

The Plymouth Mail.

VOLUME IX, NO. 45.

PLYMOUTH, MICH., JULY 10, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 461



We have
cut the tree of
High Prices
in the following:

**Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Provisions,
Crockery,
Glassware,**

**Ladies'
and
Gents'
Furnishings,
Etc.,**

Cheap for Cash.

J. R. RAUCH & SON.

If you want
Brick

We have them.

For inside
or outside work.

Prices on
application.

**L. C. HOUGH & SON,
F. & P. M. ELEVATOR.**

MISERABLE LUCK.

**PLYMOUTH'S BIG DAY NIPPED BY
RAIN AND WIND.**

Two Good Ball Games Were Played, But
The Storm Prevented the
Racing.

Saturday started out as if it were going to be a grand day for Plymouth's Fourth of July celebration, and continued fine until shortly after noon, when rain-set in and the day's fun was spoiled.

In the forenoon Wayne defeated Plymouth in a very nice game of ball by a score of 11 to 8. Had Plymouth been in any kind of shape they could have won out easily, but they have made no effort to play ball this season and practice is out of the question. But Fitz's colts were in good condition and Driver Kelley gave the colts every advantage, while the Giants suffered every time. But then it was a good game, and nobody regretted seeing it.

In the afternoon it looked as if Northville vs Detroit would not materialize. It did however, and they managed to play eight innings of very fine ball. Murphy, Wassey & Co. have a very strong team, and succeeded in piling up 9 runs while Northville got 6. Pitcher German never had better control, and with the old, reliable Curtiss, of Wayne, behind the bat, he had no fears in letting go his muscle to give all the speed possible to the ball. The 2,000 people present seemed entirely satisfied, and well they might be.

At the end of the eighth inning a storm came up which ended the game.

The horse and bicycle racing could not be held. The rain spoiled the track.

We are requested to say that Saturday evening, July 11, the fireworks that were intended for the Fourth, will be displayed somewhere near the village park.

One week from Saturday, or a date to be announced later, the races will be held on the fair grounds, and a free gala day held.

To our Patrons and the Public.

It becomes necessary for us to inform you that the rapidly increasing number of accounts and the endless work of keeping record of and collecting the same, necessitates our adopting the cash system.

On and after this date all laundry must be paid for when delivered. Our accounts are small but numerous, and of late our receipts have not been enough to meet current expenses. So far as many of our customers are concerned we regret to adopt this plan, but trust they will appreciate our position.

LOU HILLMER.

Plymouth, July 1st, 1896.

YOUR BOY WON'T LIVE A MONTH.

So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had Lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month." He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial bottle free at J. L. Gale's Drug Store.

All the People

Should keep themselves healthy and especial care should be given to this matter at this time. Health depends upon pure, rich blood, for when the blood is impure and impoverished diseases of various kinds are almost certain to result. The one true blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its power to purify and vitalize the blood it has proven itself to be the safeguard of health, and the record of remarkable cures effected, proves that it has wonderful power over disease. It actually and permanently cures when all other preparations fail to do any good whatever.

Excursion, July 12 to Detroit.

Delightful place for a Sunday outing. Detroit is too well known as a popular excursion point to need description. Take your wheel along. Costs nothing on Sundays. Train will leave Plymouth at 10:55 a. m., and arrive at Detroit at 11:35. Returning, leave Detroit 7:30 p. m. Round trip rate to Detroit 50 cents. (461-62) GEO. DEHAVEN, G. P. A.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

Township Valuations.

The sub-committee of the committee on equalization Tuesday submitted to the general committee their report with the following valuations for the townships and municipalities outside of Detroit:

Brownstown, \$648,000; Canton, \$612,000; Dearborn, \$1,005,000; Ecorse, \$1,530,000; Grafton, \$600,000; Greenfield, \$2,188,000; Grosse Point, \$1,260,000; Hamtramck, \$1,444,000; Huron, \$360,000; Livonia, \$564,000; Monguagon, \$816,000; Nankin, \$642,000; Plymouth, \$1,419,000; Redford, \$882,000; Romulus, \$435,000; Springwells, \$4,170,000; Sumpter, \$240,000; Taylor, \$360,000; Van Buren, \$573,000; Wyandotte, first ward, \$335,000; second ward, \$252,400; third ward, \$244,800; Total, \$20,790,600.

Last year the equalized valuation of these townships was over \$34,000,000.

Bad Bill's Break.

"Bad Bill" was a well known character in the west, and there are many stories told of his exploits, but one of the best has never been printed, and was related to a Washington Star reporter by a man who was present when it occurred.

Great Bend, Kas., now one of the best towns in the state, was at one time about the worst. This was when it was a railroad terminus before Dodge city was established.

A traveling evangelist went to Great Bend and tried to start a revival. There were a few Christians in town and these all attended the first meeting, the only one of the unregenerate present being "Bad Bill," who took a front seat. Every one feared trouble when he walked into the church, but he sat there quietly during the exhortation. The evangelist requested all who wanted to go to heaven to stand up, and every person present except Bill arose. When they were seated again Bill got up and, drawing two pistols, said:

"You say you want to go to heaven. Now anything I can do to help this game along and give pleasure to the players I'm in for. You all want to go to heaven, and I'll give you as good a chance as you'll ever have. The first man that gets up I'll give him a ticket clean through, without any stop."

The evangelist crawled under a seat, and the members of the congregation laid on the chairs.

"Well," said Bill, "I see you wasn't in earnest, so we'll put out the lights and call this meetin' adjourned." One by one he shot out the lights, and by morning the evangelist was on his way to Hutchinson, while the members of the congregation kept quiet and made no further attempts at holding a revival.

FAST AND FURIOUS

BLEW THE WIND LAST SATURDAY
AT PLYMOUTH.

A Score of Trees Suffered Injury or Complete Ruin. Other Damage Done.

About six o'clock Saturday evening one of the worst wind and rain storms ever known in this vicinity, visited Plymouth.

About 1,500 people yet remained on the grounds when the storm struck them. They took shelter in the grand stand and sheds. Several tents were on the grounds, and when the wind struck them they were laid low. The people in the grand stand became panic stricken and made a rush for the front, a number jumping a distance of 20 feet to the ground. It was only by efforts of cooler heads that they were held back. Ladies fainted but were soon brought too, and as the storm abated the crowd became calmer, but all were more or less wet.

Two young ladies were so terror stricken that they lay flat on the ground and clinched the grass for dear life, remaining there during the heaviest part of the storm.

D. W. Packard was the only one, outside of the fair association, that suffered much loss, as his show cases, dishes, soda fountain, etc., were smashed when the tent fell.

The fair association have fences to build besides some of the stock buildings, which were laid flat.

The entire village suffered more or less from the storm on account of shade and fruit trees being destroyed.

Three trees were uprooted in T. C. Sherwood's yard, while the chimney fell on E. W. Chaffee's house, smashing the roof and destroying some of the rafters. The central and schoolhouse parks were relieved of several loads of branches.

On the Tilden farm a barn was laid flat and a piece of orchard entirely destroyed on the Shearer farm.

Strange as it may appear, not a person was harmed in the least.

Taking it all in all, Plymouth was indeed very fortunate in having such a severe storm with so little damage.

DON'T

Paint Your House

Without looking our stock over. We will do you good both as regards

Quality and Price.

At this season of the year

Fresh Naval Oranges	Delicious Bananas
Pure Home-made Maple Syrup	Potted Ham and Tongue
Choice Confectionery	Brook Trout and Mackerel in Tomato
Sardines in Oil and Mustard	Heinz' Baked Beans in Tomato
Fig Tarts	Heinz' Chow-Chow
Vanilla Wafers	Sweet Pickles
Marshmallow Chocolate	Lemon Wafers
Vanilla Chocolate Wafers	Pretzelettes
Scda Crackers	Reception Flakes
Cocoa Taffy Cakes	Rifle Nut Ginger Snaps
Coffee Cakes	Cream Crackers
Sultana Fruit Cakes	

Are in Demand

We Have Them All

Fresh-full line of Kennedy's Celebrated Sweet Goods

Are You Cleaning House?

Well try a box of our Lightning Carpet Cleaner, only 25 cents Worth its Weight in Gold.

Full Line of Base Ball Goods.

Balls from 5c to \$1.25 New Stock of Mitts and Bats

Have you got that tired feeling?

Remember our Drug Department is second to none both in Quality of Material and Style of Workmanship.

Something New! Don't fail to try it!!

Guaranteed to kill Vermin on Horses, Cattle, Poultry or Swine. In one pound boxes only 25 cents.

Geo. W. HUNTER & Co

AT GALE'S

**MOUTH
ORGANS**

I have just received from New York a large stock of Mouth Organs, Concert Mouth Organs, Brass Band Mouth Organs, Etc., all at very Cheap Prices.

we have also just received the R & M, Royal, Violet, Talcom, Toilet and Baby Powder at 15 cents a can.

TRY IT.

For the largest stock of Groceries in town, and Cheapest Prices,

Go to Gales.

J. L. GALE.

THE BEACON LIGHT

BY M. T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

"How can it be your duty, Eleanor, if as you said—and it made my heart leap with joy—you love me, how can it be your duty to give me up and marry another? O, Eleanor, dear Ellie, think of my life-long devotion, my stern sacrifice, that refused to hear even a single word from you—my unceasing toil and incredible exertion to fit myself to stand in these doors a suitor for your hand, without a blush of shame! To have gained the long-prayed-for position, to find my love returned, and yet to lose you—have you thought how terrible a doom it is for me? Can it be a duty that would crush our hearts in the fulfillment?"

She wrung her hands.
"Forbear, O Walter—have pity on my weakness! All last night I wrestled in my agony to see the right, I came out of the bitter waters calm in self-renunciation, knowing it was my duty to give you up. Neither your grief nor my own anguish must drift me away from the position I defined then. Dear Walter, my childhood's friend, my protector and comforter always, help me now to be true to my own convictions of right!"

There was a solemn pathos in her tone—in her white face and imploring eye—that rebuked Walter's personal grief.
"Eleanor," said he, impetuously, "if I could see any reason for it—if it were not so contradictory to all my ideas of right—I would be willing to bear my own pain to aid you!"

"Be sure I must be well convinced of the right of it ere I peril your happiness and mine. If you knew all you would be the first to bid me God speed upon my atoning sacrifice."

Walter was looking steadfastly into the beautiful face. Coming suddenly forward, while his hand and cheek paled beneath the intensity of his emotion, he held out his hand.
"It is enough. I will bid you God-speed now. I renounce my hopes, Ellie—my Ellie, for whom I have lived, and striven, and hoped. I will give you up, even unto another's arms."

Lady Eleanor's head drooped forward to his shoulder; her cold white cheek touched his; her brown curls swung their sunny ripples against his jetty locks, while her quivering lips whispered:
"God bless you, Walter! It is pleasant now to think how short is earth—how enduring Heaven!"

He wrapped his arms around her, pressed her passionately to his heart, and then put her away. A step on the threshold startled them. Lady Annabel stood within the doorway, her sad glance wandering from one agitated face to another. She was evidently greatly moved, yet she came in with her accustomed stately grace, and greeted Walter with the usual salutation; then turning to her daughter, she said mournfully:

"I see how it is, my child; you deceived me last night, and my worst fears—when I knew Mr. Vernon had returned—are verified. I see that you love each other."

No answer came. Eleanor turned away her tearful face and Walter, his sensitive spirit stung by the thought that she would consider him as an interloper, raised his head in haughty silence.
"Eleanor, Eleanor!" came in a piteous voice, so full of yearning tenderness it seemed to convulse the poor girl's heart. "I asked no sacrifice of you. I should love and bless you still if you left me tonight to fly with the man you love. Hear me solemnly declare I dare not even advise you to marry other than him who holds your heart. Go and be happy, my child."

Walter bent forward joyously, but Eleanor only shook her head.
"I know you do not ask it, mother, but I know it is right—it is best, and it will give you peace. Walter himself has given me up, and blessed my ego!"

Lady Annabel looked wildly from one to the other as she faltered:
"But if you love each other, how can he give you up, or you take yourself from him?"

"The consciousness of doing right will enable us both to conquer our ill-fated affection—will it not, Walter?"
Paralyzed, grieved, heart-crushed, Walter could not refuse the pleading look in those blue eyes, and he answered—"Yes."

What was his astonishment to see Lady Annabel fall on her knees, and, catching her daughter's hand, bathe it with tears and dry it with kisses.
"My grand, heroic child!" cried she. "Will Heaven permit such innocence and worth to atone for the sin of others? I will pray that your noble sacrifice may not be needed; and yet I own, if it is completed, a mother's eternal gratitude will be yours. Ah, my own Eleanor, your pure heart shall lift away from me a load of remorse, and carry to another altars for suffering and loss. But it must be free and voluntary—not from fear of my displeasure—remember that!"

"Mamma, mamma," cried she, "you are ill; this excitement is killing you!" She waved them back and whispered with a wan smile on her deadly face:

"It is nothing new; it will pass presently."
"Mamma," said Eleanor with a new air of determination and energy, "once for all, let us settle this subject. I know the constant worrying about it is destroying you. Here I am a willing, voluntary mediator, thankful—so thankful, my darling mother, to be able to brighten thus little of your trial. I am sorry you should know how much it cost me to relinquish Walter, but believe me, I shall conquer it bravely. Once entered upon the path, I shall not shrink; I shall never repent!"

Lady Annabel raised the soft hand to her lips and whispered:
"I consent. May Heaven forgive me if I am wrong! After all," she added, "it may never be required of you. We may never find him, or he may have chosen another himself."

"Ah, yes," responded Eleanor soothingly, "we are making a great deal of trouble before we are sure there is need of it. But you, Walter, must never hope for anything except a friend's affection, a sister's love."
Walter sighed.

"So be it, then, I submit. May I know the name of him who wins the treasure I lose?"
"His name?" repeated Lady Eleanor, dreamily. "I do not even know it yet."

"What inexplicable mystery is this?" ejaculated Walter.
She shuddered while she answered:
"Be content, Walter, and ask no more."
"My children," whispered Lady Annabel, "one thing I must require of you. The intention may be sincere and genuine, but the heart be treacherous. Mr. Vernon, I request you to continue your visits as usual. The test must be applied by actual trial. If my daughter can learn to school her own heart, it is well; if not, I would rather die myself than take her from you."

She rose from her chair, signed for Eleanor to support her, and bidding him as courteous an adieu as if only ordinary conversation had passed between them, left the drawing room.
So ended this exciting, perplexing, sorrowful interview; and restless and miserable, haunted by a thousand absurd misgivings, Walter returned to his studio. He remained a week away from Collinwood House, during which time he met the admiral, whose easy, unrestrained manner showed he was ignorant of all that had passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ONLY event of importance, mean while occurred at a private party to which he had gone with his fast and warm admirer, Viscount Somerset. They were in the midst of a gay crowd when the young lord, touching his arm, said formally:

"Mrs. Dacre, allow me to present to you our distinguished artist, Signor Vernon. Vernon, the Hon. Mrs. Dacre."

Absent-minded and sad, Walter had not heeded the lady's approach. There was no way to avoid an interview. She stood before him, her genial face aglow with smiles, her fair white hand extended toward him.
One moment Walter's fierce eyes glowed upon her; his haughty lip curled in scorn; then turning upon his heel, he ejaculated:

"No, no, I shall never take that hand in friendly greeting," and vanished in the crowd.
The startled Mrs. Dacre colored crimson, and the tears rose to her eyes; but seeing her husband's anger, she passed on eagerly, endeavoring to soothe the fierceness of his indignation at the insult.

The viscount hunted up Walter later in the evening, and said with grave, embarrassed face:
"Upon my word, Vernon, I hardly know what to say. I'm afraid you've made a decidedly ugly business. Dacre is in a rage, and declares your present popularity shall not save you from a horse-whipping, if you refuse to give him satisfaction. In fact, signor, it was rather a hard thing. I was taken aback myself."

"No doubt you were, and exceedingly indignant, my noble friend. I was grieved myself that it should happen, but I would die a thousand times rather than touch that woman's hand."
The viscount looked up as if doubting his sanity.
"Somerset," said Walter again, in a another voice of deep emotion, "if you met a woman who had wrecked the happiness, perilled the life, and blasted the good name of the dead father you loved once better than life, would you take her hand in yours, though etiquette, courtesy, and the whole world demanded it?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "but still I am mystified. Mrs. Dacre is a lady of irreproachable character—there is no mistake!"
"No," replied Walter, bitterly. "I

know she was admired, respected and prosperous; she is none the less my father's deadliest foe."
"What is to be done?" asked the perplexed viscount. "Dacre's friend will wait upon you to-night."

"What—a duel? A mode of settlement as despicable as it is abhorrent! Well, well, it matters not. I cannot avoid it; you would all believe me a coward if I refused; so I will stand and let him shoot me, for wrong my own soul so much as to raise a deadly weapon against the life the Creator gave, I will not. Let him shoot; it is meet the son should perish as well as the father, through Annabel Marston's means."

The kind-hearted Somerset was really grieved and troubled.
"Is there no way to avoid it? Dacre demanded the reason for such insulting conduct; can I not hint something that will satisfy him?"

"You may say to that woman, I could not take her hand, because I am Paul Kirkland's son, who knew Annabel Marston of Lincolnshire in days gone by. Mark her face when you speak the name."

Throughout the next day Walter was in no enviable state of mind. All things looked gloomy and threatening. The sorrowful fate before Eleanor—the mystery of the motive that should make her thus voluntarily immolate herself upon the altar of duty—the hard struggle and desolate, loveless life before himself—the bitter resentment for his father's wrongs—all disheartened and dismayed him. He was in no mood to grieve when his friend returned saying Dacre would only be satisfied with a full apology. The lady, he said, remembered seeing once or twice in Lincolnshire a drawing-master named Kirkland, but was not aware how that should affect Signor Vernon's conduct in the least.

"Let him shoot a dozen times if it will comfort him any," said Walter, sarcastically. "I can't say but I shall be the greater gainer by the operation. I will leave him an explanation of her 'once or twice.' Go back, and let him fix the place and time for the heroic deed. I will be on the spot, and I will stand as quiet, be sure, as the best target he ever shot against. Life has no charms; let him send me out as quick as possible."

"What would all London say to hear this!" cried the viscount in despair. "Signor Vernon, the worshiped, petted artist, already crowned in youth with the laurel wreath, ready to throw away his life so recklessly. Ah, my friend, I might hint at a more powerful reason for you to seek escape from this. Lady Eleanor Collinwood, our pride and star, before whom so many plead in vain, looks upon you alone with favoring eyes. Will you forsake that enviable position?"

"Hush!" interrupted Walter sternly. "No more! Go at once and settled this wretched business!"

The viscount left him, and Walter flung himself upon the lounge and tried to sleep to escape the maddening tumult of thought. The effort was as vain as if the soft damask had been lined with thorns. Then he rose and paced to and fro, two hours or more, when his errand boy handed him a brief line from Somerset.

"To-morrow, at eight in the morning, at Blackheath."
He read the line two or three times and then said aloud:
"And this, then, is the end of all my high hopes, my unceasing endeavors—to die in a duel! I must see Eleanor again; she need not know it is a farewell interview, but it will be a consolation to me—possibly to her also—if the worst happens."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LANG'S WONDERFUL DOG.

Did Some Very Remarkable Things According to the Veracious Narrator.
A Newfoundland named Oscar belonging to myself had often listened with much interest to stories of rescue of drowning persons by dogs, says Lang in Longman's Magazine. I happen to possess an engraving of Landseer's "Member of the Humane Society." Oscar would contemplate it for hours and study the pose in the mirror. One day two little children were playing alone on St. Andrew's pier and I was sketching the ruins at a short distance, Oscar running about on the pier. I happened to look up and saw Oscar, as if inadvertently, but quite deliberately, back one of the children (Johnny Chisholm by name) into the water, which is there very deep. The animal then gave three loud howls to attract attention (he had been taught to give "three cheers for Mr. Gladstone"), jumped into the water, rescued the child and carried him, "quite safe but very wet," to the local photographer's, obviously that the deed might be commemorated by art. Nobody saw the beginning of this tragedy except myself. Oscar, when brought home, deliberately rapped out "Humane Society" with his tail on the floor, but, much as I appreciated his intelligence, I could not, in common honesty, give him a testimonial. This preyed on his mind; he accompanied a party to the top of St. Rules' tower and deliberately leaped from the top, being dashed to pieces at the feet of an eminent divine whose works he had often, but unsuccessfully, entreated me to review in an unfavorable sense. His plan was to bring the book, lay it at my feet and return with the carving knife in his mouth.

Ungodliness.

Ungodliness always leads to lawlessness and is destructive. It affects the home, the community, and the life of the nation. We can only exist as a nation when we foster and cherish morality and religion.—Rev. R. J. Meiser.

GAMECOCKS BRAVE.

ARE THE MOST COURAGEOUS OF LIVING CREATURES.

Painful Test by a Kentucky Breeder—Short but Brilliant Career of Defiance—He Has Earned \$3,000 for His Owner.



In the animal kingdom self-preservation is the strongest instinct, says the New York World. Courage is its disregard. Under this definition the gamecock must without doubt be awarded the palm as being the most courageous of all living creatures.

A game bull terrier will fight to the death, but it is doubtful if any dog would begin a fight with a live coal burrowing into his spine. The coal would take his thoughts away from the other dog and turn his energies to getting rid of the coal. A live coal does not affect a gamecock's ferocity.

A famous breeder of game fowls in Kentucky recently determined to ascertain if possible what amount of pain would disconcert a thoroughly good gamecock. He tried several measures without avail before resorting to a final and supreme test.

This enterprising and unfeeling gentleman selected two fine birds of equal weight and put them through the usual conditioning and training for a battle. During this period they were kept in small pens, where they were in constant view of one another, though unable to "get together."

When they were fit to fight they were first healed with spurs in the usual manner. Then the experimenter by means of a leather strap with an iron socket set in it strapped a live coal to the back of each bird's neck at its base. They were then faced in the pit and freed.

The coals burned through the feathers almost instantly, and the sizzling flesh told they were quickly sinking in towards the spine.

Neither bird, however, seemed to be conscious of the acute pain which the burning must have caused. With a rush they dashed at one another, striking viciously. They were both fast fighters, and in less than three minutes one had succeeded in delivering his opponent a fatal thrust through the brain. The wounded cock collapsed, and, with convulsive tremor, died.

The victor, with eye out, badly slashed in the neck and breast and with the coal still smoking in his back, pecked once or twice at the dead cock and, lifting up his head, crowed a shrill, heartfelt crow. All that makes life beautiful for game roosters was at that moment experienced by this extraordinary bird.

The coal, which was still hot enough to burn a man's hand, was unstrapped and the wound dressed. It had, however, eaten too deep and paralysis of the spinal cord resulted, which made wringing the brave bird's neck the most merciful end of the cruel experiment.

Although cock-fighting is a brutal sport properly forbidden by the law its popularity is probably due to the fact that the game birds give no sign of the pain they undergo. Thus their battles do not shock the sensibilities of the spectators as do dog fights. In spite of the authorities hundreds of cocking mains come off within a few miles of New York every year.

A chicken that has earned \$3,000 for his owner is the champion heavyweight gamecock Defiance.

Defiance is 6 years and 3 months old, which is an advanced age for a gamecock, but he is still in the pink of condition, having from youth up left whiskey alone and kept early hours.

Only three months ago Defiance won the world's championship by killing Victorious, the talented Spanish pile that previously held the belt. This battle came off at Ellenville, where is a celebrated cocking pit.

Defiance's natal egg was hatched at Sayville, L. I., in January, 1890, giving him a good start in the stag class of his year. His father was a much-respected Spanish brass-back cock of blue blood, and his hen mother was likewise of an excellent Spanish brass-back family.

Mr. John Given of East New York, L. I., was under the impression that he owned the paternal Defiance, the hen, layout and all the chickens, but while Defiance, Jr., was still a young cockerel he cleaned out the ranch. At the age of 6 months he discovered that he had been born to fight and illustrated his discovery upon his brother stag. Although his spurs were not grown, he so completely discouraged several young cocks that they were good for nothing but potpie and had their necks wrung in consequence.

Defiance grew very big and soon made his professional debut in the pit. He developed a quick, vigorous style of fighting, which, if he was well healed, has never failed to put holes through the other cock's head and neck in short order.

His fighting weight is now eight pounds, and he is as tough as he is heavy. In the course of his many battles he has cleared up about \$3,000 for his owner, and so far as known has never been arrested.

Mad Debtors for Charity.

The merchants of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, have conceived an ingenious method of combining benevolence with revenge. They have turned over their bad debts to the Woman's Missionary society of their city, thus relieving themselves of further responsibility for the prosecution of missions and subjecting their delinquent debtors to a series of runs from the eternal feminine.

A Child Enjoys.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Unity of Faith.

Men have always differed and always will on unessential matters. I do not think it is necessary that they should all agree perfectly. So while I am a firm believer in the unity of faith I do not look for the unity of the churches.—Rev. A. D. Mason.

The question often asked—"Why are pupils of the New England Conservatory so uniformly successful as teachers or performers?" is readily answered by those who have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the institution. With an equipment superior to that of any other school, with both American and foreign teachers of the highest rank, with Boston, the art centre of America, to furnish the best organs and concert halls, it is easy to see why one year of study there is better than two elsewhere. Its prospectus is sent free.

On Condition.

Money Lender (to lieutenant)—"All right, I will prolong your bill, but only on one condition, namely, that during the next paper chase you scatter broadcast these little cards with the words: 'Money advanced on easy terms by N. N.'"—Feinsinnige Zeitung.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney & Bladder Remedy. Free trial bottle and treatise. Harrisburg, Pa. Dr. Kline, 151 Arch St., Philadelphia.

"I am on the trail again," said the old scout when he trod on the woman's dress. A good resolution is supposed to be one that will stretch a little when necessary. A rock on the top of Alpine Peak, in California, spouts electricity.



The Bane of Beauty.
Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose cascade of charms is yet untried by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or falling hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, HIRE'S Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. Best by any test.

Made only by The Charles H. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 16c package and 1/2 gallon. Sold everywhere.

PENSION JOHN W. HENNING, Successor to Proprietors Claims, Late Principal and Manager U. S. Pension Bureau, 575 1/2 St. Louis, Mo., Washington, D. C., City, Mo.

W. N. U., D.—XIV—28.

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.



"Judgment!!"

Battle Ax & Plug

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

Standard of the World

For nineteen years we have been building Columbia Bicycles, constantly improving them, as we have discovered better materials and better methods, until today they rank, not only in America, but in Europe, as the handiwork, strongest, lightest and easiest running bicycles made.



are made in the largest and most completely equipped factories in the world, and every detail of their manufacture is carried on upon thoroughly scientific lines, thus preventing mistakes or imperfections. \$100 to all alike.

Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbia, and of Standard Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 3-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not nearby, write to nearest agent.

FREE HOMES

Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grain, grass, fruit and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. The lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. 1897 is the last year to enter a 160-acre tract. For further information write to E. V. E. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark. 107 North 1st Street in St. Louis.

That Tired Feeling

Makes you seem "all broken up," without life, ambition, energy or appetite. It is often the forerunner of serious illness, or the accompaniment of nervous troubles. It is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is therefore apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS AND PERSONAL MENTION.

What Our Scribe Gathered on the Outside.—Other News Items.

Miss Jackson, of Fremont, O., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Kate Covert, of Leslie, is visiting her aunt, Miss Maria Root.

George Holbrook, Jr., of Ann Arbor, visited in town over Sunday.

Miss Emma Stever, of Detroit, visited her parents over the Fourth.

Geo. Curtis is assisting Chas. Fisher in the Plymouth Savings Bank.

Salem B. M. vs Plymouth B. M. at ball grounds this Friday afternoon.

Miss Andrews, of Mayville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Wilson.

Lena Vrooman and Sadie Penniman are visiting Miss Lenna Hill, in Strathroy Canada.

Miss Stella Widrig, of Mt. Clemens, was the guest of Mae Brunson Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Flossie Davis, of Chicago, is spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Jones.

A. P. Hubbard and family and O. N. Baker and family visited in Plymouth over Sunday.

Mrs. O. A. Fraser entertained a few of her lady friends on Monday evening last to a sweet pea party.

Miss Knapp, of Detroit, Preston Fuller and sister, of Northville, were guests of Clay Hoyt on the Fourth.

W. O. Allen was the first to pay taxes for '06, having deposited \$52.50 with Treasurer Ladd, Wednesday evening.

Don't forget the Matrons' Contest at Village Hall, to-night. Adults 15 cents. Children under 13 years, 10 cents.

The Eastern Star and Maccabee ladies will give a union ice cream social in the park Saturday evening, July 11. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. Burge Miner returned to her home in Toledo, O., on Tuesday after a three weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ruppert.

The Markham Air Rifle shop boys will play the Plymouth Business Men's club a game of ball at the fair grounds next Thursday, July 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Stringer drove to Ypsilanti on Monday and returned Tuesday, bringing their niece, Miss Ernestine Edmonds, home with them.

Quarterly meeting services next Sunday at the Methodist church. Rev. C. T. Allen will preach in the evening. All invited to hear the eloquent divine.

Mr. J. D. Butler and Miss Ella Foster, of Monroe, and Mr. E. Tomlinson and H. Gregory, of Detroit, were the guests of J. W. Jones and family over Sunday.

Engineer Geo. Waite was the first man to send an engine over the new Toledo branch of the F. & P. M., while Fred Reeves turned the switch for the first train.

The ladies of the several societies heartily unite in extending to Mr. D. W. Packard their sincere thanks for his liberal donation of cream for the union social held on Saturday evening.

E. K. Bennett and John Wilcox left Tuesday evening for a couple of week's outing at Petoskey and vicinity. Mr. Bennett has been in poor health of late and it is hoped the change will be of much benefit.

Mrs. H. Safford has a relic in a sample of a whig ticket, it being the first ballot the late D. D. Fraick ever cast for any party, and bears the date April 6th, 1846, a little over 50 years ago. Henry B. Holbrook was the candidate for supervisor.

By some unaccountable means the little daughter of Albert Trinkaus had a needle run into the side of her head, which remained there no one knows how long. One morning last week Mrs. Trinkaus found it. The little one had not complained, or given cause to suspect anything wrong.

Account Evacuation Day celebration at Detroit July 11th, the F. & P. M. will sell excursion tickets at one and one third fare for the round trip. Tickets good July 11th only. (451)

Mrs. John McLaren is quite ill.

Mrs. L. H. Bennett is on the sick list. A. D. Lapham is quite ill at present.

Mrs. Leyla Haaninger is on the sick list. Dr. Saunders and wife spent the 4th here.

Miss Sallie Merrell is spending the week in New Boston.

Chas. Horning, of Detroit, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Myrtle Phillips, of Northville, visited in town Friday and Saturday.

Harry McClumpha has returned to resume work in the steel works at Joliet, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who have been visiting relatives here, left Monday for the Niagara Falls.

Tornado Insurance, \$3.00 per 1000 for 5 years.

E. P. LOMBARD, Agt. (461)

Miss Tena Packard has been spending the week at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Tyler.

Chas. F. Bennett has a position in Detroit as paving inspector. He started to work Monday.

Mr. Oren and Miss Maud Merrell, of New Boston, spent the Fourth with their sisters at this place.

Mr. Fred and Misses Emma and Minnie Mueller, of Detroit, visited friends in town the latter part of last week.

W. T. Conner and Robt. Mimmack attended the meeting and banquet of hardware merchants at Detroit, Thursday.

Mrs. L. C. Hough, Mrs. M. A. Vrooman and Miss Maude Vrooman attended the Christian Science meeting in Detroit on Tuesday.

Misses Margaret Jamieson and Carrie Hosie, of Wayne, and Flossie Holbrook, of Ann Arbor, rode to Plymouth on their wheels Wednesday.

All the members of Tonquish lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet at Oddfellow's hall, Sunday evening, July 12, at 6:30 p. m. From there the lodge will attend memorial services at the Baptist church.

The "Is Marriage a Failure Co." will play a return engagement at the Opera house, Tuesday and Wednesday evening, July 14 and 15. "The Private Secretary" and "East Lynne" will be presented. This company is first class in every respect. Everybody go. 10 and 20 cents.

Geo. O. Starkweather, as administrator for the estate of Edward Larkins has been granted an order from the Probate Court to sell at public auction all the personal property of said Edward Larkins. Sale will be next Thursday, July 16, at one o'clock, on the premises. Terms cash.

The Oxford Globe pulls Ann Arbor over the coals good and hot for sending a "lot of rubbish" called charity to the cyclone sufferers. It does not seem possible that Ann Arbor's good people would do such a thing, and we think that a mistake has been made. No doubt that in sending a car load of donations some things will get in that are not of much account, but on the whole Mr. Globe, how is it?

No morphine or opium in Dr. Miles' Pain Expeller. Cures All Pains. "One cent a dose."

A Long Journey by Dog Sleighs.

George Ecker of the state harbor police has returned from a sojourn of about three months' duration in the vicinity of Juneau, Alaska. Ecker states that he did not visit Cook's inlet, but is inclined to doubt the reports prevalent as to the deprivations undergone by miners. "As far as Juneau is concerned," he said, "everything is booming and much money is being made." He tells an interesting story relative to the experience of two women in the wilds of the Yukon district.

Fred Berry, an adventurous spirit who joined the restlessness through that visited the gold fields about six months ago, having made quite a snug fortune recently returned to Fresno and was married to a charming young lady of that section. The couple then proceeded to one of the trading posts on the Yukon attainable by boats, then procured a sleigh and the requisite number of dogs to make a journey of about 2,000 miles inland, to where Berry had his claim. Before they started Mr. and Mrs. Berry were joined by another lady, whose name Ecker has forgotten, and the trio started to traverse the frozen ice fields. The trip is full of hardships and none but a most determined person would attempt it.—San Francisco Post.

Senator Brice's Story.

Some one said to Senator Brice that it did not matter which way the silver question was decided, as the country could be just as prosperous under a silver standard as it was with the gold standard, and this remark reminded Senator Brice of a story. Two well-bred young men were rivals for the affections of a fair lady, and, being gentlemen, they did not wish to fight a duel and try to kill each other, nor did they want to go to it with their fists. They glowered at each other a little while, and then one said to his rival: "We don't want to fight about this lady, so I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll toss for her." To this the other agreed. "Then," said the first, "I'll toss up a brick, and if it stays in the air the girl is yours. If it comes down she's mine."

Sensitive. "Why did you do it?" asked the inquisitive visitor of the man who was under sentence for throwing his wife into the well. "She was cryin'," the gentleman explained, "and I never could stand to see a woman cry." (467)

Plain and Fancy

costumes and all that goes to make them; dry goods galore from A to Z on the list; a brilliant line of Shirt Waists that's a feast to the eye, in all the popular materials; Summer suits in all the wash fabrics at absurdly low prices; Dress Goods in every variety of colors and effects, solid colors, stripes, checks, plaids, and figures; a stock that's a procession to a climax of pleasant surprises, and all coupled with prices that, once known, must be followed up

Elegant line Dimeter worth 15,18c now 10c, 12½c
Fine Lace Effects worth 25c, now 18c
Big Cut in Shirt Waists.

Bargains in all lines of Wool Dress Goods.
See our 75c Serges now at 50c a yd
Bleached Cotton at 6½c
Good Unbleached Cotton at 4½c
Ginghams at 5c
Good Standard Prints at 5c

Bargains in Laces, Ribbons, Corsets, Gloves, Mitts, Hosiery, Underwear, Belts and Buckles, Ladies' Collars and Cuffs, Neckties, Wrappers, Lace Curtains, Carpets, Draperies, etc.

Everything in the store now at a Bargain Price.
Don't forget we are selling Clothing and Shoes very Cheap now. Don't buy a dollar's worth of goods in any house until you have our prices as we are sure to save you money.

Council Notes.

The common council held a good session Monday evening, at which all the members were present except Trustee Smitherman.

The following bills were presented and allowed:

M. F. Gray	1 50
Detroit S. L. & L. P. W.	5 50
W. J. Bradner	2 00
H. C. Benton	5 00
R. L. Root	180 00
H. D. Edwards & Co.	96 50
M. R. Weeks	5 70
Conrad Springer	63
August Stever	18 25
O. H. Polly	1 05
C. Chambers	13 00
H. C. Robinson	35
J. E. Knapp	6 50
Sam Kaiser	5 00
Luther Lyon, pay roll	60 09
L. E. Cable	1 40
Geo. Shafer	42 00

Trustee Allen reported damage done in Riverside cemetery by the storm. The cemetery committee was instructed to act in repairing same.

The clerk was instructed to request the telephone company to paint and repair all telephone poles in the corporate limits.

Trustee Allen asked if the village now had a marshal, as Marshal Weeks had accepted a position in Detroit. Mr. Weeks said he would be away only a short time, and asked the council to appoint a deputy at his expense. Trustee Baker said that a good many thought someone else should be appointed as marshal.

On discussion the council decided that they had no law to govern them in appointing a deputy marshal. Mr. Weeks then resigned. A new marshal will be appointed at the next meeting.

The same question was presented as to treasurer, Treasurer Bennett having accepted a position in Detroit.

The council could not see wherein another could act as treasurer when the law plainly says: "When an office holder shall leave the village his office shall be declared vacant."

On motion it was so declared vacant. The council then proceeded to elect a treasurer.

On the first ballot H. C. Bennett received 2 votes, E. K. Bennett 1, H. W. Baker 1, W. O. Allen 1.

On the second ballot Mark Ladd received 4 votes and H. C. Bennett 1.

Mark Ladd was declared elected to the office of treasurer. He took the oath of office at once.

Trustee Gale, as chairman on ordinances, was instructed to prepare an ordinance governing hawkers and pedlars.

Mrs. Ely and Mrs. L. H. Bennett were present and asked the council for the privilege to build a closet in the cemetery yard at the Presbyterian church.

After much discussion it was left in the cemetery committee's hands with power to act. Fifty days time was given the treasurer in which to collect taxes.

Council adjourned to meet Wednesday evening.

At the adjourned meeting of the council held Wednesday evening, the bond of Treasurer Ladd was presented, with E. C. Leach and L. C. Hough as sureties, and accepted.

Fred Dunn was appointed by the president as marshal, the appointment being confirmed by the council. Council adjourned.

FREE—64-page medical reference book to any person afflicted with any special chronic or delicate disease peculiar to their sex. Address the leading physicians and surgeons of the United States, Dr. Hathaway & Co., 10 Dearborn street, Chicago. (456-508)

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. Services held in St. Paul's Hall every Sunday morning at 10:30. All are most cordially invited to attend.

H. K. LUM, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence—177 1/2 E. Ferry street, 2nd floor, opposite the park, Plymouth, Mich. (467)



Yours respectfully,
RIGGS, THE CLOTHIER.

A Large Stock of

Binder Twine
Hay Rope
Harpoon Hay Forks
— AT —

M. Conner & Son's,
Plymouth, Mich.

If You Want
Stale Groceries, High Prices, Poor Treatment, etc.,
Don't
Go to Cable's.
Our stock is Fresh and we aim to please.
"Wonderful Dream" Salve, at our store.
Try our "CC" Prize Coffee.
We are Headquarters for School Supplies.

L. E. CABLE.

Clipper Bicycles

\$45 - \$50 - \$60 - \$75

Save Money.

TIME, TINKERING, WORRY, & WALKING
By buying a strictly high grade wheel, built for business, on any kind of road and for any weight of rider. Made by responsible makers and fully warranted. Call and examine wheels before purchasing elsewhere.

C. G. DRAPER, Agent,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

F. E. LAMPHERE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESSES.

Lap Dusters, Mummy from 50c to \$3.00
Lap Dusters, Green Cloth, \$1.50 to \$4.00
Imported German Lap Rugs \$2.75
Wool Lap Robes \$2.00 to \$7.75
Plush Lap Robes \$2.25 to \$9

Harness Repairing a Specialty.
F. E. LAMPHERE, PLYMOUTH.

RASPBERRIES—Parties desiring raspberries for canning purposes or for table use, may have same fresh picked every day by leaving orders at the MAIL OFFICE. Market prices.

Eli drives the bus
But says it is no fun.
The horses cannot go you know
Unless he gets the "mun."

12 Bus Rides for \$1.00.
If tickets are purchased in advance.

H. C. ROBINSON,
Livery and Sale Stables.

Well Satisfied with
Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray. I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and was so well satisfied with the results that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It requires only an occasional application of



AYER'S
Hair Vigor to keep my hair of good color, to remove dandruff, to heal itching humors, and prevent the hair from falling out. I never hesitate to recommend Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, Nebr.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the Complexion.

Return Engagement
—OF THE—

Is Marriage
a Failure Company.

Opera House
Tuesday & Wednesday

JULY 14-15

This time we present

"The Private Secretary,"

And —
"East Lynne."

The Same Company,
Popular prices, 10 and 20c

TWEEN THE LAKES.

INDIAN NEWS RECORDED IN BRIEF ITEMS.

Prohibitionists Split at the Lansing Convention—The New National Party Formed and Two State Tickets Announced.

The split which occurred in the Prohibition party at the national convention at Pittsburg some weeks ago has caused a break in the party in Michigan at the state convention at Lansing.

The Nationalists met in the armory with 200 people present. Chairman A. L. Moore, of Pontiac, opened the ball.

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The attendance at the narrow gauge convention was considerably smaller. John Russell, the venerable "father of Prohibition," presided and W. A. Taylor was made secretary.

The Republican state central committee met at its new headquarters in Detroit, to transact business principally relating to the coming state convention.

The weekly bulletins of the Michigan weather service bureau says that the weather has been generally favorable for crops and harvesting.

Geo. Woods attempted to swim in the river at Flint and was drowned. The Sunday school Rally Day of Wayne county at Detroit was a big success.

THE TWO PENINSULAS.

The free mail delivery has been abandoned at Monroe.

Coldwater citizens contributed \$100 for the cyclone sufferers.

Careless children—firecrackers—Robt. Butler's home near Brown City—loss \$2,000.

John B. Allen, aged 72, and Mrs. Emma Bradley Pierce, aged 33, were married at Kalamazoo.

Wm. Clark, a farmer living at Cole-rain, was struck by lightning while working in a wheat field.

Herman Lasley, aged 61, was found guilty at Bay City of raping his 11-year-old granddaughter, Eva Buska.

Almont has contributed \$600 cash and nearly as much in goods for the benefit of the cyclone sufferers.

An F. & P. M. train ran over Hiram Parrish, aged 63, at Bay City, and his left leg will have to be amputated.

Lizzie Johnson, aged 6, died at Pent-water from the effects of burns received from an exploding firecracker.

The barn on the farm of John Barnett, near Coopersville burned with two horses. Barnett was arrested for arson.

Mrs. Annie Finley, aged 17, fell into the river from her husband's dredge just below Wyandotte and was drowned.

Nine horses and 12 carriages were consumed in the burning of the barn of J. J. Hillen, 210 Sixth street, Detroit. Loss \$4,000.

John Shanahan, a brakeman on the D. G. H. & M. railroad, was drowned in the river at Grand Rapids. He got into deep water and could not swim.

Isaac T. Barton, aged 55, inventor of Barton's metallic thresher, was killed by a C. & G. T. switch engine at Battle Creek, while he was walking on the track.

The Detroit Guardsmen, with 350 men and a band of 20 pieces, camped at Lexington under the instruction of Capt. Vernou, of the Nineteenth U. S. infantry.

The supreme court has decided that male school teachers must pay \$1 institute fees, and female teachers 50 cents, under the law made by the last state legislature.

A wagonload of ball players, were struck by a train near Edwardsburg. Harry Kingbaum received internal injuries which may prove fatal.

The threatened strike is on at F. W. Wheeler & Co.'s shipyards at Bay City. In addition to those out on strike between 200 and 300 were laid off, so only about 300 were at work.

Three sons of Phil. Rogner were seriously wounded at Monroe by an explosion of a cannon made from gas pipe. John, the eldest, was shot in the face and will lose his eyesight.

An old veteran named Benj. Huff, aged 63, living at Rolling Prairie, 15 miles southwest of Niles, shot and killed his daughter-in-law and then ended his own life by Temporary insanity.

Wilson Hathaway, of Buchanan, a brakeman on a Michigan Central freight, caught his foot in a frog at Kalamazoo, and had both legs cut off and skull his crushed. He died in one hour.

John Forsell was stabbed to the heart in a drunken affray, that took place in Andrew Michow's saloon at Ishpeming. Abram Planting, the bartender, and one other, are under arrest on suspicion.

Gov. Rich, Secretary of State Washington Gardner and other prominent men participated in the Rally Day program of the Oakland county Sunday schools at Pontiac. The affair was a huge success.

Mrs. Catherine Peterson, well-known young lady of Dowagiac, was married to Wm. D. Warner, of Michigan City, Ind., in the show window of a leading merchant at Michigan City, in the presence of 3,000 people.

Fire started on the third floor of A. M. Walker's dash board factory at Jackson, and before it could be stopped it had caused a loss of \$3,500 to Walker, \$2,500 to A. D. Jenk's billiard parlor, and \$2,000 to the building.

Lightning struck the tower of the Ann Arbor railroad at Hamburg Junction, killing Henry Madison and injuring William Zeeb, John Dutton, R. Tompkins, of Hamburg, and F. Knabsohan and Sam Anderson of Chicago.

May Brown was placed under arrest at Grayling, on a charge of arson. She is charged with setting fire to a barn. Jacob Lightner, whom she married a few years ago under peculiar circumstances, was in the building and narrowly escaped alive.

Ray E., the 14-year-old son of Congressman W. E. Linton, of Saginaw, was painfully injured at the residence of Congressman Crump at Bay City by the premature discharge of a cannon. His face was filled with powder and his hands badly burned.

The annual reunion of the Fifth Michigan cavalry, commemorating the thirty-third anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, was held at Northville. Geo. S. White, of Jackson, was elected president for the coming year, and his city was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

At Kalamazoo, Ernest Champion lost three fingers and a thumb and had a hole cut in his breast by a giant cracker exploding in his hand. Henry Wagner had a pound of powder blown up in his hand, filling him full of the explosive. His face is terribly disfigured.

Thos. Sheridan is trying to hold the two offices of supervisor and county clerk. The board of supervisors refused to recognize him as one of their number and he, as county clerk, refused to give up the county tax roll until he was so recognized. The courts will settle the matter.

John Vanderpoen drowned while bathing in Reid's lake, near Grand Rapids.

James Jerry, aged 7, was drowned in the Saginaw river at Bay City.

A Brown City driver who imagined that bicyclists had no rights on the road ran one into a ditch and then laughed at him. The cyclist had the fellow arrested and the judge thought a fine of \$40 would help him to remember that others had a right on the road.

The county clerk's office, of Newaygo county, was broken into, and a number of the sheriff's bills and other vouchers stolen. The action of the board of supervisors in appointing a committee to examine some of the bills allowed is supposed to be the cause of the scandal.

A. W. Barrs and others, charged with starting a filibustering expedition for Cuba from Florida on the steamers City of Key West and Three Friends, have been discharged by the U. S. government on the ground of insufficient evidence. The expedition got there just the same.

Brighton was visited by a young tornado. Many buildings were damaged and some grain fields ruined. One house was moved from its foundation. The photograph gallery was picked up, hurled into the middle of the road and completely demolished. Whole orchards are laid flat, the trees being uprooted.

The stove and heading mill of the Williams Milling Co., located at Fisherville, was totally destroyed by fire. It had been idle for six weeks, but was to have been started soon by F. L. Culver on a lease. The mill's value was about \$10,000. Its original cost was \$18,000. The loss was covered by insurance.

Fire broke out in the store of Walter & Stemm, clothing, dry goods and millinery store at Cassopolis. The following are the losses: Walter & Stemm, \$7,000; Myers block, \$2,000; Dr. Link's office, \$300; Hotel Goodwin, \$500; C. A. Rivers, saloon, \$250; E. C. Clark, household goods, \$300.

Strong winds overturned several small buildings unroofed barns, broke plate glass windows and demolished parks and shade trees in and about Plymouth. While a picnic was on at the fair grounds the dance hall was blown down. The grandstand was filled with people, who became panic-stricken and several were bruised and cut.

While Robert Preston and John Gales were scuffling at Munith, they frightened a colt belonging to Preston. It reared in the air and came down, striking Preston on the back of the head with both feet, cutting two serious gashes in his head, and driving one of the corks of the horseshoe through his skull. He may recover.

On the petition of Charles F. Keeper, the supreme court has granted a mandamus directing the Hillsdale board of supervisors to submit to the electors of the county, a proposition to set aside the operation of the local option law in that county. The board refused to call such an election until two years after a previous vote on the question.

The Steele hotel at St. Johns was damaged about \$500. The roof was being retinned when the rain ran in torrents through floors and ceilings to the basement, filling it two or three feet, soaking carpets, table linen, furniture, etc. The plaster of one large double room was soaked entirely off and many other rooms partly demolished.

The trial of Rev. C. E. Lee, of the Second Baptist church, of Grand Rapids, charged with improper conduct toward a young lady member of the congregation, lasted all night and the sun was well up when the clergyman and laymen adjourned. The finding of the court was that Lee was not guilty, but one member says that Lee will never preach again.

The fiscal year of the state of Michigan closed June 30 and Treasurer Wilkinson reports a cash balance in the state treasury at the close of business of \$912,000. The collections upon tax levy of last December, which amounted to over \$3,000,000, has nearly all been received by the state and from how until the close of the calendar year the cash balance will steadily diminish.

Batavia tent, K. O. T. M., of Grand Rapids, is in revolt because of the alleged propensities of Maj. Boynton, the great commander, to make a good thing for himself out of side issues, such as the Maccabee paper and the Tunnel City Regalia Co. A committee has been appointed to confer with other orders to see on what terms the members of Batavia may be admitted.

Mrs. John A. Gregg, of West Bay City, recently received a divorce from her husband. Their youngest boy, Carl, aged 10, remained with his father and John, aged 17, with the mother. Gregg has discovered poison in his bread and coffee and had Carl arrested. The boy made assertions which led to the arrest of the mother and the other son, but they claim absolute ignorance of the matter.

Four men who gave their names as John Green, Billy Pickett, Thomas Wildams and Geo. Gibbs were arrested by the captain of the steamer Nyack, charged with larceny, and were landed at Mapleton. While crossing the lake from Milwaukee the men stole several cases of men's winter gloves and felt boots and several kegs of beer. They were detected trying to get the stuff where it could be landed easily.

The electric railway between Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, with a branch from Augusta, seems to be a sure go. This will be the longest electric road in Michigan. The distance is 24 miles. The route will be via Augusta, Galesburg and Comstock. From Augusta a spur will be run four miles out to Gull lake, the largest inland body of water in southern Michigan, and fast becoming a popular summer resort. This branch will only be operated in the summer.

John Vanderpoen drowned while bathing in Reid's lake, near Grand Rapids.

FROM MANY POINTS.

NEW ITEMS OF VARIOUS KINDS BRIEFLY RELATED.

Strikers, Police and Troops Have a Serious Time at Cleveland—One Man Killed and Many Badly Injured—Troops in Control.

The police of Cleveland have been having a hard time for a month guarding the men working for the Brown Hoisting Co., who took the places of strikers. About 2,000 men, women and children would gather when the "scabs" started for home every night and the police finally became tired and charged upon the mob, laying a dozen flat with blows of their clubs. The crowd dispersed, but more serious trouble is feared.

Later.—The action of police in clubbing the strikers at the Brown Hoisting Co.'s works served to make them more desperate, and two evenings later when 250 policemen tried to elude the strikers by taking the 50 odd "scabs" out by a circuitous route the 3,000 or more strikers and sympathizers went wild and started on the run after them. A huge moving van filled with strikers tried to force its way through the police column, but the police charged upon the van clubbed the driver into insensibility and whacked right and left upon every head that came within reach, with the result that a score of strikers were badly disabled.

Albert G. Saunders, a young student at the Case school of applied sciences, who was spending his vacation at the Brown Co.'s works to gain practical knowledge, started for home on his bicycle alone. Some of the strikes saw him and began throwing bricks and stones at him. A brick struck him on the head and knocked him off the wheel. Rising to his knees Saunders drew a revolver and fired, the bullet struck Wm. Reutter in the breast and he died soon after being taken to the hospital. An officer arrived just in time to save Saunders from sure death and took him in a hurry to the office of the Bishop-Babcock Co. The mob surrounded this building in a very short time and tried to break in to lynch Saunders, but two wagonloads of officers arrived in the nick of time and held the mob at bay. In the meantime Mayor McKinstry was in consultation with the police directors and state militia officers. When they received word of the critical condition of affairs it was at once decided to order out the troops. The Cleveland City guards and Co. F. Fifth regiment, were hurried to the scene and forced their way to the Bishop-Babcock office. Saunders was then placed in a patrol wagon and under the escort of the Guards was taken to the central station where he is held on a charge of murder. Co. F, in command of Maj. Liebich, marched to the center of the crowd that remained behind. The soldiers were threatened and jeered. Maj. Liebich halted his men, drew his revolver, and declared that upon the slightest attempt at violence he would give the command to fire. After that the noise ceased and the crowd scattered, the company returning to their quarters. The mayor has issued a proclamation declaring the riot act to be in force.

Ninety Miners Buried Alive. Later.—After 60 hours hard work it is almost a settled fact that the small array of men who are entombed in the ill-fated Twin shaft at Pittston not one survives. Not only is every approach to their dark tomb barricaded by enormous masses of rock and debris, but it is known that in the mine there is a large quantity of water which increases in volume every minute. Thus the chances of recovering their bodies are more remote than ever. Prominent officials say that weeks or months may be consumed in clearing away the fallen coal in order to reach the bodies of the victims.

Later.—Another extensive cave-in has occurred in the workings of the Twin shaft in that portion of the mine where the victims are thought to be. It made a terrible report and was heard all over the town. The fall must have been a very heavy one. It had the effect of driving the rescuers out of the slope for the timbers around them immediately began to sway and crack and a fall in the slope may occur at any moment. The news of the second cave-in has had a most discouraging effect on everybody. The official report of the mine owners show 59 miners to be in the mine.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is Dead. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other works, died at Hartford, Conn., at the age of 85. She had been suffering for some time from congestion of the brain and paralysis. She passed peacefully away surrounded by the members of her family.

Joe Morrison and Wm. Woecht, farmers at Kenton, O., were killed the same day, but at different hours, and each by falling from a load of hay.

Capt. Gen. Weyler has prohibited the exportation of bananas from Cuba on the ground that steamers used in the trade bring resources to the insurgents.

Mrs. Mercy Helen Beer, a Christian scientist, was arrested at Toronto, Ont., on a charge of manslaughter, for trying to cure Adelaide Marie Goodson of pneumonia by silent prayer, but she died. The parents may be arrested.

Every mill in the Mahoning valley, in Ohio, including Youngstown, Warren, Niles, Girard and Struthers has closed down and nearly 10,000 iron mill workers will be idle pending a settlement of the rate per ton for boiling. The manufacturers offer to sign the scale at \$4 per ton, while the Amalgamated association is holding out for \$4.50.

NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

President Cleveland and family are at their summer home, Gray Gables.

Alonso Walling, convicted of the murder of Pearl Bryan, has been sentenced to be hanged Aug. 7.

The national celebration of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution was held at Saratoga, N. Y.

By the explosion of natural gas at the Evergreen hotel, near Allegheny, Pa., six persons were injured fatally. The hotel was badly damaged.

A dispatch from Cairo says the Egyptian government packet Rahmanieh, from Suakim for Suez, was wrecked on a reef and 60 people drowned.

U. S. Ambassador Bayard gave a Fourth of July banquet at London which was attended by 800 guests. Sir Richard Webster toasted the President of the United States.

Maj. E. W. Halford, who was private secretary to President Harrison and is now a paymaster of the U. S. army in the west, sustained a compound fracture of his right leg while riding a bicycle at Denver.

Prof. J. O. Simlund, a Swedish music teacher of Manistique, disappeared June 6 and his body has just been found in a swamp near the city. The coroner's jury attribute his death to drink.

Henry Fontaine, of Muskegon, was taken to Grand Rapids, charged with being a foreign pauper. He came to Michigan a year ago and soon developed insanity. He will probably be deported.

American prelates have protested against the selection of Mgr. Falconio, who is mentioned as the successor to Cardinal Satolli, as apostolic delegate to the United States. They favor an American for the place.

A dispatch from Athens says that the Cretans have elected a provisional government, decided to proclaim the union of the island with Greece and expressed the hope that autonomy will be granted the island under the surveillance of the powers.

A cloudburst at Wegge creek, near Bellaire, O., drowned James Bery, his wife and child, and destroyed the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati railroad bridge, a large trestle on the Pittsburg & Ohio Valley railroad, a Presbyterian church and a dozen other buildings.

Sidney Randolph, a negro charged with the murder of little Sadie Buxton and with brutal assaults with intent to commit murder on the girl's father, mother and elder sister at the home of the Buxtons near Gaithersburg, Md., was lynched by a mob who overcame the sheriff and forced him to surrender the keys to the jail.

The Turkish legation at Washington has received a message from the sublime porte denying the news published charging the Mussulmans and imperial troops in Crete with cruelties is false. On the contrary the Christians burned the homes and olive orchards and the Mussulmans burned in return, but the troops are trying to protect all property.

Senator Teller was given a tremendous welcome upon his arrival at Denver. Flags, banners and bunting everywhere, an immense parade of military and civic bodies including the Teller silver club, 2,000 strong, greeted him as he stepped from his train and was escorted to this carriage which was then drawn by 500 young men through the streets where a continuous ovation was given him.

The strikers at the Berea stone quarries, near Westview, O., made a raid upon the non-union men, but were met by 40 armed deputy sheriffs. A battle ensued in which four strikers were wounded and one will die. During the fight the women sympathizers of the strikers swept down upon the "scabs" and drove them out with clubs and then forced Sheriff Leck and his deputies to retreat. The sheriff has called for troops.

It is reliably reported that the Columbus, Hooking Valley & Toledo railroad will be consolidated with the Flint & Pere Marquette road on July 30. The F. & P. M. is now building a new depot in Toledo, and will soon be in that city, and the consolidated line will make a fine lumber and coal road, and intersecting so many trunk lines will secure an enviable passenger traffic.

The two most extensive printing houses in Lansing—D. D. Thorpe & Son and Robert Smith & Co., the present state printers, were merged into one and will hereafter be known as the Robert Smith Printing Co. The state printing and binding for the next two years will be executed by this company, it having secured by assignment the contract awarded by the state auditors to D. C. Page.

The Woman's Rescue league, with headquarters at Washington, has announced a national crusade against women riding bicycles, declaring that recreation to be productive of immorality, disease and crime; that the craze "swell the ranks of reckless girls who finally drift into the standing army of the outcast women"; that married women should not resort to riding the wheel unless they wish to prevent motherhood; that bicycling by women is indecent and vulgar, and that the bicycle is the devil's advance agent.

It is reported from Washington that Don M. Dickinson has been tendered the position of senior counsel to the United States before the commission authorized by the treaty recently concluded between this government and Great Britain for the adjustment of the claims of British sealers illegally seized by vessels of the United States in 1898-99. The service for which Mr. Dickinson has been selected is both arduous and responsible, and the appointment is a high compliment to his standing as a lawyer, and especially to his comprehensive knowledge of international law.

McKinley and Hobart Meet.

In response to an invitation Garrett A. Hobart, of Patterson, N. J., Republican candidate for vice-president, visited Wm. McKinley, Republican candidate for president at the latter's home, at Canton, O. Gov. McKinley met Mr. Hobart at the railway station in his modest one-horse carriage and they were driven to the McKinley home with the citizens and hundreds of visitors cheering. Their recognition of each other was instantaneous and mutual and their greeting was cordial and unaffected. It is understood that at the conference of the nominees it was mutually agreed, as far as present intentions are concerned, that neither of them will depart from their homes for campaign tour.

Powerful Fortifications for New York.

Within a few weeks will be begun one of the most gigantic operations in the history of the United States war department. Fortifications more powerful than those existing anywhere in the world will be built at Fort Wadsworth and Sandy Hook, in New York bay, the cost of the work being about \$10,000,000. But this is only a beginning to place New York City in a position to defend herself against foreign foes. Construction will be continued from time to time until the fortifications outlined by the elaborate plans have been completed and when that is done the total cost will have been about \$50,000,000.

PARAGRAHIC CHRONICLE.

France has decided to admit foreign corn to her markets.

Chicago's school census gives her a population of 1,619,226, a gain of 51,499 over the school census of 1894.

Having had a quarrel with her parents Jennie Gray, aged 17, left her farm home and went to Kalamazoo, where she committed suicide.

Mrs. Jessie Buck, of Lansing who has served the biggest part of a two years' sentence in the Detroit house of correction for being a common prostitute, had her conviction set aside by the supreme court.

The new Raines liquor law has gone into effect in New York and as a result 2,500 saloons have shut down in New York City, but 2,000 new "hotels" have opened up to get around the law.

The Lake Superior Iron Co., at Houghton, has discharged about 250 men from its hard ore workings. Further reductions in force are anticipated in the Marquette ore district and extensive reductions are being made in the Gogebic and other districts.

The nomination of McKinley was well received at Honolulu. The Honolulu Advertiser says: "The foreign policy outlined for the campaign will be received with unalloyed gratification in this country. It is a practical sanction of the administration of President Harrison, and, without making the annexation question a direct party issue, foreshadows the movement for closer relations."

The veterans of the Seventh Michigan cavalry met at Ann Arbor for their seventh annual reunion, on the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, fought 33 years ago. This regiment went all through the war under the leadership of the famous Custer, and in his brigade they achieved distinction by their splendid charge at Gettysburg. Fifty-nine members of the regiment were present at the reunion.

An extensive shut-down occurred at all of the mines of the Metropolitan Iron & Land Co. at Ironwood, and fully 1,500 men are forced into idleness. The Metropolitan group of mine include the Norrie, East Norrie and Pabst, and their average yearly shipments combined are about 1,000,000 tons of ore. The cause of the shut down is the slight demand for iron ore and the fact that they have in stock piles about 500,000 tons of ore.

The Confederate veterans held a big convention at Richmond and over 40,000 visitors were present. The principal events were speeches by Gen. Gordon of the Confederate army and by Corporal Fanner, the famous Union veteran, the reception given to Mrs. Davis and to Brig.-Gen. Berger, aged 92, of Alabama. The crowning event, however was the laying of the cornerstone of a huge monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, the president of the lost cause.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK (New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh) and GRAIN, ETC. (Wheat, Corn, Oats). Includes prices for various grades and types of livestock and grain.

In a fight at a German picnic at Minnewaukon lake, near Sturgis, John Sexauer, aged 19, was killed by being hit on the head and stomach.

The condemned man was standing on the scaffold, and the sheriff was adjusting the black cap, when a loud cry was heard without, and a swift scorching on a blue green bicycle came rolling up, waving in the air a revolver. The sheriff removed the rope, and the relieved prisoner, glancing critically at the scorching, who had saved him, asked, "What makes of wheel is that?" —Minneapolis Journal.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Modern Cinderella—The Cry of the Little One—Only a Piece of Paper—A Boy's Noble Choice—Other Sketches.

Inch by inch up the sandy bar Crept the tide at the close of day; Inch by inch in the west afar The sun dropped down till the sky was gray.

Mingling in with the murmuring strife, From a wretched hut at the end of town, The first faint cry of an infant life As the tide came up and the sun went down.

Inch by inch from the sandy bar Dropped the tide at the break of day; Inch by inch at the east afar, The sun crept up and the sky was gay.

Blending in with the willow strife, From the wretched hut at the end of town, The last faint sigh of a mother's life As the sun came up and the tide went down.

A Modern Cinderella.

By Kate Parker. Little Nora was in her father's study reading her favorite story, "Cinderella" and wishing that she could ride in that fine "carriage" to a ball.

She suddenly dropped her book in amazement, for right over there in one corner of the room stood a little woman such as described in the story she had read. Little Nora was quite over-whelmed, but she managed to ask, "Who are you?" and the fairy, for such it was, said, "I am the fairy god-mother of Cinderella. I heard your wishes just now, but I can't give the same to you that I gave to her (Cinderella), but if you wish to visit my country, I will carry you."

"Oh, yes. I would be much delighted," exclaimed Nora. "Well," said the fairy (beginning to give directions) "you must allow me to make you small enough to go through this crack in the floor."

Nora consented, and the fairy waved her wand over her head, saying, "reduce her size, reduce her size," and in an instant Nora was as small as the fairy, and through the crack they went and ran about the yard until they reached a calla lily, into which they climbed.

Nora had never liked lilies much before, but she had never seen anything so grand as this lily proved to be. It was a fairy palace. The fairy went up a long flight of steps which brought them to a large saloon where the fairies were assembled paying homage to their queen, who sat on a beautiful throne in one corner of the room. The fairy introduced Nora as a little girl who was dissatisfied with her earthly lot, whom she had brought to spend a few days with them and if she wanted to be a fairy she hoped she would grant her a privilege to live with them.

Nora stayed a few days with them and enjoyed it for a time. She danced until she was tired, looked at the jewels until her eyes hurt her, and one day she thought of her Sunday school and asked the fairies where their church was. They told her they didn't have any God.

Nora began to cry to go back home, and said "she couldn't give up her hope of heaven to be a fairy."

Soon nurse came in and said: "Nora, Nora, get up, child, and get ready for tea. You have been asleep."

Nora has been satisfied at home ever since. Would you?

The Cry of the Children.

Canon Farrar once had this to say concerning the curse imposed by drink on the children:

"Have we no pity for the poor, miserable children? Is there no voice strong enough to plead like angels trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of their taking off? Of these children who, in the language of Southey, are not so much born into the world as damned into the world, damned and predestinated, as it were, to live lives of disease and degradation because of the drink in the midst of which they have the hereditary taint in their veins. Must children, year after year, in these our Christian lands pass through the fire to this Moloch in numbers infinitely greater than were ever burned in the valley of Ethnom?"

Only a Piece of Paper.

The following illustration of what may be accomplished by good literature is recounted by an exchange. "I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Savior. I asked her how she found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper.

"I looked at it, and found it was a part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion.

"Where did you find this newspaper?" I asked. "She answered: 'It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia.'"

"Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's Word shall not return unto him void."

After Death.

The burial customs of the Quinault Indians are interesting. After death the Indian is dressed in his best and, with blanket about him, laid in his favorite canoe and taken a little distance up the river to some chosen spot near the bank, where the whole is deposited out of reach of high water. The boat is roofed over with a closed frame work, entirely protecting the body from animals and the weather. To the side of the little house thus made and fronting the river are attached plates or cups of white ware or tin. Bits of looking glass, or often whole ones in cheap frames, occupy the post of honor. Bright bits of cloth or other showy ornaments are also conspicuously displayed. These baubles are supposed to propitiate any evil spirits that may chance to come that way.

Calls Sleepy Guests.

A well-known politician has invented a new system of calling sleepy guests that works like a charm. Its very simplicity is its supreme attraction.

The other night a newspaper man went to his house, and, wishing to be called at an early hour, received a promise from his host that he should be out of bed at the hour he named. Satisfied that everything would be serene, the scribe retired and slept the sleep of the just man made perfect. This childlike slumber lasted until an early hour in the morning, when the newspaper man was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded sharply. "I've got an important message for you," said a voice. Yawning until he sprained his face, the scribe jumped out, toddled across the floor and opened the door. The servant handed in a note and promptly departed. The newspaper man opened the envelope and found therein a slip of paper bearing the following: "Why in the world don't you get up?"

A True Conception.

A minister once asked a saloon keeper if his conscience ever troubled him respecting his business. The man said, "Come inside, sir."

"It was the middle of the day," says the Morning Star, "and there were none of the usual customers about. My friend walked in. The grog seller went behind his own bar, and, leaning on it, said: "Reverend sir, there are times when I stand behind this bar and look at the men who fill this room; I hear their blasphemy and their lewd songs; I see their fighting and their awful misconduct, and I often say to myself, 'If there is a picture of hell on our earth, it is in places like this.'"

Causes to Do Evil.

Saloon keepers sometimes injure their own evil cause, and help the right, by unseemly boasting, as witness the following from the Murray Ledger, of Kentucky:

"All contracts for whisky advertisements in the Ledger have expired, and from this date no whisky advertisements shall appear in these columns at any price. If the saloon people desire to expatiate on the merits (?) of any peculiar brand of their damnation, they can look elsewhere for a medium through which to extol its virtues. The Ledger makes no claim to sanctification, but when a saloon keeper tells us that a \$6 advertisement in the Ledger has sold for him \$1,300 worth of whisky, it makes us feel that we have been in a small measure responsible for the damage done, and we promise to 'sin no more.'"

Unnatural Feeling.

Henry Ward Beecher once told an audience in England that very early one morning a young fellow, who was a member of Plymouth church, came to see him in a very great distress of mind and soul. He had worked himself down into perfect misery because he had come to the conclusion that his supposed conversion had been a delusion, and that he was still an entire stranger to the experience of the regenerated life.

"And why?" asked the great preacher. "Because I don't feel ready to die." "Now, look here," said Beecher, "I have just had my breakfast, and I declare to you I don't feel a bit ready for my dinner, but if you will return in about four hours and sit down with me at my table you will find with the proper season there have come the appropriate feelings."

A Boy's Choice.

A little boy asked his mother which of the characters in the "Pilgrim's Progress" she liked best. She replied: "Christian, of course; he is the hero of the whole story." Her son said: "I don't, mother; I like Christiana best, for when Christiana went she took the children with her."

Australian Rabbit Plague.

Australia has found it impossible to abate the rabbit plague. In New South Wales alone, 1,600,000 acres of land have been abandoned—21,000,000 has been spent—and the only plan that has any good effect is wire netting, and of this 15,000 miles have been used.

THE ANTICIPATOR.



Of course, I admit it isn't plagiarism," said Clarifier Esplan savagely; "it's fate, it's the devil, but it is the less irritating on that account? No, no!"

And he ran his hand through his hair till it stood on end. He shook with febrile excitement, a red spot burnt on either cheek, and his bitten lip quivered. "Confound Burford, and his parents, and his ancestors! The tools to him that can handle them," he added, after a pause, during which his friend Vincent curiously considered him.

"It's your own fault, my dear wild man," said he; "you are too lazy. Besides, remember these things—these notions, motives—are in the air. Originality is only the art of catching early worms. Why don't you do the things as soon as you invent them?"

"Now you talk like a bourgeois, like a commercial traveler," returned Esplan angrily. "Why doesn't an apple tree yield apples when the blossoms are fertilized? Why wait for summer, and the influences of wind and sky? Why don't live chickens burst new-laid eggs? Shall parturition tread sudden on conception? Didn't the mountain labor to bring forth a mouse? and shall—"

"Your works of genius not require a portion of the eternity to which they are destined?"

"Stuff!" snarled Esplan; "but you know my method. I catch the suggestion, the floating thistle-down of thought, the title, maybe; and then I leave it, perhaps without a note, to the brain, to the subliminal consciousness, the subconscious self. The story grows in the dark of the inner perpetual sleepless soul. It may be rejected by the artistic tribunal sitting there, it may be hidden to stand aside. I, the outer I, the husk-case of hereditaries, know nothing of it, but one day I take the pen, and the hand writes it. This is the automatism of art, and I—I am nothing, the last only of the concealed individualities within me. Perhaps a dumb ancestor attains speech, and yet the Complex Ego Esplan must be anticipated in this way."

He rose and paced the lonely club smoking-room with irregular steps. His nerves were evidently quivering, his brain was wild. But Vincent, who was a physician, saw deeper. For Esplan's speech was jerky, at times he missed the right word—the locomotor centers were not under control. "What of morphine?" he thought. "I wonder if he is at it again, and is to-day without his quantum?" But Esplan burst out once more.

"I should not care so much if Burford did them well, but he doesn't know how to write a story. Look at the last thing of mine—of his. I saw it leaping and alive; it ran and sang, a very Maenad; it had red blood. With him it wasn't even born dead; it squeaks puppetry, and leaks sawdust, and moves like a lay figure, and smells of most manifest manufacture. But I can't do it now. He has spilt it forever. It's the third time. Curse him, and my luck! I work when I must."

"Your calling is very serious to you," said Vincent lazily. "After all, what does it matter? What are stories? Are they not opiates for cowards' lives? I would rather invent some little instrument, or build a plank bridge



"DON'T TALK IDEAL POPPYCOCK" across a muddy stream, than write the best of them."

Esplan turned on him. "Well, well," he almost shouted; "the man who invented chloroform was great, and the makers of it are useful. Call stories chloral, morphine, bromides, if you will, but they give ease."

"When it might be better to use blisters." "Rot!" answered Esplan, rudely. "In any case, your talk is idle. I am I, and writers are writers—small, if you will, but a result and a force. Give me a rest. Don't talk ideal poppycock!"

He ordered liqueur brandy. After drinking it his aspect changed a little, and he smiled. "Perhaps it won't occur again. If it does, I shall feel that Burford is very much in my way. I shall have to

"Remove him?" asked Vincent. "No, but work quicker. I have something to write soon, it would just suit him to spoil."

The talk changed, and soon afterwards the friends parted. Esplan went to his chambers in Bloomsbury. He paced his sitting-room idly for a few minutes, but after awhile he began to feel the impulse in his brain; his fingers itched, the semi-automatic mood came on. He sat down and wrote, at first slowly, and at last furiously.

It was 3 in the afternoon when he began work. At 10 o'clock he was still at his desk, and the big table on which it stood was strewn with tobacco ashes and many pipes. His hair again stood

on end, for at intervals he ran his damp hands through it. His eyes altered like opals; at times they sparkled and almost blazed, and then grow dim. He changed at each sentence; he mouthed his written talk audibly; each thought was reflected in his pale, mobile face. He laughed and then groaned; at the crisis tears ran down and blurred the already indecipherable script. But at 11 he rose, stiff in every limb, and staggering. With difficulty he picked the unpaginated leaves from the floor and sorted them in due order. He fell into his chair.

"It's good, it's good," he said, chuckling. "What a queer devil I am! My dumb ancestors pipe oddly in me. It's strange, devilish strange; man's but a mouthpiece, and crazy at that. How long has this last thing been hatching? The story is old, yet new. Gibbon shall have it. It will just suit him. Little beast, little horror, little hog, with a divine gold ring of appreciation in his grubbing snout."

He drank half a tumbler of whisky and tumbled into bed. His mind ran riot. "My ego's a bit fissured," he said. "I ought to be careful."

And ere he fell asleep he talked conscious nonsense. Incongruous ideas linked themselves together; he sneered at his brain's folly, and yet he was afraid. He used morphine at last in such a big dose that it touched the optic center and subjective lightnings flashed in his dark room. He dreamed of "At Home," where he met big, brutal Burford wearing a great diamond in his shirt front.

"Bought by my conveyed thoughts," he said. But, looking down he perceived that he had a greater jewel of his own, and soon his soul melted into the contemplation of its rays, till his consciousness was dissipated by a divine absorption into the very Nirvana of Light.

When he woke the next day it was already late in the afternoon. He was overcome by yesterday's labor, and, though much less irritable, he walked feebly. The trouble of posting his story to Gibbon seemed almost too much for him, but he sent it, and took a cab to his club, where he sat almost comatose for many hours.

Two weeks afterwards he received a note from the editor, returning the story. It was good, but—"Burford sent me a tale with the same motive weeks ago, and I accepted it."

Esplan smashed his thin white hand on his mantelpiece, and made it bleed. That night he got drunk on champagne, and the brilliant wine seemed to nip and bite and twist every nerve and brain-cell. His irritability grew so extreme that he lay in wait for subtle, unconceived insults, and meditated morbidly on the aspect of innocent strangers. He gave the waiter double what was necessary, not because it was particularly deserved, but because he felt that the slightest sign of discontent on the waiter's part might lead to an uncontrollable outburst of anger on his own.

Next day he met Burford in Piccadilly and cut him dead with a bitter sneer.

"I daren't speak to him—I daren't," he muttered. And Burford, who could not quite understand, felt outraged. He himself hated Esplan with the hatred of an outpaced, outsailed rival. He knew his own work lacked the diabolical certainty of Esplan's—it wanted the fine phrase, the right red word of color, the rush and onward march of due finality, the bitter, exact conviction, the knowledge of humanity that lies in inheritance, the exalted experience that proves received intuitions. He was, he knew, a successful failure, and his ambition was greater even than Esplan's. For he was greedy, grasping, esurient, and his hollowness was obvious even before Esplan proved it with his wringing touch.

"He takes what I have done, and does it better. It's malice, malice," he urged to himself.

And when Esplan placed his last story and the world remembered only to forget in its white-hot brilliance the cold paste of Burford's Paris jewel, he felt hell surge within him. But he beat his thoughts down for awhile, and went on his little, labored way.

The success of this story and Burford's bitter eclipse helped Esplan greatly, and he might have got sner if other influences working for misery in his life had not hurt him. For a certain woman died, one whom none knew he knew, and he clung to morphine, which, in its increase, helped to throw him later on. It works as one who builds a dam higher and higher yet against the rising waters, and the crash must come.

And at last it did come, for Burford had two stories, better far than his usual work, in a magazine that Esplan almost looked on as his own. They were on Esplan's very motives, he had them almost ready to write. The sting of this last bitter blow drove him off his tottering balance; he conceived murder, and plotted it brutally, and then subtly, and became dominated by it, till his life was the flower of the insane motive. It altered nothing when a reviewer pointed out the close resemblance between the two men's work, and, exalting Esplan's genius, placed the writer beyond all cavil, the other below all place.

But that drove Burford crazy. It was so bitterly true. He ground his teeth, and hating his own work, hated worse the man who destroyed his own credit. He wanted to do harm. How should he do it? Esplan had long since gone under. He was a homicidal maniac with one man before him. He conceived and wrote schemes. His stories ran to murder. He read and imagined means. At times he was in danger of believing he had already done the deed. One wild day he almost gave himself up for this prophetic death. Thus his imagination burnt and flamed before his conceived path.

"I'll do it, I'll do it," he muttered; and at the club the men talked about him.

"To-morrow," he said, and then he put it off. He must consider the art of it. He left it to bourgeois in his fertile brain. And at last, just as he wrote, action, lighted up by strange circumstance, began to loom big before him. Such a murder would make a vivid world and be an epoch in crime. If the red earth were convulsed in war, even then it would stay to hear that incredible, true story, and, soliciting deeper knowledge, seek out the method and growth of means and motive. He chuckled audibly in the street, and laughed thin laughter in his room of fleeting visions. At night he walked the lonely squares near at hand, considering eagerly the rush of his own divided thoughts, and, leaning against the railings of the leafy gardens, he saw ghosts in the moon shadows and beckoned them to converse. He became a night bird and was rarely seen.

"To-morrow," he said at last. To-morrow he would really take the first step. He rubbed his hand and laughed as he pondered near home, in his own lonely square, the finer last details which his imagination multiplied.

"Stay, enough, enough!" he cried to his separate mad mind; "it is already done."

And the shadows were very dark about him. He turned to go home.

Then came immortality to him in strange shape. For it seemed as though his ardent and confined soul burst out of his narrow brain and sparkled marvelously. Lights showered about him, and from a rose sky lightnings flashed, and he heard awful thunder. The heavens opened in a white blaze, and he saw unimaginable things. He reeled, put his hand to his stricken head, and fell heavily in a pool of his own blood.

And the Anticipator, horribly afraid, ran down a by-street.—The Sketch.

The Karaim Jews.

The Karaim Jews number 3,000 or 4,000 and live principally in the Crimea. They speak a Tartar dialect among themselves, and ethnologically are much more like Tartars than Semites. Their own legends, in fact, permit the assumption that they were Khazars and were converted to Judaism in the eighth century. Their form of Judaism differs from that of the 5,000,000 or more orthodox Russian Jews in rejecting the talmud and traditional theology altogether and confining itself strictly to the Mosaic revelation. It has been a favorite amusement with the Russians for generations to pretend the greatest admiration and affection for this obscure "little tribe. Mme. Novikoff had her joke on the subject here in London when she gravely assured an interviewer some years ago that there never had been a law of any kind issued in Russia against the Jews. When this amazing assertion was questioned she coolly explained that she referred to the Karaim Jews, as in Russia they did not consider the disciples of the talmud were Jews at all. Inasmuch as the Karaites constitute only a two-thousandth part of the Jewish race—if, indeed, it be conceded that they belong to it at all—the insolence of the Russian attitude toward them is peculiarly exasperating to Hebrews in general and the spectacle of their being brought forward at Moscow as the sole representatives of Israel will smart and rankle just as the genial Slavonic character deires it should.—Saturday Review.

Fussy's Happy Family.

C. O. Barnes has a cat at his home in Glendale, N. J., which is suckling three young squirrels, which were caught near town. She also suckles one kitten, the others having been killed to make room for the squirrels.

In That Day.

Shade of the Period—"In your day, as I understand it, there was no glorious death except in battle." Shade of Achilles—"That is substantially correct. They did not operate for appendicitis then."—Detroit Tribune.

Pessimism.

The pessimist is a freak. Pessimism is the child of a day or a mood, optimism is the great under current of human life. Pessimism is abnormal. It's a disease of the mind.—Rev. D. H. Overton.

SOME POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Straw hats show which way the mercury goes.—Boston Globe.

A man's idea of a dull time is to play cards with women and nothing up.—Athens Globe.

The hand that rocks the boat is the hand that is in a fair way to leave the world.—New York Press.

Every man who makes a fool or a knave of himself hates the newspapers.—Kansas City Times.

The Lord helps those who help themselves. That is probably the reason he is not more lavish with his favors.—Up-to-Date.

The average theater hat is a bird (stuffed), a whole lot of flowers (artificial), and a blooming nuisance (genuine).—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Many European scions of royalty are insured for very large amounts. This is probably at the instance of creditors.—Louisville Times.

The fool killer never troubles himself about the man who rocks the boat or the one who grabs a loaded gun by the muzzle.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A crying need in some circles of alleged statesmanship is a systematic course of instruction in the art of being funny without being vulgar.—Washington Star.

A deacon will pass around the plate and get more buttons than dimes, but a highwayman can hold out a gun and collect everything a man has. This goes to show that a man will give up more to save his body than to save his soul.—St. Louis Herald.

You Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters in my family for two years. It is the best medicine I ever used. It cured me of erysipelas in very short time; also cured my son of scrofula after the doctors had failed." Louis S. Woodward, Laurel Hill, Fayette County, Pa.

An Outrage.

"It is an outrage!" the Spanish general exclaimed. "What has happened?" "That war correspondent insists on publishing untruths of his own composition!"—Washington Post.

"I burned my fingers very badly. The pain was intense. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil brought relief in three minutes. It was almost magical. I never saw anything like it." Amelia Swords, Saundersville, O.

The first horse was brought to this country in 1518. Now there are in the United States alone, 14,000,000 horses, valued at \$100,000,000. A fireman who undertook to fight the other night was severely licked by the flames.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is pleasant to take, positively harmless to the most delicate constitution, and absolutely sure to cure the most obstinate cough or cold. A household boon.

I shall recommend Pilo's Cure for Consumption far and wide. Mrs. Mulford, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1885.

For Pin Worms, Eczema, Eryema, in fact, any of the various torturing, itchy diseases of the skin, Doan's Ointment is an instant and positive remedy. Get it from your dealer.

Greek ladies had steel and brass mirrors, parasols, fans and smelling bottles.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Almost any man is inclined to permit his neighbors to keep their own opinions.

If the Baby is Outing Teeth, do cure and soothe and well-ventilated, Mrs. Wason's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

The wishes of the improvident mortal are his wants.

One's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

That's Different.

An exchange says that a boy can sit on a sled six inches square, tied to a sled moving eight miles an hour, but can't sit on a sofa five minutes for a dollar. A man will sit on an ash-board and talk politics for three hours; put him in a church pew for forty minutes, he gets nervous, twists and turns, and goes to sleep. Man will peech his cheeks with filthy tobacco, juice runs down his chin, feels good; a man in the butter kills him. He stays out till midnight, wife don't know where he is, comes home when he pleases; but if a meal is not ready just on time, pants, frowns and says unpretty things.—Womankind.

An Old Rule Repeated.

"Don't you think a blonde woman ought to marry a brunette man?" "Of course not. His neckties would not suit her at all."—Indianapolis Journal.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life. Every time it will cure Backache. It has cured more cases of leucorrhoea by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is of great value for local application.

Advertisement for Swamp Root, Kidney, Liver & Bladder Cure, featuring a large illustration of the product bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Report of Delegates.

than 300,000 votes, yet the result of their seed sowing was the awakening of public conscience and the liberation of 4,000,000 people from bondage. Numbers, she asserts, are not what is needed, and quotes to back this up, the saying of a noted Congregational divine that "what is needed is not more men, but more man."

Mrs. E. L. Calkins, State Evangelist, and Mrs. Julia N. Parish, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church in the evening. Mrs. Benjamin spoke in the Baptist church. Dr. Mary Wood Allen addressed the Y. W. C. T. U. in the Presbyterian church. Mrs. B. S. Shaw and several other ladies addressed the Salvation Army. The pulpits of the Swedish Methodist and Lutheran churches were also filled by some of the delegates.

Following the devotional exercises and the reading of the minutes Monday morning came the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mrs. A. S. Benjamin was re-elected president, Mrs. Law making a strong lead as second choice; Mrs. Julia Parish, Bay City, corresponding secretary; Mrs. C. H. Johnson, of Flint, recording secretary; Mrs. Jennie Voorhies, Ann Arbor, treasurer. Mrs. Benjamin nominated Mrs. C. C. Faxon, of Bay City, as vice-president at large, which was ratified by the convention. Mrs. Anna Seldon, of Stanbough, was elected delegate at large to the National convention. At the afternoon session a telegram of congratulation was received from A. L. Moore, of Pontiac, with a request for indorsement of the National Party. When this had been read, Mrs. Dawson, of Pontiac, offered a resolution which gave the new party the endorsement of the W. C. T. U. women of the state. Mrs. Howard, of Bay View, offered this substitute:

Resolved, That we stand unflinchingly by our principle of prohibition of the liquor traffic, and give heart and hand to any party that seeks by platform and vote, the outlawing of the liquor traffic and the enfranchisement of women. Mrs. Dawson accepted the substitute, which passed the convention.

The balance of the afternoon was devoted to reports of department work and a parliamentary drill led by the president.

At 4:30 an adjournment was taken to accept an invitation to a trolley party given by the local W. C. T. U. in honor of the delegates. A motor-car with the necessary trailers was in waiting and took on the whole delegation, banners and all, for a ride over the entire electric system. The cars proceeded first to South Marquette, where in a beautiful grove on a bluff overlooking the city, a large crowd had assembled to listen to the speeches which had been advertised for the afternoon. After several brief addresses and singing accompanied by the cornet, the delegates remounted the cars and were whirled away to Presque Isle and Dead

—mills. Arriving at the mills at six o'clock, some of the ladies stopped to address the mill hands while others proceeded to Presque Isle where another meeting was held among the railroad men, who were working upon an extension of the road at that point. Numerous signatures to the pledge were obtained at these two places. The ladies were returned to town in time for supper, from the first trolley party ever given in Marquette.

Extra chairs had to be put in the aisles to accommodate the crowd which gathered in the evening to hear Dr. Mary Wood Allen deliver an address on "Hereditary." Dr. Allen is National Superintendent of the Purity department of the W. C. T. U., and a talented speaker. Her daughter, Miss Rose Wood Allen, gave a recitation at the close of the address. Miss Allen is a young lady of exceptional ability and bids fair to rival her gifted mother.

The last day of the session was given mostly to reports of county presidents and superintendents of departments.

During the afternoon Miss Rose Wood Allen, of Ann Arbor, was given fifteen minutes in which to present the work of the "White Shield." A parliamentary drill was given by the president, followed by the report of the resolution committee. The resolutions for the most part were adopted as read, the rest referred back to the committee, with instructions to leave out all unnecessary words, making them more to the point, then to be passed upon by the executive board at the meeting the following morning.

Y. and L. T. L. evening was the most popular of any given during the convention. It was in charge of Mrs. Lottie E. Coburn, State Superintendent of the Y. and was given over to the young people. The church was crowded, and in addition to the fine program given, the Marquette band was on hand to render several selections. The Y. banner, which hung above the platform, is given every year to the district which has increased the most in membership. The banner remains for the second year in the wealth, the upper peninsula. The program closed with a chorus by the plea club and benediction by Rev. Fernan.

Thus ended one of the most pleasant and profitable conventions ever held by the state.

MRS. M. A. PATTERSON, delegate.

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

ILLITERACY IN THE NATION.

Percentage Now Greater in New England Than in the West.

From the Minneapolis Times: The report of the commissioner of education presents some curious and interesting facts with regard to illiteracy in the United States. This information is derived mainly from official records and deserves careful attention. It appears that the number of persons over 10 years of age who can not read and write is 8,324,702, or 13.3 per cent of the total population, according to the latest statistics. In 1880, the rate of illiteracy was 17 per cent, and a decrease of 3.7 per cent since that time is gratifying in the sense that implies gradual improvement, but the situation is still lamentable, and no good citizen can contemplate it without experiencing a certain degree of humiliation.

The government is based upon the idea of popular intelligence as an assurance of political safety and prosperity, and vast sums of money are expended for educational purposes. There is really no excuse for ignorance in a country where free schools abound and instruction is within easy reach of all classes. Nevertheless, over thirteen out of every 100 of the people are unable to read and write. This great army of illiteracy is a standing reproach as well as a menace, and there is no more important duty than that of reducing it as rapidly as possible.

There was a time when New England led all the rest of the country in the general average of popular intelligence, but this is no longer true. It is now in the west, and not in the east, that the best showing is made of the education of the masses. Nebraska stands at the head of the states in point of literacy, only 3.1 per cent of its population being unable to read and write. No state west of the Mississippi river, with the exception of the four southern states, ranks as low as Massachusetts in the number of illiterates in its population. This means, of course—and the fact is a very significant one—that a large percentage of the educated element of the east has removed to the west, thereby materially modifying its "wild and woolly" condition, and it means furthermore that the west has been doing a great deal in the enlargement of its educational facilities.

The public schools of such states as Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas are equal in every respect to those of any of the eastern states, and their academies and universities are rendering effective service in the sphere of higher learning. So far as the south is concerned, allowance must be made for the presence of the colored race, the illiterate members of which constitute nearly one-half of the total number of illiterates in the United States, but even with this serious drawback, the southern states are making substantial gains in education, and the conditions promise an acceleration of such progress from year to year.

A Fanny Story.

Miss Kingsley, the famous African traveler, in an interview with the representative of an English paper tells the following amusing story about an adventure with a hippopotamus:

"We were going down a river in a boat," she said, "when we saw ahead of us a herd of hippos, and I, being nervous, asked my guide if the animals were dangerous in this country."

"Sometimes they are, ma'am, and sometimes they're not; you can't tell till you're past 'em," said he. "We went on and just as I thought 'saved' one came under the boat and we were in the water. I always go conscientiously to the bottom and when I returned to the surface I saw our crew making for the bank and heard a voice saying: 'Do you happen to survive, ma'am?' 'Temporarily,' said I. 'Then hang on to the canoe,' I am, said I; 'hang yourself,' and he hung. I suggested the bank. 'No,' said he, 'not yet; wait till the canoe carries us past the land. If they can get a foothold they'll stamp you down. They can't do much in deep water.' But the worst of floating along like this is, the chances are a crocodile will come along and sample your legs."—New York Recorder.

Salvation Army Locked Up.
The other evening, the entire Salvation Army at Decatur, Ill., was arrested and locked up in the city prison. This is the culmination of a crusade which the city began to stop the open-air meetings of the army under the ordinance which prohibits the blockading of streets and causing a nuisance. The army went out on the streets and held the usual meetings, stopping on a prominent corner, and attracting a big crowd. The police then made the arrests. The merchants in front of whose places of business the army stopped were the first to enter complaint and appealed to the city to stop the meetings. The officers gave the army the privilege of parading, but ordered it not to stop anywhere.

Should Try the Trick on the Man.

There is a man in Des Moines who attached an old pair of horses in a barn and left them to starve to death, as an easy means of ridding himself of them. When found by the society officers, the horses had with their poor old teeth gnawed away a good part of the wood of their stalls.

A Race of Pygmies.

The smallest race of human beings known are the inhabitants of the Anjama islands. Their average stature is three and one-half feet, and few of them weigh more than 65 pounds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bedford.

Jas. Anderson, of Dubouville, met with an accident lately. While he was fixing the binder the horses started up, forcing the binder needle through his hand and tying the twine on the other side. He is now attended by Dr. Shields.

Mr. Harry Harrison and family are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Master Stanley Paulger, of Detroit is visiting friends here.

Allie Larkins is at present laid up by a horse kick.

Some dissatisfaction has arisen among the union milk-producers.

Mrs. Eliza Milroy is visiting her daughter in Detroit.

Many Redfordites enjoyed(?) the Fourth at Plymouth.

Several farmers are selling their cows because milk producing is not profitable.

Be Sure You Are Right

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you want. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

Meads Mills.

Miss Mabel Davies, of Detroit, is the guest of Clara Benton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Barber were in Detroit last Friday evening to see the "Storming of Vicksburg."

Mrs. H. Green was in West Plymouth a part of last week.

Ed Taylor, of Flint, visited with relatives here last week.

Frank Taylor helped to furnish music at Belleville last Saturday for dancing. He said that there was no storm, and everything went off very nicely.

Miss Clara Jigear and little brother, of Detroit, are spending their vacation with their sister, Mrs. Will Barber.

Salem.

Rev. D. H. Conrad is visiting his two brothers in the state of New York. Will return next week.

Rev. F. L. Allen, of Walled Lake, occupied the pulpit in the Baptist church and delivered two very able discourses.

A prayer meeting will be held next Sabbath morning in the Baptist church. All are invited.

Wm. Mosher's hired man narrowly escaped fatal injuries Wednesday morning. In attempting to lead a young horse from the stall he stepped in beside the animal without speaking. This frightened her, and caused her to kick, and in less time than it takes to tell it, a lump mass of humanity was picked up by Mr. Mosher and conveyed to the house, but strange to say, with the exception of several cuts and bruises, was not very badly hurt, although he had a very narrow escape. It is safe to infer that the next time the young man approaches a young animal he will undoubtedly speak to it before stepping to its side.

Saturday afternoon, July 4th, 1896, will be a time long to be remembered by many persons in and around Salem on account of the devastating work of the storm that swept with such fury over a portion of our township. Only a short space elapsed from the commencement until the ending of what could be justly termed one of the severest cyclones ever known in this vicinity. In its path was to be seen ruin and wreck of every description. Many exaggerated reports have, of course, been circulated in regard thereto, but for the benefit of our readers whom we feel would be interested to know the facts, we have made out a list of the names of those who were as near as we can learn, the principal losers from the effects of the storm. George VanSickle, sheep barn unroofed, and several acres of timber blown down, besides damage to growing crops; Harmon Kehrl, barn partly unroofed, damage to timber and crops; Lewis Knacker, barn unroofed, trees and fences demolished; Geo. Nollar and Lee Stevens, damage to dwelling by hail, orchards and fences demolished; David Deak, windmill and derrick totally wrecked, severe damage to crops; At Salem village the Baptist church, the dwelling of Will Stanbro, John Haywood and Mortimer Williams each lost a chimney. The windmill on the D. L. & N. tracts, also the chimney of depot were totally wrecked. There was also much damage to crops and fences along the whole line of the cyclone and each farmer suffered more or less but with the exception of a few who always grumble more or less, little complaint is heard. The general verdict seems to be, that it was fortunate no lives were lost and no more serious damage done.

GUESS.

Bay View Camp Meeting.

July 7 to August 14.

Fare for round trip \$7.25 via F. & P. M. Dates of sale July 8th to 16th. Return limit Aug. 15th. (400-51)

Sovi.

Master Harold Trump, of Saginaw, is visiting at C. E. Goodell's.

W. B. Mosher and family, of Salem, and Miss Lizzie Taylor spent the Fourth at Walled Lake.

Miss Guselle Durfee, of Detroit, is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Mercereau.

Will Goundrill is on the sick list.

Quite a number from here have been buckleberrying and report an immense crop.

C. D. Seebaldt, wife and children, Miss Lizzie Uriidge, Ed Taylor, of Detroit, and Miss Marie Duncanson, of Huron Co., have been spending several days at Jas. Taylor's. They returned Wednesday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

Rev. McIntosh, of Walled Lake, was calling on friends here Monday.

The Misses Anna Hoffman and Anna Austin, and Messrs. Frank and Charlie Rice went to Detroit last Tuesday.

Mrs. Eliza Simmons and children spent the Fourth with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Doc. Rice.

South Salem.

Quite a number of our young people spent the Fourth at Plymouth and nearly got blown away by the cyclone.

Delbert Cole, who is at work in the Eastern Michigan Asylum at Pontiac, is home for summer vacation.

A number of our good people spent the 4th at Silver Lake, but they say, "no time at all" when questioned.

The young friends of Delbert Cole, gave him a pleasant surprise on Wednesday evening last.

Mrs. James Warn, of Pontiac, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cole.

Miss Alice Quackenbush spent last week and this with her brother, Prof. E. J. Quackenbush, at Grand Ledge.

Fifteen couple of our young people went on a leap year fishing excursion to Silver Lake last Saturday. Ask the boys how they enjoy cooking the "grub."

Rev. C. T. Allen, presiding elder of this district, preached to a large audience at Laphans church Sunday evening.

The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. H. Smith last Wednesday.

Livonia.

Mr. Horace Kingsley and family have returned home from their visit at Flint, and report a good time.

Mrs. David Barrows, of Detroit, is visiting Mrs. Nathan Kingsley and other friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barrows and friends of Detroit, and Mrs. Chilson, of Newburg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McEachran.

Mr. and Mrs. John Base entertained friends from Detroit, also their daughter, Anna, of Plymouth.

Miss Nettie Green, of Bay City, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. W. O. Minkley, of this place.

The blacksmith of this place, thinks this is poor weather for tire setting. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kinner, of Detroit, spent their 4th with Mr. Wm. Smith, of this place.

Mr. John Leslie, of Dexter, is visiting his niece, Mrs. Stringer, for a few days.

Mr. Ed Herrick, of Beeth, called on friends at this place, Tuesday evening.

David G. Brown.

David G. Brown, died June 30th, 1896, at his home in Nankin. After an illness of over two years. Deceased was born in the Township of Phelps, Wayne Co., N. Y. on February 3rd, 1822. He came to Michigan in 18'5, and has resided on the same farm for the past 41 years, and was a member of the Masonic Fraternity for more than 30 years.

Card of Thanks.

The family of David G. Brown wishes to return their many thanks to neighbors and friends for their kind assistance during their sad affliction and bereavement. Also to those who furnished music for the occasion.

MRS. D. G. BROWN AND FAMILY.

CHAS. BREMS

Is the place to buy
A Good Buggy
AND IF YOU WANT

General Blacksmithing
Done on

Shortest Notice,
Call and See Him.

He keeps all kinds of
Farming Tools.

CHAS. BREMS.
North Village, Plymouth.

Lyndon's Cash Grocery

(Successors to Bogert & Co.)

We want to call your attention to the fact that you can save a good percentage by buying

Groceries and Provisions

of us and paying cash. We have added a New and Fresh Line. The close times makes us figure for your patronage and we have placed our goods at the Lowest Figure for

CASH ONLY.

You can always depend on getting more for a dollar at our store than any other place. We call at your house and deliver goods.

A Trial will Convince You.

S. M. Lyndon & Co.

Proprietors.

McCormick

Harvesting Machines

We are too busy to say much, but keep "sawing wood."

W. J. & H. E. BRADNER,
Agents, Plymouth.

Huston & Co.,

THE PLACE WHERE THEY SELL



For \$45.00 Spot Cash.
Harvard Bicycles \$48. Duke Bicycles \$25.