

The Plymouth Mail

357

VOL 7 NO 45

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, JULY 13 1894.

WHOLE NO. 251

WILL RUN AGAIN.

THE MARKHAM SHOPS TO COMMENCE RUNNING.

Business on the Gain—It Will Make a Big Difference in Plymouth's Business.

It has been quite a long time since the Markham Manufacturing Co. has run its shops in full. The drop in business has been greatly felt since the closing down and pay day ceased to be a regular number on the program of that institution.

That such a business is all in all to a town is only too plain, and a renewal of old times would be hailed by all. Just before the great strike occurred business began to take on a very pleasant and welcomed aspect for the company, inasmuch that it was practically decided to commence operations again about the first of August. The rush continued until the strike had gained such a foothold as to not only cripple business in their factory but all over the country. The course the company will take in commencing operations now depends on the settlement of the strike. Large orders are in their hands to fill, but are held awaiting the result. Had the strike not occurred, the wheels would have been set agoing, the unemployed put to work, business enlarged and everybody made happy. As it is we can only hope that what appears to be the only obstacle will soon be removed and give way to a clear shipping field. If this is done, and the sting of the great strike is not felt too severely after the settlement, we have every reason to suppose that we will again be on the right road to green pastures.

When the news was first learned it soon spread from one to another, and the interest manifested in the same goes to show very clearly how much depends on our manufactures. It is one thing to get good manufactures and another to appreciate them after we get them. We should appreciate them to a degree that we would not hesitate to encourage and assist them in any way possible, by personal efforts or as a corporate body.

But why should we sit idly by and see other places secure factories that are proving a boom? If we want to advance we must offer some inducements. We must invest money. We have what every manufacturer looks for—water, the best of location and good shipping facilities. The beauty and health of the village is a great drawing card. But had we all the advantages necessary at our command, if we do not back them up with cash they are as dust on the road only to be blown and tossed about to nobody's interest or benefit.

Citizens, to arms, let us get together, and with the renewal of business reach out and lay hold of some of the good things to be had.

Salem.

Splendid hay weather.

Harvest coming on. Some wheat already cut.

Oats bid fair to be a good crop in this section of the country.

Corn is rather backward, but some fields are number one.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whittacre, is very low with cholera infantum and fears are entertained for his recovery.

Rev. A. B. Conrad, pastor of the First Baptist church of Sand Beach, together with wife and family, are visiting the former's brother, D. H. Conrad, Salem.

Those who attended the services at the Baptist church last Sabbath, had the pleasure of listening to a most excellent sermon given by Rev. A. B. Conrad, of Sand Beach.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Marshall Smith, occurred on Tuesday, July 10th, at the west Methodist church. The deceased was an old resident of Salem township.

The young people of the Summit Union will give a social at the residence of Charles Angell, one half mile east of the church. The object of the social is to raise money to send a delegate to the B. Y. P. U. convention at Toronto, July 13 to 23rd.

Sunday Excursion to Detroit.

The D. L. & N. R. will run another low rate excursion on July 15th. Special train will leave Plymouth at 10:10 a. m. arriving at Detroit at 11 a. m. Returning, leave Detroit at 7:00 p. m. Round trip 50c.

Michigan Crop Report.

The returns at hand indicate that the wheat crop of the State this year will be about 15 per cent less than the crop of 1893. The reduction is entirely due to decreased acreage. The farm statistics returned by supervisors, so far as compiled, show a loss of 15 per cent in the southern and northern counties, and 19 per cent in the central. The average yield per acre will fall little if anything below the average of a long series of years. With the crop yet standing correspondents estimate as follows: Southern counties, 15.42 bushels; central counties, 15.74 bushels; northern counties, 16.13 bushels; State, 15.58 bushels. The average yield per acre for seventeen years has been as follows: Southern counties, 16.90 bushels; central counties, 15.42 bushels; northern counties, 13.62 bushels; State, 16.63 bushels.

The harvest will be largely done in the southern and central sections of the State this week, or by July 14.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers in June is 866,361.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in the eleven months, August-June, is 14,298,306, which is 537,816 bushels more than reported marketed in the some months last year.

The area planted to corn equals the area in average years. The per cent in the southern counties is 98, central 102, and State 100. In condition the crop ranges from 88 per cent in the southern section to 97 in the northern. The outlook for oats is promising. The area planted to potatoes has been largely increased throughout the State. Compared with average years the increase in the southern counties is 8 per cent; central, 12 per cent; northern, 10 per cent, and State 9 per cent. The average condition is high ranging from 95 to 99 per cent.

Clover meadows and pastures are in bad condition, due to insect depredations. The timothy fields are in better condition, but are much below a fair average. Clover sowed this year promises well.

Apples promises about three-fourths, and peaches six-tenths of an average crop. One year ago apples were estimated at only four tenths of an average.

Decline and Fall of the Middle Class.

In the comparatively primitive days of handicraft when lands were cheap and agricultural and mechanical implements and tools were few and simple and when competition was only local, it was quite easy for the young man of energy to set himself up in an independent business as a farmer or manufacturer and by industry and perseverance, establish a home and accumulate a self earned competence. Under this regime the great middle class which has constituted the back bone of society was built up. All of this however has been changed by the extension of competition, the improved methods of production and distribution of commodities and the consequent centralization of capital, and the young man of to day who has only his natural and educational endowments, finds it extremely difficult to improve his material condition, while during the last decade middle class society instead of continuing its former growth and prosperity has been vainly struggling to maintain its relative position. Not only has capital closed one door after another of opportunity to the beginner in business life, but has seized upon one after another of the profitable industries until it seems certain that it will be but a few years before middle class competition will be driven from the field. In other words the former back bone of society will be gone. A very small contingent will wriggle themselves into the capitalistic class, while the great majority must drift to the ranks of the wage workers.

Hand in hand with the extension of commerce has come the growth of intelligence. The traffic in commodities has been accompanied with the exchange of knowledge and ideas.

The intermingling of business interests has virtually brought about the amalgamation of the civilized nations into one humanity. Individual, local and international prejudices are rapidly disappearing and we have an intelligent, aspiring and cosmopolitan people who in the day of their misfortune will refuse to believe that this earth was intended for sole enjoyment of the wealthy few and the degradation and misery of the impoverished many. Therefore it may be predicted with mathematical certainty that upon the downfall of the middle class, both from fraternal sentiment and the necessity of self preservation the people will establish the co-operation brotherhood.—Com.

Upper Plymouth.

Harry C. Markham of Detroit, made his father and friends a visit here over the 4th.

Louie Ruppert of the Wayne Hotel, Detroit, made his parents a short visit last week.

Will Pfeiffer visited friends at Northville Sunday.

Carl Heide and Chas. Lutz are making the sourkrot fly pretty lively this week.

Carl Heide took a large load of cabbage to Detroit last week and brought home a load of dry goods and groceries for J. Smye and Peter Gayde which they could not get by freight on account of the rail road strike.

Mrs. F. L. Moore and children, Glenn and May, visited friends in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Chas. Gentz received a telegram Saturday saying that her son Fred of Detroit, was sick with the small-pox, which created quite a scare about town but the same evening she received another telegram that he only had the sickness from vaccination.

Mrs. John Streng visited friends in Detroit last Friday.

Two of the fire companies were called out Monday to put out a fire that was set by a train, as supposed, near the old cemetery. If the wind had a good sweep at it, it might have been quite a fire, which would have made some work as there was no water in the main pipe, it having been shut off to do some repairing.

Miss Fida Hassenger returned from Jackson last week to make her mother a six weeks stay.

Miss Flora Garfield of Northville, spent Monday with Miss Myrtle Willett. She returned home Monday evening, accompanied by Miss Willett.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Willett and children of Northville, spent Sunday with friends here.

A. J. Lapham and family spent Sunday at one of the lakes.

Success in Life

depends on little things. A Ripans Tabule is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn, and that means success. 357

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

Mrs. G. A. Link, Cedar Springs, Mich., says: "As a harmless quieting remedy I have never found an equal to Adironda when my baby is fretful. Sold by J. L. Gale"

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Phone 1548

John E. McGill,

Attorney-at-Law,

DETROIT, MICH.

STRIKE!

Just Received another carload of

"Pearl Dust" Flour

39c Per Sack.

\$3.09 Per Bbl.

Try a Sack, you will like it.

Albion Patent 63c per sack.

We keep hard Coal too.

L. C. HOUGH & SON,

F & P M ELEVATOR

Kerosene Oil 9cts.

Stove Gasoline 9cts.

Pure Manilla Twine 9 1-2cts

For Sale by

M. Conner & Son.

FOR SALE!

My house and two lots, corner of north Main and Walsh Sts. Possession Oct. 15 next. House in good repair, with bath and water closet, steam heat and other modern improvements. Good fruit, lovely lawn and pleasantly located. Will sell cheap and make terms to suit purchaser.

W. F. MARKHAM.

When you are in Ypsilanti If you will give us a call, we will show you a very fine line of

Sterling Silver Novelties

Such as Belts, Stick Pins, Hair Pins, Hat Pins Satchel Tags, Umbrella Tags, Souvenir Spoons. Also a fine line of Silver Plated Novelties.

F. H. BARNUM & CO.,

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IF YOU WANT Painting, Papering, Decorating, Paints or Oils, You want the Best for Your Money. GO TO HASSENGER'S Plymouth, Mich. Main St.

EX-GOV. WINANS DEAD

HE PASSED AWAY VERY SUD- DENLY AT HIS HOME.

Was Talking With Friends but a Short Time Before and Had Been Ailing for Two Weeks—A Brief Sketch of His Career—Other Michigan News.

Ex-Gov. Edwin B. Winans died of heart failure at his residence near Hamburg. The ex-governor had been ill for about two weeks, but was able to be up and around the house until the last few days, and only four days before he was out in the garden directing the boys who were applying paris green to the potatoes, and it is thought he probably overdid himself. He sat up in bed on the day of his death and read the newspapers. His voice was strong and he talked with friends at his bedside until within a few minutes before he died. He leaves a wife and two sons, Major George Winans, of Hamburg, and Lieut. Edwin B. Winans, Jr., of Fort Supply, I. T.

Edwin B. Winans was born at Avon, N. Y., May 18, 1828. In 1854 his parents moved to Michigan, locating at Hamburg. His father died soon afterward and young Winans was forced to depend upon his own resources for a living. He learned the trade of clothmaker in one of the Hamburg mills. He received a common school education and saved enough money to enter Albion college when he was 20 years old. He remained here two years and a half preparatory to entering the law department of the University of Michigan, but in 1849 he cast his fortunes with the gold-seekers and went to California. Arriving there on July 20, he immediately engaged in placer mining in the town of Rough-and-Ready. In 1853 he closed out his California interests and returned to Michigan, settling on a farm of 400 acres at Hamburg. In politics Mr. Winans was an uncompromising Democrat. He served two terms in the legislature in 1861-4, and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1875. In 1877 he was judge of probate and was a member of congress from 1883 to 1886. Mr. Winans received the Democratic nomination in 1890 and was elected by a vote of 163,725 to 172,305 over James M. Turner, of Lansing. He was the first governor elected on a straight Democratic ticket since the war. Gov. Winans was married in 1853 to Elizabeth Galloway, whose parents were pioneers of Livingston county. His wife still survives him.

A Mass Meeting in Detroit.

Fully 6,000 people crowded into the big Auditorium at Detroit to participate in a labor mass meeting. The meeting was clearly in sympathy with the big A. R. U. strike. The speakers were President McMinn, of the east side A. R. U.; Mrs. M. O. Oerker, of the Typographical union; Sam Goldwater, a well-known agitator; L. E. Tossey, president of the Carpenters' union; Edward Keusch, president of the Iron Molders' union, and last but not least the executive of the city, Mayor Pingree.

All of the speakers were applauded frequently, but Mayor Pingree and Sam Goldwater carried the crowds away by their remarks. Mayor Pingree seemed to touch the right chord when he said:

All corporations and aggregations of men, especially those that derive their profits from the people, like the Pullman Car company, should have the interests of the people and the peace of the country so near at heart, as to be willing to submit the differences between them and their employees to arbitration. (Cheers and voices "that's right.")

We are informed by the newspaper reports that the head of the Pullman company refuses to entertain the proposition made to him by men to submit the difference to arbitration, but there are some instances of work which may cause him to look upon the proposition favorably. It is because of such refusal, and in order that we may install reason in place of force, that arbitration should be made compulsory. If the constitutions of the United States and those of the states are not flexible enough to permit of the enactment of laws to compel arbitration under national and state auspices, they can and should be changed. This meeting can take the first step in the accomplishment of this grand and humane purpose by adopting a resolution demanding that the congress which is now in session pass an act providing for submitting to the states an amendment to the federal constitution looking to the establishment of an interstate arbitration board of arbitration, to which shall be submitted all differences between capital and labor. This would make strikes and their direful consequences impossible; and it would give the man who has only the labor of his hands and the intelligence of his brain to sell an equal chance in the struggle for existence with the man who controls a fortune in money. (Tremendous applause.)

Charlotte's Fine Court House Burned.

Charlotte's handsome court house was entirely destroyed by fire and nothing but the bare walls are left standing. The fire caught in the cornice where painters were at work burning off old paint with a gasoline torch. On account of the height of the building the firemen could not reach the flames. In a short time the whole roof and dome were one mass of fire and the big bell and clock came crashing down through the building. It was soon followed by the dome. Then all hopes of saving the building were gone, everything movable in the offices was taken out. The county records are locked in the vaults and probably will be saved.

The court house was built in 1882 and cost about \$100,000, being one of the handsomest in the state. There was \$30,000 insurance on it until lately, when the supervisors cut it down to \$10,000 in a spirit of economy. The loss will reach \$40,000 to \$50,000.

Detroit Strikers Capture Scabs.

While the strikers at Detroit are doing no damage to railroad property, they are very severe on any "scabs" who may fall into their hands. They captured one Wabash train at Delray, and after drawing the fire and water from the engine left it on the track. The "scab" engineer and firemen were roughly handled and sent down the track with a warning never to return to Detroit. Later the same day an incoming Wabash train with a "scab" crew was flagged and the engineer and firemen pulled from the engine, and while the train was taken to the depot by strikers the poor wretches were unmercifully cursed, pounded and jeered by men, women and children, and after a farewell ducking were sent out of town with an injunction to "make themselves scarce." Trains with union crews were not interfered with.

MINOR MICHIGAN NEWS.

Grand Rapids is talking of remodeling its water works system.

The 35 people who have been in smallpox quarantine at Ypsilanti have been released.

Anna Puolaski, who lives near Coldwater, is 105 years old and can see without glasses.

Congressman Whiting, of St. Clair, who was reported dangerously ill, is on the road to recovery.

Charles Dingwall, aged 9, was drowned in the river at North Port Huron while playing sailor along the docks.

The G. A. R. posts at Ann Arbor and Otsego have tendered their services to Gov. Rich if needed to preserve law and order.

Emery Holmes, a young man living four miles east of Athens, hanged himself. It was the third effort the young man had made.

The Disciples of Christ at Kalamazoo have erected a tent capable of holding 1,000 people, and are holding revival meetings in it.

The races at Alma listed for July have been postponed until September 11, 12 and 13, on account of the burning of the grand stand.

William Crisher and Fred Britton, of Hudson, and Fred Fellows, of Wright, were arrested at Waldron for violation of the local option law.

Herbert Moes, aged 12, had his left arm crushed by a freight train at Holland and had it amputated, but died from the effects of the shock.

Nelson Berg, a carpenter, fell from a scaffolding on the new Barry block, Manistee, receiving a fracture of the pelvis, which may result fatally.

The Poles have eagerly seized the opportunity offered by the city, and nearly 125 vacant lots have been planted with a variety of vegetables.

Zealous temperance cranks rolled an enormous stone up to the door of Byron's only saloon on the glorious Fourth, and everybody went dry till the next day.

Bay City will in all probability soon have a fire tug. It is proposed to spend at least \$20,000 for the boat, and it is estimated \$6,000 will be required each year to run it.

The Weston furnace at Cook's, Manistee county, will go into blast at once after being idle 10 months. That will start the kilns and make business good in that locality.

The non-arrival of meat cars at East Tawas is causing great scarcity, as the markets are dependent upon Chicago for supplies. The cattle in that vicinity are not fit for the market.

Willie Cook, a 3-year-old boy of Spring Lake, ate enough acornite to kill a horse and then swallowed the contents of a bottle of sweet oil, which acted as an antidote and saved his life.

A sailboat containing three men capsized at Whitehall. Two clung to the boat, while one, named D. Deski, attempted to swim ashore and was drowned. He leaves a widow and five children.

A Three Rivers boy who smokes cigarettes and, of course, hasn't any sense, went to sleep with one of the man-killers in his mouth. An uncle, pail of water and a blanket saved a life of rather questionable value.

William King, a wealthy farmer living near Saginaw, was gored by a bull and his back so terribly injured that his recovery is despaired of. A boy named Charles Stillwell, who went to his assistance, was also seriously hurt.

D. P. Smith, of Eaton Rapids, sued for a divorce. Mrs. Smith got mad and when she met her husband in a store she went at him with a large bread knife, cutting a long gash over his right eye and a big chunk out of his arm. She got 60 days in jail.

Six fires occurred at Holly in one night. All were of incendiary origin. It was evidently a concerted attempt to burn the town, but the fires were extinguished with a total loss of about \$4,000. Daniel Ryan, who conducts a livery stable, is the chief loser.

Albert Walker, sent from Grand Rapids in October, 1892 to the Ionia prison for three years for the crime of breaking and entering a railroad car, was pardoned by Gov. Rich. The prisoner is afflicted with an incurable disease and cannot live more than a few weeks.

The directors of the Bay County Agricultural society decided to give no fair this fall, on account of losses sustained from last year's exhibition and the present tightness of the money market. This will be the first year in 20 that Bay county has failed to hold a fair.

Coldwater takes time by the forelock in keeping the city clear of tramps. A police force is kept at the depot to meet all incoming trains, and when any of the gentry alight they are hustled on again and told to move on. If they tarry they are liable to be given a bath and sent to prison.

Warrants were served on Robert Woodruff, a farmer near Benton Harbor, for brutally beating his horse with a club two hours a day because he thought the beast vicious and needed to be conquered. Neighbors made the complaint after he had been at the brutal business for 10 days.

A. V. Adams, the trusted clerk and cashier of the Chicago, St. Joseph & Benton Harbor Transportation company, at St. Joseph, drew over \$100 from the clerk of the boat to pay off dock hands. He did not show up in the morning, and an investigation was begun. It was found he had left that night and taken freight moneys with him. He was 25 years old, well educated, and has wealthy parents at Indianapolis.

END OF STRIKE IN DETROIT.

Michigan Central and Union Depot Men Return to Work—Situation in Michigan.

The trouble in Detroit is practically a thing of the past. All the striking railroadmen have gone back to their work, and the probability is that they will remain and take no further part in the Pullman boycott.

President Ledyard, of the Michigan Central, gave out an ultimatum that the employees of that road must return to work before a certain hour or be discharged. This had the effect of bringing the men to time, and not one failed to show up on time. The idea worked so well that Superintendent Smith, of the Union depot, the terminal of the Wabash, the F. & P. M. and D. L. & N. railroads, adopted it with equally good results, every employe returning to work. The Michigan Central expects no further trouble. The strikers are back to work, and business has been resumed to its fullest capacity. The Wabash road, the road which has experienced the bulk of the trouble which has taken place in Detroit is experiencing no more trouble. The places of the men who went out in the Lake Shore yards have been filled.

Battle Creek: The committee appointed by the Chicago & Grand Trunk engineers to visit Cleveland and confer with Chief Engineer Arthur have returned. He advised them to return to work. After an exciting all day meeting the engineers voted to report for duty. The officials consider this favorable to the road. After the engineers announced their intention of returning to work a meeting was held by the rest of the employees of the Grand Trunk and it was voted unanimously to stay out until the strike was settled. The officials of the road say that they will soon have all the trains running the same as usual, and that they have more men than they can now handle. The men on the other hand claim that the action of the engineers will not hurt the cause of the rest of the strikers.

Port Huron: There appears to be something of an improvement in the railroad situation here. While trains have been run each way nothing like the usual number are moved. Law and order reigns supreme on the Chicago & Grand Trunk company's premises. The engineers of the road sent in applications for positions. It is said that it will be useless for the firemen to do so. The company will refuse to recognize them. The engineers are willing to run with any competent firemen. The A. R. U. men are firm in their determination to live up to their obligations and will be dictated to by Debs alone. The Grand Trunk road at Sarum laid off thirty men, having nothing for them to do as the result of the strike.

TROOPS SHOOT WOMEN.

Two Women Killed Near Their Homes by Careless Firing.

Mrs. Michael Glennan and Miss Clara James were killed and an unknown man mortally wounded at Westville, Ill. The miners had been rioting. A number of freight cars were destroyed by incendiary fires and a number of cars were derailed. When the wreckage had been cleared the inbound passenger train proceeded without molestation until Westville was reached. When it stopped there it was surrounded by a crowd of miners and held.

Word was telegraphed to Danville, and a special train with a company of the state troops started at once for the scene of the trouble. About one mile from Westville a large crowd of miners had collected, and upon the approach of the train bearing the militia began warlike demonstrations. Several pistol shots were fired at the soldiers, who returned the fire, shooting over the heads of the mob, intending to scare them. Miss Clara James, a 17-year-old girl was standing in the doorway of her home. A bullet struck her just below her right breast, and she died almost instantly. Mrs. Michael Glennan, a widow standing in her own yard, was also struck and died in five minutes. An unknown man received a mortal wound and died before morning. The militia then left the train and charged the crowd, securing three prisoners. After this the crowd dispersed, and the soldiers returned to Danville.

A Talk With Pullman.

The New York Herald tells of a visit to the summer home of George M. Pullman at Castle Rest near Long Branch. Mr. Pullman's son-in-law, George West, reported that the former could not be seen. The reporter asked: "What are Mr. Pullman's views on the subject of arbitration?" "Precisely what they were a month ago," said Mr. West. "He don't see anything to arbitrate. What is there to arbitrate? Nothing at all. We had but few orders and these we had to scurry about the country for. From the lack of work we were compelled to lower the men's pay." "What has Mr. Pullman to say in regard to the news that all trades unions in Chicago will strike unless he will submit to arbitration?" Mr. Pullman was seen, and after seeing him Mr. West gave the following reply: "Mr. Pullman cannot help the situation, as he has many, many times stated. He can do no arbitrating for he sees nothing to arbitrate. No, nothing at all."

STRIKE NOTES.

The Big Four employes at the principal points in Michigan have quit. At Benton Harbor 60 men quit.

The situation at Battle Creek remains about the same. The men make no disturbance and but very few trains are moving.

The troops with United States marshals surrounded the lodge room where the strikers were holding a meeting, at Trinidad, Col., and arrested 38 persons.

SHOT THEM DOWN.

TROOPS AND STRIKERS MEET IN BATTLE AT CHICAGO.

Leadens Hall Fell Thick and Fast, Mingled With Stones and Iron—Strikers Literally Moved Down—Many Thousands of Dollars Worth of Property Destroyed.

Chicago: At Kensington, a junction near Pullman, a milk train on the way to Chicago was attacked by a mob of several thousands. There were only a few marshals, but they fired into the mob with great vigor, killing two men outright and wounding several others. This wrought the mob to a terrible frenzy. They rushed to the train and began tipping the cars over. They then detached the engine, ran it down the track half a mile, stopped it, reversed it, opened the throttle wide and drove it back into the mass of overturned freight cars, scattering the debris far and wide and rendering the track impassable in any direction. A frantic appeal was sent at once to Chicago for assistance and troops were dispatched to the scene. At Burnside, near Chicago, 50 empty freight cars were standing upon the track. The mob set fire to these and they were all practically destroyed. Later in the day the deputies guarding an incoming passenger train replied to the volley of shots and stones which the strikers showered upon them by turning their revolvers loose, killing four of their assailants and wounding a number of others.

The day following the "milk train riots" the strikers and the Illinois state troops came together and a pitched battle was the result. The number of killed and wounded will never be known, as the mob carried off a number of men who were seen to fall, and whether they were dead or wounded, or how many of them fell, it is impossible at this time to ascertain. As far as known the casualties were as follows: John Burke, striker, killed by bayonet thrust through his abdomen; Lieutenant Reed, Company F, Second Infantry, I. N. G., struck on head by stones, condition critical; Thomas Jackman, shot in back, will die; John Konderg, stabbed with bayonet, will die; unknown man, shot through liver, will die; unknown boy, 17 years old, shot through abdomen, will die; Tony Gajenski, shot in right arm; Henry Williams, shot in the left arm; John Kerr, shot in hip; unknown woman, shot in right hip; Joseph Rhineberg, three bayonet wounds, may die; Anton Komisky, shot in right side; Joseph Szeepanski, shot in shoulder; unknown boy, shot in left leg; Martea Bach, a 17-year-old girl, instantly killed by a stray bullet; Joseph Warzowski, fatally shot while watching the battle.

The fight occurred at the intersection of Forty-ninth street and the Grand trunk tracks, a locality which has always had an evil name and which can produce two toughs for every square yard of territory within a radius of a half mile. The troops were called to that point because of threats to burn the Grand Trunk yard. The mob was driven away twice, but finally gathered fully 8,000 strong and began to turn over freight cars and tear up tracks. They ran a car into a turntable pit destroying that machine, and when an effort was made to repair the damage the mob began to throw stones and iron. Lieut. Reed was struck twice on the head and fell like one dead. Then Capt. Kelly gave the order to charge and the militiamen sprang forward with leveled bayonets.

John Burke was standing in the front of the mob throwing coal as fast as he could move his arm. One of the first soldiers in the charge plunged his bayonet clear through his body, the point coming out at the back. Burke went down like a log and died in a few minutes. The mob broke before the charge, but quickly rallied, and after a short pause came on again, sending a pattering of revolver bullets before it. The troops, the deputies and the police waited for no orders, but the rifles came to level, revolvers were drawn and a storm of leaden death swept in the mob. Men fell right and left, but the militia, deputies and the police pressed forward rapidly driving the crowd before them in the wildest confusion. It was all over in three minutes, and the militia marched into their train and with the deputies returned to the city. They looked as though they had been through a battle when they disembarked at Dearborn station. Their uniforms were torn, hats gone and they were covered with dust and dirt and many of them badly bruised by flying stones.

As the train with military on board moved off fully 20,000 people crowded about the handful of police left behind. From all sides they rushed upon them, hurling stones and iron in their mad assault. The men, realizing their position, drew their revolvers and backed up against each other, prepared for a desperate battle. The work that had been done by the wrecking party was attacked as the police retreated. A car was set on fire, the switch close by broken and rails tore up. An alarm of fire was sent in, and with it a second call for police assistance, to which 25 men responded. The condition of things was now extremely critical. Loomis street, the heart of the anarchist settlement, was crowded by a howling, shrieking mob. At the sight of the reinforcements the crowd fell back. Each officer thought his life was in danger and without any order they raised their weapons and fired as fast as possible directly into the crowd, which wavered and then beat a retreat, first replying to the unexpected rain of shot with a shower of stones. As they retreated leaving several on the ground, the police followed with clubs, showing no mercy.

U. S. TROOPS AT CHICAGO.

But They Do Little Good—Gov. Altgeld Asks Cleveland to Withdraw Them.

When the United States troops stationed at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, were called out to aid in lifting the blockade caused by the Pullman boycott their first objective point was Blue Island, Ill., south of Chicago, where the most serious embargo was laid and where all endeavors to move trains had been balked by the strikers. One train had been derailed there and other acts of violence had caused Blue Island to become a center of attraction. When the first squad of troops arrived there and read the injunction of the U. S. courts and the orders of President Cleveland for the quelling of the disturbance they were hooped and jeered and could do nothing but await reinforcements. When more troops arrived the excitement simmered down as the wicked-looking Gatling and Hotchkiss guns had a very quieting effect. The troops had no sooner left their train than two coaches were derailed and the engine disabled by shoving coupling pins into the cross-head guides. However, the troops managed to hold the turbulent element at bay while the trains blockaded were moved and the situation was somewhat improved. Every train that moved was well supplied with armed deputies.

Blue Island was not the only point where the strikers were having their own way. In fact they divided up into so many mobs and blocked trains at so many points in Chicago that the troops were soon found entirely insufficient. The opening of the way at Blue Island had given the impression that all roads would be enabled to resume at once under the protection of the soldiers, but it was a big mistake.

Instead of fleeing in fear before the faces of the veterans, as was expected they would do, the turbulent thousands surged about the soldiers, jeered and hooted at them, stopping trains at will, and generally rendering the embargo in the military district more effective, if possible, than before. The throngs of strikers did not resist Uncle Sam's police. Again and again when there were thousands of them about a train which it was sought to move, and on the track in front of it, they gave way like water before the leveled bayonets. Like water, too, they closed in again at a point just beyond. They turned switches, derailed freight cars in front of the slow-moving train and played all sorts of railroaders' tricks with which the soldiers were unacquainted.

Great mobs gathered on the Lake Shore, Rock Island, Alton and Western Indiana tracks and proceeded to obstruct them by overturning box cars, breaking switches and the like. At one point they set fire to a switch tower and an interlocking switch box, though the flames were extinguished before serious damage was done. In two instances there was bloodshed. On the Western Indiana tracks a hard-pursued special policeman fired at his pursuers, wounding a striker in the leg. On the Lake Shore road an officer of that company in charge of a train which he was endeavoring to force through emptied his revolver point blank into the massed strikers about him, wounding two or three, it is believed. He was saved from the fury of the mob by his engineer, who put on steam and ran back to the point of starting.

Gov. Altgeld does not like the action of Washington authorities, in calling out the U. S. troops and sent a lengthy telegram to President Cleveland in which he says: "The state of Illinois is not only able to take care of itself, but it stands ready today to furnish the federal government any assistance it may need elsewhere. Our military force is ample and consists of as good soldiers as can be found in the country. They have been ordered out promptly whenever and wherever they were needed. So far as I have been advised the local officials have been able to handle the situation. But if any assistance were needed the state stood ready to furnish 100 men for every one man required, and stood ready to do so at a moment's notice. Notwithstanding the facts the federal government has been applied to by men who had political and selfish motives for wanting to ignore the state government. Gov. Altgeld continued by saying that at present some of our railroads are paralyzed, not by reason of obstruction, but because they cannot get men to operate their trains. For some reason they are anxious to keep this fact from the public, and for this purpose are making an outcry about obstructions in order to divert attention. He quotes two instances which were investigated and showed that the roads could not secure men enough to man a train, with full protection. He denounces the most of the newspaper stories about violence and serious disturbances as pure fabrications or wild exaggerations, then turns his attention to the statute under which the U. S. troops were called out and says it was passed in 1861 as a war measure. This statute authorized the use of federal troops in a state whenever it shall be impracticable to enforce the laws of the United States by the ordinary judicial proceedings. Such a condition does not exist in Illinois. There have been a few local disturbances, but nothing that seriously interfered with the administration of justice, or that could not be easily controlled by the local or state authorities, for the federal troops can do nothing that the state troops cannot do. The governor then "gets up on his ear" and says that the state of Illinois has been insulted by calling out federal troops and he, as governor, protests against it and asks the immediate withdrawal of federal troops from active duty in the state.

In reply President Cleveland said he had acted under the constitution and laws of the United States, to prevent the obstruction of mails and interstate commerce.

LIFE MADE EASY.

An Investment of Fifty Cents Produces an Astonishing Reward.

From Colchester, Ont., comes the surprising story, as told by the subject of our sketch, of how a small investment of fifty cents succeeded where failure had become a byword. Mr. Solomon Fox is a man so well-known and respected where he lives, that no one who knows him would doubt a statement he will make over his signature, but many know of his story. These are his own words: "I want to give my testimony to the world for Doan's Kidney Pills. When a boy I was carrying a pole, and fell, hurting myself severely. I was troubled with my kidneys ever after. When I was about 18 years old I experienced severe attacks of pain over the region of my kidneys. During my life I had doctored for my trouble, but without any relief. During the attacks, which generally lasted in all their intensity for three or four weeks, I was as helpless as a child. I have been in bed for three weeks at a time, unable to move hand or foot. It seemed to be an inflammation of the kidneys, they being rendered weak by the hurt received when a boy. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, and procuring a box I, during one of those attacks, took them. After using the one box I got up as well as ever. Whenever I get a cold it generally settles in the region of my back, which seems to be the weak part, but after using a few of your pills I invariably get well. I would not be without them. My mother, who is in her 90th year, considers that they keep her alive. She was prejudiced against pills, but after getting over that feeling by the benefit she derived from them, she could never do without them. They are truly a wonderful medicine. Wishing you every success, I remain yours truly,

SOLOMON G. FOX.
Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents per box, or \$2.00 for 6 boxes for \$10.00. Foster-McBurn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.

CONVERSATIONAL WAIFS.

"These girls that marry foreigners ought to be very careful." "Well, as a general rule they examine the titles pretty closely."

Figgermead is a very gentlemanly fellow. Fogg—You may well say that. I have known him to purposely run into people on the sidewalk in order to say something polite and pleasing.

Bertha—Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it? Harold—I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females.

"You are indeed kind to me," said the bore, languishingly, "but, Ethel, I would rather have you sincere than kind." "And I, on the contrary," said the common-sense girl, earnestly, "would rather be kind than disagreeable."

"Mr. Silverback, who are you supporting in this campaign?" Mr. Silverback—My son-in-law, sir. "Well—oh—I didn't know he was a candidate." Mr. Silverback—Possibly, not, sir, possibly not; but I have to support him all the same.

The walking leaf insect is a curious example of tropical life, allied to the locust, which so resembles a leaf that the closest scrutiny generally fails to detect the imposture.

In the annual parade of truck horses held in London there were two gigantic horses, each measuring eighteen hands—that is, standing just six feet high at the shoulders—and weighing at least a ton.

Nelson's old battle ship, the *Foundryant*, is being exhibited at various ports in Great Britain. It is said that every timber of the old ship is as sound to-day as when she was launched, a hundred years ago.

Last year more than 2,000 car loads of beans, mostly Lima, were shipped from Ventura county, California. Merchantable beans on one ranch were raised at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre, the entire product being 100 car loads.

The cocoa palm is the most useful tree on earth. The nuts furnish water, food, milk and wine, and the buds a good substitute for cabbage. The shells, utensils, and the fiber clothing and textile fabrics, the juices ink, and its leaves pens and paper.

The substitution of camel's hair, cotton, paint and chemicals for leather in machinery belting is said to be meeting with some success by manufacturers who have examined into the matter. It is an English invention, and the material is claimed to be stronger than any other belting, more durable, more efficient and as low-priced.

A Hanoverian botanist, named Wehmer, is reported to have discovered a microbe in the atmosphere, pure cultures of which will convert sugar into an acid identical with that of the lemon. This discovery is expected to revolutionize the citric acid industry and injure the lemon growers. Eleven parts of sugar by the new process, with very little effort, are said to give six parts of acid.

Captain E. C. Baker of the *Nichterroy* sent his vest to a Brooklyn tailor the other day to be repaired. In the pocket were bank bills amounting to \$9,400, which the honest workman into whose hands the garment fell promptly returned.

In Lynchburg, Va., Colonel T. W. Ford, who had just had the curbing removed from his well, twenty-five feet deep, was awakened at night by a noise in his hen-house. He ran out just in time to see the thief drop into the well. He succeeded in drawing him out.



VERY GOOD TIMES.

"The best time I can recollect," said the boy from across the street. "Was when we played the Spartans game. The day that our side beat."

"My best fun was a year ago," said the boy who never will fight. "When father and I went fishing, once. And slept outdoors all night."

"Well," said the boy from the corner house. "The jolliest time for me. Was the summer they took me on a yacht. And we lived six weeks at sea."

"And the greatest fun I ever had," said the boy who lives next door. "Was sailing down the river once. And camping out on shore."

"The very best time I ever had," said the boy with the reddish hair. "Was in Chicago, last July. The time I went to the fair."

"It seems to me," said the lazy boy (and his cap he thoughtfully thumped). "That the very best time in all my life was the week I had the mumps."

—E. L. Sylvester in *St. Nicholas*

Not so Easy as It Looked.

Said Ted to Tim, as the twins sat upon opposite arms of Uncle Rob's arm-chair:

"Tim, we're visitors."

"Yes, we're visitors, Uncle Rob," echoed Tim.

"Ah!" exclaimed Uncle Rob.

"It's a very rainy day, Tim," went on Ted.

"Very rainy, indeed, Uncle Rob," reiterated Tim.

"And what follows?" calmly inquired Uncle Rob. His eyes twinkled, but he went on reading.

"You should entertain us, Uncle Rob," answered Ted, decidedly.

"That's what mamma always says when we have company," finished Tim, triumphantly.

"Well!" ejaculated Uncle Rob. He put down his paper suddenly. "I'll entertain you! How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, if a yard was cut off each day?"

"Fifty!" shouted Ted, without thinking a minute. "Pshaw! Uncle Rob, don't ask us those foolish, easy puzzles. They're as old—old—old as the hills!"

"Seems to me," retorted Uncle Rob, "if they are old, they are not so wonderfully easy as you think. You're wrong, Ted. You've got to give me a better answer, or I won't think much of your smartness. Now, here's another awful easy one—as old as the hills, too. But it has puzzled many a small boy before you. If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?"

Tim was just going to call out, "Fifteen pounds!" But Uncle Rob's solemn expression disconcerted him. Instead, he pursed up his mouth and looked at Ted, and Ted wrinkled his brows and looked at Tim.

"Doesn't sound hard," faintly from Tim.

"It's very easy, indeed," replied Uncle Rob. "And here's one more of the same sort: A snail climbing a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day, and slips back four feet every night. How long will it take him to reach the top?"

"A snail?" sighed Ted, thoughtfully.

"Yes, a snail," repeated Uncle Rob. "Seems as if he only got up one foot each day—at that rate," considered Tim.

"So he did!"

"And the post was twenty feet high?"

"Yes, Ted, twenty feet."

"Well, then," pursued Tim, "it must have been twenty—twenty—"

Uncle Rob laughed. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You boys each take a pencil and paper, if you find them necessary, and work out those three puzzles. And when you each bring me the right answer we'll go to the circus and rest our brains for the afternoon."

Then Uncle Rob went back to his paper, and Ted and Tim slipped softly down from the arms of his chair, and went to the drawer of the library table to hunt for lead-pencils.

—Harper's Young Folks.

Kite-Flying in Barmah.

Mr. E. D. Cuming, author of "In the Shade of the Pagoda," describes the Burmese as much given to kite-flying, an amusement they contrive to enjoy with a minimum of bodily exertion. Their method of operations is very simple. Says Mr. Cuming:

You pare down two twelve-inch slips of bamboo, tie them at their centers cross-wise, run a thread around the four tips and paste upon this frame one thickness of paper. Tie a nail or a small screw-nut to one corner and your kite is made.

The altitude that a well made kite of this kind will reach is wonderful, and the lightest breath of wind will take it up. A hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of strong sewing thread, wound on a skeleton reel of four inches in diameter and eight inches in length, completes the equipment.

Then, having started the kite by a process of gentle playing, you squat down in the middle of the street, so as to keep your thread clear of the houses, and let the kite help itself.

If you have fastened the thread with cunning, the kite rises almost perpendicularly, bringing you joy in the envy and admiration of those who cannot make a steeper angle than forty degrees. The kite having taken out all the thread, you sit and contemplate it poised still and clear in the upper air for a few hours.

In Rangoon, on a still morning or evening, hundreds of kites float over the Burmese quarter of the town, some nearly out of sight, others hovering just above the roofs. When driving, your syce has frequently to halloo out of the way a middle-aged man who is backing slowly down in mid-street coaxing his kite up. He goes about the business with a ponderous solemnity that raises it to the dignity of a science.

How Did She Do It?

It is certain that a cat can come home in face of the most incredible difficulties. Thus, to take a recent instance, a cat was carried from a town on the northeast coast of Fife to a country-house near Perth. It went in a basket by train to Leuchars, where it changed for Dundee, and at Dundee changed for Perth.

Next day, about seven in the morning, this cat was observed to run down the avenue of its new home with a purposeful air. On the third day it appeared at its old home. Now, how did that cat achieve its journey? Did it take a bee-line across country, and if so, how did it know its direction? Or did it run to Dundee, cross Tay bridge, the railway bridge, and so along the line to Leuchars, negotiating the Eden at Guard Bridge? We can hardly suppose that it swam the Tay. Or did it go round by the head of Loch Tay, a long, rough journey by the Killin, where a cat might meet many dangers and temptations?

The perils of a cat on the road are innumerable. Every dog chases it, every game-keeper has a gun for it, every boy is ready with a stone. Indeed, we never see a cat on its travels; no doubt it runs by night. There is the hypothesis that the cat came by train, changing at Dundee, and achieving the difficult manœuvre at Leuchars, wherein many men have failed, going back to Dundee or getting to Cupar, though not one of them was like him "that will to Cupar."

This method of transit, which needs agile acuteness of reason in any man, may not be beyond the powers and intelligence of a cat.—Saturday Review.

Chalk Wars.

Shape pieces of chalk in to ships, plaining the bottom evenly, and use matches for masts and smoke-stacks. Mark some of the ships with black ink, and leave the others uncolored. Place the rival ships in a pan or plate, close to an imaginary line, and pour vinegar in between the forces. You will hear a sharp hissing sound, like escaping steam, and the ships will at once move forward, leaving tracks of foam in their wake. Their speed increases as they near the dividing line, and they come together with a crash and a bump, striving to push one another out. Sometimes the battle is very exciting, the victorious side being the one with the most ships left in the center. The chemistry class may be able to explain why the ships are set in motion.

A More Difficult Matter.

Ethel—whose diminutive feminine meditations run strangely on financial matters, and whose conversation consists largely of what she would do if she had a million dollars, all as big as grandpa's watch—was one day discoursing on this favorite theme in the presence of her young lady cousin, Bertha, whose slender fingers sparkled and glittered with so many rings that no unoccupied space could be readily observed. "If I had that million," began Ethel, after her accustomed fashion, "I would buy you another lovely ring, Cousin Bertha." Cousin Bertha proffered her thanks for the contemplated favor. "No, I wouldn't either," Ethel retracted quickly, with a humorous gleam in her eyes, "I would buy another finger."

Remarkable Driving.

It is generally the easiest thing in the world to drive a horse without spirit, but there is one recorded instance where a stage-coach driver covered himself with glory by doing just that thing. He was an old-timer, this driver, and one afternoon in the days of long ago he and his coach-and-four came rattling up to the tavern door like an avalanche. As the coach stopped, one of the horses dropped dead.

"That was a very sudden death," remarked a by-stander.

"That sudden!" coolly responded the driver. "That 'oss died at the top of the hill nine miles back, sir; but I wasn't going to let him down till I got to the regular stoppin'-place." —Harper's Young People.

WOULDN'T SHOOT A GRIZZLY.

An English Man of the World Who Thinks Civilization a Failure.

An artist friend of mine for several years had a studio in Boston, says a writer in *Donahoe's Magazine*. He had another friend who lived somewhere in the Rocky mountains when at home. This Western man walked across the continent every year and passed several months in the lumber region of Canada, where he made enough money by cutting down trees to support himself during the leisure months. About the same time every year he walked into my friend's studio, made some comment on the progress of art in the city, criticised new buildings, or monuments, had a cup of tea, chatted and smoked for an hour, and then quietly said "good-by," without shaking hands, as he started out for his constitutional walk to the Rockies. This man was an Englishman. A giant in height and girth, with the soft, low, gentle voice of one accustomed to live in solitude, he had seen much of the world and had taken an active part in great European events. He wore a wide-leaved white hat, a blue shirt, and his trousers were stowed partly away in his big boots. He was well educated and had the wise and true thing to say upon any subject that came up. But he spoke little.

"Why on earth do you live in the Rockies?" said the artist.

"Just because I like it. I have to keep away from civilization if I am to live at all. It is ruining everything. The only intelligence that I can find in London or Boston is the machinery. All the men have become helpless. Everything is done for you. You will soon forget how to walk. Your legs will drop off, as useless, and you'll be shot down the street through pneumatic tubes. Then your hands, ears, eyes and noses will go in the same fashion, and there'll be nothing left but mouth and wind. You will then be completely civilized and fit for translation."

"Well," said the Boston man, "that's comforting. But tell me how you live when you're to hum." Do you condescend to live in a house made with hands?"

"With my own hands. I have a log hut on the side of the mountain, the mountain being the principal part of the hut. I don't see a human being for months at a time and don't want to see one."

"Do you ever come across a grizzly?"

"Almost every day."

"You take an occasional shot I presume?"

"Shoot a grizzly! I'd as soon think of shooting a baby. Why, they're the only friends I have. We are on terms of intimate acquaintance. I don't harm them and they don't harm me. The beasts I'd like to shoot are the fellows calling them selves sportsmen who come out to disturb the tranquil, amiable temper of my bear friends. Come out some time and see for yourself. You'll find more true religion among grizzly bears than among many so-called Christians of your cities. Good-by."

He Was Cruel.

"Your quiet, easy indifference," said Mrs. Walkingbeam to her spouse, "aggravates me to such a degree that I am half dead with anger." "Ah, my dear," replied Mr. W., "let me give you a pointer about that." "What is it?" snapped Mrs. W. "No one should ever do things by halves."—Texas Sittings.

PERT RETORTS.

Squidig—The piano next door makes me swear every time I hear it played. McSwilligen—That's odd. It's an upright piano.

Witts—What makes you so sure old Skinfint has no skeleton in his family closet? Watts—Because if he had he'd sold it long ago. Skeletons are worth anywhere from \$5 up.

"Is it proper to wear gloves when you attend a box party?" asked the young man who proposed to do society. "Certainly," replied his friend. "Six ounces is the proper weight."

Rinx—What are you writing now? Scrib—I am collaborating with my father on a book of poems. Rinx—I didn't know that your father wrote poems. Scrib—He doesn't; he's paying for their publication.

Mr. Shallo—What in thunder did you go and buy a couple of steamer trunks for? We're only going for a trip to the mountains. Mrs. Shallo—Well, won't the neighbors see them when the expressman takes them away?

Little Gertie—Do you s'pose I'm going to the picnic with such a looking thing as you? Little Tommie—M-m-m-put her work-b-basket on my head when she cut, my hair, an' she couldn't e-dip round th' handles—boo-hoo!

Nogo—I think "outing" would be more appropriate than "trouting." Rodd—How so? Nogo—Well, don't you see that wherever you go you are out a day's wages, out your railroad fare, out of mind and pocket, and out of fish when you get home?

THE MURRAY CASE.

CONFIRMATION OF HIS STORY COMES TO LIGHT.

Trainmen's Brotherhood About to Pay Him His Disability Claim of \$1,000—Murray Gets Better and Refuses to Take the Money.

GALESBURG, Ill., July 9.—The article which appeared in a number of American papers last week about Sam Murray, the Canadian railway brakeman, receives a solid substantiation in this city.

Murray, it will be remembered, was totally disabled by blood poisoning and paralysis, and had been paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk railway, for whom he worked. He was also a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, which has headquarters in this city. At the time of his illness Murray made formal application to the brotherhood for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000, to which he was entitled as a member of the brotherhood. The case was thoroughly looked into by the executive of the trainmen, and the necessary proofs to entitle Murray to the money were easily and speedily provided. Among others were the affidavits of four doctors that Murray was so ill he could never recover.

The case was complete and the check for \$1,000 was about to be sent Murray. At this point the grand secretary and treasurer of the brotherhood received a letter from Murray saying not to send the money, as, contrary to all expectations, he was completely cured of his disease and did not consider himself entitled to anything. Murray added that the remedy to which he owed his recovery was Dodds Kidney Pills.

Wherever these pills have been used, they have never failed to give satisfactory results. They have proved to be a specific in all cases of rheumatism, heart disease, dropsy, diabetes, Bright's disease, backache, female disease, blood disorders and all forms of kidney diseases. In not one case of any of these diseases have they failed to effect a cure. Thousands have used them, and thousands have been cured by them.

Fortunately these pills are within easy reach of every man, woman and child in the Union to-day. If the local druggist has not got them in stock, they may be procured by writing, The Dodds Medicine Co., Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada. Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Be sure to get Dodds.

Nurse, at the circus—You are too big to be begging for peanuts. Arthur—I ain't, neither; I ain't half as big as that 'ere elephant.

Braggs—You look rather blue this morning, old man. Jaggs—I'm black and blue. I was green enough last night to tell a fellow twice my weight that he wasn't a white man.

Mamma—I was sorry to see that you took no trouble to walk lightly, when you went into church to-day. Diekey—I didn't think it was late enough for any one to be asleep.

"And the prisoner, when arrested, was disguised as a woman?" said the magistrate. "Yes, your honor." "How did you discover his identity?" We told him his hat wasn't on straight and he didn't pay any attention to us."

Traveler—Is this here th' bureau of information? Railroad Clerk—It is. Traveler—Well, about six hours ago a feller took my watch an' sachel around th' corner to git my name engraved on 'em, so they wouldn't git lost, an' I wanter know if the engravers of this 'ere town are all out on strike.

Little Brother—Mr. Sewtor, why is it that my sister Hattie is always so good-tempered before you come here of an evening, and then so cross to me next morning? Mr. Sewtor—Don't know, Johnny, shall I ask her? Little Brother—Yes; I've heard her say lots of times she wondered why you didn't ask her, but I never thought it was anything about that.

An Irish woman works for some East side families. "Sure if I had nobody's business but me own to moind," says she, "I'd have little enough to do." After expressing this sentiment she went on to say: "In County Limerick, where I come from, there was a man that said he'd give any woman that 'ud mind her own business a pound—twenty shillin's, I mean. And, upon me sowl, niver a wan of all the women in the county put in a claim for it."

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story. The great volume of evidence in the form of unprinted, voluntary testimonials prove beyond doubt that

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to Get **Cures**
Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

M. F. GRAY,

EDITOR.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1894.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

For 1894 Plymouth will have a fair, and if there ever was a year when we needed to put all the force and vim possible in a fair, it is this year. Having skipped a year we have that lost time to make up. This year is the one that will decide the future destiny and course of our fair, and what will happen to our fair grounds.

The fair grounds, with its nice course, ball grounds, and other adjuncts, has always proved a good thing for Plymouth and its people, and coupled with the fair, has been the best exponent of Plymouth and its advantages over other places. In other words no better advertisement could be found.

If we fail to get in line this year with a fair that excels all previous ones (and we have had some good ones), it simply means that we are knifing our own prosperity, and the lack of interest taken this year will only tend to lend a breeze to other years that will in time grow and eventually our fair, with the fair grounds and its many enjoyable surroundings, will be a thing of the past.

Now is the time to act, gentlemen. This is the year above all others. Why not get a firm hold while there yet is time?

CAPITAL VERSUS LABOR.

The conflict is now on and everyone is anxiously awaiting the result. The strife between these two contending forces has been in progress for years. The breach has been growing wider and wider until at last the laboring man says he will no longer submit to imposition.

The sky was brightening after the hard times period, just passed, and future prospects were encouraging, when another calamity is forced upon us, wide spread and disastrous, crippling the nation from coast to coast.

The great strike of 1894 will go down in history as one of the greatest events of the 19th century. It had its origin in Pullman, Ill., and grew out of oppression. The Czar of Russia hasn't much more authority or control over the subjects of his empire than George Pullman has over the inhabitants of the city which bears his name. There the laborer lives in Pullman's house, shaves at Pullman's barber shop, obtains the necessities of life, food and clothing, at Pullman's stores. He is compelled to spend what money he earns in Pullman and to pay whatever price is demanded. Should we wonder that the inhabitants are not in love with their employer? It is high time they raised a cry for freedom and demand that the rights and privileges due them be recognized by their millionaire boss.

Because a man is shrewd enough to accumulate a million dollars or ten million dollars, we do not envy him. That is a right accorded every man, but when he steps over the line and dictates to those in his employ where and how he shall spend his earnings, then it is time to call a halt. It is against human nature to stand oppression longer than is absolutely necessary and when the time is ripe he will turn every time. This time has come with the American laborer, and upon the settlement of the great question which confronts us to-day, depends his future destiny. Let us hope, it may be settled satisfactorily to the majority of our people.

Profitable Advertising.

One of Spokane's bank presidents has a habit of taking an airing each evening on the front end of a street car, absorbing ozone and throwing off the cares of business while chatting with the motorman. The other night he met a genius, and his match. This story was too good to keep, and finally reached the Tribune, which publishes it as follows: After the usual exchange of courtesies the motorman said: "Mr. Blank, you consider yourself a financier, I suppose." "Yes," replied the banker, "I guess I am, or I could not hold my job." "Well you don't know anything about financing," the motorman made bold to state. "But my boss, (referring to the president of the street car company,) is a first class financier, he is. Why do you know that every Sunday he advertises for a servant, and Monday twenty or thirty girls ride out to his house near the end of the line to get the place, but find madam can't see them, so they ride back, and repeat the journey several times before they are told that the old girl has decided to stay a while. Now that's financing. Fifty cents paid out for advertisements, and \$3 or \$4 taken in for car fares to swell the annual dividends of the 'boss' company."

The banker saw the point, told the story on his friend, and the "boss" is looking for that particular motorman, with blood in his eye.—From the Seattle Telegraph.

Meads Mills.

Too late for last week. Art McRoberts is sick from vaccination this week.

Some of the little ones in this place are down with the measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. Richmond Benton and Miss Mary Lautenslager, Mr. Harry Clack and Miss Jennie Lautenslager, spent a day at Orchard Lake, during Miss Jennie's stay in our midst.

Last Friday closed our school year, and in the afternoon a picnic was held for the school and friends of Miss Lautenslager at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Johnson. About seventy-five were present. After a well arranged program consisting of recitations and singing by the scholars games played, visiting by the older ones, etc., a bountiful repast was enjoyed by all present. Miss Lautenslager has been with us for two years and has won for herself a high reputation both as a teacher and a friend. As a token of esteem she was the recipient of a fine gold watch chain from the scholars and friends in this place. Miss Lautenslager returned to her home near Flat Rock last Monday, accompanied by her sister who visited her the last school week.

Cherry Hill.

Too late for last week. H. F. Horner has improved the looks of his premises by painting his house and other buildings.

A foot race for one dollar a side between Milo Corwin and a colored lad was the occasion of a little excitement here last Saturday evening.

On Friday evening, the 13th, the base ball team will give an ice cream social on the lawn at Mrs. T. M. Horner's.

Misses E. Boice and Minnie Horner have returned home from Newberry, U. P., where they have finished their second year as teachers in the high school.

Correspondence with local ball clubs with a view to playing some games after harvest, is invited. Supper will be furnished visiting clubs. Address G. S. Comer, Cherry Hill, via Ypsilanti, Mich.

The base ball club was re-organized last Saturday evening, with Charles Clark as captain, Claude Lewis treasurer, Alfred Huston umpire and G. S. Comer manager. They will play no more games until after harvest.

A very pleasant game of ball was played here recently by the Ypsilanti grocer's club and the Cherry Hill team. The score being 15 to 16 in favor of the home team. A return game was played on Wednesday of last week but the grocers were not in it. Rain stopped the game at the fifth inning at which time the game stood 25 to 3 in favor of Cherry Hill.

Livonia.

There are 1420 citizens in this town. We need rain very much at this place.

A number of our farmers have bought new binders.

Miss Julia Revard of Detroit, is visiting at P. Chilson's.

Farmers are very busy taking care of their hay and grain.

W. O. Minckley entertained friends from Detroit last Sunday.

Mr. Hartwig and family of Detroit, visited at C. Smith's last week.

E. C. Leach of Plymouth, passed through here last Monday.

Why don't Uncle Sam give this country over to a lot of bums and loafers and let them run it?

The small-pox scare is over in this town and services at the churches and Sunday schools are going on again.

We heard a man offer to bet ten dollars one day last week, that two thirds of the strikers were not born in the United States.

We can't see how any man with brains can sympathize with strikers. We think it the worst thing that ever happened to the laboring class.

Dearborn.

Miss Rosa Diefenderfer of Jackson, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Lottie Corbey.

Mr. Geo. Hurst has been confined to his home by a bad attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Dan March and daughter of Detroit, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. J. L. Walker.

Miss Maude Kellogg of Ann Arbor, who has been spending a few weeks with friends, returned home Wednesday, accompanied by Miss Glen Clark.

Another Sunday Excursion.

On July 15th, the D. L. & N. Ry. will run a special train low rate excursion to Detroit leaving Plymouth at 10:10 a. m. Returning leave Detroit at 7:00 p. m. Round trip 50 cents. Good chance for a Sunday outing at small expense.

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at John L. Gale's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches held to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted, to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at John L. Gale's drug store.

SPEND YOUR OUTING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about \$12.50 from Detroit; \$15 from Toledo; \$18 from Cleveland, for the round trip, including meals and berths. Avoid the heat and dust by traveling on the D. & C. floating palaces. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand romantic spot, its climate most invigorating. Two new steel passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing \$500,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience, annunciators, bath rooms, etc., illuminated throughout by electricity, and are guaranteed to be the grandest, largest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers favorably compare with the great ocean liners in construction and speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Petoskey, Chicago, "Soo," Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Detroit. Daily between Cleveland and Put-in-Bay. The cabins, parlors and staterooms of these steamers are designed for the complete entertainment of humanity under home conditions; the palatial equipment, the luxury of the appointments, makes traveling on these steamers thoroughly enjoyable. Send for illustrated descriptive pamphlet, Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. & T. A., D. & C. Detroit, Mich.

FRANKLIN HOUSE

DETROIT, MICH.

It is well before leaving home, whether for business or pleasure, to decide upon a hotel and thereby avoid confusion. When you visit Detroit we would be pleased to have you stop at the old "Franklin House," cor. Larned and Bates Sts., where you will have a good meal and a clean bed at moderate rates. The house has been renovated from top to bottom, and is now in first-class condition. Respectfully,

H. H. JAMES.

Meals, 35c. Lodgings, 50c. Per Day, \$1.50.

G. A. FRISBEE,

DEALER IN

Lumber,
Lath, Shingles,
and Coal

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

Prices as Low as the Market Allows.

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

What is this



anyhow



It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch. To be had only with Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark. A postal will bring you a watch case opener. **Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.**

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE

First Glass Rigs Reasonable Charges

PATRONS ACCOMMODATED DAY OR NIGHT.

GZAR PENNEY,
Plymouth, Mich.

Citizens

Of Plymouth and Vicinity

I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to do anything in the line of

PLUMBING

Steam Fitting, Gas Fitting and Sanitary work of all kinds.

I do the work myself, and, as far as prices are concerned, do not bar Detroit or any other city.

A full line of gas pipe, water fixtures, and all necessary appliances for water works always on hand. Respectfully,

James Hewett

General Plumber and Contractor.

GO TO THE **"O K STORE"**

When you want

Dry Goods, Crockery, Groceries, Glasswear

They lead them all in low prices. You can get

- 26 lbs Brown Sugar for \$1.00
- 24 lbs Coffee Sugar for 1.00
- 22 lbs Granulated Sugar for 1.00
- 2 1/2 lbs Best Japan Tea for 1.00
- 6 lbs of Starch for 25c
- 5 lbs of Rice for 25c
- 4 lbs of V. Crackers for 25c
- 6 Dozen Pickles for 25c
- 6 Bars Queen Ann Soap for 25c
- 3 lbs good Tea Dust for 25c
- 1 lb strictly Pure Bk Pepper, ground 25c

At the **O. K. Store,**

Thanking you for past favors and hope you will still continue trading with us.

JOHN SMYE.

North Village.

The First National Exchange Bank

is now ready for business, in all its branches

In Their New Bank Building.

Your patronage is solicited.

Plymouth Savings Bank

PLYMOUTH, MICH.
E. C. LEACH, President. L. H. BENNETT, V. P.

4 PER CENT. paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up.

Come and open an account with us.

DIRECTORS:

- E. C. LEACH, L. H. BENNETT,
- J. B. TILLOTSON, I. N. STARKWEATHER,
- G. S. VANSICKLE, T. V. QUACKENBUSH,
- L. C. HOUGH, R. J. SPRINGER,
- A. D. LYNDON, J. B. BOSLE,
- WM. MANCHESTER, WM. GEE,
- L. C. SHEERWOOD.

Every Inducement consistent with sound banking offered to depositors.

E. K. Bennett,

Livery

Sale Stable

Good Rigs Day or Night.

ALSO

Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection

12 B. S. Tickets \$1.

H. C. Robinson

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R.R. FEB. 11, 1894

STANDARD TIME.			
Going East.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Grand Rapids	7:00	1:20	5:25
Howard City	5:50		4:00
Ionia	7:30	1:35	5:55
Grand Ledge	8:30	2:45	7:00
Lansing	8:54	3:01	7:25
Williamston	9:20	3:28	7:50
Webberville	9:31		8:00
Fowlerville	9:41	3:42	8:10
Howell	9:56	3:57	8:25
Essex Junction	9:59		
Brighton	10:18	4:19	8:45
South Lyon	10:29	4:28	8:57
Salem	10:38		9:07
PLYMOUTH	10:58	4:47	9:22
DETROIT	11:40	5:30	10:10
Going West.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Lv. Detroit	7:40	1:10	6:00
" Plymouth	8:25	1:45	6:40
" Salem	8:38		6:53
" South Lyon	8:48	2:04	7:01
" Brighton	9:04	2:18	7:15
" Howell Junc.	9:16		7:27
" Howell	9:23	2:35	7:33
" Fowlerville	9:41	2:47	7:48
" Webberville	9:51		7:58
" Williamston	10:01	3:03	8:10
" Lansing	10:27	3:28	8:34
Ar. Grand Ledge	10:53	3:50	9:00
" Ionia	11:53	4:49	10:05
" Howard City	1:35		11:15
" Grand Rapids	12:40	5:15	10:45
	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.

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 7:25 a. m. 1:25 p. m. 11:30 p. m. For Marquette, Traverse City, Charlevoix and Petoskey 7:30 a. m. 3:15 p. m. For Muskegon 7:25 a. m. 1:27 p. m. 5:45 p. m. ED. PELTON, Agent, Plymouth. Geo. DeHAVEN, General Pass'r. Agent, Grand Rapids.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE.

In effect June 17, 1894. Trains leave Plymouth as follows: STANDARD TIME. GOING SOUTH. Train No. 4, 10:05 a. m. " No. 6, 2:37 p. m. " No. 8, 8:56 p. m. " No. 10, 12:35 a. m. GOING NORTH. Train No. 1, 8:30 a. m. " No. 3, 9:10 a. m. " No. 5, 2:10 p. m. " No. 7, 6:55 p. m. Train No. 8, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest. Sleeping Parlor Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit. Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, except Sunday. Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit Union depot for all points South, Canada and the East. For further information see Time Card of this company.

W. H. BALDWIN, JR., General Manager. W. F. POTTER, General Supt. A. PATRIARCHE, Traffic Manager. General Offices, Saginaw, East Side, Mich.

PAID CORRESPONDENCE
BOB LAW
STUDY
BROADWAY N. Y.
PRODUCTORY LECTURE FREE

OUR OWN VILLAGE.

WHAT IS GOING ON AMONG PEOPLE ON THE OUTSIDE

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

How's your arm?

Geo. Burnett and son Freddie are in town this week.

The new hardware store is now running.

The Franklin House, Detroit, has an ad in the MAIL.

F. E. Lamphere was in Ypsilanti the fore part of the week.

B. B. Bennett has gone on a ten day's trip with his phonograph.

Alford Lyndon is doing the trimming act on his shade trees this week.

Mrs. Hill of Strathroy, Ont., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Bagley.

C. Valentine has disposed of the old shade land marks in front of his house.

Miss Mamie Chaffee of Wayne, was the guest of friends and relatives during the past ten days.

Theron Harmon closed a successful term of school last week Tuesday. He has been teaching in the 7th district.

Rev. Dr. S. Reed of Northville, will preach at the M. E. church Sabbath morning, and at Newburg in the afternoon.

We thank our subscribers for the response made to our request last week. If you have not done so, kindly hurry up.

The F. & P. M. train, due here at 6:55 p. m. was delayed last Sunday evening one hour and a half, owing to the engine fire box burning out.

Messrs Hunter and Gale report that the expenses for the Fourth were reduced so as to be payable out of the money received for that purpose.

President Hunter says he can discount anyone that ever handled a rake. If you doubt it look at the neat appearance in front and at the rear of his store.

C. A. Roc has been making some additions to the appearance of his home and the street by trimming the trees around there. It would greatly improve the whole street if all would follow suit.

Health officer Collier reports that only one case of measles now prevails in the corporate limits. Vaccination has been general, although quite a number have neglected to do their duty. Although the papers are quiet on the subject, small-pox has a greater hold in the city, than at any time since the plague broke out. It stands you well to be vaccinated, and that

The common council met and disposed of the usual business Monday evening. The petition for a water pipe in Upper Plymouth was laid on the table. Communication from A. M. Potter, complaining of the condition of the meat market was read and laid over one week and those concerned notified to appear at the council next Monday evening and explain the situation. Some instructions were given the marshal regarding side walks and other minor business transacted, when council adjourned one week.

An alarm of fire was sounded on Tuesday and the companies promptly responded. Luckily, however, it proved to be only some grass burning in the cemetery, as the force was not turned on, owing to some repairs being made on the main pipe. It is no easy matter for a company to get out with a rush and haul the hose, cart this kind of weather, and in sending in a fire alarm, people should be very careful and know for a fact that there is a fire that needs the attendance of the fire companies before giving any alarm.

One of the interesting and important programs to be carried out is that of the Hackley park assembly to begin July 19th and close July 30th. No pains will be spared to make this the most interesting occasion of the season. The most popular Speakers, Elocutionists, Soloists and Impersonators of the country have been secured. Best of hotel accommodations and railroad facilities are promised to all who visit this beautiful spot this year. Come early and come prepared to spend at least two weeks. Hackley Park is situated near Muskegon on Lake Michigan. For further particulars get circular from the Secretary, I. W. Cogshall, 175 South East street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Friend Pinckney has devised a plan whereby carpets and general house cleaning can be easily accomplished. Turn on the water in your house and let it flood the place, then sweep the water out, tear up the carpets, mop up the wet floors and lay the carpets when dry. He discovered this method by accident. His little girl went to get a drink and found the water turned off. She forgot to shut it again and very soon they all went away. In the meantime the water came and flooded the house. Mrs. Pinckney does not advise others to try the same method, however. No particular damage was done.

50 barrel upright tank for sale. W. O. Allen.

Miss Luva Millard was the guest of Northville friends last week.

Ice cream and cake at the park Saturday evening. Music by the band.

Mrs. Nancy Allen of Oklahoma City, was the guest of Mrs. Chas. Allen Tuesday.

W. F. Markham offers his beautiful residence for sale. See ad in another column.

M. Conner and wife left Thursday for a three week's trip to Grand Traverse and other places.

W. H. Palmer is turning out some elegant photos. Have you seen them? Try Palmer for a photo.

The Misses Millard and Covert and Messrs Voorhies and Lyndon enjoyed a pleasure trip to Walled Lake last Thursday.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will serve ice cream and cake in the park Saturday evening. The band will furnish music.

The Milan team and the playmates played a game of ball Thursday afternoon resulting in a victory for the former by a score of 12 to 16.

A large number will go with the ball team to Wayne to-day to witness the game between Wayne and Plymouth. Some will take in the concert in the evening.

The popular D. & C. line have a word for you in this issue regarding the spending of your vacation. Special inducements are offered for a trip on the great lakes.

Chas. Curtiss has doubled up his stereopticon lecture with Prof. Secord, and the two will soon start on an exhibition tour. The combination tends to make a very successful evening's entertainment.

In our report of the ball game on the Fourth in the last issue we neglected to give the result of the game owing to a misunderstanding. The Wayne boys won by a score of 8 to 5.

In another column will be found the Adironda heart and nerve cure. This remedy is highly recommended as being a first class article. J. L. Gale has it on sale. You should try a bottle if broken down. Read the ad. It is unexcelled for restless babies.

Mrs. Schilling, who has been deprived of all support by her husband being sent to the asylum, desires to secure work such as washing. She has four children to provide for and is able to work and support them. Anything given her will be greatly appreciated.

The D. L. & N. Ry will run an excursion to Detroit on July 15th, at usual low rates. Special train will leave Plymouth at 10:10 a. m. Returning, leave at 7:00 p. m. Round trip 50c. GEO. DEHAVEN.

The publisher of the New Washtenaw Post has hit on a novel idea. He seems to be "boarding round" among his subscribers and thus saving the expense of living at home, while he gathers shekels and matter for his paper. If our subs don't want to be "bored" in the same way, they had better look a little out and pony up.—Ex.

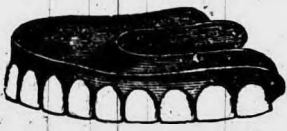
Last Sunday evening the union service was held in the Baptist church. At this meeting all the pastors spoke, having a common subject, some phase of the Sabbath question. Rev. Huntington spoke on "Why should I keep the Sabbath?" and based his authority both on Divine and common law. Rev. Wallace had for his theme, "Does it pay financially to keep the Sabbath?" and from the lessons of scripture, personal observation, and general experience, concluded most certainly that it does. Rev. Clark followed from the standpoint of "The Sabbath a physical necessity" and demonstrated that for health and strength of mind and body, man must keep the Sabbath. The theme was an interesting and timely one and was attentively listened to by a good audience.

L. L. May & Co. have an ad in this issue that will be worth your while investigating. They are reliable, and offer eight or ten men good situations.

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

Get your stationery at the MAIL office.

A. PELHAM,



DENTIST.

WITS AT WORK.

"What, give a prize to your son? He persists in doing nothing!" "Well, give him the prize of perseverance, then!"

"Brifkins has graduated from the law school, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Practicing?" "Not yet. He's looking for somebody to practice on."

Judge—If I let you off this time, will you promise not to come back here again? Prisoner—Yes, sir. The fact is, I didn't come voluntarily this time.

"Aw, Bunkins is socially ostracised." "Yes." "Completely an out-cast." "Completely. His social status is so low that he couldn't even lend money to a titled foreigner."

"You spoke to them in French, I noticed. Why was that?" "I wanted to discover if he was an American." "And he was?" "Of course, or he'd never have understood my French."

Husband—Our bills for household expenses are as large as ever. I told you to reduce them. Wife—I did. I took from \$10 to \$20 off each one, but the tradesmen acted so about it that I thought you'd better go around and reduce them yourself.

Jinks—I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends. Winks—I presume not. Jinks—No, sirree. Just as quick as I lose a job, my friends all rush around hunting a new place for me, so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them.

Lady, to little boy—What are you crying for, my little man? Little Boy—My fa-father has bin beat-beatin' me. Lady—Well, don't cry. All fathers have to beat their little boys at times. Little Boy—But my fa-father isn't like other fa-fathers. He's in a brass ba-band and beats the big drum.

County Clerk Wrightson was out fishing one day, and being a little perplexed about the appearance of the sky, asked the old salt at the helm what the day was to be like. "Dunno. When the Lord had charge of the weather the sailormen could tell sump'n 'bout it once in a while, but since those gol darned newspapers took hold of it I'm dinged if there's any knowin' whether it's goin' to shine or shower."

FUGITIVE FACTS.

California has forty Chinese temples. The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

An automatic sculpturing machine has been invented in Paris.

The most densely populated spot on earth is the island of Malta.

Giants usually have weak constitutions, and are shorter lived than dwarfs.

The extravagance of Empress Josephine cost her 600,000 francs a year for dress alone.

The skeleton of the leathery-winged bat is bone for bone and joint for joint similar to that of man.

Professor Bruhl believes the female brain to be superior to the male because of its more delicate formation.

A process by which all kinds of wood can be rendered incombustible has been invented by a Chicago chemist.

The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon's temple, where there was an organ with ten pipes.

Abner Brown found a land tortoise near Athens, Ga., the other day which had the preamble to the constitution engraved in microscopic characters on its upper shell.

In the London zoological garden there is an old stork called Lord Dan'l which has been known to stand on one leg without changing position for nine consecutive hours.

ADIRONDA TRADE MARK

Wheeler's Heart Cure AND Nerve

—Positively Cures—
HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Its effectiveness in all derangements of the Nervous System.

Unexcelled for Restless Babies.

Purely Vegetable. Guaranteed free from Opium, 100 full size doses, 50c.

Rev. R. V. Middleton, M. E. Clergyman, Cedar Springs, Mich. says: "Sleep and rest were strangers to me after preaching till I used 'Adironda.' Now I sleep soundly and awake refreshed, and I can heartily recommend it."

Prepared by WHEELER and FULLER MEDICINE CO., Cedar Springs, Mich.

Sold by J. L. Gale, druggist, Plymouth. 4-21-95

Wanted! For 10 men to collect orders for Hardy Nursery Stock, Fruit and Ornamentals; also new and reliable varieties of sweet Potatoes. Permanent positions; good salary, ranging from \$75 to \$125 per month. Apply quick, with references.

L. L. MAY & CO., St. Paul, Minn. Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen.

WANTED.—Local and traveling salesmen to handle our Canadian grow nursery stock. We guarantee satisfaction to representatives and customers. Large growers of high grade stock. Over 70 acres under cultivation. No substitution in orders. Exclusive territory and liberal terms to whole or part time agents. Write us. STONE & WELLINGTON Madison Wis July 1st.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

L. E. GALE,

Successor to C. E. Passage,

THE "STAR GROCERY"

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Staple and

Fancy

Groceries.

SCHOOL BOOKS

AND

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

A Full Line of

Tobaccos and Cigars

Bell's Dental Parlors.

(Over Plymouth Savings Bank.)

VITALIZED AIR ADMINISTERED

And all Modern Improvements used.

All Work Guaranteed.

A Call Solicited.

Sell or Trade!

A THIRTY ACRE FARM FOR PLYMOUTH PROPERTY.

I have a farm of 30 acres, situated in Salem village, that I will exchange for Plymouth residence property. There is a good house on the place. Strawberries, blackberries, etc. are in good condition. A more desirable place cannot be found.

Enquire of

J. E. BULLOCK, Salem, Mich.

Or at the MAIL office.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communication strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free. Solidity, monthly, \$1.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the fourth day of February, A. D. 1887, made and executed by the M. E. Gale, of the town of Plymouth, County of Wayne, State of Michigan to Maria Seely of the said town of Plymouth, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Wayne, State of Michigan, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1887 in liber 225 of the Circuit Court for the said County of Wayne in his docket as commencing at the center stake of money due thereon, whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and on which there is claimed to be due, and is due, at the date of this notice the sum of seven hundred and ten dollars and sixty-nine cents, of which said sum five hundred dollars is principal and two hundred and ten dollars and sixty-nine cents is interest, and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the amount due and secured by said mortgage or any part thereof: Notice is therefore hereby given that on Monday the twenty-seventh day of August, A. D. 1894, at twelve o'clock noon, local time, there will be sold at the west-ry or Griswold Street entrance of the City Hall, in the City of Detroit, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the said County of Wayne is held) at public vendue, to the highest bidder, the land and premises described in and covered by said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage as above set forth, together with the interest on so thereof as shall be due to the interest, at the rate of seven per cent and the cost a charges and expenses of said sale and twenty-five dollars attorney fee provided for in said mortgage, said lands and premises are situated in the township of Plymouth, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, and are described as commencing at the center stake of section twenty-six in the town of Plymouth, County of Wayne, State of Michigan, running thence northerly along the center of the highway fourteen (14) chains; thence easterly along the southern boundary line of lands formerly owned by Thomas P. May, Daniel Webber and Isaac N. Hedden, seven (7) chains and thirty-five (35) links, to a stake; thence southerly and parallel with the highway stores id fourteen (14) chains; thence westerly along the east and west center line of said section twenty-six (26) to a place of beginning containing ten (10) acres of land to be the same more or less. Dated May 31st, 1894. GEO. A. STARK WEATHER, MARIA SEELY, Att'y for Mortgage, Mortgagee.

GALE.

You Can Buy a

FINE NEW FAT

Mackerel!

10cts PER POUND

Try the Holland Biscuit, 10cts per dozen. Something new.

J. L. GALE, Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH LAUNDRY.

I desire to inform the citizens of Plymouth and vicinity that I have bought the Plymouth Laundry Business and will conduct the business hereafter in a first-class way, guaranteeing satisfaction.

Laundry will be called for and delivered if desired. An experienced workman will have full charge of laundry.

R. L. BRIGGS.

The Wherry Mole Trap.



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M. ROSEN.

A LOS ANGELES lad of thirteen years deliberately murdered a playmate. The question "What shall we do with our boys?" seems to be growing more complex.

MAYOR WALBRIDGE of St. Louis has been giving the students of Drury college some advice. He says, "aim low." Timothy Titcomb advanced this idea years ago when he ridiculed the practice of telling every boy that he should try to be president of the United States.

A KANSAS CITY man who contracted the habit of telling his wife that she "looked like a gorilla" and "dressed like a 'guy,'" has become the defendant in a suit for divorce in the circuit court. The worm has turned and the law has been invoked to settle the question whether there is any protection for a woman's pride against the brutality of men who have no eye for the beautiful and no appreciation of the subtle art which is displayed in the arrangement of the feminine toilet.

THAT man M. Turpin who is alleged to have presented to France the infernal machine for which he refused Germany's 1,000,000 francs claims too much for it. He recently declared that the figures given as to four discharges in a quarter of an hour, each belching 25,000 projectiles, only represented a minimum.

THE flag of the Kearsarge has been brought to New York by a patriotic merchant captain, who prevented it from being kept by the wreckers. There is something very queer about the whole Kearsarge business, something very discreditable to the officers of the ship. Though the whole ship's company were got ashore, the logbook was left on the wreck and was procured weeks afterwards by a yacht owner and forwarded to the navy department, which will also receive the rescued flag.

THERE is apparently no limit to the accommodating spirit of our college authorities when the undergraduates show that they really mean business. One of Yale's crack sprinters was dropped recently because he paid more attention to athletics than he did to his studies. He has been reinstated, however, according to a Boston paper, because he was wanted in the team that has gone to England to contest for athletic honors with Oxford, and it was necessary that he should be a student in regular standing in order to compete.

THAT a Briton dearly loves a lord is an affirmation of some antiquity and general acceptance, but it is not applicable to every Briton, as the case of Labouchere sufficiently attests. He is opposed to the whole somewhat obsolescent and worm-eaten conclave, and wants the lords individually pulled up by the roots and cast upon the general tide of society minus their privileges, immunities and authorities and their coronets, robes and regalia, deeming that they have had the use of them long enough.

THE peaceable election of M. Casimir-Perier as president of the French republic, to succeed the late M. Carnot, most forcibly demonstrates the stability of the government of that great nation. In the past history of that people events such as have occurred within the last few days would have brought forth riot and bloodshed all over the land. A new president is elected without the slightest friction, and the wheels of government continue unobscured in their orderly course.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"THE RUSTIC IN THE PALACE" OF THE KING.

"Joseph Is Yet Alive; I Will Go and See Him Before I Die." Gen. 45:28—The Strength and Reward of Parental Attachments.

BROOKLYN, July 8.—Rev. Dr. Tallmage, who is now nearing the Antipodes, on his round-the-world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press to-day, "The Rustic in the Palace," the text being taken from Gen. 45:28, "I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob had long since passed the hundred year milestone. In those times people were distinguished for longevity. In the centuries afterward persons lived to great age. Galen, the most celebrated physician of his time, took so little of his own medicine that he lived to 140 years. A man of undoubted veracity on the witness stand in England swore that he remembered an event 150 years before.

Among the grand old people of whom we have record was Jacob, the shepherd of the text. But he had a bad lot of boys. They were jealous and ambitious and every way unprincipled. Joseph, however, seemed to be an exception; but he had been gone many years, and the probability was that he was dead. As sometimes now in a house you will find kept at the table a vacant chair, a plate, a knife, a fork, for some deceased member of the family, so Jacob kept in his heart a plate for his beloved Joseph.

The centenarian is sitting dreaming over the past when he hears a wagon rumbling to the front door. He gets up and goes to the door to see who has arrived, and his long absent sons from Egypt come in and announce to him that Joseph instead of being dead is living in an Egyptian palace, with all the investiture of prime minister, next to the king in the mightiest empire of all the world!

In that half delirium the old man mumbles something about his son Joseph. He says: "You don't mean Joseph, do you? My dear son who has been dead so long. You don't mean Joseph, do you?" But after they had fully resuscitated him, and the news was confirmed, the tears begin their winding way down the crossroads of the wrinkles, and the sunken lips of the old man quiver, and he brings his bent fingers together as he says: "Joseph is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

It did not take the old man a great while to get ready. I warrant you. He put on the best clothes that the shepherd's wardrobe could afford. He got into the wagon, and though the aged are cautious and like to ride slow, the wagon did not get along fast enough for this old man; and when the old men met Joseph's chariot coming down to meet him, and Joseph got out of the chariot and got into the wagon and threw his arms around his father's neck, it was an antithesis of royalty and rusticity, of simplicity and pomp, of filial affection and paternal love, which leaves us so much in doubt about whether we had better laugh or cry, that we do both.

What a strong and unflinching thing is parental attachment! Was it not almost time for Jacob to forget Joseph? The hot suns of many summers had blazed on the heath; the river Nile had overflowed and receded, overflowed and receded again and again; the seed had been sown and the harvest reaped; stars rose and set; years of plenty and years of famine had passed on; but the love of Jacob for Joseph in my text is overwhelmingly dramatic. Oh, that is a cord that is not snapped, though pulled on by many decades! Though when the little child expired the parents may not have been more than 25 years of age, and now they are 75, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterance of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in

Jacob's memory as ever, though at 17 years of age the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before, and I said to my parents: "What is this record, and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long, deep sigh. It was yet to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated.

I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy 17 years of age and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back Joseph anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed loved one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angel-hood.

There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness to more loveliness, and from health to more radiant health. O parent, as you think of the darling panting and white from membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the raiment of splendor of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister Joseph! I see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and the fountains and the carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive and she could have come there with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!"

I visited at the farm house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was President of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the white house. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old. The parents can not stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry you somehow feel there is a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again.

You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask them how they rested last night. Joseph, in the historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they half spoil your children with kindness. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were with you. And what wonders of revelation in the bombazine pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you fifty times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure of the carpet, and at what door still they parted with you, giving you the final good-by. Do not be embarrassed if your father comes to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and if your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery. The wife of the Emperor Theodosius said a wise thing when she said: "Husband, remember what you lately were, and remember what you are and be thankful."

By this time you all notice what kindly provision Joseph made for his father Jacob. Joseph did not say: "I can't have the old man around this place. How clumsy he would look climbing up these marble stairs, and walking over these mosaics! Then he would be putting his hands upon some of these frescoes. People would wonder where that old greenhorn came from. He would shock all the Egyptian court with his manners at table. Besides that he might get sick on my hands, and he might be querulous, and he might talk to me as though I were only a boy, when I am second man in all the realm. Of course, he must not suffer, and if there is famine in his country—and I hear there is—I will send him some provisions; but I can't take a man from Pandanaram and introduce him into this polite Egyptian court. What a nuisance it is to have poor relations!"

Joseph did not say that, but he rushed out to meet his father with perfect abandon of affection, and brought him up to the palace and introduced him to the emperor, and provided for all the rest of the father's days, and nothing was too good for the old man while living; and when he was dead, Joseph, with military escort, took his father's remains to the family cemetery. Would God all children were as kind to their parents.

If the father have large property, and be wise, enough to keep it in his own name, he will be respected by the heirs; but how often it is when the son finds his father in famine, as Joseph found Jacob in famine, the young people make it very hard for the old man. They are so surprised he eats with a knife instead of a fork. They are chagrined at his antediluvian habits. They are provoked because he can not hear as well as he used to, and when he asks it over again, and the son has to repeat it, he bawls in the old man's ear: "I hope you hear that!" How long he must wear the old coat or the old hat before they get him a new one! How chagrined they are at his independence of the English grammar! How long he hangs on! Seventy years and not gone yet! Eighty years and not gone yet! Will he ever go? They think it of no use to have a doctor in his last sickness, and go up to the drug store and get a dose of something that makes him worse, and economize on a coffin and beat the undertaker down to the last pence, giving a note for the reduced amount, which they never pay. I have officiated at obsequies of aged people where the family have been so inordinately resigned to Providence that I felt like taking my text from Proverbs: "Take ye that mocketh at its father, and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." In other words, such an ingrate ought to have a flock of crows for pall-bearers! I congratulate you if you have the honor of providing for aged parents. The blessing of the Lord God of Joseph and Jacob will be on you.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the king's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh," you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal kindness!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance! "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitic caravan? Yet God brought him to that embazoned residence; and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be empalaced. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks come from an adjoining mansion in heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne-room and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauletted guard of the palace rushes in and says: "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when under the arches of precious stones and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other, the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's neck and wept a good while.

But oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their foot now so feeble, then with the sprightness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world; but you have repented, our prayer has been answered, and you are here; and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is still alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

U. S. TROOPS SHOOT.

Hammond, Ind., in the Hands of a Mob—Three Men Fatally Shot.

Hammond, Ind., was in the hands of a wild mob. A west bound freight ran into the town and was at once stopped by the rioters. The fireman leaped from the engine and ran into the bushes. The engineer was seized by the leaders of the mob, dragged from his cab and beaten almost to death. He was left lying senseless on the ground by the rioters. He was finally picked up and carried into a hotel where medical attendance was given him. A few minutes later a Monon train pulled in from the east. It was also stopped and the engineer and fireman badly beaten. Both engines were "killed" and the mob then went to work tipping over loaded freight cars. Both tracks were completely blocked. The rioters broke open the cars and carried away part of the contents.

The scene of violence was the west end of the town, which lies on the Illinois side of the state line. The authorities telegraphed to Chicago for aid. Companies D and M. of the First regiment, Illinois National Guard, were at once sent on a special train to the scene of the trouble. On their arrival the rioters at once retreated across the state line into Indiana, where the Illinois militia could not follow them, being without authority save in their own state. Orders were then sent to Chicago for a company of United States regulars. Thirty-five men were sent out at once. The troops were stationed about the Monon depot, and their presence quieted things for awhile. The blockade on the tracks was finally raised and several passenger trains pulled through. This seemed to anger the mob, and with an increase of number its passions grew to a frenzy. Inside of two hours 5,000 men had gathered and finally made a rush at the soldiers. The latter fired two volleys. Charles Fleischer, a laborer, was killed; Victor Vacetter fatally wounded, and William Campbell shot through both legs. A number of other people were slightly injured, but were carried away by their friends and secreted, and it will be impossible to learn the exact number wounded.

The news of the killing, spread with remarkable rapidity and ten minutes afterward the streets in the vicinity were filled with a threatening mob. Men ran from house to house borrowing shotguns, rifles and other firearms. "To arms" was the cry heard on every side and fully 3,000 people responded. Matters looked so threatening that a call was sent to Chicago for reinforcements and two more companies were sent out on a special train. These additional troops were stationed at the scene of trouble and effectually cowed the rioters for the time being. Major Hartz arrested four leaders of the mob and took them to Chicago with a small detail of troops. While the train was pulling out of the city a crowd gathered and stoned it, but quickly dispersed on the approach of a company of infantry.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods in New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo-Live Stock, and Chicago. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The interruption of business by the railroad strikes has been such that the usual signs, whether bright or gloomy, have little value. The senate has passed the tariff bill, but in such shape that no one ventures to risk much on its final passage without further alteration. Speculation in products has turned largely upon temporary uncertainties, but meat products have been higher, with a threatened famine here and the probability that large quantities will be spoiled at Chicago, while improved crop prospects have depressed wheat 1/2c. The iron industry had not yet recovered from the coal miners' strike when it was seriously interrupted by the blockading of railroads at the west. An obvious effect will be restriction of repairs and car building and of track laying. A large and somewhat lasting reduction in the demand for iron is the natural consequence of disturbances affecting the railway earnings. The demand for iron products does not appear better and prices are again tending downward, in spite of the general feeling that an advance must follow the termination of the miners' strike. Textile manufacturers do not show any improvement, with a large number of woolen mills have filled all orders in hand and closed for the present, and in most branches orders for the future fall far below expectations. Interruption of traffic is felt in these industries, but much more the uncertainty how far foreign goods may be obtained at lower prices than domestic. After new duties take effect, and behind these causes, of hesitation lies the fact that, with many hands out of work, and wages reduced for others, and prices of farm products exceedingly low, the buying power of the people is greatly restricted. Minor industries are also affected much in the same way, and especially where important changes of duty are expected. Failures during the week have been 121 in the United States, against 224 last year, and 24 in Canada, against 29 last year.

THE ROSE'S BRIDAL.

In the flush of the morn a rose was born—
The sweetest morn of all the year—
And it nestled against the cold, gray wall,
And on its cheek was a dewy tear.

A little sunbeam peeped over the hill,
And smiled on the pale rose trembling there,
And said: "Why weepst thou, my queen,
For of all the flowers thou art most fair?"

And the rose replied: "I am full of fear,
For the world is strange and the morn is chill,
And the phantoms of night were all about,
And ere they come, my heart stood as if"

Then the sunbeam said: "I bring you joy,
And I'll give thee my life and we will wed."
And it kissed the tear from the virgin cheek,
And the birds sang love songs overhead.

—Samuel Hoyt in Portland Transcript

Cardinal Richelieu.

Founded on the Play of "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton.

CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

Nevertheless, on the day after the festivity, earlier than comported with the need of recuperation in the hostess, who had duly seen the last guest to the doors, Marion and her sister, Lady Maugrion, took coach for air at Longchamps. If a spy had followed them, which was quite natural a supposition considering that Baradas had no great faith in her disregard of politics, he must have reported a blank day, for the only incident that happened occurred in the road through the Tuilleries where the trees grouped most thickly.

There leaped from the coach, without it being checked in its lumbering movement, a pretty boy of eighteen, who dived into the underbrush like a squirrel, and dropped on his knees. There he remained hidden until he could have no fear that the few passers-by were followers of the conveyance. Then, dusting his silken hose over a knee as exquisitely modeled as an angel's of Raphael, and laughing with rosy lip and roguish blue eye, he tock the road back to town.

His dress was so rich that one looked to see on the somewhat voluminous mantle an emblazonment of the noble house to which the page appertained, but there was no such indication.

More than one girl turned round her coquettish face as the stripling sauntered on, one little pink hand ungloved out of tauntingness upon a jeweled poniard, and the other caressing the lip where nothing resembling a mustache could be discerned in the strongest sunbeam.

At the Louvre gateway he paused. By the flourish of trumpets in the yard he guessed that the king had returned from an after-breakfast drive, or was crossing the quadrangle in demi-state.

"Poor monarch," said he, in raillery, "half the town pairing like birds upon St. Valentine's day with the other moiety, and you ever unbeloved. By my faith as a Delorme! I shall have to set my cap—my other cap—here he, or rather she, we may as well say for the future—at the loveless being! I am a prettier boy than Cinq-Mars at seventeen, and less a fox than St. Simon. As for Baradas, I will outwit him, spite of all his cunning!"

With an audacity which reaped an adequate reward, Marion trusted to her disguise to carry her unremarked past her own habitation.

A toothsome savor of cookery came from a grated widow; and, like the character she personated, she actually thrust her rosy face between the bars, and spying the lick-sauce and a servant sitting at the board to a patty intercepted on the way to the larder, she threw at them the interjections:

"I'll run and tell the steward br-rrou—ah! ha, ha, ha!"

And scampered off laughing like a shower of silver bells ringing a peal in a crystal basin, while a cluster of cockneys, who had witnessed her action, crowded one another to peer through the bars, and still further discomfort the thievish gluttons and lovers.

At the cardinal's palace, however, which she had already reached with her alert step, her face was smoothed, and darting into the gateway, she cast the special password, "In nubi-sum!" to the lodgekeeper and his gatehouse guards.

Then, crossing the gardens, she reached a small door between carved pilasters differing in design from the others on purpose to single them out, and knocked with her dagger-top in a prearranged manner.

A serving man in black, with a half religious air, opened cautiously to her, though he had inspected the cherubic countenance through a peep-hole, at seeing his eye in which she had twisted her nose and mouth into an amusing cast which should have set even a sacristan on the laugh.

"My lord?" inquired she.

"With the king, but expected home every moment."

"Ah, that was the uproar at the Louvre. Methought it too much of a rigadon for his majesty alone. It is necessary I should await him."

"Mademoiselle will please to ascend."

"Mademoiselle!" cried Marion, balancing herself on the lower step on one foot and extending the other foot after the manner of John of Bologna's Mercury. "Prithée, sand-blind,

sir, you 'miss' me badly in thinking a girl's heart is wrapped up in this doublet and long stockings!"

She mounted the steps with an exaggerated firmness of walk, and with the familiarity of experience entered the cabinet of the prime minister by another door than any we have known to be previously used.

An elderly man and a younger scribe were busy there—one reading a letter so slowly as to suggest that it was in cipher, and the other writing it in the translated terms.

The door had not been knocked upon, and it opened so noiselessly that neither heard the entrance nor Marlon's now womanly and lighter step. But the secretary saw her pale blue stockings gleam in the penumbra of his sanctum, and looking up, traced the dainty figure to the merry eyes which beamed on him a welcome.

"Ha, Cherre, ami cheri!" she cried, as if unaware that her unrestrained tone was a grave interruption of their state affair. "Always in a fog with your cipher. Why do not statesmen write in plain words? I am sure if they write as they speak it would be equally full-sounding and—incomprehensible. And I who address you, though a mere boy, have known one or two statesmen of note."

There was no being angry with the intruder, and the secretary, frowning a little for form's sake before his subordinate, rose and bowed.

"His eminence is—"

"Momentarily aue. That is well, for I came on affairs of urgency, or else never a Marlon of me to coop herself up in these choking clothes. Your breeches are all very well when one wishes to step over two cats fighting in the road, but on other occasions I pity your poor forked mortality."

"My lord will be here instantly," was the reply of the secretary who eyed her calmly as she sank into a chair and rested her cheek on one hand. "But have no misgivings! My lord has but to dart his lance at the cloud and it will burst its fury on another's head. Shall I leave you, madame?"

"If not for long."

He did not return. Marion sighed, shut her eyes in thought, forgot why she had closed them, and then forgot everything else in slumber to restore her after fatigue.

In this sleep the master found her, with the kittens curiously watching her that were on the table, two on the carpet dancing about her shoes, and a third, which had climbed to her lap, gone to sleep there as soundly as herself.

He went to his seat, settled himself down, filiped a congealed drop of wax or two on the kittens which drove them on the table, with a flourish of the tail and a gleaming of the fine claws on their hind paws, into the model-stage, and called—

"Marion!" in a kindly voice.

She woke up instantly, with her faculties on the alarm, as befitted one in her dangerous position.

"My faithful Marlon," he went on, "come, come, this is not the place nor this the time for the cat-naps. Is it any further news of the plot of our gentle Baradas and his new star, the amiable (ast-jin)?"

"My lord," said the woman, standing up respectfully, as was her wont when closeted on business with the minister, "there is to be another meeting in a night or two, one still more important, to consist of the active abettors. Beringhen, who is charmed with my cook, by the way, came back to my house to breakfast on some heir of the game that bit him, and as I did him the honor to preside at the table, he told me that they were looking for some brave, discreet, and vigilant messenger, whose tongue could keep a secret, and who had those twin qualities for their service, the love of gold and the hate of your grace."

"A messenger?"

"They want him to be ready in my house, booted and armed, to start at a moment's notice for Italy."

"What part of Italy?"

"The Susa Pass."

"The Piedmont frontier, where Bouillon lies encamped," said Richelieu, rising nervously. "Now, that is danger, great danger! If he tamper with the Spaniard, and Louis list not to my counsel, as without sure proof he will not, France is lost. What more?"

"More hints of the design to seize your person in your palace."

"I am going out of town at once to add a new scene to my tragedy," remarked the minister with hidden meaning which she might guess at as best she could.

"Beringhen suggested that I could find such a man—the messenger, if not the murderer; he is not courteous to my friends among my circle. And I answered, between a drop of wine and a mouthful of patty, that one of my lovers was the figure that he drew."

"Who is this lover, girl?"

"The only person I have found to love me even the same now as in the past," she replied; but he did not take up the challenge.

"Who?"

"Your Marlon, my prince."

"Ah! I comprehend. They hand you the letter to the duke of Bouillon and you transfer it to a hand that will clutch it fast and never open till over my table here. Good! In fact, nothing better. But," as he opened a drawer and took out a draft on a private banker, which he had but to initial and mark privately, "do they not suspect you?"

"Yes, but not more than any other woman. The very fact of their having a surmise at my attachment to your eminence serves as the darker cover, so they think, to their meeting in my house."

She placed the paper in her doublet in a way more likely to be adopted by her sex than the one she aimed at.

"Succeed in this baffling of the coxcomb and that treacherous prince, and lay down the terms of your own reward."

Seeing that the minister had returned to his meditations with his chin deep on his breast, oblivious of her, she sighed, with a loss of all her jauntiness, and left the cabinet, resuming her smile only when the rustling of the paper reminded her that she could pay a visit to the cardinal's treasurer, one who honored his drafts more readily than the royal exchequer cashed those of the patron of Baradas the Ambitious.

CHAPTER VI.

The Old Fox at Bay.

Time and again the prime minister had acknowledged that the loppings and coquettes around the king degraded him infinitely more labyrinthine to thread than the whole phalanx of European statesmen. Perhaps he accounted Baradas too cheap, but the young man with all his nature thirsted persistently for the blood of one who had so often made his own run cold. He called that attenuated blood the very veins of his present design. There was an additional god in his cravings for Julie de Mortemar. In childhood's sports he had met in Adrien a stronger playmate, and when taller grown the manlier fellow had carried away the hearts. He had now, if the news sent him by the faithless Huguet were had out-generaled him for the heart of Richelieu's ward. He loved so wildly that he made that passion the bone and nerve of his ambition.

There was no time to be lost in action, for the cardinal's priestly power could expedito matters of matrimony. The count hastened at once to the king, and, whilst artfully pretending ignorance of the royal penchant for the witching girl, fred his usually indolent nature into a prompt act. He left him armed with a royal writ to prevent the marriage or to annul it if already performed on the penalty of death to the disobedient gentleman. The same punishment forbade correspondence between the lovers.

They had been left alone by the retirement of the cardinal. It was into their fool's paradise that the bearers of the decree tramped with the more roughness on finding at the mouth of the den that the old Reynard had decamped in the night.

The warrant therefore fell on them like a thunderbolt bursting between them. As if to console his old friend, Baradas ingeniously arrived on the heel of the officer delivering the mandate, and took Mauptat's hand sympathetically. As they stood in the chapel of the almost deserted palace of the cardinal, whence Julie had been hurried away by Lady Hautfort and the chief valet Heringhen, the courtier looked at the soldier with only partly gratified malice.

"Railing at the king alone," said he. "Only the king? Poor dear Adrien? See you not the snare, the vengeance worse than death, of which you are the victim from another?"

"Snare! Vengeance!" cried Mauptat to his friend. "Be plainer."

"What so clear? Richelieu has but two passions—"

"Richelieu?"

"Yes. Ambition and revenge both blended in you. First, for ambition: Julie is his ward, innocent, docile, pliant to his will. When he failed to charm the king with his niece, now Lady Combalet, he called her to the court, foreseeing the rest; the king loves Julie."

"Merciful heaven! the king! no, no. It is Lady Hautfort, of whom he is enamored."

"Believe that, and drink water under the impression that it is nectar. Louis loves Julie—have we not been bored deeply enough by his hourly avocation of the name? Here comes in the satanic cunning of the raven whom you take to be a swan. Court etiquette must give such cupids the veil of Hymen. The cardinal looked abroad, found you his foe, and thus served ambition—by the grandeur of his ward, and vengeance—by dishonor to his foe. You have the proof, man, in the royal order, and your strange exemption from the general pardon, known but to Richelieu."

"I see it all!" groaned the knight.

"Mock pardon, hurried nuptials, the flight! False bounty—all! the serpent of that smile! Oh! it stings home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is still better.

Heaven finds a new joy every time a sinner repents.

A life of crime is often the result of running in debt.

It is foolishness to try to reason about what we cannot know.

Nothing makes us richer that does not make us more thankful.

The day becomes longer every time a lazy man looks at the clock.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you fancied.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities; but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.

The gratification of wealth is not found in mere possession nor in lavish expenditure; but in its wise application.

Slanderers and liars are twin brothers, born under the same star, living on the same planet, governed by the same unruly member—the tongue.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75c.

Bad friends and counterfeit bills are hardest to change.

The Rev. Wm. Stout, Warton, Ont., states: (After being ineffectually treated by 17 different doctors for Serofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof.

Paying the preacher's salary does not cancel all other debts.

The world is always interested in the cure of consumption; yet its prevention is of far more importance. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

If you don't want to land in the ditch don't quarrel over dirt.

There is no severer test of self reliance than a threadbare suit.

"While I have not always done my best," said the bookmaker, "at least I have usually done my better."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting 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.

FREE!

THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine Premiums. **WOOLSON SPICE CO.,** 440 Huron St., Toledo, O.

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PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

Lawyers like to see men lend their names.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c. Per. 1/2.

Don't pray so loud as to drown charity's call.

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

The better is oftener left at the post than the horse.

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

The best work need not look for common credit.

S. B. Durfey, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas' Electric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever.

Don't keep all your sympathetic tears for the theater.

FOR BURNS, SCALDS, BRUISES and all pain and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

"Is it possible the colonel is running for office?" "No; he hasn't run since the war!"

"Are you not ashamed not to do any work all the year round?" "Oh, I would rather be ashamed than work."

"Why is it that Turner's pupils all seem to take hold of the music better at this concert?" "It may be because it is all Handel's."

HELP IS OFFERED

every nervous, exhausted, woman suffering from "female complaint" or weakness. All pains, bearing-down sensations, and inflammations are relieved and CURED by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Haydentown, Pa.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen—We cannot sufficiently thank you for the great amount of benefit my wife received from the use of your medicine. My wife had a bad case of leucorrhoea, and she used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for it. I cannot praise it above its value. I have a daughter who has been poorly over a year; she is taking the "Favorite Prescription," and she is feeling better, after taking two bottles. Yours truly,
GEO. W. SWENEY.

PIERCE Guar-antees a CURE
OR MONEY RETURNED.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C., Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 2 years in last war, 13 adjudicating claims, 65% success.

FREE! Madame Ruppert's FACE BLEACH

A preparation the fact that thousands of ladies of the U. S. have not used my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is \$1 per bottle, and to order that act. may give it a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, all charges prepaid, on receipt of the FACE BLEACH removes and cures absolutely all freckles, pimples, moth, blackheads, yellow, red, and white spots, eruptions, or roughness of skin, and beautifies the complexion. Address Mrs. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N.Y. City



Davis International Cream Separator, Hand or Power. Every farmer that has cows should have one. It saves half the labor, makes one-third more butter. Separator Butter brings one-third more money. Send for circulars.

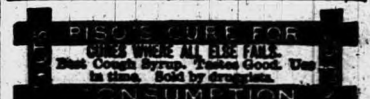
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\$3.25 2.125 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
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BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Talk to no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.



W. N. U. D.—XII—28.

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RIGGS' GREAT MIDSUMMER CLEARING SALE NOW ON.

Everything in Summer Goods goes at Clearing Sale Prices. Now is the time to buy bargains.
 All Light Clothing. Everything in Summer Dress Goods, Shoes and Slippers at astonishingly Low Prices.
 Straw Hats at Half Price. Fine Neckwear, Shirts and Underwear at Clearing Sale Prices.
 Buy a Fine Summer Suit now at your own price. Watch this space from week to week now and see the great Bargains we are offering.

No Trouble to Show Goods
 We want your Trade.

H. L. RIGGS, The Plymouth Cash Outfitter

Make us a visit see our store and get our prices. It pays to come miles to trade with us.

The departure of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, to join the staff of the Fall Mall Gazette has aroused general interest in England as well as in America. Of late years Mr. Nast has lived obscurely in a suburban New Jersey village, and fortune has not been very kind to him.

Lord Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone's reference to him as "the man of the future" quoted at him by a Manchester orator, lately, when he returned thanks for the complimentary speech he observed, and doubtless with feeling, "I am beginning to think it is a great deal easier to be the man of the future than the man of the present."

Readers of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" will remember Phillips, the champion speller of the Indiana school described therein. Phillips still lives in Vevey, Ind., Dr. Eggleston's old home, and will soon be seventy-three years old. The fame he got from the book has lasted to this day, and curious visitors to Vevey hunt him up.

William F. Dodge, who served for many years as one of the trustees, writes to the New York Tribune to say that neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey would ever take a cent from the royalty on "Gospel Hymns," which (royalty) was at first placed in the hands of trustees for distribution for charitable and religious purposes and is now divided between two seminaries.

FACT AND FANCY.

Mrs. Marks, aged almost 90 years, was baptized in the sea, near Rockland, Me., recently.

The average rate of dividend paid on railroad stock in the United States in 1892 was 2.11 per cent.

A seventy-year-old woman of Newark, N. J., some time ago married a dapper youth of twenty-five. She thinks she needs but one thing more now to complete her business and that is a divorce.

A colored man of Newburg objected in vain to pay a license on each of his occupations. He makes mattresses and repairs furniture, shoes, and umbrellas, each constituting a separate license.

Casper Roseweg of New York, who had been unemployed for several months committed suicide the other day. He said that he would rather die than see his wife working over a tub to support the family.

The so-called raft spider is among the largest of the British species. It receives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of dry leaves and rubbish, united by threads of silk, and thus pursues its prey on water.

A woman quack in New York who erases wrinkles and otherwise impedes the march of time has on exhibition in her rooms "a lady eighty years of age with one side of her face young while the other is very old and much wrinkled."

The Army and Navy Journal says that of the forty colonels of the regular army only eighteen are graduates of West Point; of the forty lieutenant colonels only eleven; of the seventy majors only thirteen, and of the 430 captains only 185.

Although Crisfield, Md., is probably the most important crab market in the world, there are many thousands of crabs shipped from other points on the peninsula between Delaware and Chesapeake bays. One concern in Kent county, Md., ships from 750 to 1,200 soft crabs per day.

There are differences in the family of John Pell of Chicago, not of a domestic nature, but the stature of Pell and his wife. He is seven feet one inch tall, while she stands four feet five inches. Their child is seven years old and weighs twice as much as his mother and is just as tall.

A Bostonian friend of mine has just had a most unpleasant experience. He has married a widow, and by some coincidence took her to the same hotel where she stopped with her first spouse. At the table she said to Charles, the bridegroom: "Will you kindly pass the butter, John?" A vision of "John," his predecessor, flitted before the bridegroom, who indignantly replied: "My name is not John! It is Charles." "Excuse my mistake Charles," she said, and then, tasting the butter, added, reflectively, "but it is the same butter."

The tiger makes short work of the buffalo in Sumatra. Therefore, to avoid its enmity, the buffalo rests at night in the river, with only its nose and horns above the surface.

In the matter of woman's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe. The house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends she turns him out until he is duly repentant and makes amends.

The success of the Manchester ship canal has stirred up English merchants and manufacturers to the projection of all sorts of canal schemes. Birmingham wants a ship canal connecting it with the Bristol channel.

A project is on foot to introduce into the United Kingdom the edible lichen of Japan. It is gathered off the granite rocks in the Japanese mountains, and contains large quantities of starch and other gelatinous substances.

The average density of population per acre in London is 57.7 and the average death rate is 23.2 per thousand. In some parts of Whitechapel, in the tenement region, the density of population is about 3,000 per acre and the death rate is 41.4 per thousand.

Dr. Finkler of Bonn, said, in a recent parliamentary discourse on hygiene, that of the 500,000 soldiers of Napoleon who perished on the Russian expedition of 1812, 400,000 fell victims to infectious diseases, and that in 1866 Prussia lost 5,000 men in battle and 6,000 through preventable diseases.

PLEASANTRIES OF THE HOUR.

Nurse, at the circus—You are too big to be begging for peanuts. Arthur—I ain't, neither; I ain't half as big as that ere elephant.

Braggs—You look rather blue this morning, old man. Jaggs—I'm black and blue. I was green enough last night to tell a fellow twice my weight that he wasn't a white man.

Mamma—I was sorry to see that you took no trouble to walk lightly when you went into church to-day. Dickey—I didn't think it was late enough for any one to be asleep.

"And the prisoner, when arrested, was disguised as a woman?" said the magistrate. "Yes, your honor." "How did you discover his identity?" We told him his hat wasn't on straight and he didn't pay any attention to us."

Traveler—Is this here th' bureau of information? Railroad Clerk—It is. Traveler—Well, about six hours ago a feller took my watch an' sachel around th' corner to git my name engraved on 'em, so they wouldn't git lost, an' I wanter know if the engravers of this 'ere town are all out on strike.

Little Brother—Mr. Sewtor, why is it that my sister Hattie is always so good-tempered before you come here of an evening, and then so cross to me next morning? Mr. Sewtor—Don't know, Johnny, shall I ask her? Little Brother—Yes; I've heard her say lots of times she wondered why you didn't ask her, but I never thought it was anything about that.

An Irish woman works for some East side families. "Sure if I had nobody's business but me own to moind," says she, "I'd have little enough to do." After expressing this sentiment she went on to say: "In County Limerick, where I come from, there was a man that said he'd give any woman that 'ud mind her own business a pound—twenty shillin's, I mean. And, upon me sowl, niver a wan of all the women in the county put in a claim for it."

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is still better.

Heaven finds a new joy every time a sinner repents.

A life of crime is often the result of running in debt.

It is foolishness to try to reason about what we cannot know.

Nothing makes us richer that does not make us more thankful.

The day becomes longer every time a lazy man looks at the clock.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

JESTS AND JOKELETS.

Diner, to waiter who brings the soup—Why didn't you take your finger out of that soup? Waiter—Oh, it 'ain't hot.

Bacon—They say Mrs. Shrew's mind is all gone. Egbert—I'm not surprised. She used to give her husband a piece of it every day.

Ethel—Was the wedding a very brilliant one? Gladys—Oh, very. They had to employ four detectives to watch the wedding presents.

"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?" Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better, too."

Teacher—Define obedience. Little Girl—Obedience is w'en girls don't go anywhere without asking and boys don't go anywhere without telling.

Travers—Look here, those shoes you made for me squeak. Shoemaker—They always squeak at the end of thirty days, sir, if the bill isn't paid.

Mrs. Slimdick—Why do you bring the dog into the house? Cook—Please, mum, the boarders always inquire after him w'en there is sausage fer breakfast.

"Fitzgobber's wife leads him a terrible life; she's constantly quarreling with him." "Indeed; why I didn't think she ever lost her temper." "She don't; it is always with her."

"Gotrox has sent that wooden-headed son of his on an ocean voyage. I wonder what for?" "I understand somebody told him if there was anything in the boy the sea would bring it out."

"Of course you believe in the millennium," said the irritable man's friend. "To be sure." "What is your idea of it?" "It will be a time when every lawnmower will have a music-box attachment."

Western Farmer, showing her about the place—Aunt, you haven't seen everything yet. If you'll come around to the other side of the house I'll show you the cyclone cellar. Elderly Aunt, from the East—Dear me! Do they sell cyclones here?

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A Ballerat girl the other day confessed to having set her mother's house on fire "because she was tired of the place and wanted to go to some other neighborhood." She didn't burn the place down, but had her wish all the same by being taken into custody.

That was an awkward predicament John Lazzur, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., found himself in when he went to get married, and not finding his prospective bride hunted her up only to find that she had changed her mind. The worst of it was he had invited several hundred people and ordered a supper.

When the crown prince of Denmark attended an examination in a Copenhagen school the other day, he noticed that one of the little girls was so confused that she could not recite her lesson. He thereupon took her on his lap, after which she answered every question correctly, and naively explained later: "Why, the crown prince whispered all the answers to me."

Upon one occasion Horace Greeley's unimpeachable teetotalism was open to impeachment. He was dining at the house of an anti-slavery subscriber to the Tribune, who had a fondness for good dinners. When the dessert was brought on Mr. Greeley was asked if he would take some preserved peaches; and, when he replied in the affirmative, a saucerful of them were set before him. He consumed them with gusto, told of his liking for fruit, said they were particularly good, asked for more, extolled their peculiar flavor and inquired how they were preserved, that he might have some prepared for use in his own domicile. Not till Mr. Greeley's saucer had been emptied for the second time did his host let the secret out: "They are brandied peaches!" The champion of teetotalism expressed his disapproval of all alcoholic drinks, while his face beamed with satisfaction.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A New York woman had a surgeon trim a pair of unshapely ears.

Hospital nurses and their friends will be interested in some statistics which have been compiled by Professor Tyndall. According to these, hospital nurses only attain, on an average, the age of 25 years, while the non-nursing women reach the quite mature age of 58.

BRILLIANTS.

Covetous men need money least, and yet they most affect it.

Nothing contributes so much to the duration of life as moderation.

To gain wealth does not make us happy, to lose it makes us miserable.

The trials of life are the tests which reveal how much of truth there is in us.

No man can be regarded as a master of himself till he has conquered his passions.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in others.

There is no grief without some beneficial provision to soften its intensity.

Do good to those who do you evil, and by this means you will gain a victory over them.

No man is thoroughly happy till the discharge of duty becomes his supreme pleasure.

As reconciling enemies is the work of God, so separating friends is the work of the devil.

Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase your inclinations to do that which is right.

Those should be deemed our best friends who kindly and seasonably tell us of our errors.

Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself the gentle reproach.

We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

SELECT NONSENSE.

Little Miss Mugg—T's got a bicycle, an' you hasn't. Little Miss Freckles—Yes, and now everybody knows you wears darned stockin's.

Furious Old Gentleman, to new Scotch footman—Do you take me for a fool, sir? Footman—Weel, sir, I'm no lang here, and I dinna ken yet.

"Man's got to hustle in my business," said the rental agent. "That so?" said the other man. "I thought all he had to do was to lie about the house day after day."

Father—Yes, I admit that your lover has a good income, but he has very expensive tastes, very. Daughter—You amaze me. What does he ever want that is so very expensive? Father—Well, you, for one thing.

"That was an awfully close call Jenkins had when his house was burning." "How was it?" "He couldn't be persuaded to leave the building." "How did they manage?" "Some cool-headed person thought to send a man in with a lot of unpaid bills."

An amateur applied to a manager for an engagement. The manager liked her appearance and supposed she had some experience. Wishing to ascertain what salary she expected he inquired, in the usual manner, "About what would be your figure?" "Oh," gasped the bashful girl, "I didn't dream I would have to wear tights."

THE MECHANIC ARTS.

A newly invented machine labels 100,000 cans daily.

In England they have what is called a "damp detector," a silver trinket, not unlike a compass in appearance. At the back are small holes in silver through which the damp passes and moves the needle until it points to the word "damp." By the aid of this contrivance unaired sheets can be detected.

In the treasure room of the maharajah of Baroda is stored a carpet which cost \$1,000,000. It is only 10 by 6 feet in size, but is woven from strings of pure pearls, with a center and corner circle of diamonds. It took three years to make it, and was intended as a gift to a certain Mohammedan beauty.

During a hearing in the Jefferson market (Philadelphia police court the other day a woman among the spectators suddenly shook her fist at one of the policemen. When an attempt was made to eject her she resisted so forcibly that she was arrested and hauled before the justice. "What has the policeman done that you should shake your fist at him?" the judge asked. "Nothing," replied the woman, "only he looks like a man I don't like. She was fined \$10.

A woman in Georgia was recently tried before a court on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. A clear case appears to have been made out against her, but her lawyer secured her discharge without denying a single allegation and without calling a single witness in her behalf. He simply asked the prosecutor whether he could swear test the defendant was not of sound mind, and, on the answer being in the negative, the judge ordered the woman's discharge and lectured the prosecutor for bringing a case into court in which the prosecutor could not take oath as to the mental capacity of the defendant.

Clarence Merring and Richard Briggs, brothers-in-law, living at Williamsburg, Pa., had a quarrel lately, which caused them to appear in the police court. The two men married sisters on the same day about a year ago, and a few weeks ago Mrs. Merring became the mother of a bouncing boy, but Mrs. Briggs didn't. The two couples met at the house of their father-in-law in Jamaica, and Briggs asked permission to carry the baby down stairs for his wife to look at. Merring good naturedly advised him that he needed a little experience before he could trust him to handle his baby, whereupon Briggs got angry and in the quarrel that followed he hit the proud father in the eye. This was what brought these brothers into court.

DIVERS DISCOVERIES.

A music typewriter has been invented.

Canaries, if constantly fed cayenne pepper, will gradually turn red. A little machine has been invented for opening eggs at the breakfast table.

Tropical spiders dig holes in the ground, which they line with silk and fit with trap doors.

When the aluminum cap was put on the Washington monument it cost \$8 a pound. Now it can be bought for thirty-seven cents a pound.

Professor Dewar of the Royal institute, London, in a recent lecture astonished his audience by many wonderful experiments, among others the freezing of soap bubbles.

The interior of the Josephine caves, near Grans' Pass, Oregon, has been explored for a distance of thirteen miles. Although in the midst of a rugged country, they are easily reached by a wagon road.

A peculiar tree growth is noticed at DeRuyter, N. Y. Two beeches, joined together, stand about twenty feet apart, each is over a foot in diameter, and it is impossible to tell which tree originally sent out the joining limb.

The most expensive thermometer in the world is in use at Johns Hopkins university. It is an absolutely correct instrument, with graduations on the glass so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them. It is valued at \$10,000.

The experiments of Luderitz of Vienna tend to establish the belief in the antiseptic properties of coffee. A strong solution of coffee, for example, ended the career of bacillus of typhoid in about twenty-four hours. The active streptococcus of erysipelas in twelve hours, while no longer than from three to four hours was sufficient to kill the malignant comma bacillus of cholera. Strong decoctions acted more quickly still.

MASCULINITIES.

It is possible for any Chinaman, on the payment of a sufficiently large sum of money, to become a diety in the Celestial empire.

The prince of Wales rarely goes to bed until 2 o'clock in the morning, nevertheless he is invariably down again before 9 o'clock.