter! Waiter—Is that so, sir? I thought I put plenty of pepper in it!

Their court-ship was full of romance, was it not? "Very. Neither one of them told the other the truth."

Mistress—Bridget, I don't want you to go out this evening. Maid—Nather do Patrick, mem; he's comin' to say me, mem.

Sarah—She's worth a million, and just the right age for you. Jerry—Any girl worth a million is just the right age for me.

Seedy Inventor—I've got an idea that's worth millions, sir! Capitalist—What do you want for it? Seedy Inventor—Five shillings, sir!

First Messenger Boy, with scorn—I say, what makes you run your legs off one dat? Second Messenger Boy, pausing in his rapid sprint—I ain't workin', see? Dis is my day off.

Mrs. Mahoney said she thought the trouble with her husband was paroties. "Paroties?" asked the doctor. "Yes, sir. Mike O'Brien was taken the same way an' the doctor called them Mikeparoties."

The Sister's Bean—So, Johnnie, you're going to be a chemist like papa, eh? And 'did you know this diamond of mine was the same substance as charcoal? Johnnie—No, T. S. B.—And hasn't papa told you that? Johnnie—No. He told me it was paste.

Spilled Boy—Mrs. Nexblock says I'm the most spoiled boy in town. Mother—She does, does she? I'd just have her know you are trained just as much as her brats, any day. Let me know the next time she passes the house. Spoiled Boy, delighted—Yes'm. Mother—Now, don't forget. I want her to hear me spanking you.

When you want a friend don't choose a man whose children are afraid of him.

A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with neglect on the censures and applauses of multitude.

The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.

A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

She saw the long files of insurgent prisoners led along the streets, fastened together by their elbows, with lowered heads, still shivering and shuddering from the bloody battle guarded by a cordon of soldiers. She saw the exasperated crowd flinging itself savagely upon these victims of their leader's folly, trying to break through the cordon of soldiers, the women more furious than the men, striking at the prisoners with their umbrellas, crying, "Death to the assassins! To the fire with the incendiaries!"

When some poor panting wretch, exhausted by fatigue, tottered and fell, and was picked up by the gendarmes and put in one of the vehicles of relief which followed the cordon, there was a howl of fury from the mob:

"No, no," they cried, "shoot him on the spot!"

And as the dismal train passed through the villages, on the quiet country roads, there was the same chorus of insults and execrations, a torture that knew no cessation till the prisoners reached the camp at Satory, where they had the naked earth for their bed, and the sky for their shelter. Perhaps some among these pilgrims of the chain may have assisted in that other procession on the 27th of May, when Emile Gols and his myrmidons drove the priests and gendarmes to the place of butchery in the Rue Haro.

The day of reprisals had come, and the day was bitter. And the cry of Paris is like the voice of the daughter of Zion that bewails herself that spreadeth her hands, saying, "Woe is mine now, for my soul is wearied because of murderers!"

In all her wanderings, those loiterings under the limes and the maples, on the boulevard, or on a bench in the Champs Elysees, where the old air of gaiety began once more to enliven the scene, Kathleen had as yet heard nothing of the missing Serizier. The people whom she questioned were either densely ignorant—they had never heard of the man—or they remembered him vaguely as one of those heroes of the hour, a shoddy Achilles, who had strutted in a gaudy uniform and played the soldier in a passing show; or they were indifferent, shrugging their shoulders, believing that Serizier had been killed on one of the barricades at Belleville yonder, or that he had been shot at Massas with a gang of insurgents.

At last, however, one tender June evening, when the storied windows of Notre Dame flung broken colored lights, like scattered jewels, upon the placid bosom of the Seine, hard by the Marne, which lay low in the shadow yonder, like the black hull of some slave-ship, Kathleen, standing by the low parapet, listening to the deep-toned harmonies of the distant organ, heard two men talking of Serizier.

They had known him evidently; he had been one of their intimates at some period of his career; but they were not talking of him with any warmth of friendship. The man had been too great a brute to conciliate even his own class.

"He got off, sure enough," said one. "He was cleverer than Theophile Ferre, or Raoul Rigault, or Megy, and the rest of them. I met him after dark, on the 25th of May, in the Place Jeanne d'Arc. He was in a fever of fright, poor wretch, shaking from head to foot with agitation and excitement. After all, there is a difference in killing and being killed, and Serizier thought his turn had come. His boots and trousers were red with the blood of the Dominicans, and he complained of having to wear a uniform that was likely to betray his identity. He was colonel of the 101st battalion, you may remember, and had been very proud of his uniform—bulldog that he was. Well, he had never done me any good turn that I could remember; but one is glad to hide a hunted beast when the hounds are close upon him; so I told him I had a married sister living in the Rue Chateau des Rentiers, and that I could get him shelter in her lodging, which was on the ground-floor, at the back, looking into a walled yard—a safe kennel for any dog to hide in. He jumped at the offer, and I took him to my sister's place, gave him a supper, and a bit of carpet to lie upon, and a blouse and a pair of linen trousers in exchange for his fine feathers, and lent him a razor to cut off his military moustache; and at break of day he left us, clean-shaven and dressed like a workman."

"And you conclude that he got out of Paris that morning?" asked the other man.

"He was a fool if he did not, having a fair chance."

"The question is whether he had a chance. That bulldog muzzle of his would not be easily forgotten, and the Government was hard on his track on account of the slaughter of the Dominicans, which really was a little too much; even, we of the Internationals thought he had gone too far. I should think it would be easier for him to hide in Paris than to leave Paris just then."

"Perhaps; but there has been plenty of time since for him to get clear off. I dare say he is living by his craft as a courier in one of the big provincial towns. He would have to live by his trade; for I know he carried no money with him when he made off that morning."

"A courier! Here was something gained, at least," Kathleen thought. Until this moment she had not known the original avocation of the warrior Serizier, commandant of the famous 101st, the hero of Issy and Châtillon. A courier! Here was a falling off indeed for the Ajax of the gutter!

One of the provincial towns! Alas, this was indeed a vague clue. Rouen, Havre, Lyons, Tours, Rennes—the names of a dozen great cities came into Kathleen's mind as she went slowly homeward, drowsy and disconcerted. He lived; that was something for her to know. He lived to expiate his crime, to suffer as she suffered, to render blood for blood. Her life, her brain, her heart should be devoted to the task of finding him; her hand should point him out to the law he had outraged.

All that night—the soft summer night, full of the murmuring of leaves—over here in desolate Paris, where the ruined houses stood by blank and black, with shattered windows, through which the moonlight shone and the June winds blew; a handful of dust, a fragment of crumbling mortar, falling every now and then as the zephyrs tossed the broken walls—all was night. Kathleen lay breast up, staring at the

casement opposite her bed; and when day dawned—the sweet summer dawn that came so soon—she sprang up, and began to wash and dress. Her plan was formed.

One of those two men had said there was safer hiding for such as Serizier in Paris than outside Paris; the other had said that he had no money upon him at the time of his supposed flight. Without money how could he have taken a long journey, unless he had walked, like the two sisters? But the colonel of the 101st—the man who had wallowed in feasting and drunkenness, who had held his impious orgies in the violated churches of Paris—was doubtless too luxurious a person to tramp for weary leagues along the white dusty roads, under the pitiless sun. No; he would stay in Paris. He would think himself safe in his workman's blouse, among workmen, most of them members of the International Society, that fatal association which had sown the seeds of anarchy all over Europe. Amongst these men the assassin would be safe; they would not betray a brother, even were he known as the murderer of the helpless.

She was in the streets before any of the shops were opened, before workaday Paris, no sluttish, whatever her vices—was beginning to stir. This was sheer restlessness, for she could do nothing without the help of her fellow-men. At eleven o'clock she was in a small office in the Marais—an office to which she had gone with Rose years ago, soon after their first coming to Paris, to inquire for work. It was a registry for servants, for clerks in a small way, and for shopmen. Here she asked how many curriers' workshops there were in Paris. She thought there would be several—ten perhaps, or even twenty.

The agent gave her a trade-directory, opened it for her at a page headed "Curriers." There were two hundred and thirty-two curriers in Paris—two hundred and thirty-two workshops, at any one of which the man Serizier might be plying his trade. Hardly strange, taking this fact into consideration, that the law had hitherto failed to touch this offender; more especially as the government, though ready to administer stern justice upon such of the Communist assassins who came in its way, did not give itself very much trouble in hunting down those who had made clean off.

And then, again, the harmless Dominicans were solitary men. There was no wife or child, no friend or sweetheart, to avenge them.

"It will be longer than I thought," Kathleen said to herself, as she stood at a desk in the shadow at the back of the little office, copying that long list of names and addresses.

Two hundred and thirty-two workshops! There were names of streets which she had never heard of—districts, suburbs, of whose very existence she was ignorant. The work of copying those addresses alone occupied her for nearly two hours; she was so careful to write every address correctly, to be sure of every name.

When her task was done she gave the agent two francs for the use of the book, ink, and paper, and asked him where she could buy a good map of Paris. He directed her to a shop in the next street, where she got what she wanted; and this done, she went home.

Rose was singing over her baby, singing in the sunlit window, bright with flowers. Philip had fitted the windows with flower-boxes of his own designing—Swiss, rustic, what you will—constructed out of odd pieces of rough oak, the refuse of his cabinet-work. Rose was the gardener, who bought and planted the flowers, and tended these humble gardens day by day; and never had bloomed finer carnations than Rose's Gloire de Malmaison yonder, or lovelier roses than her Marechal Niel.

Durand was at work in his carpenter's shop hard by, with a sheaf of chisels, carving a bird whose breast feathers seemed ruffled with the summer wind, so full of life was the chiselling. What a happy home it looked in the July afternoon! The tile of blood and fire had rolled by, and left this little household unscathed, untouched. Nay, in the midst of death and doom the babe had been born, and the Trinity of domestic love had been made perfect.

Kathleen sank down into a chair near her sister's sighing, faintly in very weariness.

"My love, how tired you look!" said Rose tenderly. "Have you been far?"

"No; only to the Marais."

Rose had of late abstained from all close questioning of her sister. She knew that Kathleen wandered about the streets aimlessly, wearing herself with long walks that seemed utterly without end or motive. But this idle wandering might be one way of living down a great grief. It was well perhaps to let the mourner take her own way. Nothing so oppressive as obtrusive sympathy. Rose sympathized, and said very little.

At her wife's instigation Durand watched the girl's lonely walks on two or three occasions—saw that she suffered no harm, went into no vile quarters, provoked no insult; and after being assured of this, Rose was content to let her follow her own devices.

"The angel of consolation may be leading her," she said; "saints and angels know what is best for her."

And in her high-strung faith as a Papist, Rose Durand believed that her sister's pure spirit here on earth might be in communication with the souls of that mighty company which had gone before, that great cloud of witnesses hovering round us, invisible, impalpable—the spirits of the faithful departed.

Kathleen sat silent, those dreamy eyes of hers gazing across the flowers to the blue cloudless sky. The dark-violet eyes seemed larger and more lustrous than of old when that her face was pinched and thin; but O, so unspcakably sad!

"Why were you not home at dinner-time, dear? Have you had anything to eat since the morning?"

"I think not," Kathleen answered absently.

"And you went out so early! I was at your door before six, and found you were gone. You must be faint for want of food."

"I never feel hungry. I am a little tired, that's all."

The boy had dropped off to sleep by this time. Rose laid him softly in his cradle, and then busied herself preparing a meal for her sister.

She made some coffee in a little brown pot, which needed only a handful of burning charcoal to heat it. She brought out some Lyons sausage, a plate of salad, a bunch of crisp light bread, a roll of butter

in a little covered dish half-full of tea. Everything in Rose's domestic arrangements was fresh and clean and neat. The cloth she spread on the table was spotless damask, washed and ironed by her own hands.

"Come, pet," she said, and coaxed her sister to the table, taking off her bonnet, smoothing the soft golden hair, kissing the pale brow, so full of gloomy thought.

Kathleen took a little coffee, but ate nothing. She sat with her eyes fixed on vacancy, scarcely conscious of the meal that had been spread for her, quite unconscious of Rose's face watching her.

"My dearest, if you don't eat—if you go wandering about and fasting for long hours—you will be fit for nothing; you will drop down in the streets; you will be carried off to a hospital."

Kathleen looked up at her with a startled expression.

"Yes, yes; you are right," she said hurriedly, with a sudden agitation in tone and manner. "If I become too weak, ready to faint at every turn, I shall be useless—I can do nothing; and I have so much to do. Yes, dear, I will take some of this nice bread and butter. I want to be strong. I am a reed—a poor feeble reed; and I ought to be made of iron."

"Only be reasonably careful of yourself, dear, and you will soon be strong again. Those long wanderings and long fastings must kill you if you go on with them. You ought to be careful of yourself, Kathleen," added Rose, with tears in her eyes—for there were times when she felt as if it were but a question of weeks and days how long she might keep this idolized sister—"you ought to be careful, for my sake and Philip's. We are both so fond of you."

"Yes," Kathleen answered, in a low voice, "and for his sake."

She forced herself to eat, and did tolerable justice to the white sweet bread and the fresh salad. Her meals in her own apartment were less luxurious. A slice of dry bread, eaten standing, a handful of cherries and a crust, a cup of milk. She had hoarded her little stock of money ever since Gaston's disappearance. She held it ready for any expenditure that might help her in her scheme of vengeance.

"I want to be strong," she said quietly, when she had finished her meal. "I have got some employment—a kind of place, to which I shall have to go very early every morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rose, sitting at work by the window, moving the cradle with her foot. "Why did you do that, dear?"

"I hardly know," answered Kathleen, with her eyes on the ground. "I thought it would be better for me to be employed."

"But I don't think you are strong enough for employment of any kind, just yet," said Rose anxiously.

The idea seemed to her fraught with peril, with madness even.

"O, but I shall get stronger now that I have a motive, a settled purpose in life, a task to perform. You will see that I shall do so, Rose. Have no fear."

Her eyes brightened and flashed as she spoke—a hectic fatal light, Rose thought.

"I hope, whatever place you have taken, that the work is very easy," said the elder sister, after a pause.

"O yes, it is easy enough—very easy; in the open air mostly. You will see that my health will improve every day."

"I shall be full of thankfulness if I see that; and if the employment adds to your happiness."

"It will!" cried Kathleen eagerly. "It will make me very happy, if I succeed."

"Dearest, I never like to question you about yourself," said Rose, in a pleading tone, "for I know there are heart-wounds which should never be touched. But I should be so glad if you would tell me frankly, fully, what you are going to do?"

"I cannot, dear."

"Cannot! O Kathleen, is not that hard between such sisters as you and me?"

"All my life has been hard since the 21st of May."

"And I am to be told nothing?"

"Nothing more than I have told you already. I have taken upon myself an avocation which will oblige me to go out very early every morning; to be out sometimes at dusk. I want you to understand this, and not to be uneasy when I am away from home."

"I cannot help being uneasy. I am anxious about you every hour of the day. Why cannot you stay at home, Kathleen, and let me take care of you? I could get you work that you could do in your own room; sheltered, safe, protected from the pollution of the streets, from the hearing of foul language, from brushing shoulders with disreputable people."

"I hear nothing; feel no degradation. I think nothing, am conscious of nothing, but my own business."

"Is this business—respectable—worthy of a good Catholic?"

"Yes, it is respectable. There is warrant for it in the Scriptures."

Rose looked at her with acutest anxiety. That pale fixed face, the strange brightness of the eyes, suggested an exaltation of spirit, a state of mind which touched the confines of madness. And yet the girl's voice was soft and gentle, the girl's movements were quiet and deliberate. There was no wildness of gesture, no sign of actual unreason. Kathleen was terribly in earnest, that was all.

From that hour the girl's health seemed to improve; both mentally and physically there was a change for the better. Her eye had a steadier light; there seemed less of exaltation, of feverish excitement. Her whole being seemed braced and strengthened, as if by some heroic purpose. Yet there were times when the light in those steadfast eyes, the marble lines of the firmly-set lips, were almost awful.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Among the Flowers.

An eccentric New Yorker, much given to hospitality, has concealed among the flowers on his dinner table an artificial mocking-bird, which, at the pressure of an electric wire by his foot flutters and gives a musical chirp. Strangers are amused by the ingenious toy, but his family and friends understand that the bird only flies and sings when a subject is broached which is likely to prove offensive or painful to one of the guests.

HAWAIIAN'S CELEBRATE

The Anniversary of the Overthrow of the Monarchy—Willis Wouldn't Take Part.

News received from Honolulu by the brig W. G. Irwin, tells of the celebration of "Abrogation Day,"—the first anniversary of the abrogation of the Hawaiian monarchy. Among the chief exercises were a parade of military forces, a reception in the council room (formerly the throne room), and a mass meeting in the evening on Palace square, which has just been named "Union Square" by the Annexation club. United States Minister Willis declined for himself and the admiral and United States naval officers President Dole's invitation to the reception. He closed his note by expressing the hope that more satisfactory relations may soon be obtained between the two governments.

The American league is rapidly growing, and is coming to the front as the chief political organization in support of the provisional government and the cause of annexation. It is developing a strong opposition to what its members regard as an endeavor of the planter-capitalists to control the government in their own interests, in opposition to those of the working classes of whites. A strong resolution was passed opposing the further importation of Chinese laborers. The league desires to see Hawaii become a white man's country, and not mainly given up to the great estates of capitalists manned by Asiatic laborers. To this end they prefer to see a portion of the profits of the planters sacrificed, and some of the sugar estates given up and the land divided into farms for white immigrants. It is becoming evident that party lines are going to run mainly upon these issues for the future. The planting interest is certain to make a strong fight for itself. Planters as a class, however, are unlikely to antagonize annexation or any government which tends towards it.

Vaillant Guillotined.

Paris cable: Vaillant, the bomb thrower, was executed Feb. 4, at 7:10 a. m. His last words were: "Death to society; long live anarchy." There were no incidents of an exciting nature other than this.

When the hour of execution was announced the night before large crowds began to assemble, and it became necessary to erect barricades in all the principal streets leading to the square. At 3 a. m. four companies of the Gardes Republicaines and a squadron of mounted Gardes formed around the square. Meanwhile the crowd continued to increase, and signs of approaching turbulence on its part were noticeable. An ugly rush of men and women up the Rue de la Roquette took place at 4 a. m., but was stopped by the police.

Promptly at 3:30 o'clock M. Deibler the executioner, appeared at the staging of the guillotine. A few minutes later the two familiar vans rumbled into the square. They brought the guillotine and Deibler's assistants. M. Deibler went to one van, and by the light of lanterns examined the knife and ropes as they were brought out. The construction of the guillotine proceeded rapidly and silently, but for the occasional thud of a piece of wood falling into place. M. Lepine, prefect of police, was at hand to see that all precautions against anarchistic plots were taken.

At 7 o'clock the guards appeared with the prisoner, and after conversing with M. Deibler for about two minutes he was led to the guillotine. All was made ready, and at 7:10 o'clock Vaillant's head fell into the basket.

TOBACCO WAS THE CAUSE.

Notobac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gits Well.

Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of Two Rivers, Wis., Mr. Joseph Bunker, who was for several years considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "Notobac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to day he said: "Yes, I used Notobac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption, I tell them Notobac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of Notobac I weighed 137 1/4 pounds; to-day I weigh 169, a gain of 41 1/4 pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used Notobac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get Notobac? At the drug store. It is made by the Sterling Remedy company, general western office, 45 Randolph street, Chicago, but I see by the printed matter that it is sold by all druggists—I know all the druggists in this town keep it. I have recommended it to over a hundred people and do not know of a single failure to cure."

Woman's Rights??

All of Leavenworth, Kan., is discussing the latest development of the woman's rights movement. Mrs. George Blackman, secretary of the board of police commissioners, virtually rules the police force. Her husband, who has been a guard at the penitentiary, has resigned his present place and assumed the office of sergeant of police, under appointment signed by his wife. He will succeed Barney Cunningham, an old and faithful officer, dismissed merely because he is not a married man.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES



Miss Ortelca E. Allen
Salem, Mich.

Liver and Kidney

trouble caused me to suffer all but death. Eight weeks I lived on brandy and beef tea. The doctor said he had not a ray of hope for my recovery. I rallied and commenced taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla and from the first felt better. I continued and am now able to assist my mother in her household. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. ORTELCA E. ALLEN. **HOOD'S CURES.**

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

Thin Children Grow Fat

on Scott's Emulsion, because fat foods make fat children. They are thin, and remain thin just in proportion to their inability to assimilate food rich in fat.



Almost as palatable as milk. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is especially adaptable to those of weak digestion—it is partly digested already. Astonishing how quickly a thin person gains solid flesh by its use!

Almost as palatable as milk. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

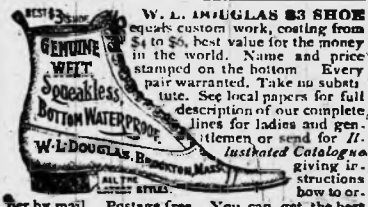
ELECTRIC Telephones Sold Outright. Adams & Morrison, 235 West Park St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Engineer U. S. Pension Bureau. 1572 in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, sixty since.

YOU HAVE A Patent. DO YOU WANT TO SELL IT? Write me full description with very lowest price. **LLOYD EBERHART, 226 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10¢ in stamps to pay postage. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.



W. L. DOUGLAS'S BEST SHOES equals custom work costing from \$4 to \$6, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for illustrated Catalogue giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril and is absorbable. Price 6 cents at Druggists or by mail. **ELY BROTHERS, 24 N. Wabash St., New York.**

N. H. Downs' Elixir

WILL CURE THAT

Cold AND STOP THAT Cough.

Has stood the test for SIXTY YEARS and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases in young or old. Price 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.** **ELLY, HENRY & LIND, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Bible Study and Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m.

Societies.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

The time is nearing when it will be necessary to elect new or retain old village officers. To all appearances our present council has been as faithful a lot of public officers as could be desired.

They have completed and carried to a successful issue, through the efficient committee that had the matter in charge, the water works that we feel so justly proud of—there being no puter found in the state.

We are now on the verge of entering a new life, as it were. We have more favorable prospects of building up our village now than we ever had.

To do this, we need men at the helm that are interested in the welfare of the village; men that want to see manufacturers locate here; men that have the "securing" ability about them.

We should not entirely look to the building up of our village by manufacturing industries. We may have hosts of such grand things to point to but if we have not got good moral principles behind it all it is a sad failure, and we would be in a deplorable condition.

Notice.

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.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Advertising in these columns one cent per word each week. Fred Dibble and wife of Detroit, spent last Sunday at home.

The editor has a new pair of shoes.—Wayne Pilot. Who threw them away? C. A. Plackney spent most of this week in Chicago and the west.

Lou. Sherwood was in town over Sunday, shaking hand with old friends. Lent began last Wednesday, February 7th and ends March 25th, Easter Sunday.

Don't forget the "World's Fair" entertainment at the Town Hall this evening, Feb. 9th.

H. H. Safford made a flying visit to his family on Monday. He is traveling for a wholesale house in Toledo.

Frank Chandler whose home is in Toledo, Ohio, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. H. W. Baker, the first part of the week.

When in need of stationery, printed or plain, call at the MAIL office. We always keep a full line of wedding and society invitations.

Everyone should turn out and help make the fireman's entertainment a grand success. It will take place on the evenings of Feb. 15 and 16. Prices of admission 25 and 35 cents.

Mr. Geo. W. Baker, formerly of this place, nephew of Robert Rhead, now of Berryville, Arkansas, writes to Lewis Holloway that he owns a large stock farm at that place, and is well fixed financially.

Rev. Iel R. Hicks, the famous St. Louisian, who forecasts storms so accurately, predicts numerous violent electrical storms, with rain, hail and wind, for the months of the present year.

Col. W. A. Nelson, editor of the Kansas City Star, fired J. J. Davenport, a candidate for mayor of Kansas City, down stairs. Davenport wanted to run Nelson's paper but the latter would not have it that way.

Wilf Nichols of Northville, who has been on the sick list for several months past has gone to New Mexico for his health, accompanied by a member of the K. of P. lodge of Northville, to which Mr. Nichols belongs. We hope for him a speedy return to health.

The entertainment to be given to raise funds to assist Rev. W. S. Sly to cloth and feed orphan children, will be held on Saturday evening, Feb. 24th. Every precaution is being taken to make this a grand entertainment.

On a certain Sunday a few years ago Geo. Russel of Wayne went out hunting with a party of young men. He had the misfortune to receive the contents of a gun in his right leg.

Mrs. O. H. Polley, while sitting near her stove Thursday evening reading, felt a smarting sensation on her left hip, and placing her hand there, discovered that her clothing was on fire.

Plymouth, Monroe and a half dozen other Michigan towns are wondering how they will get even with the Peninsular Car Company of Detroit.

A Fowerville church is lighted and smoked by eighteen or twenty oil lamps, but when the agent of the electric lighting company offered to put in a wire and give the church an arc light for the cost of the oil now used, one of the deacons fought the proposition vigorously.

MEDALS, HEIRLOOMS, ETC.

Dr. Alexander Imbert has imported from Europe a collection of watches of great value. The collection contains upwards of seventy-five timepieces, and dates from the time of Louis XIV.

The design for the exposition medal submitted by Aug. St. Gaudens to the secretary of the treasury will be of bronze. On the obverse side is a relief figure of Columbus and on the reverse the figure representing youth.

The sheriff of Tacoma, Wash., issued cards for a recent execution in the jail yard at that place printed in gilded letters on heavy black cardboard, cabinet size, with a vignette photograph of the "host" on the upper left hand corner.

Major M. M. Clothier of Whatcom, Ore., has a hickory cane cut at Plymouth Rock, Mass., in 1621, by Nathaniel Pierce, who came over in the Mayflower.

The first carriage to cross the new stone bridge over Otter creek at Middlebury, Vt., which was traversed by vehicles for the first time last week, was the one in which President Monroe made a trip through Vermont in 1817.

After several years' toil a Warsaw mechanic has devised and completed a wonderful clock—a miniature railway station, where the customary activity of whistling engines and departing trains, with perplexed women passengers, forms an interesting panorama at the striking of the hours.

Several thousands of pounds were paid for the wooden leg provided by the sultan of Turkey for one of the first favorites of his harem. Having lost her leg in an accident, the sultan had an artificial one of wood made for her, and by his directions it was set with rare and costly jewels to the value of many thousands of pounds.

MEANT FOR MERRIMENT.

Nell—Miss Passe hasn't a very beautiful form, has she? Belle—No, but she makes up for it.

"How about that last scheme of Blinks? Did it work out all right?" Blanks—Oh no. It only played out.

Chief of Police, examining applicant for position as detective—Do you know what is meant by a felony? Applicant—Yes, sir. A felony is a man with a sore thumb.

Little Mabel—Ethel must think you're lots better than any of her other beaux. Mr. Spoonaway, gratified and blushing—Why, dear. Little Mabel—Because she lets me stay in the room when you call an' she don't when the others call.

"As I grow older," said a man of moderate means, "I find that I have much to be grateful for. Wealth went past my door and stopped at my neighbors; but then, so did death; while health stopped at mine, and has kept us jolly ever since."

Inquisitive Tommy—Sunday is the first day of the week, isn't it, pa? His Pa—Yes, my son. Inquisitive Tommy—And Saturday is the last day, ain't it? His Pa—Yes. Inquisitive Tommy—Then how is it that Saturday comes before Sunday?

Teacher—Tommy, have you found out the difference between a republic and a monarchy yet? Tommy—I asked paw about it, and he said that in a monarchy the people obey their rulers because they respect them, and in a republic they obey the bosses 'cause they can't help it.

"I stole a woman's new \$25 bonnet once," said the retired burglar, "but you can bet your life if I ever go into the business again I won't steal another one." "Did the woman run you down and get you sent up?" "Naw. But I took the thing home and give it to me wife, and she never let up on me till I gets her a \$200 dress to go with the bonnet. See?"

NOVELTIES IN PLANT LIFE.

The British scientific expedition to the Philippine islands is said to have discovered 2,500 feet above sea level, on the sides of the extinct volcano Apo, a flower five feet and a half in diameter.

According to Edward Eggleston it was the cookery of the Middle Ages that led to the discovery of America. "The rage at that time for spices for flavoring purposes," said the doctor in a lecture in Baltimore the other day, sent the Portuguese south to their discoveries in Africa and sent Columbus in quest of India.

The so-called Russian thistle, which has become such a pest in the North-western states, is not properly a thistle at all, but an annual, nearly allied to the saltworts. It has done more than \$2,000,000 damage to the crops last year. It was accidentally introduced seventeen years ago, in some flaxseed imported from Russia by a man in Scotland, S. D. It is estimated that it will cost fully \$2,000,000 to eradicate it, and the department of agriculture has been appealed to to take the matter in hand.

Regardless of Cost!

That is the way we are selling all winter goods now.

Over Coats, Suits, Odd Pants, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Woolen Hosiery, Blankets, Ladies and Gents' Underwear, and things too numerous to mention.

NECKWEAR.

We have a large (but not old), stock of Neck wear that must be sold. \$1.00, 75c., 65c. and 50c. Neckwear, for 65c., 55c., 50c. and 40c. Come early and get the first choice.

Cash Discount of 6 Per Cent

On all purchases of \$5.00 and upwards of Crockery and Groceries (not including sugar) we give you a six per cent discount.

Remember our Annual ribbon Sale of choice black and fancy ribbon commences on Saturday, February 18th.

J. R. RAUCH.

Flymouth, Mich.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW. 243 BROADWAY N. Y. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE FREE. PATENTS. CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

Plymouth Savings Bank. PLYMOUTH, MICH. E. K. BENNETT, President. 4 PER CENT. paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up. Come and open an account with us.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—A session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the first day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

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

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Wayne, ss.—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.

Going to Buy a Watch? Non-pull-out. BOWS. Here's the Idea: The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the groove, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off. Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

FROM EVERYWHERE.

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE

The news of the week condensed for the Benefit of Mail Readers.

Fred Peck of Northville, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. M. S. Harrington is very low at this writing.

Don't fail to read Burt Bennett's ad. in this week's issue.

Mr. Palmer of Tecumseh is in town this week.

Common Council meets again on Monday evening.

J. R. Ruch wants to speak to you about his bargains.

Jam's Brooks of Howell, was transacting business here this week.

The L. O. G. T. elected officers at their regular meeting last Monday evening.

B. Bennett expects another carload of furniture this week. Read his ad.

Mr. Edwards, formerly agent at the D. L. & N. depot, was in town on Wednesday.

George Chadwick of Northville, had one of his fingers taken off while at work in the furniture factory.

The members of the L. O. T. M. Lodge went to Detroit on Thursday of this week to attend a camp of instruction.

For Singer Sewing Machines or sewing machine repairs, drop me a line. Care of this office. William Harding, Agent Singer Mfg. Co.

E. H. son of Gage Dobbins formerly of this place, but now of Marshall, returned to his home to-morrow after an extended visit to relatives and his many friends here.

Lost—A Cable Chain. Some where between my house and the ice pond. Please leave at this office and get reward. D. D. Allen. *349

A donation for the benefit of the pastor of the M. E. church on Tuesday evening, Feb. 13th. Supper will be served from 5 to 9. All cordially invited.

The district lodge, I. O. O. F. T. will meet at South Lyon Monday, Feb. 19, at 10 a. m. In the evening Rev. C. C. Willett, A. M. Ph. D. editor of Michigan Good Templar, will give a lecture in the M. E. church. Subject "Mind the Point".

W. C. Steers, an old and honored resident of Wayne, Mich. died at his home last Tuesday after a brief illness. The funeral was held at Wayne Thursday afternoon. Mr. Steers was one of the first settlers of Wayne village, and for several years has been a successful merchant of that place. The entire community sincerely feel their loss.

You all know W. H. Palmer the artist. He will open the gallery on Saturday Feb. 10, all wishing photos call, as he will return to Tecumseh Monday. Now do not let such a chance go by. The gallery will be closed until May.

The masquerade ball to be given in Penniman Hall on the evening of Feb. 14, promises to be the best of the season. A costume from Detroit, will be at the hotel on Wednesday. Get a costume and be sure and go.

We are indebted to a large number for their promptness in coming forward and paying up their subscription, also for about twenty new subscribers. We believe the rest will soon follow. Ask your neighbor if he takes the MAIL. If he cannot afford it let us know and he may have it free. We want all to take it.

An inventor has got out a new electric light that is said to beat the arc light all to pieces. But R. G. Hall isn't afraid to have it turned on at his store, when you search for low prices and best qualities in dry goods and groceries. See?

Mrs. Harris and daughter, followers of Prince Michael of the long haired Israelites, were in town Thursday. They wanted the M. E. church to speak in. How would a ride out of town on a rail do?

The M. E. church parlance was brilliantly illuminated on Wednesday evening of this week as a delighted company gathered to witness the marriage of Mr. Hugh Wright, an industrious young man of this village, to Miss Ella Wright, daughter of B. H. Wright, one of our most enterprising farmers. The beautiful ceremony by Rev. N. N. Clark was short but impressive. They are now settled on Bowry street, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends.

Some of the citizens of Bay Mills, Chippewa Co., learned that Michael McManman was in the habit of abusing his wife and aged father, and after giving him warning, which was not heeded, they organized themselves into a band of white-caps, and called upon McManman one night. When the latter answered their summons, he was seized, and a severe whipping administered, after which he was advised to leave the village as soon as convenient, or sooner. He left.

March 15th is election day. Pedro score cards at this office.

We will soon have a new fire alarm.

March 9th and 10th are registration days.

Next Wednesday is St. Valentine's Day.

Miss Grace Crosby of Detroit, is visiting at Mrs. Millard's.

Mrs. Martin Stringer is visiting friends at Wayne and Inkster.

The common council proceedings elsewhere in this issue.

Clarence Westfall was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Slater of Northville were in town Wednesday.

Riggs has billed the country for a ten day clearing sale. Read his ad.

For Sale—House and Lot on Ann Arbor St. R. W. Bowen. *334

The amount of taxes collected in Plymouth township for 1893 was \$20,400.

A. W. Cook of Flint, attended the dance at Lapham's hall Wednesday evening.

A number from Farmington took in the dance here Wednesday evening.

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

L. H. Bennett who is rapidly recovering from his severe illness, went to Detroit and Mt. Clemens on Monday last.

Miss Maud Sherwood has gone to Ypsilanti to take a course at the Kindergarten.

J. H. Steers was called to Wayne Thursday to attend the funeral of his brother, W. C. Steers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Logan of Bridge Water, visited at C. O. Dickerson's the last part of last week.

The dance at Lapham's hall Wednesday evening was well attended and a good time reported.

The infant child of Dr. J. E. Bennett who was not expected to live a few days ago, is recovering.

Three hundred and forty-seven couples were married and forty-seven divorced in Washtenaw county last year.

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

The time for paying taxes has been extended until the 1st of March. About \$1,500 yet remains on the township rolls.

John Smye held the lucky number at the quilt raffle, which was held in Safford's hall last Tuesday evening.

John Lutz, a six year old son of Christian Lutz, of Ann Arbor, was scalded by hot coffee and died from the effects.

Claude Bennett, who has been in Chicago for the past eight months, returned home Tuesday morning for a two week's visit.

About fifty of Miss Emma Wolf's young friends gave her a pleasant surprise, on Monday evening. All had a royal good time.

While leading a horse behind a wagon, Wm. Geer had the misfortune to have his thumb pulled off at the first joint, by the horse suddenly jerking back.

Our own Miss (?) Cora Sully, better known as Selleck, has had her turn in the police court, Detroit. She was arrested in the rear of a saloon, but was discharged, not because of her innocence, however.

Much trouble has been caused our officials in collecting poll tax. A number of judgements have been obtained against delinquents and a move is now to be made to collect. If you should be one who has not paid, you had better do so or it may cost you twice as much.

Selah Winfield, passed his 102nd birthday on Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Mitchell, of Wayne. During the last few months Mr. Winfield has been gaining vigor with renewed life, with, perhaps, a set back the fore part of the present winter, when he was attacked with a gripe, which took several weeks to shake off, when he again reached fair health.

It is not generally known what a vast plant it requires to publish and circulate a metropolitan newspaper. The Chicago Inter Ocean has in its Circulating Department alone nearly one-hundred men and women, not to mention the carriers who deliver papers to all parts of the city before breakfast every morning. It may be mentioned that no kind of weather however severe, is permitted to interfere with this delivery in any way. Of the large force, about one-half of them work through the day at ordinary office or clerical work and the other half begin late at night and work until about daylight, preparing and addressing the wrappers, counting and wrapping the papers, "outing" and mailing the bundles. Their work is of the most difficult nature and is done in the quickest possible manner, and yet so well is it done that it seldom happens that a single bundle or paper of its immense edition of nearly 100,000 reaches its destination on other than the right train and at the right time, unless delayed by accident. The system is wonderful and its operation almost perfect.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by John L. Gale.

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

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. SAMPSON, GEO. A. STARKWEATHER, Commissioners. Dated January 17th 1894. 322 335.

F. & P. M. R. R.

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

GOING SOUTH. Train No. 4, 10:23 p. m. No. 6, 2:55 p. m. No. 8, 8:55 p. m. No. 10, 1:33 a. m.

GOING NORTH. Train 1, 8:30 a. m. 2, 9:15 a. m. 5, 2:10 p. m. 9, 6:45 p. m.

Train No. 5, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation) making connections for all points West and Northwest.

Sleeping Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit. Drawing Room Cars between Manistee, Saginaw and Detroit.

Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit in Union depot for all points South, Canada and West.

For further information see Time Card of this company. W. H. BALDWIN, JR., General Manager. W. F. POTTER, General Supt. A. FATHMARCHE, 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 West era Division it runs daily except Sunday.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R.R.

STANDARD TIME. In effect Nov. 19 1893.

Going East	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Grand Rapids	7:00	11:20	6:30	10:50
Howard City	5:50		4:15	
Ionia	7:30	11:10	6:10	
Grand Ledge	8:30	2:38	12:02	7:20
Lansing	8:54	3:00	12:50	7:43
Williamston	9:30		1:21	8:10
Webberville	9:31		1:32	
Fowlerville	9:41		1:42	8:30
Howell	9:55	3:50	2:06	8:43
Keweenaw Junc.	9:59		2:10	
Brighton	10:13		2:17	9:02
South Lyon	10:29		2:34	9:17
Salem	10:34		2:40	
Plymouth	10:43	4:40	3:03	9:40
Ar. Detroit	11:40	5:25	3:50	10:25
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Going West	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Detroit	7:45	11:10	11:45	6:00
Plymouth	8:30	12:05	12:20	6:40
Salem	8:42	12:17		6:51
South Lyon	8:58	12:27		7:01
Brighton	9:07	12:45		7:14
Howell Junc.	9:16	12:57		7:27
Howell	9:25	1:05	8:07	7:33
Fowlerville	9:31	1:22		7:48
Webberville	9:51	1:42		7:58
Williamston	10:01	1:44		8:10
Lansing	10:27	2:00	4:50	8:34
Ar. Grand Ledge	10:56	2:35	4:16	9:00
Ionia	12:05	3:30		10:05
Howard City	1:45			11:45
Grand Rapids	12:45	5:44		10:45
	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 Port Huron 7:30 a. m. 3:15 p. m. For Muskegon 7:30 a. m. 1:25 p. m. 8:45 p. m. Local for White Cloud, Fremont and Big Rapids 5:45 p. m.

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

Livery

Sale Stable

Good Rigs Day or Night.

ALSO Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection

12 B is Tickets \$1.

H. C. Robinson

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

C. A. FRISBEE,

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Coe

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

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

Yard near F. & P. M. R. R. dep., Plymouth.



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

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON, WASHINGTON, DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO.

ARE YOU A HUNTER?

Send Postal Card for illustrated Catalogue of



Winchester Rifles

Repeating Shot Guns Ammunition

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

OSGOOD STANDARD

WE PAY FREIGHT. 5-YEAR WRITTEN GUARANTEE. SOLD ON TRIAL. O.K. OR NO SALE.



3-TON ONLY \$35. Send for our catalogue and prices.

OSGOOD & COMPANY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBE FOR Plymouth Mail.

ALL THE NEWS FOR \$1 PER YEAR.



"F.O.E." ANOTHER NOVELTY.

(Finest on Earth.) Our Phaeton Buggy.

With Leather Roof and Back, Curtains, and Rubber Side.

Curtains, Trimming, Green Leather or Fine Drapery.

WRITE FOR PRICES. See our Exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE DAVIS CARRIAGE COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISSING LINK IS FOUND

THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

Write at once for prices to THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

They will not separate or get hard in packages. Wood on which it is applied will not ignite when exposed to fire. They are manufactured in Paste and Liquid form in Twenty Popular Tints for general use.

Why use ordinary paints when Fire and Water-proof Paints cost no more. They give the same results and a protection from both fire and water. Superior to any other paints on the market for roof.

Our BLACK LAQUERS exceed any paint for smoke-stack work; will not burn or wash off; prevents rust; thereby saving you expense and time.

Write at once for prices to THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

PRIZE-FIGHTING is brutal and should be discountenanced, of course. But as long as it is permitted to go on it is just as well that the American should win.

The reported assassination of the young king of Serbia was assumed to be true because it is schedule time for some such diversions to occur in that part of the world.

The head of the Russian government is expressing his devout wish for a continued era of peace. He further hopes that when his military shiftings echo this righteous sentiment they will not forget to keep their side arms and ordnance loaded and handy.

JAPAN is getting too civilized. The last steamer brings word that a know-nothing society has tried to blow up the minister of finance, while the government is accused of turning over 160,000 yen from the secret service fund for the election expenses of the Liberal party.

In the shifting movement of this restless country some people yet have been content to abide by the ancestral roof tree. Dr. George Adam died at Canaan, Conn., a few days ago at the age of 81 years in the same house in which he was born and in which he had lived all his life.

A SWORD-SWALLOWER of abnormal capacity thrust fourteen blades at once a-down his leathern gullet, and the medical gentleman who pulled them out did so so rudely that the eater of cold steel couldn't use his swallower for mashed potato now. The value of restraining the appetite has sorely been illustrated again.

A TACOMA man, George R. Cowls, is said to be the inventor of a process for making illuminating gas out of wood. From one cord of wood he gets gas and by products worth \$48, so it is claimed. If this be true, then Washington state can use up all its long tree stumps in the manufacture of gas and get so much clear gain out of them.

The allegation that a lady had called a detective a liar has caused her to bring suit for \$50,000. It is not easy to understand why so much fuss should be made. Had the lady been accused of asserting that the detective was not a liar, her own reputation for veracity might have been thus questioned, and real basis laid for an action at law.

A FOX has been imported into California so that sporting gentlemen may have the pleasure of hunting it to death. Their noble ambition may be recognized at a glance. Here's hoping that the fox will escape, so that the hunt can be continued indefinitely. In the meantime, is there a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals?

MAXIM, the gun maker, predicts that within the next ten years humanity will be navigating the air. When that time comes some genius will have to devote his time to devise some way by which the air navigator can be brought down at the first fire, else of what possible use would coast defenses and tremendous ironclads be when a bomb from a balloon could blow steamers and cities to smithereens?

It is charged by the enemies of the Triple alliance that the Italian army, while up to the numerical strength stipulated by the alliance agreement, is so ill equipped that it would not prove as effective as half the number armed with the latest military devices. Out-of-date military equipments against the Maxim gun, for example, would prove about as effective as bows and arrows against Springfield rifles.

WHEN a woman has the pluck to throw ammonia in a burglar's eyes whom she caught in her room and take away from him his watch, while he is all the time threatening to shoot her with a revolver which he holds in his hand, as a Staten Island woman had a few nights ago, it is time to stop talking biblical talk about woman being the weaker vessel. That particular Staten Island woman would make a good chief of police.

GERMANY, too, is suffering from hard times. The revenue return for 1893 fell short of the government expenditures by fully 40,000,000 marks. All the same the kaiser goes right ahead swelling the expense of an increasing army. Moreover, he is now demanding that certain property in Berlin be condemned and its buildings removed at a cost of \$1,000,000 or more, all because his vision is obstructed. The wonder is that an enlightened people like the German people stand it.

SHARK'S BIG HARVEST.

A SUPREME COURT TAX TITLE DECISION

Working Much Hardship to Property Owners.—Lake County Man's Brutal Treatment of a Young Girl.—State News.

The decision handed down in the supreme court in the case of Cple vs. Shelp, in which it was held that lands sold for delinquent taxes under the law of 1899 or 1891, which gives the owner of the property a day in court, is proving a bonanza to the state however much of a hardship it may be for property owners who have allowed their real estate to be sold for delinquent taxes since 1887. The decision holds that when a property owner fails to pay his taxes and subsequently fails to take advantage of this day in court the land must be sold, and the tax title becomes an absolute deed to the property, the holder thereof being authorized to institute ejectment proceedings if necessary to secure possession.

Heretofore it has been supposed that a tax title could be defeated in the courts at a small expense, but this decision disposes of that theory. As a result of the court's ruling property owners whose real estate is delinquent for taxes assessed since 1887 are rushing in from all sections of the state and paying up in order to save their possessions, while tax title sharks are equally as active in their endeavors to purchase valuable property at a nominal figure. It is stated property worth thousands of dollars has been purchased for a mere song, and that ejectment proceedings in these cases will soon be commenced against the original owners. One case is instanced where an Alpena man paid less than \$15 for a tax title on valuable northern timbered lands and within five days sold his title for \$2,300.

Loosing furnishes another instance which illustrates the workings of the decision clearly. W. L. Rice, a merchant, occupies property worth about \$9,000, which came into his possession through a deed from George W. Dayton. Taxes for 1887-8-9 had been returned delinquent. Rice failed to take advantage of his "day in court," and subsequently W. G. Wiley paid the taxes and claimed possession of the property on the strength of the tax title deed. Rice refused the demand, but the circuit court has decided that Wiley is the owner. Another point which here arises is whether the tax title cuts off a mortgage on the property, there being one held by Detroit people for a good sum. Wiley claims that they do, it being incumbent on the mortgagee as well as the owner of the fee to see that the taxes are paid. It is not unlikely that this phase of the matter will find its way to the supreme court for final adjudication.

Ruined Her Supposed Benefactor.
Austin Reed was lodged in jail at Baldwin charged with a heinous crime. Reed's wife deserted him several years ago, and his sister lived with him and remained until she died some three years since. During that time Reed took a little girl, a county charge, from the superintendent of the poor to raise. Her name was Jennie Vargason, and she is now 14 years of age. She has been living in Reed's habitation, a one-story, one-roofed cabin on the banks of a lonely lake, far from neighbors, since, and has grown up so far untutored and uncultured, save, if rumors be right, in evil. Recently the girl's father, hearing that she was poorly treated, asked for an investigation. Superintendent of the Poor Randall went out to Reed's farm, nine miles from Baldwin, and finding the girl poorly clad took her back to the poor farm near Chase, where she was examined by two physicians, who discovered that she had been made the object of some person or persons of carnal desires to such an extent as to produce a diseased condition. The girl, on being questioned, accused Reed and his son of being the guilty parties, and said the crime had been going on right along for at least a year and a half, and up to the very day before she was brought away.

A warrant was issued and Reed was lodged in jail. Reed is past middle age, sober and industrious, and has borne a good reputation. He has held various township offices, and is at present a member of the county board of supervisors.

Ruined His Friend's Home.
W. W. Putney, of Kent City, found A. H. Whitney, a prominent merchant, in the company of his wife when he returned home unexpectedly. Putney struck his wife on the head with a poker and chased Whitney, who escaped by jumping upon a passing train. The affair created great excitement as all are prominent people.

LATER.—A. H. Whitney, of Kent City, was arrested at Grand Rapids on a capias for \$30,000, sworn out by W. W. Putney. The suit is based on the criminal relations of Whitney with Putney's wife and alienating her affections.

Michigan contains 58,915 square miles, nearly 3,000,000 population, 83 incorporated counties, 70 incorporated cities and 7,410 miles of railroad. There are in the state 143,813 farms, with crops worth \$484 each per annum. The total value of crops in 1891 was \$69,607,370. Crops were worth \$8.31 per acre.

The accounts in the treasurer's office of Tuscola county were found in a serious mess when the present incumbent took charge, and a committee appointed by the supervisors to investigate discovered that John M. West, the former treasurer, was \$1,135.35 short and his bondsmen will be called upon to settle.

THROUGHOUT MICHIGAN.

Mason business places close at 7 o'clock evenings, on account of revival services.

Charles Webster, a deaf mute, aged 46, was killed near Wolverine by a Michigan Central train.

The Florence mine, at Iron Mountain, has shut down, throwing out of employment 50 men.

Dr. J. W. Robinson has been arrested at Cedar Springs on a charge of practicing medicine without a diploma.

The steamer L. S. Payne sank in ten feet of water in the harbor at St. Joseph. The ice cut a hole in her hull.

Edwin Quinn's house, near Caro, burned, and the family barely escaped with their lives, and walked barefooted half a mile to a neighbor's house.

Fire at Ithaca destroyed four frame shops and dwellings worth about \$2,500, but the loss was covered by insurance.

Frank Booth, a farmer near Imlay City lost a large barn, farm implements and 70 sheep by fire. The loss is \$2,500 insured for \$1,500.

A number of cattle have died in the vicinity of Salem from some unknown disease, which baffles the skill of the local veterinary surgeons.

The little village of Martin, in Allegan county, has over forty cases of measles, while chickenpox is afflicting the remainder of the population.

Michael McMannan, of Bay Mills, was whipped by whitecaps and ordered out of town because he habitually beat his wife and aged father. He left.

A week old baby was left on the Johnson house steps at Imlay City, and when found and taken in one of its feet and one hand were partially frozen.

Patrick Higgins has been discharged in the case of the killing of Eugene Einch, of Alpena, and arrested on a charge of violating the local option law.

John, the six-year-old son of Christian Lutz, an employe of the Michigan Furniture company, died at Ann Arbor from the effects of being scalded with hot coffee.

Jerome Munson, aged 62, of New Lothrop, was killed by a falling tree which was blown over upon him. He leaves a large family in destitute circumstances.

The dry goods store of A. B. Parks, of Adria, was damaged by fire, smoke and water to the extent of \$10,000, fully insured. The fire started from leaking gas.

A bank will be started at Marlette by A. E. Sleeper and A. W. Merrill, of Lexington. It will be known as the Commercial bank of Marlette, with a capital of \$100,000.

At the Farmers' Institute at Coldwater, ex-Governor Luce had a resolution adopted asking the legislature to appropriate \$3,000 a year to aid farmers' institutes throughout the state.

Frank Squires, a well-known farmer who lived twelve miles north of Battle Creek, cut his throat with a razor because of domestic troubles. He was forty-five years old and had a divorced wife.

George Dell was attacked by a lynx near Summit City. He fought the animal desperately with an ax, but the battle might have ended in Dell's death had not a wood-chopper rushed to his rescue.

It is believed that a compromise will be arranged between the State and the Central Agricultural associations whereby the former will be allowed to hold its fair in Detroit without forfeiting its claim on the grounds in Lansing.

Four Benton Harbor women pounced upon Albert Livingston, ex-convict broommaker, and gave him a terrific horsewhipping for taking improper liberties with little girls. The scoundrel has skipped the town.

Adrian is much alarmed over the rapid spread of diphtheria. Five deaths occurred within a few days, and the whole neighborhood has been exposed. All measures possible are being taken to stop the epidemic.

Owing to the lack of funds, the faculty of Alma college is being reduced. The last professor to go is Prof. Butler, who has spread over the vast field of philosophy, economics, sociology, literature, rhetoric and elocution.

Rev. George Koehler, of Kalamazoo, has been holding revival meetings at Vicksburg, and hasn't been afraid to roast the rowdy element. He has received a whitecap letter of a very threatening nature, but he'll go right on with the work.

Theodore Ratke, Jr., of Royal Oak, was arrested charged with incest with his mother, his father being complainant. The boy is 19 years old. Another child, a girl 11 years old, is sick with the measles. As soon as she is better the mother will be arrested.

The Berrien county supervisors held a special meeting at St. Joseph, accepting the offer and approving the site offered. The estimated cost for the county building was \$70,000. This is preliminary step to moving the county seat from Berrien Springs.

A movement is on foot among the Calhoun county supervisors to remove the county seat from Marshall to Battle Creek. The activity of tramp-catchers at Marshall is the chief cause. Battle Creek people will raise money for a site and building to facilitate the change.

Mrs. Chas. Raymond, of Benton Harbor, accused Mrs. Campbell, an old-time friend of stealing her pocket-book and all her wealth. Mrs. Raymond says Campbell kept the cash—\$50—and threw the purse and a \$50 note into the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were arrested.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

NEWS GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES.

The Russia-Germany Commercial Treaty Signed.—Five Men Drowned by a Yacht Capsizing.—Other News.

Emperor William Says Something.

Berlin cable: Emperor William attended the dinner given by Chancellor von Caprivi to members of parliament and delivered a speech. In this he announced the fact that the treaty of commerce with Russia had been signed. His majesty said that never before had the reichstag to make a decision fraught with such important consequences as this treaty. Its rejection, he said, would be inevitably followed by a tariff war and at not a very remote period by a real war. "Let every deputy," he continued, "realize his responsibility. The favorable terms of the treaty were entirely due to personal intervention of the czar and his strong love of peace. The treaty is marked throughout by love of peace. The czar had been compelled to overcome a vigorous resistance on the part of the manufacturing and commercial interests of Russia."

Emperor William was exceedingly gracious and animated, and remained at the soiree for three hours. Herr Levitzow, the president of the reichstag, submitted to the emperor the grievances of the farmers against the financial reform bill. His majesty listened attentively and then repeated that the passage of the bill was of high political necessity. By passing it the reichstag would win the lasting gratitude of the Germans, and he concluded by saying that patriotism and responsibility forbade its rejection.

THE MURDERER CAUGHT.

Kalamazoo Officials Think They Have the Man Who Killed Butcher Schilling.

March 21, 1893, at noon, Louis Schilling, prominent Kalamazoo, Mich., butcher was murdered in the office of his meat market while his assistants were at dinner. Robbery was the motive as money he was known to have was not found. The crime was committed with a knife, his throat having been cut. Although the officials have worked very hard on the case no clues were discovered.

Last week Deputy Sheriff Teft received a tip that Wm. Algure, of Kalamazoo, could give some information and he was promptly arrested. He at once turned state's evidence. He said that at the time of the murder he was employed as cook in Horace Mansfield's restaurant; that Anna Wood was also working there; that he often visited the woman in her room and on one occasion heard an unknown man planning with Mansfield, who is a Mutiatto, to secure certain papers "old Schilling" had. On the day of the murder Algure was in the wood woman's room when Mansfield entered and took a bloody knife from his pocket; the woman washed it and hid it. Mansfield threatened Algure if he didn't keep mum. Algure asserts that the man who planned the job was secreted in Miss Wood's room for two days before the murder.

FIVE MEN DROWNED.

Some Were Michigan Men—Their Yacht Capsized Off Florida's Coast.

Seven men left Pensacola, Fla., in a small sailboat to go to Big Sabine, in Santa Rosa Sound, about 12 miles. They were A. H. Rollins, foreman, G. M. Washburn, turner; Ed. Moberly, fisher; Mossick, a machinist, all employes of Harwell's furniture factory; a Mr. Rounder, an unknown man and Hiram Brown, the latter sailing the boat. A strong norther was blowing about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as they started to return, and the boat capsized. The seven men clung to the boat for hours, but Rollins, Washburn, Moberly, Mossick and Brown became exhausted and sank to their death one by one. The other two men held on and were rescued about noon the next day almost unconscious, by a lumber lighter. They were almost insensible. The men were recent arrivals having come from Michigan and Iowa, to work in the furniture factory. All of them were single men, except Rollins.

OLD WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Rumor That Ex-President Harrison is to Marry Late Senator Stanford's Widow.

A number of Indiana newspapers publish a story to the effect that ex-President Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Stanford, widow of the late Leland Stanford, the California millionaire and United States senator, will shortly be united in marriage. The ex-president is soon to leave Indianapolis for the Stanford university at Palo Alto, Cal., to deliver a series of lectures, and while there he will be married to Mrs. Stanford, whose wealth is estimated at \$20,000,000. Mrs. Stanford was a warm friend of the late Mrs. Harrison, and during the late Republican administration the Harrisons and Stanfords formed a close and lasting friendship, and one which is to terminate in the rumored marriage.

The friends of ex-President Harrison say that this report is a cruel hoax originating with some unscrupulous sensational newspaper.

The Law Refuses Them a Living.

Deputy State Game Warden Kennedy, of Grand Rapids, arrested 22 men at Hamlin Lake, where they were engaged in spearing fish. The associated charities of the city prevailed upon the justice to let them off on suspended sentences, as the men were thus gaining a livelihood. A great deal of indignation is felt in the city, as this has been a means of many poor families getting sufficient to eat.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—Forty-third day.—The resolution of Senator Stewart, declaring that Secretary Carlisle has power to issue the bonds for which bids have been advertised, was discussed, but no action was taken. **HOUSE.**—The internal revenue bill was added to the Wilson tariff bill after a stormy discussion. The principal fight came upon the proposal to increase the tax upon whisky from 30 cents to \$1, and extend the bonded period from three to eight years. These provisions, especially the one looking to an increase of the bonded period, were utterly opposed by members upon both sides of the House, and, despite the opposition, the latter proposition—that is, the one to increase the bonded period to eight years—was carried out, while the increase of the tax from 30 cents to \$1 was allowed to stand. Only one other amendment of importance to the internal revenue features of the bill was carried. It was a provision to extend the operation of the income tax to all money and personal property given or bequeathed by inheritance. This, it is estimated, will increase the revenue from the income tax to about \$3,000,000 per annum. **SENATE.**—Forty-third day.—The bond issue was again discussed. Senators Stewart and Allen contended that the secretary of the treasury had no authority to issue bonds as proposed. No action. **HOUSE.**—The tariff bill was passed by a vote of 184 yeas to 140 nays—a majority of 44 votes. The entire bill was voted upon by a vote of 219 yeas to 184 nays. The entire space allotted to spectators was crowded to the utmost limit when at 12 o'clock the Wilson tariff bill, with the income tax bill as a rider, was read and the Democratic tariff reformers to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and that Chairman Wilson, the father of the bill, made the effort of his life, to fight his followers to such unmatchable enthusiasm that the speaker, Mr. Stewart, thrust him upon their shoulders and carried him down the aisle of the hall. For three hours the oratory of the champions of the two economic systems followed—Reed, Crisp and Wilson—while their partisans made the air vibrate with their shouts of approval. Reed closed the debate for the Republican side. The appearance of the speaker upon the floor in debate was an unusual thing, and Mr. Wilson's closing words were the signal for a remarkable ovation. Each of the three sessions to be in his best form, and the speeches they delivered will rank among the most brilliant of their lives. When it came to voting the yeas for the measure were overwhelming. The yeas for the income tax proposition (taken in connection with the internal revenue amendment) stood 182 to 50. Only twelve Republicans voted upon the proposition seven for and five against. The Democratic opposition stood at 4. The last effort was made by those Democrats who are opposed to the measure in whole or in part, led by Mr. Covert, of New York, to recommit the bill, but the Republicans refused to join in the motion, and the bill passed. The vote upon the final passage of the bill was a surprise. Amid the most intense enthusiasm an Democrat upon the Democratic side voted against the measure. Only 17 Democrats of the Democratic opposition to the measure stood out to the end and voted against it. As each one cast his vote it was greeted by applause and cheers from the Republican side. The majority for the bill exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Democratic members of the ways and means committee. When the speaker announced the vote cheer after cheer upon the Democratic side; papers, hats, congressional records, and in fact everything which Democrats could lay their hands upon were fung high in the air, and amid a perfect pandemonium of joy the session adjourned.

SENATE.—Forty-second day.—Hawaii was the theme of talk. No action. **HOUSE.**—The Hawaiian resolutions were tackled after the 7 P.M. battle smoke had cleared away. The committee on rules presented a report giving three days to the consideration of the majority report of the committee on foreign affairs regarding the Hawaiian matter. Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, attempted to call on his Hawaiian resolution as an extension of privileges in preference to the special order of business. The speaker declined to rule and ordered the previous question. This gave each side 15 minutes for debate. Mr. Reed criticized the speaker for not giving the House a chance to vote upon the Hawaiian bill, and Mr. Boutelle's resolution. It seems, he said, as though the House was to be disposed of by the power to consider a question of privilege and placed entirely into the control of the committee on rules. Mr. Catchings, of Mississippi, said the special order was presented as the quickest and most effective way of disposing of the Hawaiian matter. "It is the same sort of proceeding," he characterized as "rushing in the night." He said that the "both swift and inexpensive." Then followed an exciting war of words between Messrs. Reed, Catchings and Boutelle. A short message from President Cleveland, together with correspondence from the Hawaiian islands, was received. Mr. Catchings presented the majority report of the committee on foreign affairs, condemning the action of Minister Stevens in assisting in the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy. Mr. Hitt, of Iowa, presented a report protesting against the restoration of the monarchy, reading President Cleveland's for withholding to re-crown non-fraud and corrupt a queen, who would behead her own people in order to get revenge. Mr. Blair offered an amendment to the majority report. Resolved, That the House of Representatives approve the recognition of the existing provisional government of the Hawaiian islands, and that the committee on administration, and I will view with satisfaction the maintenance of a policy which shall tend to consummate in the near future, with the consent of their people, the annexation of said islands to this country; and that the committee on international arrangements which will fully preserve and promote the mutual interests of both Hawaii and the United States.

SENATE.—Forty-third day.—No session. **HOUSE.**—Mr. Hitt presented a report on the bill to coin silver bullion into dollars, the treasury, and gave notice that he would call up at the first opportunity. Mr. Money, one of the Democratic members of the foreign affairs committee, then presented a resolution for the consideration of a joint resolution approving the conduct of Admiral Benham in the harbor of Rio. Mr. Sayers presented the sundry civil appropriation bill, and the Hawaiian debate was then resumed. Mr. Hitt was recalled to complete his speech of the previous day. He characterized the Blount reports as the skillfully prepared argument of a criminal lawyer bearing incoherent internal evidence of a character. In concluding his speech he said the administration against the new republic in the Pacific, a course, he said in violation of the opinions of all writers and authorities on international law. Mr. Karnor, of Maryland, followed in support of the resolution sanctioning the administration's course and condemning Minister Stevens' actions.

SENATE.—Forty-fourth day.—The federal election bill debate occupied the day. **HOUSE.**—The Hawaiian debate again occupied the time. The speakers were Messrs. Morse, of Massachusetts; Johnson, of Indiana; Patterson, of Tennessee; Wheeler, of Alabama; Gates, of Tennessee; Boutelle, of Maine; Black, of Illinois; Corbin, of New York; and Griffin, of Michigan. The latter is the new member filling the chair of the late Hon. J. Logan Chipman of Detroit. This was Mr. Griffin's first effort and he made a splendid speech supporting the administration in Hawaiian matters.

A Universal Church.

Professor Briggs, of the Union Theological seminary, of New York, says that there is only one saving faith. The world, he said, was born with dogmatic teachings, and denominationalism has been the great source of American Christianity. It exists nowhere else in the world in such a terrible manner as in America. "If we were not a very wealthy country," continued the preacher, "it would have been disastrous to Christianity in this country. The greatest church divisions have been due to the struggle among men to see who would be highest." He thought the time was coming when there would be a Christian religion for the world over, and that there would be a universal church.

GEORGE W. CHILDS DEAD.

The Celebrated and Beloved Editor-Philanthropist Goes to His Reward.

On January 16 George W. Childs, the well-known philanthropist and editor of the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, was stricken with a second attack of apoplexy.

Mr. Childs would recover, but notwithstanding this he slowly sank until 3:01 a. m., February 3, his spirit fled.

George W. Childs was born at Baltimore, Md., May 12, 1829. He entered the United States navy at the age of 13, and spent fifteen months in the service.

He then settled in Philadelphia, where he obtained employment as a shop boy in a book store. At the age of 18, having saved a few hundred dollars, he set up in business for himself.

He was a member of the publishing firm of R. B. Peterson & Co., afterwards Childs & Peterson. He was successful as a publisher.

In 1853 he retired from the firm, and on December 3, 1854, became the proprietor of the Public Ledger, of Philadelphia. When he became owner of the paper it was unremunerative, and its circulation was small.

But it soon became the most profitable paper in that city. Mr. Childs has made splendid use of his vast wealth. He was philanthropic in the best sense.

He was a close friend of Gen. Grant. His residence in Philadelphia is one of the finest in the city, and his hospitality was proverbial. He and his friend, A. J. Drexel, gave a sum of money to the International Typographical Union as a nucleus for a fund which would be used to support the education of the children of the members of the union.

Admiral Benham is about to send the cruiser New York to Desterro in the south to look after American interests there which are menaced by the insurgents.

Admiral De Mello has formed a plan to transport 2,000 troops from Rio Grande do Sul and land them outside the harbor of Rio Janeiro and to make a combined land and sea attack.

Admiral da Gama had prepared to land his forces and attack Nictheroy, believing that the national guard there would support him. His plans were discovered and he abandoned the scheme.

England's underhanded methods have again been manifest. Mello and da Gama's friends among the nationality have been supplying them for some time with rifles and ammunition.

The English tug Cardiff was captured by President Peixoto's orders shortly after she left the wharf. She was found to be laden with dynamite, which she was taken to the insurgent warship Trajano, lying outside the harbor in Rio Bay.

The captain of the Cardiff then complained to be British officials. The English are indignant and revert to the "highhanded outrage" with considerable heat.

Martin & Campbell have nearly completed the erection of a \$12,000 cold storage warehouse at Marquette.

WORSE THAN CHEWING GUM.

The Evil Effects of Masticating Paper Illustrated by an Old Story.

In the time of Charles XII of Sweden the private secretary of Count Goertz, then minister to England, was strongly addicted to the habit of chewing paper.

He had made the young man's acquaintance on a journey to Kurland. He was the son of a landed proprietor named Buehren.

Count Goertz took him to Stockholm and gave him a place in the cabinet. At first the young secretary chewed only white paper, but soon acquired a liking for paper even that had been written on.

A peace treaty had been formulated between Russia and Sweden, which the members of the assembly forced Charles XII to accept.

The basis of the latter was a treaty which both states had agreed upon with regard to Finland. The original of this treaty was given by Count Goertz to his young secretary.

When it was called for by the assembly it could nowhere be found. The assembly believed that it had been destroyed by Goertz in order to overthrow the peace policy and give Charles XII a chance to go to war.

Goertz was arrested, when his secretary came forward and confessed having masticated the document. He was tried and sentenced to death.

The king would gladly have pardoned him had he dared in the face of the angry assembly, but he gave him an opportunity to flee from the country.

Luehren went to Kurland with a letter of recommendation to the duke from Minister Goertz. The latter, believing that his severe punishment had entirely cured him of the bad habit of chewing up documents, appointed the young man secretary to his superintendent.

When the duke, who was very extravagant in his expenditures, was notified by his superintendent of the hopeless condition of his finances, he asked for a statement of his affairs, and the young secretary was intrusted with all the bills, etc., to make up the statement.

He again succumbed to his evil habit and chewed up one of the most important receipts among the duke's papers. In his despair he sought mercy at the hands of the beautiful Duchess, Anna Iwanowna, the niece of Peter the Great, and she interceded for him with the duke.

"How does the old man look upon you as a prospective son-in-law?" "Don't know yet. Haven't got far enough along to sound him."

"He can't be blind to the fact that you are an accepted beau?" "Well, no; that's plain enough as far as the beau is concerned; but I seem to be playing second fiddle all the time."—Kansas City Journal.

Never be without it. Mr. Chas. V. Scher, 44 Lincoln avenue, Springfield, O., writes: "Five doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured me of a severe cough. I shall always keep it."

The daguerreotype was invented by Daguerre, and the first miniatures were produced in 1839.

Best remedy for sprains and pains. Mr. J. M. Springs, Bennett, N. J., writes: "I have been using Salvation Oil and have obtained great relief. Among so many remedies tried, Salvation Oil is the best for sprains and pains in the back."—It kills all pain.

Air brakes were invented by George Westinghouse in 1869, and subsequently of an improved.

The Purple Crab.

The titan of the land crab family is Birgus latro, commonly called the "purple crab," a resident of the islands of the Indian and South Pacific oceans.

Mature adults are frightful looking creatures, full two feet in length and from eight to fourteen inches across the back, capable of "rearing back" and pinching a man hip high when acting in defense.

The pinchers are, of course, on the first pair of legs, which are large and powerful; the second and third pairs are armed with but single claws, while the fourth pair (which are much smaller than either the second or third and not one-tenth as strong as the "pincher carriers") are provided with a pair of weak little nippers.

A fifth pair of legs, but so small as to be simply useless rudiments, are attached to the body near the abdomen.

MAN'S system is like a town—it must be well drained, and nothing is so efficient as Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

Politicke scandale are bites on the boddie politick.

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

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1885. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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

Strawberries are reported to be in bloom at Lexington, Ga.

Jessie Logan of Gilmer county, West Virginia, 14 years of age has eloped with James Bishop, who is 64.

Abraham Lincoln's Stories. An illustrated book, unmarred by advertising, containing stories and anecdotes told by Abraham Lincoln, many heretofore unpublished, will be sent free to every person sending his or her address to the Lincoln Tea Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

A London man who made a specialty of manufacturing modern antiquities has been forced to give up business, owing to the slim demand for his specialties.

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

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation.

It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Rents in England. In England 233 families live in houses which pay over £1,000 a year rent; 9,214 pay between £500 and £1,000; 8,633 pay between £200 and £500; 101,948 pay between £50 and £100 and 3,624,638 pay less than £20 or under \$103 a year for the houses in which they live.

Land Values in Great Britain. The value of land in Great Britain rose enormously during the Canadian and American wars of the last century and increased still further during the French wars owing to the demand for grain and its advanced price.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green's Corns the Tropics Specialist of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

The Amerikin eagle can crow in mighty over every foreign langwidge.

EARLY CORN OVER 1 FOOT LONG. Salzer illustrates in a colored plate a new early 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.

Playing cards were invented for the amusement of the crazy king Charles VI. of France, in 1380.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column. Heaven is not for sale.

Whitish's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Price, 50c. & \$1.00. Italy has 10,800 Socialists.

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

Well Versed in Division. Pa—Bobby, the school teacher informs me that you are well up in division. Bobby—Yes, sir. Pa—Well, Bobby, suppose I told you to divide this apple equally between your little sister and yourself—how much would she get? Bobby—The core.

Carbuncles Large as Hen's Eggs! Mrs. NANNIE GOULDMAN, of Beulah, King William Co., Va., writes as follows: "For about eight or ten years my father, Col. T. U. Fogg, of West Point, Va., was laid up with carbuncles, the worst that I ever saw. He tried everything he heard of, his doctor could do nothing for him. Had six or seven carbuncles at a time, as large as hen's eggs. He got so weak and suffered so much he could not walk a step. In 1872 he had his bed put in the middle of his room and got on it to die. No one expected him to get well. He saw Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery advised for all blood disorders. Before he had taken half a bottle of 'Discovery' they began to go away. Two bottles entirely cured him. He is now 78 years old, and enjoys good health."

PIERCE GUARANTEED A CURE OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

ST. JACOBS OIL IS THE KING-CURE OVER ALL. FOR SCIATICA IT HAS NO EQUAL, NO SUPERIOR. ALONE THE BEST. CALIFORNIA TOURS

For the Season of 1893-94. Have been inaugurated via the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE in connection with the Texas and Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways. The "California Special," equipped with elegant Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and improved Day Coaches, leaves St. Louis daily at 9:30 p. m. for LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, and the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION.

At 1/2 Price PATENTS Procured in U. S. and all foreign countries. Ten years' experience as examiner in U. S. Patent Office. Patent guaranteed or no fee. S. BRASHEARS, 615 7th St., Washington, D. C.

Are You Going South This Winter? MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS TO GO VIA THE BIG FOUR ROUTE.

Whether in pursuit of health or pleasure, no portion of the country offers so many and varied attractions at this season as the Sunny South. The Orange Groves of Florida, redolent with the perfume of sweet blossoms, wave their branches in hearty welcome to the tourist from the Snow-clad Northland and the mellow breezes of the Southern Sea woo the invalid from the Blizzards of the Frozen North.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE.

FREE. Address: HOPWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn. "COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The outer or top sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot from dirt and in other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO. SOUTHERN Home Seekers GUIDE.

Table with market data for Detroit, including prices for various goods like Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, etc.

Table with market data for Chicago, including prices for Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, etc.

Table with market data for New York, including prices for Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, etc.

Table with market data for Toledo-Grain, including prices for Wheat, Corn, Oats, etc.

Table with market data for Buffalo-Live Stock, including prices for Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, etc.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE. NEW YORK, February 5.—R. G. Dun & Co. A fresh impulse has been given to business by the success of the treasury in obtaining gold for its reserve thus strengthening confidence in its ability to maintain gold payments.

Revenue had fallen off so much and the prospects for the loan looked so unfavorable until financial institutions here decided to carry it through, that some anxiety about the monetary future was natural. Gradual improvement in business explains the appearance of more commercial paper in the market than has been seen for a long time, though as the vast accumulation of idle funds is proof enough that trade has by no means retained normal proportions, industrial recovery continues, though it is but gradual in response to the demand of the people, whose consumption at its lowest is greater than that of any other country, and more mills are now at work.

Advertisement for S.S.S. Pimples. Those Pimples. Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

Advertisement for Colchester Spading Boot. "COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT. BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

Advertisement for Southern Home Seekers Guide. SOUTHERN Home Seekers GUIDE. Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the 1894 Edition of the above Book. It is full of desirable information concerning the South and describes the Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Tennessee Valley Railroad in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama. J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Illinois-Central R. R., Mauchester, Ill.

Advertisement for Farm Wagons. FARM WAGONS FOR SALE CHEAP. LLOYD EBERHART, Joliet, Ill. W. N. U. D. XII—6.

RIGGS' GREAT 30 DAY CLEARING SALE. Has Begun.

We are now offering Everything in our store regardless of cost. Buy your Clothing now of us and get your share of the good things while they are going.

Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters, Odd Pants, Boots, Shoes, Felt Rubbers, Shirts, Underwear, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Suspenders, Trunks, Hand Bags, Valises, Everything

All Regardless of Cost for Next 30 Days Only.

Remember when you buy of us you buy good new reliable goods, and everything guaranteed to be just as represented. No old shop-worn stuff picked out of some other stock and run in for a few days only. We make this great sacrifice because we need the money to buy our spring stock, and we don't wish to carry over a piece of winter goods. Remember this great sacrifice sale for 30 days only. Come early, first choice always the best.

RIGGS, THE PLYMOUTH CLOTHIER.

GOSSIP GOING AROUND.

Mrs. Gladstone owns property at Niagara Falls, Canada. She owns three acres of land worth about \$1,000 an acre.

The Vanderbilt family hold \$47,050,000 of United States four per cent bonds. These bonds are registered at the treasury department and the annual interest paid by the government is \$1,822,000.

Two of the young women students in the Michigan university walk two and one-half miles a day, rain or shine, from their homes in time to attend their classes, and are always well prepared in their lessons.

United States Senator Perkins of California has been visiting his native town of Kennebunkport, Maine. He was 12 years old when he left his home suddenly, going upon a long sea voyage as cabin boy and later before the mast.

Mr. Hewins, a citizen of Boston, has temporarily in his possession one of the gloves worn by Queen Elizabeth at her coronation. It is richly embroidered in gold, with the orb, crown and ostrich plumes, the insignia of English royalty, and was evidently made to fit a hand of more than ordinary size.

James Wormley, son of the well-known Washington hotelkeeper, while removing some personal effects which his father had put away in a closet many years ago, came across a curious relic. It was a coffeewood cane, highly polished and with a gold head. Engraved upon the head was the inscription: "Hon. Charles Sumner, from a citizen of Liberia."

Alexander R. Shepherd, once "Boss Shepherd" of Washington and ex-cerated as the lowest type of politician, is now a rich mine owner in Mexico. He is a man of great influence in Chihuahua. His hacienda in the mountains is a veritable fort, to protect the property from revolutionists and bandits of the country. Within are the homes of Shepherd and his employes and the ore crushing mills.

The recent sale of the West Chester, Pa., Village Record, a historic little newspaper established fully seventy-five years ago, is not so much an item of interest as the fact that Bayard Taylor was once the Record's office boy and afterward a compositor in its printing office. Several other men of subsequent consequence, among them Chief Justice Paxson of Pennsylvania, set type in the little composing-room of the Record establishment.

Once when Senator Vance was making a stump speech in his state of North Carolina, he was interrupted by one of the mountaineers who had brought to the meeting a strong taste to study finance. "Tell us about national banks!" he demanded, breaking in on one of the senator's flights. "Tell you about national banks?" repeated Vance. Well, all I know about national banks, my friend, is that it takes two names better than mine to get any money out of one of them.

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

Two five-dollar notes issued by the Southern National bank of New York and held by Henry Miller bear identical numbers, and the wonderment of the government and bank officials is great thereat.

M. Boutan, a French scientist, who is a practiced diver, has succeeded in taking a photograph of his surroundings when standing on a bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur-Mer, near the Spanish border.

Two men have been employed and armed with rifles to patrol the levee above and below Shreveport, La., and kill all hogs found wandering about the neighborhood. Their rooting has in the past loosened the earth and caused damaging breaks in the levees.

Tom—Somebody ought to warn Mrs. Prettiface that that old fellow Smirks, who's paying attention to her, is a miserable flirt. Jim—Hem! Better warn Smirks. Mrs. Prettiface is a widow.

Mandy—Land sakes, Josiah, these city folks are awful plain spoken. Josiah—How do you know? Mandy—Didn't you notice the gentleman standing by the carriage we passed? Josiah—Yea. Mandy—Just as I got opposite he said right out loud, "A handsome lady."

Louhaired Visitor, timidly—Er—suppose you like to have people write for your paper? Busy Editor, without looking up—Write for my paper? Yes sir, yea, sir, providing they don't fail to enclose the subscription price. Just as soon they'd come for it though. What; going so soon? Sorry. Come again.

Sunday School Teacher, explaining the subtle influence of Satan—Why is it that a boy will pass by the fruit of his own yard and then take the same sort of fruit, not a bit better, from a neighbor's tree? Boy—Cause, ef yeh take y'r own fruit y'r father will lick yeh, but if yeh take the neighbor's fruit the neighbor daren't lick yeh, 'cause your father will get mad and lick him.

It was in the old days when the Houston stage line claimed to be a medium of "rapid transit." The coach was light loaded and was hauled up at the door of an up-river hotel, ready to start, when an Indian, well known to the driver, came walking by, going the same way. "Hallo, Joe!" sang the driver. "Come, get aboard and have a ride." "No," answered Joe, scarcely turning his head as he strode along, "can't stop to ride. Me in a hurry."

IN AND OUT.

First-class fare for twenty-five miles on the new Congo railroad costs \$10. The Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to eat or drink with them.

There is said to be two terrapin farms in the United States, located at Mobile, Ala., and in Maryland.

Philadelphia, which owns and operates its own gas works, has reduced the price of gas from \$1.50 to \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet.

The physicians of Brussels have recently banded themselves into a union, pledged not to accept any fee below a certain fixed sum.

Mrs. William Tarbox of Natick, R. I., is a woman of high aims. A burglar got into her house the other night and she fired three shots at his head. The souvehir he left behind were a hat with a bullet hole in the crown and a section of the lobe of one of his ears.

A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot, or make any hideous and inconvenient noise; they merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed.

Baptism by immersion was performed in a peculiar manner a few days ago in Buffalo township, Washington county, Pennsylvania. Thomas Toland was too ill to leave his room, and was desirous of baptism. A large box was made and filled with water, and into this Mr. Toland, suspended in a sheet, was lowered.

Joe Chaney of Cherokee county, Ala., has earned the title of "The Modern Samson." He was recently merrily and placed in jail at Birmingham. Immediately upon being put in a cell he astounded the jailer by breaking down the door and calmly walking out. He was then chained fast to the floor, and in less than a minute afterwards had easily freed himself.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

Strawberries are reported to be in bloom at Lexington, Ga.

Jessie Logan of Gilmer county, West Virginia, 18-years of age has eloped with James Bishop, who is 64. At the dinner of the Pilgrim mothers in New York men were admitted to the gallery to hear the speaking.

The court of appeals of New York has decided that fishing in the state on Sunday is unlawful and a punishable offense.

A London hatter who has been observant says that men's heads may grow appreciably up to the time their owners are 65 years old.

Alfred McAndrews was killed by a train at Greenville, Pa. This is the third son of Mr. McAndrews killed on the railroad within two years.

A London man who made a specialty of manufacturing modern antiquities has been forced to give up business, owing to the slim demand for his specialties.

Metloes are displayed in some New York city street cars. Passengers on a certain line in that city are cheered during the present hard times by placards reading: "Be not discouraged," "Do your best," "Aim high."

A sentence from a review of a new novel recently printed in the Queen, an English publication, is suggestive. It ran: "The tale is a nicely told one, and no girl who has the responsibility of making out suitable library lists for her mother's reading need feel any hesitation about including it amongst the novels."

Mrs. George Henry Williams of Portland, Ore., whose husband sat in the senate, and was attorney general in President Grant's time, is said to be the high priestess of a small set of fanatical religious believers who have withdrawn entirely from "the world" to live for forty days at a time on crackers and claret exclusively, and who are prophesying the end of the world.

BRILLIANTS.

The next door neighbor to pride is shame.

Love can live where all other good would die.

Spiritual dyspepsia is harder to cure than any other kind.

It never makes the day any brighter to growl at cloudy weather.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others.

If some of our heads were not so big our hearts would grow faster.

When people are hired to be good they will stop as soon as the pay stops.

When you want to walk straight yourself don't watch somebody else's feet.

Truth needs no policies nor stratagems nor licensings to make her victorious.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

The man who seeks his reward in this world never gets a price that suits him.

Some people who are over sensitive in feelings are underly sensitive in conscience.

He who proclaims himself ready to buy up his enemies never wants a supply of them.

When you want a friend don't choose a man whose children are afraid of him.

A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with neglect on the courtesies and appliances of multitude.

The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable, but as they are coveted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.

"Here you are, mum," said the peddler, briskly. "Flowers and music, mum! Sell you anything from a chrysanthemum to a Christmas anthem, mum!"

"I wish you wouldn't be asking me for money all the time," growled the husband. "I'm not, dear," responded the wife, sweetly. "Part of the time is occupied in spending it."

"Have you any faith in patent medicines?" asked the man who never feels well. "I should say I have," replied the man who hustles. "Quickest means in the world for getting rich."

"You say that your married life has been a miserable disappointment. Wasn't it because you didn't marry the right woman?" "I suspect it was because she did not marry the right man."

President of Insurance Company—I am afraid our advertising man is no good. He sent a shipment of blotters to Philadelphia. Secretary—What of that? "They don't use blotters there; they wait for the ink to dry."

Mr. Quiverful—What was Tommy crying for this morning? Mrs. Quiverful—Because I wouldn't let him go swimming in the canal. Mr. Quiverful—What is he crying for now? Mrs. Quiverful—I've just told him to go and take a bath.

Daughter—Mr. Nicechapp has asked for my hand, and I have accepted. Papa—What nonsense! You are not old enough to marry. Daughter—That's the beauty of it. I will have plenty of time to look around while I'm engaged.

"I believe in trying to put a good face as possible on everything in times like these, Maria," said Mr. Billus, looking again at the bill that had just been brought in, "but it does seem to me that \$3.75 for complexion wash in one month is putting it on a little too thick!"

FRUITS OF INGENUITY.

An invention designed as a private means of conversing among the blind and deaf has been devised by Henry G. Stephens, a war veteran, living at Stratford, Conn. His invention consists of a woven mitten upon which is a raised alphabet.

There is a story to those calico prints of cats and dogs and rabbits which, sewed together and stuffed with cotton, serve as admirable toys for small children. The idea of such a toy occurred to a woman and she tried vainly to convince several calico printers that the thing would be profitable. She found at length a manufacturer who was willing to undertake the experiment of printing her toys and he has since paid her many thousands of dollars in royalties upon the patent.

M. Bayin, well known in engineering circles in France, proposes, in brief, to build an Atlantic liner on eight rollers, with the view of securing speed much higher than any thus far attained, arguing that the wheels or rollers on which the vessel is to rest will so greatly diminish the resistance offered by the waves that thirty knots an hour will be easily within the bounds of possibility and will enable the passage from Southampton or Liverpool to New York to be made in four days.

An electric motor attachment has been applied to the Gatling gun which promises not only to more than double the destructive capabilities of that particular machine, but to effect a great advance in the efficiency of all machine guns. The motor is detachable, is of one-horse power, is very small, weighing but a trifle over fifty pounds, and is placed in the breach of the gun, empty projected. The motor increases the present rate of firing 1,000 shots a minute to more than 2,000 shots a minute.

The Atlantic coast is of the opinion that the South has just about recuperated in wealth what the war cost her.

Peach stones find a ready market in New York. Perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acids are distilled from them.

The sultan of Turkey, though a small man, is very muscular, and the strongest of his janissaries has been unable to overcome him in trials of personal prowess.

Alfred Pinchot is the first American to be graduated at a school of forestry and take up forestry as a profession. He is the consulting forester on the estate of George W. Vanderbilt in the North Carolina mountains.

The losses by fire in the United States in 1893 aggregated \$138,356,940, showing a large increase as compared with the losses of 1892. Embezzlements, frauds and forgeries were reported in this country to the amount of \$19,929,692, which was considerably more than twice the amount divulged in 1892. The total number of suicides reported was 4,436, of whom 858 were women; of murders, 6,515, and of legal executions, 126.

A dude while walking along the streets met a little boy who asked him the time. "Ten minutes to 9," says the dude. "Well," says the boy, "at 9 o'clock get your hair cut," and he took to his heels and ran, the dude after him, when turning a corner, the dude came in contact with a policeman, nearly knocking him down. "What's up?" said the policeman. The dude, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young urbin running along there? He asked me the time. I told him ten minutes to 9, and he said, 'At 9 o'clock get your hair cut.'" "Well," said the policeman, "what are you running for? You've got eight minutes more yet."

BLITHESOME BITS.

She—Why have you never been in love? He—Oh, well, I've never known any rich girls.

Diner—This soup is cold, waiter! Waiter—Is that so, sir? I thought I put plenty of pepper in it!

"Their courtship was full of romance, was it not?" "Very. Neither one of them told the other the truth."

Mistress—Bridget, I don't want you to go out this evening. Maid—Nather do Patrick, mem; he's comin' to say me, mem.

Sarah—She's worth a million, and just the right age for you. Jerry—Any girl worth a million is just the right age for me.

Seddy Inventor—I've got an idea that's worth millions, sir! Capitalist—What do you want for it? Seddy Inventor—Five shillings, sir!

First Messenger Boy, with scorch—I say, what makes you run your legs off like dat? Second Messenger Boy, pausing in his rapid sprint—I ain't workin', see? Dis is my day off.

Mrs. Mahoney said she thought the trouble with her husband was patroses. "Patroses?" asked the doctor. "Yea, sir. Mike O'Brien was taken the same way an' the doctor called them Mikerobes."

The Sister's Beau—So, Johnnie, you're going to be a chemist like papa, eh? And did you know this diamond of mine was the same substance as charcoal? Johnnie—No, T. S. R.—And hasn't papa told you that? Johnnie—No, He told me it was paste.

Spilled Boy—Mrs. Nexblocksays I'm the most spoiled boy in town. Mother—She dees, does she? I'd just have her know you are trained just as much as her brats, any day. Let me know the next time she passes the house. Spilled Boy, delighted—Yea'm. Mother—Now, don't forget. I want her to hear me speaking you.