

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

Waldo paced on, moaning in agony and longing. He heard the transcendentalist's high answer:

"What have you to do with flesh, the gross and miserable garment in which spirit hides itself? You shall see her again. But the hand, the foot, the forehead, you loved you shall see no more. The loves, the fears, the frailties, that are born with the flesh, with the flesh shall die. Let them die! There is that in man that cannot die—a seed, a germ, an embryo, a spiritual essence. Higher than she was on earth, as the tree is higher than the seed, the man than the embryo, so shall you behold her, changed, glorified!"

High words, ringing well. They are the offering of jewels to the hungry, of gold to the man who dies for bread. Bread is corruption; gold is incorruptible. Bread is light; gold is heavy. Bread is common; gold is rare. But the hungry man will barter all your mines for one morsel of bread. Around God's throne there may be cherubs and companies of angels, cherubim and seraphim, rising tier above tier, but not for one of them all does the soul cry aloud, only perhaps for a little human woman, full of sin, that it once loved!

"Change is death, change is death!" he cried. "I want no angel, only she—no better, with all her sins upon her. So give her me or give me nothing!"

For the soul's fierce cry for immortality is this, only this: Return to me after death the thing as it was before. Leave me in the hereafter the being that I am today. Rob me of the thoughts, the feelings, the desires, that are my life, and you have left nothing to take. Your immortality is annihilation; you hereafter is a lie.

Waldo flung open the door and walked out into the starlight, his pain-stricken thoughts ever driving him on as he paced there.

"There must be a hereafter because man longs for it," he whispered. "Is not all life from the cradle to the grave one long yearning for that which we never touch? There must be a hereafter because we cannot think of any end to life. Can we think of a beginning? Is it easier to say 'I was not' than to say 'I shall not be'? And yet where were we 90 years ago? Dreams, dreams! Ah, all dreams and lies! No ground anywhere!"

All dies, all dies! The roses are red with the matter that once reddened the cheek of the child. The flowers bloom the fairest on the last year's battleground. The work of Death's finger cunningly wreathed over is at the heart of all things, even of the living. Death's finger is everywhere. The rocks are built up of a life that was. Bodies, thoughts and loves die. From where springs that whisper to the tiny soul of man, "You shall not die"? Ah, is there no truth of which this dream is the shadow?"

He fell into perfect silence. And at last, as he walked there with his bent head, his soul passed down the steps of contemplation into that vast land where there is always peace; that land where the soul, gazing long, loses all consciousness of its little self and almost feels its hand on the old mystery of Universal Unity that surrounds it.

"No death, no death!" he muttered. "There is that which never dies, which abides. It is but the individual that perishes; the whole remains. It is the organism that vanishes; the atoms are there. It is but the man that dies; the Universal Whole of which he is part reworks him into its finest self. Ah, what matter that man's day be short; that the sunrise sees him, and the sunset sees his grave. That of which he is but the breath has breathed him forth and drawn him back again. That abides; we abide."

For the little soul that cries aloud for continued personal existence for itself and its beloved there is no help. For the soul which knows itself no more as a unit, but as a part of the Universal Unity of which the beloved also is a part, which feels within itself the throbbing of the Universal Life—for that soul there is no death.

"Let us die, beloved, you and I, that we may pass on forever through the Universal Life! In that deep world of contemplation all fierce desires die out, and peace comes down. He (Waldo) as he walked there saw no more the world that was about him; cried out no more for the thing that he had lost. His soul rested. Was it only John, thank you, who saw the heavens open? The dreamers see it every day. So age succeeds age, and dream succeeds dream, and of the joy of the dreamer no man knoweth but he who dreameth."

Our fathers had their dream; we have ours; the generation that follows will have its own. Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist.

CHAPTER XXVII

WALDO GOES OUT TO SIT IN THE SUNSHINE.

It had been a princely day. The long morning had melted slowly into a rich afternoon. Waldo had covered the "harrow" with a heavy coat of green that hid the red earth everywhere. In the very-inks of the stone walls dark green leaves hung out and beauty and growth had crept even into the beds of

the sandy furrows and these were with weeds. On the broken sod walls of the old pigsty chickens flourished, and ice plants lifted their transparent leaves. Waldo was at work in the wagon house again. He was making a kitchen table for Em. As the long curls gathered in heaps before his plane he paused for an instant now and again to throw one down to a small naked nigger who had crept from its mother, who stood churning in the sunshine, and had crawled into the wagon house. From time to time the little animal lifted its fat hand as it expected a fresh shower of curls till Doss, jealous of his master's noticing any other small creature but himself, would catch the curl in his mouth and roll the little Kaffir over in the sawdust, sweet to that small animal's contentment.

A different life showed itself in front of the house, where Tant' Sannie's cart stood ready "inspurred," and the Boer woman herself sat in the front room drinking coffee. She had come to visit her stepdaughter, probably for the last time, as she now weighed 200 pounds and was not easily able to move. On a chair sat her mild young husband nursing the baby, a pudding faced, weak eyed child.

"You take it and get into the cart with it," said Tant' Sannie. "What do you want here, listening to our woman's talk?"

The young man arose and meekly went out with the baby. "I'm glad you are going to be married, my child," said Tant' Sannie as she drained the last drop from her coffee cup. "I wouldn't say so while that boy was here. It would make him too conceited. But marriage is the finest thing in the world. I've been at it three times, and if it pleased God to take this husband from me I should have another. There's nothing like it, my child, nothing."

"Perhaps it might not suit all people at all times as well as it suits you, Tant' Sannie," said Em. There was a little shade of weariness in the voice.

"Not suit every one!" said Tant' Sannie. "If the beloved Redeemer didn't mean men to have wives, what did he make women for? That's what I say. If a woman's old enough to marry and doesn't, she's sinning against the Lord. It's a wanting to know better than him. What! Does she think the Lord took all that trouble in making her for nothing? It's evident he wants babies. Otherwise why does he send them? Not that I've done much in that way myself," said Tant' Sannie sorrowfully, "but I've done my best."

The rose with some difficulty from her chair and began moving slowly toward the door.

"It's a strange thing," she said, "but you can't love a man till you've had a baby by him. Now, there's that boy there. When we were first married, if he only sneezed in the night I boxed his ears. Now if he lets his pipe ash come on my milk clothes I don't think of laying a finger on him. There's nothing like being married," said Tant' Sannie as she puffed toward the door. "If a woman's got a baby and a husband, she's got the best things the Lord can give her. If only the baby doesn't have convulsions. As for a husband, it's very much the same who one has. Some men are fat, and some men are thin, some men drink brandy, and some men drink gin, but it all comes to the same thing in the end: it's all one. A man's a man, you know."

Here they came upon Gregory, who was sitting in the shade, before the house. Tant' Sannie shook hands with him.

"I'm glad you're going to get married," she said. "I hope you'll have as many children in five years as a cow has calves, and more too. I think I'll just go and have a look at your soap pot before I start," she said, turning to Em. "Not that I believe in this new plan of putting soda in the pot. If the dear Father had meant soda to be put into soap, what would he have made milk bushes for and stuck them all over the 'veld' as thick as lambs in the lambing season?"

She waddled off after Em in the direction of the built in soap pot, leaving Gregory as they found him, with his head pipe lying on the bench beside him and his blue eyes gazing out far across the flat, like one who sits on the spashy watching that which is fading, fading from him. Against his breast was a letter found in a desk addressed to himself, but never posted. It held only four words, "You must marry Em." He wore it in a black bag round his neck. It was the only letter she had ever written to him.

"You see if the sheep don't have the snub this year!" said Tant' Sannie as she waddled after Em. "It's with all these new inventions that the wrath of God must fall on us. What were the children of Israel punished for if it wasn't for making a golden calf? I may have my sins, but I do remember the Ten Commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' It's all very well to say we honor them and then to be sending out things that they never knew and doing things in a way that they never did them. My mother boiled soap with bushes, and I will hold soon

with bushes, if the wrath of God is to fall upon this land," said Tant' Sannie, with the serenity of conscious virtue. "It shall not be through me. Let them make their steam wagons and their fire carriages, let them go on as though the dear Lord didn't know what he was about when he gave horses and oxen legs. The destruction of the Lord will follow them. I don't know how such people read their Bibles. When do we hear of Moses or Noah riding in a railway? The Lord sent fire carriages out of heaven in those days."

"Yes," said Tant' Sannie; "I had almost forgotten to tell you. By the Lord, if I had him here! We were walking to church last sacrament Sunday, Piet and I. Close in front of us was old Tant' Trana, with droopy and cancer and can't live eight months. Walking by her was something with his hands under his coat tails, flap, flap, flap, and its chin in the air, and a stick up collar, and the black hat on the very back of the head. I knew him. 'Who's that?' I asked. 'The rich Englishman that Tant' Trana married last week.' 'Rich Englishman!' I'll rich Englishman him. 'I'll tell Tant' Trana a thing or two. My fingers were just in his little white curls. If it hadn't been the blessed sacrament, he would not have walked so 'sourka, sourka, sourka.' I'll wait till I've had it, and then—But he, sly fox, son of a satan, seed of the Amalekite, he saw me looking at him in the church. The blessed sacrament wasn't half over when he takes Tant' Trana by the arm, and out they go. I clap my baby down to its father, and I go after them. But," said Tant' Sannie regretfully, "I couldn't get up to

them. I am too fat. When I got to the corner, he was pulling Tant' Trana up into the cart. 'Tant' Trana,' I said, 'you've married a Kaffir's dog, a Hottentot's brackie.' I hadn't any more breath. He winked at me—he winked at me," said Tant' Sannie, her sides shaking with indignation, "first with one eye and then with the other, and then drove away. Child of the Amalekite," said Tant' Sannie, "if it hadn't been the blessed sacrament! Lord, Lord, Lord!"

Here the little Bush girl came running to say that the horses would stand no longer, and still breathing out vengeance against her old adversary, she lapped toward the cart. Shaking hands and affectionately kissing Em, she was with some difficulty drawn up. Then slowly the cart rolled away, the good Boer woman putting her head out between the sails to smile and nod. Em stood watching it for a time. Then as the sun dazzled her eyes she turned away. There was no use in going to sit with Gregory. He liked best sitting there alone, staring across the green "karroo," and till the maid had done churning there was nothing to do, so Em walked away to the wagon house and climbed on to the end of Waldo's table and sat there, swinging one little foot slowly to and fro, while the wooden curls from the plane heaped themselves up against her black print dress.

"Waldo," she said at last, "Gregory has given me the money he got for the wagon and oxen, and I have £50 besides that once belonged to some one. I know what they would have liked to have done with it. You must take it and go to some place and study for a year or two."

"No, little one, I will not take it," he said as he played slowly away. "The time was when I would have been very grateful to any one who would have given me a little money, a little help—a little power of gaining knowledge. But now I have gone so far alone I may go on to the end. I don't want it, little one."

"Why is it always so, Waldo—always so?" she said. "We long for things and long for them and pray for them, we would give all we have to come near to them, but we never reach them. Then at last, too late, just when we don't want them any more, when all the sweetness is taken out of them, then they come. We don't want them then," she said, folding her hands resignedly on her little apron. After awhile she added: "I remember once, very long ago, when I was a very little girl, my mother had a workbox full of colored reels. I always wanted to play with them, but she would never let me. At last one day she said I might take the box. I was so glad I hardly knew what to do. I ran round the house and sat down with it on the back steps, but when I opened the box all the cottons were taken out."

She sat for awhile longer till the Kaffir maid had finished churning and was carrying the butter toward the house. Then Em prepared to slip off the table, but first she laid her little hand on Waldo's. He stopped his planing and looked up.

"Gregory is going to the town tomorrow. He is going to give in our banners to the minister. We are going to be married in three weeks."

Waldo lifted her very gently from the table. He did not congratulate her. Perhaps he thought of the empty box, but he kissed her forehead gravely.

She walked away toward the house, but stopped when she had got half way. "I will bring you a glass of buttermilk when it is cool," she called out, and soon her clear voice came ringing out through the back windows as she sang the "Blue Water" to herself and washed the butter.

Waldo did not wait till she returned. Perhaps he had at last really grown weary of work; perhaps he felt the wagon house chilly (for he had shuddered two or three times), though that was hardly likely in that warm summer weather, or perhaps, and most probably, one of his old dreaming fits had come upon him suddenly. He put his tools carefully together, ready for tomorrow, and walked slowly out. At the side of the wagon house there was a world of bright sunshine, and a hen with her chickens was scratching

among the gravel. Waldo scaped himself near them with his back against the red brick wall. The long after-noon was half spent, and the "koffie" was just beginning to cast its shadow over the round headed yellow flowers that grew between it and the far-house. Among the flowers the white butterflies hovered, and on the old trial mounds three white kids gambolled, and at the door of one of the huts an old gray headed Kaffir woman sat on the ground mending her mata. A heavy, restful peacefulness seemed to reign everywhere. Even the old hen seemed well satisfied. She scratched among the stones and called to her chickens when she found a treasure and all the while clucked to herself with intense inward satisfaction. Waldo as he sat with his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms folded on them looked at it all and smiled. An evil world, a deceitful, treacherous, mirage-like world, it might be, but a lovely world for all that, and to sit there gazing in the sunlight was perfect.

There are only rare times when a man's soul can see Nature. So long as any passion holds its revel there, the eyes are hidden that should not see her.

Go out, if you will, and walk alone on the hillside in the evening, but if your favorite child lies ill at home, or your lover comes tomorrow, or at your heart there lies a scheme for the holding of wealth, then you will return as you went out—you will have seen nothing for Nature, ever, like the old Hebrew God, cries out, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Only then, when the old idol is broken, when the old hope is dead, when the old desire is crushed, then the Divine compensation of Nature is made manifest. She shows herself to you. So near she draws you that the blood seems to flow from her to you through a still uncut cord. You feel the throb of her life.

When that day comes that you sit down broken, without one human creature to whom you cling, with your eyes the dead and the living dead; when the very thirst for knowledge through long continued thwarting has grown dull; when in the present there is no craving and in the future no hope, then, oh, with a beneficent tenderness, Nature unfolds you.

Then the large white snowflakes as they flutter down softly, one by one, whisper soothingly, "Rest, poor heart, rest!" It is as though our mother smoothed our hair, and we are comforted.

Well to die then, for, if you live, so surely as the years come, so surely as the spring succeeds the winter, so surely will passions arise. They will creep back, one by one, into the bosom that has cast them forth and fasten there again, and peace will go. Desire, ambition and the fierce agonising food of love for the living—they will spring again. Then Nature will draw down her veil. With all your longing you shall not be able to raise one corner. You cannot bring back those peaceful days. Well to die then!

Sitting there with his arms folded on his knees and his hat slouched down over his face, Waldo looked out into the yellow sunshine that tinted even the very air with the color of ripe corn and was happy.

He was an uncouth creature, with small learning and no prospect in the future but that of making endless tables and stone walls, yet it seemed to him as he sat there that life was a rare and very rich thing. He rubbed his hands in the sunshine. Ah, to live on so, year after year, how well! Always in the present, letting each day glide, bringing its own labor and its own beauty, the gradual lighting up of the hills, night and the stars, freight and the coals! To live on so, calmly, far from the paths of men, and to look at the lives of clouds and insects, to look deep into the heart of flowers and see how lovingly the pistil and the stamens nestle there together, and to see in the thorn pods how the little seeds suck their life through the delicate curled up string and how the little embryo sleeps inside! Well, how well, to sit on one side, taking no part in the world's life, but when great men blossom into books looking into those flowers also, to see how the world of men, too, opens beautifully, leaf after leaf! Ah, life is delicious! Well to live long and see the darkness breaking and the day coming, the day when soul shall not thrust back soul that would come to it, when men shall not be driven to seek solitude because of the crying out of their hearts for love and sympathy! Well to live long and see the new time breaking! Well to live long! Life is sweet, sweet, sweet!

In his breast pocket, where of old the broken silve used to be, there was now a little dancing shoe of his friend who was sleeping. He could feel it when he folded his arm tight against his breast, and that was well also. He drew his hat lower over his eyes and sat so motionless that the chickens thought he was asleep and gathered closer around him. One even ventured to peck at his boot, but it ran away quickly. Tiny, yellow fellow that it was, it knew that men were dangerous. Even sleeping they might awake. But Waldo did not sleep and, coming back from his sunbath dream, stretched out his hand for the tiny thing to mount. But the chicken eyed the hand and ran off to hide under its mother's wing, and from beneath it it sometimes put out its round head to peep at the great figure sitting there. Presently its brothers ran off after a little white moth, and it ran out to join them, and when the moth fluttered away over their heads they stood looking up, disappointed, and then ran back to their mother. Waldo through his half closed eyes looked at them. Thinking, fearing, craving, those tiny sparks of brother life, what were they, so real there in that old yard on that sunbath afternoon? A few years—where would they be? Strange little brother spirits! He stretched his hand toward

them, for his heart went out to them, but not one of the little creatures came nearer him, and he watched them gravely for a time. Then he smiled and began muttering to himself after his old fashion. Afterward he folded his arms upon his knees and rested his forehead on them. And so he sat there in the yellow sunshine, muttering, musing, muttering, to himself.

It was not very long after when Em came out at the back door with a towel thrown across her head, and in her hand a cup of milk.

"Ah," she said, coming close to him, "he is sleeping now! He will find it when he wakes and be glad of it."

She put it down upon the ground beside him. The mother hen was at work still among the stones, but the chickens had clucked about him and were perching on him. One stood upon his shoulder and rubbed its little head softly against his black curls. Another tried to balance itself on the very edge of the old felt hat. One tiny fellow stood upon his hand and tried to crow. Another had nestled itself down comfortably on the old eave and gone to sleep there.

Em did not drive them away, but she covered the glass softly at his side. "He will wake soon," she said, "and be glad of it."

But the chickens were wiser.

THE END.

VANQUISHED A SPOOK

BILL SCROGGINS DID IT AND THEN DISAPPEARED.

The Singular History of a Peculiar Character Who Located Wells For Missouri Farmers and Jeopardized With Trained Snakes.

Rev. Bill Scroggins was a character in a border county of Missouri in 1844. How he acquired the ecclesiastical prefix and what he did under the title were stories which used to be told in the farmhouses of what is now known as Cass county.

They said he had been a snake charmer when he was a young man, that he traveled about the country as a sort of magician and that he showed farmers with his divining rod where to dig wells.

The people of what was then a frontier country assembled once a year in their respective communities and held camp meetings. On one of these religious occasions Bill followed the crowd with his bag of reptiles. The minister, an old man whose face was like that of a patriarch, told the story in a sermon of Moses lifting up the brazen serpent in the camp of Israel under the command of Jehovah. The Missouri farmer who used to entertain travelers with the recital said that the congregation was not particularly moved by the appeal, but after its delivery Bill Scroggins got up and announced that he had a bag of real, crawling, hissing reptiles which he would exhibit after dinner just outside the camp ground, and he claimed that he would show the people some snake tricks which would beat the Mosaic story they had just heard.

In spite of the protest of the minister the people turned out to the live snake show, and Bill gave them an exhibition which was a great success. It is said, or it used to be said, that there wasn't a snake trick which Bill Scroggins' serpents didn't do. When the exhibition was over, Bill told the people that he was a sort of missionary himself in connection with his business of locating wells and that he would call on each member in the evening and advise with them as to their spiritual and worldly wants.

When he called, his first question was, "Have you got a well?" If the reply was in the negative, and wells were scarce, Bill informed the member that he must have one located, and then he opened his bag of snakes and as they began crawling Bill lifted up his voice and called the people to repentance. He told them the snakes would do him no harm if they (the people) would give him the job of locating wells.

It was a tax on human belief, but the Missourian who told the story vouched for the truth of his assertion that the people gave Bill more orders than he could fill in one season and that he broke up the camp meeting. He was the first heretic in the west, although the word was unknown in that country then. He became famous and was in demand. Wherever he traveled he had his bag of trained snakes, and he waxed fat and became independent.

Whenever there was any doubt about the success of any movement the word was passed that Rev. Bill Scroggins should be summoned.

People in that section believed in ghosts, as many more enlightened people believe in them in this day. There was one ghost which had done a lively business along the highway between the county seat and a river known to this day as Bear creek. It was the custom of this ghost to chase belated horsemen over the highway until the ford at Bear creek was reached. There the chase stopped. The ghost never crossed the stream.

When the fame of Rev. Bill Scroggins had spread abroad, it was suggested that he travel over the Bear creek road and try his hand on the spirit. Bill accepted the call. He made a number of journeys before the ghost materialized, and there were people who began doubting the existence of the ghost, while others cited Rev. Bill as one who could overcome anything, and by that token he had made the ghost take to the woods. The community was equally divided.

However, the ghost showed up one night in the midst of a storm and challenged Rev. Bill to ride for his life. The snake ecclesiastic refused, and there was a contest in which Bill's horse was killed, and he was left alone. The ghost got the bag of snakes and

escaped to the ford, where his overtook him on the following day, and the contest was renewed. The ghost undertook to turn the snakes on Bill, but they refused to act. Bill got possession of them and turned them on the spirit. They drove the spirit into Bear creek and across it, and the spirit died, and that was the end of the ghost in that country.

Bill returned in triumph to the country seat and told the story. It was received with some doubt, but as years slipped by and nobody was chased people began to believe Bill, and apostolic came in rather late. But Bill was vindicated. There he mysteriously disappeared.

Some years later a den of snakes was discovered in what is now Bates county, Mo., the adjoining county on the south to Cass, and in this den was discovered the skeleton of a man. In the opinion of many the skeleton was none other than that of Rev. Bill Scroggins. So well was his memory revered that the bones were collected from the snake den, and when the first courthouse was built in Cass county, it is said, they were placed in a box under the cornerstone and were found there years after when the old courthouse was demolished.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A FIGHTING PARSON.

How Dr. McKane Completely Converted a Belligerent Blacksmith.

The conversation had drifted somehow or other to fighting clergymen. "That reminds me," said a Georgian in the group, "of a story that is told on Dr. McKane. The doctor was a famous antebellum character, who lived between Washington and Augusta—a district, by the way, which produced an extraordinary number of men of ability. He was a physician of the good old school, and, being a man of strong religious views, he was in the habit of occasionally preaching in the rural churches. Physically McKane was a giant, and if he failed to convert a sinner by word of mouth he was not averse to finishing the argument with his fists; so, needless to say, his proselyting was singularly successful.

"One Sunday, as the story goes, he drove to a neighboring village for the purpose of holding services and was met as he descended from his buggy by the local blacksmith, who was the bully of the community. The blacksmith had heard of the doctor's prowess and regarded his presence as a menace to his own prestige and decided not to let him preach.

"Well, stranger, who be you, anyhow?" he asked as a starter, planting himself in the visitor's path.

"My name is McKane," replied the doctor, "and I've come to hold a meeting in the church yonder."

"My name is Bill Williams," said the blacksmith, "and I'd be glad to tell you that you can't hold no meetin in this town today."

"That's something we'd best settle immediately," said McKane, with perfect coolness, and proceeded to pull off his coat. The blacksmith had the advantage of brute strength, but McKane was a skillful boxer, and after a few swift passes he saw an opening and knocked his man down. The bully got up raving and was promptly flogged again. The third time McKane stretched his adversary out he jumped on his chest and began slugging him about the face.

"Hold on!" bellowed the blacksmith, spitting out a couple of teeth. "I've gotter nut!"

"Do I preach here today?" asked McKane, landing a stiff punch on his nose.

"Yes! Yes!" yelled the other. "Preach all you want to!"

"And will you come and bear me?" continued the doctor, hitting him a terrific lick in the eye.

"Yes! Yes! I'll come!"

"All right, brother," said the fighting parson, rising and wiping his hands. "The services will begin at 10 sharp."

"The blacksmith kept his word and was on the front bench. They say he afterward became a class leader."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Kruger's Debt.

One of the things which the Transvaal seems to have forgotten is that, when it was in money difficulties many years ago, the English government proved to be its friend in need and lent President Kruger a large sum of money. At that time, too, there did not appear to be much prospect that the Transvaal would ever be rich enough to return the loan.

However, the debt has been gradually lessened, and now it stands at about £148,000. This bears interest at 2½ per cent, and a sinking fund is attached, which will automatically pay off the whole debt by the year 1922.

Although £148,000 seems a large sum, it amounts to no more than seven-eighths of a penny divided among the 40,000,000 inhabitants of the United Kingdom. But obviously President Kruger is the debtor to this amount of every English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh man, woman and child. Putting the matter over, it appears that every Boer in the Transvaal owes the United Kingdom £1 10s. 6d.

But there is no fear about the payment, for the Transvaal has state lands of considerably more value than its total national debt of £2,700,000.—London Answers.

Point of View.

An irreligious and somewhat cynical correspondent sends the following to the New York Tribune: "Don't you think The Tribune ought to rebuke the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church people for regarding the fact on a memorial tablet that they think themselves wai' r'd of good old Dr. Hall's preaching?" After referring to his finished service of 37 years the passage is quoted, "There is no such thing as a free lunch to the people of God."

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO MICHIGAN PEOPLE.

A Good Report of Happenings Through-out Our Great State Received by Tele-gram—Crime, Commerce and Other Details of General Interest.

Detroit, April 30.—John E. King, of the real estate firm of Hubbard & King, 60 years of age, and worth more than \$2,000,000, was made defendant Saturday in a breach-of-promise suit for \$100,000. The complainant is Mrs. Mary McCarthy Frazer, 35 years old, widow of James Frazer, and the mother of two children. A year ago last winter Mrs. Frazer visited the office of Hubbard & King to inquire about a place of real estate that was on the market.

King's Alleged Short Courtship. King attended to her inquiries and made an appointment with her to call again a few days. In the meantime Mrs. Frazer made further inquiries, and decided not to buy, consequently she did not keep her appointment. She dismissed King and the incident from her mind. On Jan. 20, nearly a year later King called at her house and breached the subject of the conversation in regard to the real estate. According to Mrs. Frazer King did not want to talk real estate, but love, and she says he there and then proposed marriage to her.

Issue Is as to Maternity. A few days before the date of the wedding, Mrs. Frazer says, King told her that his sister, and finally objected to the marriage, but that it would make no difference with their plans. On Feb. 22 he called for the first time, and on that occasion, Mrs. Frazer says, he told her his family was making so much fuss he would be obliged to annul the engagement. Mrs. Frazer said she was at first inclined to let the incident pass unnoticed, on account of her high social connection, but she afterward decided that she would seek reparation.

King declines to discuss the case. His attorneys maintain that the annulment of the marriage was a mutual affair if there was ever any agreement for it.

STIR IN FIFTY HILL SOCIETY.

There is much interest in a \$60,000 breach-of-promise case.

Detroit, April 27.—A declaration was filed Wednesday in the suppressed breach-of-promise case of Alice J. Reame, daughter of Charles Reame, ex-governor of Michigan, and the late ex-Alderman T. Finney, son of the late ex-Alderman T. Finney. Mrs. Reame asks for \$25,000. Finney is one of the proprietors of the Alvin E. Holt & Co. pharmacy.

Nearly eight years ago, according to Mrs. Reame's story, related to her attorneys, the young lady, then less than 22 years of age, became intimately acquainted with Harold T. Finney. She says he proposed to her June 10, 1895.

Both Mrs. Reame and Finney move in the best society of Plety hill, the center of Detroit's 400, and the case has created a stir of the first magnitude.

ATTEMPT TO ROB A BANK.

Explosion Failed of Its Purpose and the Thugs Got Away.

Pinckney, Mich., April 28.—Some time between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday morning an attempt was made to rob the Pinckney Exchange bank. An entrance was made at the front door with tools stolen from a blacksmith shop. Several holes were drilled around the vault door lock and an attempt was made to blow off the door, but it was unsuccessful. The front door of the vault is a wreck, but the inner doors resisted the efforts of the crackers.

The explosion was heard by several persons, who thought some one was firing a gun. The vault is one of the best in the state and it and contents were fully insured in the Bankers' Mutual Casualty company.

STATE MUST SUPPLY THE FUNDS.

For Several Items of the Spanish War Expenses Unless Congress Acts.

Lansing, Mich., April 28.—Auditor Morris, of the war department at Washington, had a conference with Governor Flagg and the military authorities. Morris will pass upon Michigan's war expenditure vouchers. He told the governor that under the regulations he would have to refuse to even consider any expenditures made by the state after the date of mustering in the different companies.

This means that the expense of hospital trains, caring for the sick and transporting them to their homes, etc., will have to be borne by the state unless congress provides for reimbursement by a special act. These items aggregate quite a sum.

VICTIM OF HIS OWN WRATH.

Farm Hand Who Recently Being "Called Down" by His Boss.

Ypsilanti, Mich., May 1.—George Hammond, the owner of the Simcoe stock farm, proceeded to call one of his employes down, when the man seized a six-pound hammer and struck Hammond a heavy blow on the head. The man, who is of powerful build, and although partially stunned by the blow, he grappled with his assailant. The struggle was fast and furious for a few moments, but Hammond succeeded in disarming the fellow and in pinning him head foremost into a fence by brook. He then drove quickly to Ypsilanti and had his injuries dressed by a physician. It is not believed that the result will be serious.

Some District Politics.

Beginaw, Mich., April 27.—The Populist of the Eighth congressional district yesterday nominated F. E. Crosby, of Beginaw county, for representative in congress and adopted strong resolutions favoring the middle-of-the-road.

South Haven, Mich., April 27.—The Fourth district Republican congressional convention, held here yesterday, elected George Bardeen, of Okonago, and George H. Valentine, of Benton Harbor, delegates to the national convention at Philadelphia.

Marquette, Mich., April 27.—The Republican Twelfth district congressional convention was held here yesterday. Delegates to the national convention—

M. M. Duncan, Ishpeming; T. F. Cole, Ironwood; alternates, Robert H. Shields, Houghton; E. M. Dutcher, Newberry. W. E. Parnall was recommended to the state convention as a delegate-at-large from the upper peninsula.

Deaths from Death.

Owosso, Mich., May 1.—Ben Monroe, engaged in digging a sewer trench at the home of Adam Beckert, had a narrow escape from death Saturday. He was standing in a hole eight feet deep when the banks above him gave away caving in upon him. He was standing upright, but was covered over his head a foot deep with heavy earth. A fellow workman by some timely hustling got Monroe's head uncovered and easy soon had him out of the hole. Respiration was not restored for several minutes. No bones were broken.

Wants a New Trial for Marsh.

Lansing, Mich., May 1.—Judge Speed, attorney for ex-inspector General Arthur F. Marsh, of Allegan, who was convicted of participation in the military frauds, yesterday made a motion for a new trial for Marsh on the ground of irregularities in the drawing of the jury. Judge West appointed next Monday afternoon for hearing arguments on the motion.

Challenge for the New Jury.

Lansing, Mich., May 1.—Captain Atkinson, attorney for Ell R. Sutton, of Detroit, who is on trial for alleged complicity in the state military frauds, yesterday challenged the new panel of jurors drawn last Saturday for the Sutton case, trial of which was resumed yesterday. Court adjourned at 4 o'clock to allow him to put his challenge in writing.

Ottawa Fire and the Lumber Market.

Saginaw, Mich., May 1.—The local lumber market has taken on a decidedly stiff tone since the Ottawa fire. The destruction of over 200,000,000 feet of lumber there and the wiping out of plants which would have produced as much more during the season has dispelled any ideas that might have been entertained as to a decline in prices.

Demented Mother's Terrible Deed.

Millington, Mich., April 30.—Mrs. James Simmonds, who lived near Otter Lake, deliberately jumped in front of a Michigan Central Express train Saturday with her 2-year-old child in her arms. Both were terribly mangled, dying almost instantly. Mrs. Simmonds' mind had been unbalanced for several months, but her mania had not been considered dangerous.

Three Mills in the Combine.

Ann Arbor, Mich., May 1.—The Allmendinger & Schneider flouring mills, the Argo mills and the Kyer Milling company's establishment have formed a combination. The new concern is to be known as the Michigan Milling company, with a capital stock of \$225,000, of which \$160,000 is paid in.

Boat Goes Aground in the Lake.

Detroit, May 1.—The steamer City of Glasgow, bound up Sunday night with coal, went aground near the Dummy Light, on Lake Erie. The Wales left yesterday for her release. The Dummy lighthouse was recently burned, leaving the dangerous course without sufficient marks.

Rain Dampens Forest Fires.

Houghton, Mich., April 30.—Timely rains Saturday afternoon extending over a large part of the western half of the upper peninsula of Michigan have put out small forest fires and greatly abated the large ones. The danger is not over, but much lessened for a week to come.

Fire Raging in a Hamlet.

Iron Mountain, Mich., May 1.—A big fire is raging at Niagara, Wis., and assistance has been asked. An engine will be sent. Niagara is sixty miles north from Marinette, and the population is twenty. The town is in the region of the forest fires.

Astrologist Under Arrest.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 30.—Mildred Preston, an astrologist who is alleged to have recently fraudulently secured \$800 from Miss Ethelyn Quimby, a society young woman of this city, is under arrest at Dubuque, Ia., and will be brought back here.

Boy Commits Suicide.

Escanaba, Mich., May 1.—William Felton, aged 15, committed suicide Saturday evening by shooting himself in the forehead with a bullet from a Stevens 22 short revolver. The cause of the act is on account of a scolding from his mother.

MOB DOWIE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Followers of Elder Fair Attempt to Break Up Meeting, but Fail.

Philadelphia, May 1.—Ten thousand persons heard Rev. John Alexander Dowie of Chicago make sweeping charges against Christianity at three public lectures delivered at the Grand Opera house. At the evening lecture 150 persons, followers of Elder Fair, who was deposed from the Philadelphia church six months ago, left the body of the audience and attempted to prevent the lecture.

Over 100 policemen guarded every entrance to the stage and the angry crowd was unable to interrupt the speaker, who continued despite frequent interruptions and hisses from pit to dome of the vast theater. Two Baptists who took exception to Dowie were ordered from the hall and upon refusing to leave were dragged out by the police.

When Dr. Dowie left the theater for his hotel the excited crowd surged around the doorway and the police were unable to restrain it. One impetuous Fair follower hurled a missile at Dowie and was arrested.

Miller Gets Ten Years.

New York, May 1.—William F. Miller, manager of the "Franklin syndicate," who was recently convicted of grand larceny, has been sentenced in Brooklyn to serve ten years' imprisonment. Motions for a new trial and a stay of proceedings were denied. The indictment on which Miller was convicted charged him with swindling Mrs. Catherine Messer out of \$1,000. There are twenty other indictments now standing against him. The "Franklin syndicate" promised to pay 10 per cent. per week on deposits in managers alleging that the money was to do this was made in the stock market. The total amount secured by the concern was about \$1,000,000.

NEW SHEEP DISEASE.

A Strange Bacillus Attacking the Fibrous of Australia.

The Melbourne correspondent of The British Medical Journal says: "The very careful inspection of carcasses which is conducted by government officials at the abattoirs has recently disclosed an affection in sheep with which we were not hitherto familiar. The disease, it appears, is of bacterial origin and associated with certain tracts of country and seems to be making considerable headway in Australia. The contagium is derived from the soil and can only invade the animal when the skin is injured. So far the disease has not received much attention. Preliminary descriptions under the name of pseudotuberculosis. The disease is characterized by swellings, which vary much in size and which occur in the lymphatic glands. No other organs are attacked, and the tumors vary in size from that of a plum to that of an orange. On section at an early stage the nodules disclose a more or less tough fibrous capsule, inclosing a greater or less amount of thick viscous material. At a later stage the contents are firmer and more friable. The contents possess usually a distinct green color or shades of green, which is, however, not due to pyocyanine. The microbe that causes this disease develops with a white color in agar and a light yellow in blood serum. The tumors sometimes calcify, and the superficial swellings may burst and discharge their contents, leaving scars, or cavities may be left with caseous linings. No class of sheep is exempt from this disease, which prevails mostly in lands of a marshy character. The microorganisms enter the lymphatic vessels through breaches in the continuity of the skin. By culture and inoculation methods it is shown that the disease is caused by a short oval nonmotile bacillus.

Faithful Shepherds.

All history, sacred and profane, vouches for the good character and true fidelity of the shepherd, says The Sheep Breeder. "The shepherd loves his sheep; 'The sheep know his voice and do follow him.' 'The shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.' This ancient character still appertains to the shepherd; in the recent blizzards which swept through the northwest, mostly in Montana, several shepherds, instead of deserting their straying flocks drifting before the icy blasts and the sweeping snow, perished with their sheep. In one county ten of these faithful herders who staid with their sheep to care for them and protect them gave up their lives in the faithful pursuit of their duty to their flocks. And these were hirelings, but not that kind of whom we read 'when the wolf cometh they see and leave their sheep to the destroyer.' One of these heroes—for there are such in ordinary civil life as well as in war, in which the pomp and circumstance may tend to evoke unusual bravery and carelessness of risks—one of these shepherds, returning from a search to his tent at midnight, left a note stating that he was nearly exhausted, but he was going on and would follow his sheep drifting before the deadly icy blasts. And he did, but, alas for such a brave hero, his stiffened dead body was found stretched on the snowdrift, with one of his dogs guarding his corpse. Did Hobson or Dewey or any other hero of the late war do as much as this unknown hero? True to duty, careless of risks, even of death, imminent and almost beyond hope, these heroic men in pursuit of duty, as it appeared to them, gave their lives for their sheep. Let there be a monument erected to these dead heroic shepherds, humble in life, but glorious in duty.

New Method of Branding.

A new method of branding cattle has been devised by Walter A. Cameron of Stacey, Mon., says The Scientific American. By this means the animals are indelibly marked instead of being branded. The branding instrument consists of two levers pivoted together and provided with jaws. On the lower jaw a soft metal impression block is secured, and on the upper jaw a block is carried, having a chamber communicating by means of a tube with a reservoir containing the indelible fluid. The tube incloses a plunger operated from the upper lever and is provided with lateral ports at its upper and lower ends. The lower ports permit the liquid to flow into the chambered block when the plunger is raised, and the upper ports permit the liquid above the plunger to be forced back into the reservoir. Symbol carrying plates are removably secured to the chambered block. The symbols consist of letters, figures or other characters and are formed of tubular pins. In using the instrument the levers are operated to separate the jaws. By reason of this motion the plunger will be drawn upward to permit the liquid from the reservoir to flow into the chamber. After placing the impression block carried by the lower jaw against the outer side of the animal's ear the levers are operated to force the tubular pins into the ear, thereby causing the plunger to inject liquid into the wound. A spring within the tube holds the plunger normally below the lower parts, so that the liquid will not escape when the device is not in use.

Warning Food For Stock.

Most of the advantages of cooking food, and especially of food containing much water, come from feeding it warm. If grain of any kind is fed, it will do more good if ground and fed dry than if cooked. Heat expands all substances that contain starch. If fed dry, the animal eats more than it supposes it is eating. The expansion occurs in the stomach, and the animal, if a ruminant, lies down to chew its food and indigestion is the long sleep that insures good health and good digestion. If horses are fed too much, it often causes colic.

HAMS AND BACON.

Two Methods of Curing in Use on the Farm.

The North Carolina experiment station has issued an instructive bulletin on curing hams and bacon. There are two methods of curing on the farm—dry salting and pickling. Dry salting is more largely practiced than pickling, but, in our experience we have been led to prefer the pickling. We prepare a brine strong enough to float a potato, and after the meat is cut and trimmed it is dropped into this brine for two or three days to draw out the blood. It is then taken out, and a fresh brine is made, or the old brine boiled and skimmed. To the brine we then add one ounce of salt per pound and a pint of black molasses for each 100 pounds of meat. The meat is then returned to the brine, the thinner parts being put to themselves and the hams and shoulders in another cask. The thin parts remain in the brine three weeks and the hams four or five weeks, care being taken to keep all under the brine. The meat is then taken out and hung in the smokehouse or elsewhere to drip and dry somewhat. It is then slowly smoked with corn cobs or hickory wood, the smoke being smothered down with green cedar branches, if they are to be had. The smoking is continued for several weeks in favorable cloudy weather until all are well worked. The hams should have the upper part of the smokehouse, where the smoke hangs longest. In the early spring the hams are taken down and rubbed well all over with a mixture of molasses and black pepper. They are then wrapped in stout paper and put into cotton bags which are dipped in whitewash and are again hung up. Some pack them down in chaff, but we prefer to keep them hanging. They are at their best for the table or market at a year old, and one who tastes a year old or older ham cured in this way never wants to taste the "un-braised ham" of the western packers again as long as he lives. Hams of this kind will bring 18 to 20 cents per pound when the hams of the west and the white hams of our farmers are selling for 10 cents per pound.

The Mouth of a Young Colt.

There is one thing in particular which is almost universally lacking in the United States in the training of colts, and that is breaking them with good mouths, says Field and Farm. It is almost impossible to find a young horse in the country that has a good mouth. The colts' mouths have almost universally been spoiled in their early training. I have had some experience in this matter and if there is anything that I detest it is a horse with a hard mouth or a puller. When we consider that all our commands, all our wishes, are to be given to the horse through the reins to its mouth, this evil becomes at once apparent. We see, then, how necessary it is to keep the mouth in as tender and sensitive a condition as possible to the touch. This is a universal fault, not only in America, but in Canada, where there are very good horses and very good horsemen.

They know how to avoid this difficulty very much better in England than here. The system that I have lately adopted in mounting colts is to put a web halter on the head with a smooth, easy, good sized wooden bit, placed well up into the mouth so as to keep the tongue under the bit. Accustom them to carry it there for a time; an hour is quite long enough for the first lesson. Later, as they become accustomed to it, drop it down into its proper place. After that treatment has gone on for an hour or so every day for a week or more—there are no lines attached to the bit, simply a headstall and the bit—the dumb jockey is put on and a pair of reins, but they were never drawn up taut. Then when they come to their first lessons in running about a box stall or a small yard is very much better for them than to take them outside.

Money in Sheep.

There is no branch of the live stock industry making such rapid gains as the sheep business, says The Drovers' Journal. All kinds of people out west are investing in sheep, hoping that the present good condition will keep up. People are naturally attracted to any business that is making money, regardless of whether they know anything about it or not. At the present rate of growth it looks as if the thing might be overdone, as it has been in the past, and that those who are looking for profit and experience might at last get all of the latter they want. Sheep are prolific and soon reach maturity, and even with a good demand for both wool and mutton there is a possibility of overstocking the demand. There is no better business than the sheep business for one who understands it, and there is none that is faller of pitfalls for the novice. Like any other business, one should learn more about it than can be got from books before branching out too boldly.

Better Grades Demanded.

One of the greatest evidences of progress in the live stock industry, in Nebraska, says the Omaha World-Herald, is the increased demand for full blood and pedigreed breeding stock. It would be difficult to find a district of country anywhere that has invested more money or introduced more or improved animals into its common herds than has been done in Nebraska during the past 12 months. These conditions of live stock improvement and development indicate an increased value in the young stock of the state, which will make 1900 one of the best seasons for the breeder of improved stock that has ever been experienced in Nebraska. The present discrimination in quality, at the great live stock markets has taught a lesson to breeders and dealers which has turned the tide in favor of a better grade of animals.

UNIFORM QUALITY.

One of the Essentials in Selling Dairy Products.

The dairyman who cannot turn out uniform goods has not yet reached the point where he can call his business successful, writes George E. Newell in The American Cultivator. A dealer or consumer is not looking for the product of a dairy that is spotted in quality—that is, good one day and mediocre the next.

One of the greatest triumphs in butter making is to produce an article of a high grade and have it so without any variation of quality from day to day.

To do this does not mean mere detail work in the dairy room, but it embraces the whole extensive field of dairying, which the amateur butter maker in search of improved methods soon discovers, greatly to his ultimate advantage.

When he finally succeeds in turning out even grade, gilt edged butter, he will probably have found that his whole business has been revolutionized and placed on a paying basis.

So, I say, that for one who has never tried it is no light matter to use the watchword "uniformity" on the dairy farm. And yet to do so and to carry it to a successful end mean property and a permanent butter market.

Is dairying worth being followed if one cannot have such a result?

First, cows must be absolutely healthy and kept in a vigorous physical condition.

Warm, sanative stables must be maintained.

The feeding and milking must be done at strictly regular intervals.

Foreign flavors in the milk will be destructive to butter quality afterward.

Milk must be removed to the dairy room as soon as drawn from the cows.

Any extremes of temperatures in the milk or cream, either freezing or heating, are injurious to the butter made from it.

Milk should be strained into the receptacles prepared for it as soon as it reaches the dairy room.

If setting is practiced, the cream should be lifted from it within 36 hours, and 24 hours are better.

If a "baby" separator is used, the milk ought to be run through it as soon as convenient after leaving the udder and the cream be afterward properly matured.

Temperature must be controlled in the dairy room, so that the best degree of heat or cold for the various stages of butter making can be readily obtained.

Having once inaugurated a system of good butter making with a high standard of quality established, the object must then be to make everything so subservient to that system that no difference in color, flavor or texture in the product is discernible from day to day.

Testing a Herd.

In the bulletin of the United States department of agriculture on "The Dairy Herd," Major Alvord relates the following:

"A dairyman of wide reputation, president of a state association for years, concluded to adopt the daily milk record rather because of those who advocated it than of any conviction of needing it himself. His herd was of his own breeding; he had handled every cow from its birth, and he and his sons did the milking.

"Before beginning the record he made note of the joint opinion of himself and sons, as to the half dozen best cows in the herd, and an estimate of their season's milk yield. When the year's record was completed, it was found that in order of actual merit, the cows stood as follows: The best cow was the fifth in the estimate; the second, a cow not on his list; the third was the fourth on the list; the fourth was the first; the fifth was his sixth; the sixth, a cow not in his estimate, and his second and third in previous estimate were way down on the list. These facts were borne out by subsequent records, and the man who had called himself a good dairyman was forced to the conclusion that one-fourth of his cows were being kept at an actual loss, while others barely paid their way."

Treat Cows Well.

It is extremely difficult to get a great many men to see that the reason why they are not financially successful with cows is because they treat them in so heartless a manner, says Hoard's Dairyman. They tie them up in rigid stanchions and force them to bare their young in such cruel confinement; they compel them to lie in their own dirt until their sides are plastered with it; they shut them up in dark, damp underground stables, forcing them to breathe with their mouths open; they halt starve them in winter's cold and midsummer droughts; they dog them and abuse them with blows and curses. All these things are of common practice, and then such men wonder that this wonderful mother denies to them a profit from her motherhood.

Winter Dairying.

The use of the separator is doing much toward making winter dairying profitable, says The American Cultivator. If it is properly managed, all the butter can be taken from the milk, or so near it as to amount to a loss of about one pound in a thousand, while the old system of setting the milk in a room where it might freeze often caused a loss of two or three pounds in a hundred, and sometimes the butter refused to come at all or was worth but little when it did come. With separator and all the other improved appliances in the dairy room, a knowledge of what is a good food and all the other dairy information which has been disseminated in the past 30 years it would seem as if the dairyman should have an easy and profitable business, much better than we had 30 years ago.

BLIZZARDS AT SEA.

They Cost the Big Liners Between \$2500 and \$5000 a Day.

The question of loss owing to the delay of the trips of ocean steamships during a blizzard like that of 1899 is so involved, having so many factors and many of these unknown to the pure theorist, that an accurate estimate is impossible. As a matter of bookkeeping it is doubtful if the companies themselves can figure their losses to a dollar.

There are some elements, given quantities in the problem, however, which are known to every one. Figuring on the basis of these, we can understand how a large liner can easily lose between \$1,000 and \$2,000 a day by delay.

Coal must be burned and food must be consumed. The wear and tear of the ship and, more importantly, the use of other vessels if freighters are brik are other factors in the complex problem. The wages of the officers and crew on some lines were stated earlier, as the officers receive stated salaries and the men are paid by the trip. Again, on many lines, while the wages are paid after every voyage they are based upon a monthly scale.

Nearly everybody knows that good steaming coal in England and on the continent costs about \$3 a ton. In the floating first class hotels, which all the best liners are, it costs at least \$3 a day to cater to the ordinary sea appetite of every passenger, and this whether the traveler appears at table or stays away.

It is now easy to make a simple estimate. The Paris docked recently three days late. Her average coal consumption in fair weather is 300 tons per day. In rough weather it would be reduced at least one-half.

The cost of maintaining second cabin passengers may be computed at \$1.50 or \$2 a day and of steerage passengers at 75 cents a day. She brought 106 saloon, 60 second cabin and 108 steerage passengers. The table would thus look like this:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Cost. Saloon, 106 tons, at \$3.00 = \$318.00; 2nd, 60 saloon passengers, at \$2.00 = \$120.00; Food, 60 second cabin passengers, at \$1.50 = \$90.00; Food, 108 steerage passengers, at 75c = \$81.00. Total loss for one day = \$609.00.

Computing the wear and tear, the loss of the use of the ship and other expenses, of which the layman knows nothing, it can be readily seen how the loss would foot up to \$2,000 a day.

A steamship man who spent a lifetime in the business estimates that the delay of the Paris and the Etruria in the blizzard of 1899 cost each of those ships between \$3,000 and \$4,000 a day.

A ship which burns only 50 tons of coal in headstrong weather, brings in \$5 saloon and 163 steerage passengers, would expend about \$386.25 per day for the items detailed. A week's delay would entail a loss of \$2,703.75.

The managers of the steamship companies themselves say they do not know how much they lose.

In estimating the losses by tramp steamers it should be borne in mind that steaming coal for some classes of ships can be procured in England for \$2 and even \$1.50 per ton and that a seaman or stoker can be supported for a shilling a day.

The loss of a charter through unexpected delay is a distinct consideration in the problem and would not come under general discussion.

If the subject of profit and loss to consignees of cargo be considered, the question has many ramifications, which involve endless figuring and averaging. In case of scarcity of a commodity the consignee gains by delay, but in case of a glut the consignee loses through a prolonged trip of his freight.—Bangor (Me.) News.

Held the Duke's Baggage.

His grace the Duke of Vergara has been annoyed by money matters again. He was passing through Paris on his way back from Berlin, after delivering the insignia of the Golden Fleece to the German crown prince, when a French creditor levied execution on his baggage. The duke in 1898 undertook to build a bull ring in the Bois de Boulogne, but the speculations proved a failure, and the contractors remained unpaid. One of these heard of the duke's presence in Paris and thought he had caught him. The Spanish ambassador intervened, however, with the statement that the duke was on a diplomatic mission, and the baggage was released.

Vinegar Drinkers in Kansas.

It is reported in one of the smaller cities not far from Kansas City that a good many of the people there are beginning vinegar drinks. They begin by taking the vinegar as a preventive of smallpox, drinking it three times a day. The system soon seemed to gain ground, and the doses were increased until, as a local paper puts it, the victims imagined they required their vinegar, just as the lumber does his periodical drinks. One woman who has become addicted to the habit drinks a pint of vinegar a day.—Kansas City Journal.

Well Paid Widows.

The English parliament makes liberal allowances to the women of the royal family. A queen dowager's annual income from that source is \$500,000; that of a dowager princess of Wales is \$300,000. Other widows of royal princes receive \$20,000. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, granddaughter of George III, receives \$15,000 yearly.

Dewey's Bank.

Here is a conundrum frequently asked at dinner parties nowadays: "How was Admiral Dewey's naval rank reduced when he got married?" "He became Mrs. Dewey's second mate."—Chicago Record.

A Talking Style of Music.

"Have the British any national musical instrument?" "Only the loof"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The Peoples Remedies of the Day.

MAIL, MAIL, MAIL!

Seen everyone will have to say they are the peoples remedies of the day.

YOU KNOW when you are weak, mentally or physically, look pale or feel sad, have a tired, don't care feeling.

"KNILL'S RED PILLS"

for wan people, "pale and weak" restores Health, Strength and beauty, makes you Vim, Vigor and Vitality. The genuine, Greatest developer for old and young, 25c. box. **WILL CURE YOU.**

YOU KNOW when you are bilious, have a bad taste in your mouth; when your bowels are not regular and you feel out of sorts on account of the same.

"KNILL'S WHITE LIVER PILLS"

are the great Liver Invigorator System restorer and bowel regulator. 25 doses 25 cents, you can work while they work, never grip or make you sick. **WILL CURE YOU.**

YOU KNOW when you have a headache, lame, sore or any ailment of the Kidney troubles.

"KNILL'S BLUE KIDNEY PILLS"

cure all Kidney ills, Backaches, lame or sore back and all other Kidney troubles, only 25 cents a box. **WILL CURE YOU.**

Knill's Pills cure all ills. Show you Money and Doctor bills.

BEST AND CHEAPEST. Only 25c. a box. Guaranteed by your Druggist to be as Advertised or Money Refunded.

You DO know or you WILL know if you try Knill's Pills or Tablets that they are the best and cheapest on earth. Some Druggists will try to sell you others because they make more money on them at 50c. We are not working for the interest of the Druggists, we are working for the interest of the people as we believe by working for your interest. It is our interest, as you will appreciate it and will tell your friends the world of good Knill's Pills and Tablets have done for you.

We don't advertise one preparation to cure everything. It can't be done. Thousands of testimonials. Write for them, also pamphlets sent "FREE." We cannot afford to have them printed in the papers at the prices we are selling these goods, 25c. Box or 5 Boxes \$1.00.

KNILL'S RED, WHITE & BLUE PILL CO., PORT HURON, MICH.

Improve the Looks

Of your homes by painting them with

NEW ERA HIGH GRADE PREPARED PAINT.

It looks the best, wears the best and is the best Paint on the market. This is a pure white lead paint, will wear for five years or more and every can is guaranteed. Try it and you will have no other. Get our prices on white lead and paint supplies before buying elsewhere, as we save you money.

NORTH VILLAGE. GAYDE BROS.

MILLINERY.

SUCCESS DEPENDS UPON SEASONABLE & SALEABLE GOODS

Sailors at 225, 30c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.
Roses at 5c, 10c, 25c, 75c and \$2.00.
Violets, two-bunches for 5c; also at 20c per bunch.
Silk Ribbons at 15c and 25c per yard.
Black and white Silk Laces at 10c per yard.

MAUD VROOMAN,

Main St., Plymouth

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

HARNESS, WHIPS, ROBES, BLANKETS, TRUNKS & VALISES

AT

Less than Wholesale Prices

F. E. LAMPHERE.

For Sale Cheap

600 ft. Norway Ladders.

ALSO

Washington Fir V Eave-troughs.

J. O. EDDY

Subscribe for the Plymouth Mail

Beef Paper in Western Wayne.

PLYMOUTH MAIL

—BY—

F. W. JAMSEN & SON.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1 00
Six Months.....50
Three Months.....25

ADVERTISING RATES.

Business Cards, \$3.00 per year.
Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00.
Cards of thanks, 25 cents.
All local notices will be charged for at 5 cents per line or fraction thereof, for each insertion. Display advertising rates made known on application. Where no time is specified, all notices and advertisements will be inserted until ordered discontinued.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1900

The Committee on Invalid Pensions has reported in favor of a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to restore to the pension rolls at her former rate, any soldier's widow who forfeited her pension by marrying again and who has again become a widow. The committee says: "The wife of the soldier who stayed at home, cared for the family, in many instances on very meager support, frequently performing hard manual labor to keep the family together, and bore all the anxieties incident to the absence of her soldier husband, performed a patriotic duty and carried a great burden."

After an extended conference the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, of which Representative Sulloway of New Hampshire is chairman, finally determined to report to the House, Senate bill 1,477 which has attracted large attention in Grand Army circles and is known as the "Grand Army Bill." The final draft of the bill aggregates the disabilities under which applications may be made for pension under the act of June 27, 1890. The other radical change in the existing law is the changing of the rate of income of a soldier's widow from the present rate of \$66 per year to an "actual net income of \$250 per year."

The House has knocked out the provision contained in the Post Office appropriation bill for establishing the pneumatic tube system in a number of the large cities of the Union. The facts seem to be that a gigantic corporation has been working the country for all it is worth. The best information available shows that the New York promoters of the scheme have been earning 80 per cent on their investment without decreasing the cost of the remainder of the service, and without appreciable effect in expediting the mails. Besides, direct charges have been made that members of the House own large blocks of stock and bonds in the company asking the appropriation.

Rural free delivery has triumphed in Carroll county, Md. in spite of the bitter resistance of the farmers, who banded together to support the numerous postmasters who were dropped in consequence of the inauguration of the system. A report, submitted to the Postoffice Department, established the value of the new plan not only for Carroll county, but for the entire country, inasmuch as the Maryland community was selected as peculiarly typical of the average difficulties to be expected everywhere from a topographical standpoint, as well as from the opposition sure to be excited by deposed postmasters. In spite of determined resistance the people of Carroll county have now, according to the report, come to see in rural free delivery an unmixed blessing. The fight was a bitter one and opinion was slow to change.

The Committee on Public Lands, to whom was referred the bill for the preservation of the prehistoric monuments, ruins, and objects on public lands, has reported that there are situated in Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, a large number of monuments and cliff dwellings, which are the work of prehistoric man. The bill proposes to set apart and reserve from sale, reservations containing these monuments to the extent of not exceeding 320 acres to each reservation, and provides that each reservation shall be surveyed. If placed, these reservations under the care of the Secretary of the Interior, who shall make rules and regulations relative to the same. The various archaeological societies are very much interested in the preservation of these ruins, and the only practical way they can be preserved is by creating reservations of the land surrounding each ruin and providing a penalty for any destruction of the same.

Admiral Dewey has decided to go before the Kansas City convention without putting forth any manifesto in regard to his principles and to ask the nomination simply on the ground of his naval services to the country. He has written three or four frank, sailor-like statements, but his brother-in-law, John R. McLean, a shrewd and experienced politician, has persuaded him to throw them into the waste basket and try again. McLean claims that he had nothing to do with Dewey's decision to become a candidate, but since the announcement has been exercising a fraternal watch to see that his brother-in-law does not make any bad breaks. He is quoted as saying that if the platform originally prepared had been published, the Admiral would not have received a vote from either party. It is held, too, that if he loses the Presiden-

Straw Goods

They are the proper article for this weather.

Men's Fancy and Plain Straws.....25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50
Boys' Fancy and Plain Straws.....25c, 50c
Children's Fancy and Plain Straws.....10c, 12c, 15c, 25c
Harvest Hats at 5c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c.

Underwear, Light & Medium Weight

Fine, all wool, in tan color.....\$1.00
Fine Combed Balbriggan, in light tan color.....1.00
Fine Jersey Union Suits, in blue and flesh color.....1.00
Fine Random, fancy color......50
Fine Balbriggan, light blue color......50
Fine Egyptian Ribbed, flesh color......50

Be sure to see our Balbriggan and Ribbed Goods at 25c.

J. W. OLIVER

Gayde Block, Plymouth.

cy, it will be easier for him to accept the Vice Presidency, if he has no inconvenient political record to hamper him.

Couldn't be Better.

Lansing, Mich., May 1.—The climate and crop bulletin issued by Director Schneider, of the United States weather bureau, to day says that the warm weather of the past seven days has greatly advanced farm work; a large amount of sunshine and small amount of rain has dried out the ground, so that most fields can now be worked. The warm weather, following the warm showers of the week previous, has greatly improved the condition of rye, grass and meadows and also been beneficial to wheat. Wheat, however, continues in generally poor condition and many correspondents continue to report that many fields are being plowed under for oats and corn. Reports regarding the condition of fruit trees and fruit buds are usually encouraging this year; with but two exceptions in a very large number of reports all correspondents agree that the condition of fruit trees could not be better at present. Stock is being turned out to pasturage in the southern counties, but is still being fed in the more northerly portions of the state. Although some fields on low lands are still too wet to work, wheat, rye, meadows and oat seeding would be benefited by warm showers.

It is with a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction that I recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Druggist A. W. Sawtelle, of Hartford, Conn. "A lady customer, seeing the remedy exposed for sale on my show case, said to me: 'I really believe that medicine saved my life the past summer while at the shore, and she became so enthusiastic over its merits that I at once made up my mind to recommend it in the future. Recently a gentleman came into my store, so overcome with colic pain that he sank at once to the floor. I gave him a dose of this remedy which helped him. I repeated the dose and in fifteen minutes he left my store smilingly informing me that he felt as well as ever.' Sold by Meilers Drug Store, Plymouth.

The teacher's meeting at Northville last Saturday was largely attended. P. B. Whitbeck responded to a toast—"That Bad Boy."

\$100 REWARD. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Little Business History.

The Pope Company is made up of 25 of Charlotte's foremost business men. This in itself is a most excellent guarantee of the goodness of Pope's Stomach Regulator. Its merit was proven at home first; it's being proven everywhere now. We are seeking the worst cases of stomach trouble and curing them, too. If yours is a chronic case of dyspepsia it's all the more important for the sake of your good health that you invest 50c to-day in a bottle of Pope's Stomach Regulator. Most Every Druggist Sells It.

Special....

We wish to inform the people of Plymouth and vicinity that not only Saturday, but

Every Day is a bargain Day with Us...

Also that for the next thirty days we intend to give

Special Prices on Everything in the Furniture Line.

We also wish to thank you for your kind patronage, as we have done fully double the business we anticipated.

Please don't forget to get Prices of other dealers and compare them with ours....

Yours for Bargains.

Millspaugh Bros.

A CRY FROM NATURE.

A Warning that Should Be Heeded by Every Sufferer.

Nature soon rebels when the human machinery is out of order. Her appeals for help should be quickly answered. Life is too short and dear to us to neglect our health.

When the system becomes run down, the blood impure, the liver torpid, nerves all on a quiver, and the stomach refuses to do its work, then nature utters her warning note. It may be a sick headache, nervousness, dyspepsia, catarrh, loss of appetite, insomnia, languor, constipation, but it is nature's signal of distress.

The human machine should be attended to without delay.

The system needs building up, the impurities must be driven from the blood, the liver made to do its work, and the stomach placed in a natural, healthy condition.

Knox Stomach Tablets are a new combination of vegetable remedies compounded by one of the best chemists in the world; and are guaranteed to build up the whole system. They do not act as a stimulant, but are a sarsaparilla in tablet form, containing twice the medicinal properties of any other combination known. They give health and strength to the entire body and immediate relief indigestion and positively cure dyspepsia. A single box will prove their power to cure chronic invalids and make them strong, healthy men and women.

If unable to secure Knox Stomach Tablets of your druggist, send fifty cents to the Knox Chemical Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and a full sized package will be sent postpaid.

Miss Florence Newman, who has been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, says Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the only remedy that affords her relief. Miss Newman is a much respected resident of the village of Gray, N. Y., and makes this statement for the benefit of others similarly afflicted. This liniment is for sale by Meilers' Drug Store, Plymouth.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Windmill, 30-bbl. tank and pump, in good condition. Enquire of Geo. Van Fleet, Plymouth Hotel.

COMRADE

M. H. DeLong.

of Schuylerville, N. Y., who served in Company K, 5th Vermont Volunteers, had chest pain so terrible with acute his return from the late war. He recently wrote:

"I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine for nervousness brought on by the use of tobacco and too close application to business. It gave me prompt relief without leaving any unpleasant effects. The medicine is medicinal and lasting. I heartily endorse it."

DR. MILES' Restorative Nervine

is sold by all druggists on guarantee, and bottle held or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. W. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

Local Newslets

Calling cards 50 cents per 100 at this office.

Mrs. Eli Nowland is visiting relatives at New Boston this week.

Herman Miller, of Detroit, called on Plymouth friends Saturday.

Miss Isabel Lemon, of Northville, Sundayed with Miss Spicer.

Theodore Post, of Wyandotte, visited at J. C. Peterhans' on Monday.

Miss Thompson, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. E. C. Leach this week.

T. H. James of Detroit, route agent of the American Express, was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. J. H. Acker and son Gerald, of Akron, Ohio, is visiting her brother, Dr. Oliver.

Regular cars are now running on schedule time on the Northville and Farmington branch.

Postmaster Loss and Editor Ellsworth, of Wayne, were callers at The Mail office Wednesday.

M. F. Gray, formerly of this village, has been appointed census enumerator for the first ward of Lansing.

Wm. Richards lost the index finger of his left hand in a press at the Markham Air Rifle Co.'s shop Friday.

Harry Robinson has just added to his inventory equipment, a fine new ten-passenger wagonette. It is a dandy.

Miss Mary Wherry, of Detroit, has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wherry, for a few days.

Mrs. A. Holloway left Thursday for Chicago, where she intends to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. D. B. Bently.

The Juniors of the Northville High School will give an entertainment at the Northville Opera House Friday, May 4th.

The township board of Livonia last Thursday voted to give a franchise to the proposed Detroit, Plymouth & Ann Arbor electric line.

Sunday was the first real pleasant Sunday of the season, and almost everybody took an "outing," either on trolley driving or walking.

R. H. Rae secured a judgment of \$90 in a Detroit court last Friday against the D. P. & N. Ry. The amount was for building a bridge.

The total receipts of the minstrel entertainment were \$325.16. The total expenses \$204.21, leaving a net balance for the band of \$120.95.

Bicyclists should not forget that the ordinance prohibiting riding on the village sidewalks survived the winter with vitality unimpaired.

The Plymouth Chapter O. E. S. will give a ten cent card and ice-cream social Thursday evening, May 10th. Everybody invited to come.

V. E. Hill and daughter, Alta, left Monday for Savannah, New York, where they will join Mrs. Hill. They expect to be gone about ten days.

There will be a special meeting of Plymouth Rock Lodge, F. & A. M., tonight, to confer the third degree. Wayne Lodge has been invited and it is expected a large number will be present.

Rev. W. G. Stephens leaves next Tuesday to attend the Methodist General Conference of the world, being held at Chicago. He expects to be absent about ten days.

At the Democratic caucus held over the Conner Hardware Co. store last Thursday evening, the following delegates to the county convention were chosen: E. C. Hough, Fred Dunn and O. W. Brown.

Miss Ada Safford, who has been at home with her parents during the last two weeks, left Monday for Detroit where she will enter the Farrand training school for nurses, in connection with Harper Hospital.

Henry Page, a farmer of Nankin township, met with a serious accident, Tuesday. In sliding off a load of hay, he struck a pitch fork, the tines of which penetrated his abdomen and the ensuing operation was painful.

Memorial Day will be observed at 10 o'clock by the people of Plymouth, including the old veterans. Rev. F. L. Beckwith will preach the sermon on the Sunday previous at the Baptist church, the local Post and old soldiers attending in a body. Decoration day, Rev. W. G. Stephens will deliver an oration, probably at the village hall. Further particulars will be given later.

Ballors at Bailey & McLaren's, ranging in price from 15c. to \$1.50.

The remains of Henry F. May, who died at Grand Rapids, April 30th, were brought to Plymouth Tuesday for burial. The deceased was born in Plymouth, in a house then standing on the lot now owned by C. Crosby, Feb. 14th, 1824. He left here some 25 years ago removing to Cadillac, where he remained about six years, going from there to Grand Rapids. He leaves a widow, three sons and one daughter. The children accompanied the remains here, the wife being too ill to make the journey. A short service was held at the grave by Rev. W. G. Stephens.

Japanese capes, all styles, at this office.

Bogart & Co. have a fine new delivery wagon.

Alexander Black, an old resident of Plymouth, is very ill.

Mrs. A. D. Lapham is visiting her daughters at Detroit.

Mrs. E. L. Riggs is visiting relatives at Richmond this week.

Horatio Smith is building a fine farm house about a mile east of town.

Geo. C. Peterhans has been appointed census enumerator for the township of Plymouth.

Miss Autie Millard visited her sisters, Misses Flo and Louva, at Detroit Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. T. V. Shaw and Mrs. David Leach, of Elm, called on Plymouth friends Wednesday.

Rev. W. G. Stephens and C. D. Shattuck drove to Pinckney yesterday for a couple of days' visit.

Wm. Love and family, of Dutton, Canada, has moved into Mrs. Cable's house on Depot street.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Oliver, an 8 1/2 pound girl, Friday, and to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. White, a 9 pound girl, Saturday.

A new line of curtain poles at Millsbaugh Bros.

At a special meeting of the council Monday evening, the saloon bonds of Dan Adams, Chas. Miller and John Strang were accepted.

L. L. Lewis is sawing out lumber and getting in shape for the building of a 30-barrel up-to-date flouring mill in addition to his present plant.

P. B. Whitbeck is the Plymouth member chosen by the county convention, held at Detroit Wednesday, to the State Republican convention.

Married on Wednesday, May 2nd, at the home of Mr. Micol, Frank Gates, Jr., to Miss Mary Alter, both of Plymouth. Rev. W. G. Stephens performed the ceremony.

About twenty young people drove down to G. H. Berdan's, near Wayne, Tuesday night, where they were entertained in royal fashion, some 75 others being also present from Wayne.

Patent hair mattress thoroughly ventilated, they are something new at Millsbaugh Bros.

J. O. Eddy, the lumber dealer, says lumber now is as cheap in price as it was last fall, and some southern grades cheaper. - He makes the assertion that present prices will prevail for the year, and those who contemplate building this summer, may better begin now.

Kale Babcock got his left hand caught in a jointer at the Markham Air Rifle Co. shop Saturday morning, badly mangle and lacerating the entire left hand, necessitating the amputation of the middle finger, the little finger and part of the third finger. Dr. Oliver attended the injured man.

The Interpen Club met last Saturday at the residence of Miss Trinkaus. Those taking part were the Misses Bessie Hood, Mabel Smith, Winnie Joliffe, Mr. Frank Stephens, Miss Trinkaus, and Miss Moll. The compositions were by Spindler, Schultze, Godard, Rabinstein, and Grieg.

The Wayne C. E. Society gave a reception at their parlors Wednesday evening for the Plymouth and Northville societies. A fine programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music and recitations was rendered, after which ice cream and cake were served. Those who attended had a pleasant time and congratulate the Wayne people on their hospitality.

Bailey & McLaren will sell all trimmed hats on Saturday, May 5th, at 10 per cent discount.

Henry Van Aken, a prosperous farmer of Salem township, accidentally got his left hand caught in a steam hay-press Monday, crushing it to such an extent that amputation at the wrist was necessary. Dr. Oliver, assisted by Drs. Wade, of Salem, and Millman, of South Lyon, performed the operation. The injured man is getting along as well as could be expected at the present writing.

The Political Equality Club will hold its next meeting on Wednesday evening, May 1st, at the home of Mrs. Julia Hough. Lessons of the Political Science leaflet is to be under consideration; also selected readings, etc. A good attendance is hoped for, as this is the last meeting before the state convention. The programs for that convention have not yet arrived. They will no doubt be in time for the next issue of the Mail.

C. G. Curtis will give an entertainment at Village Hall May 16th, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday-school library. Mr. Curtis has a very fine stereopticon and will give an illustrated synopsis of Rev. Dr. Sheldon's great and popular story, "In His Steps," 48 slides being used. The story will be interspersed with three illustrated hymns, "The Holy City," "Ninety and Nine" and "Lead Kindly Light," 16 slides being used for these. The entertainment will be well worth the price of admission - 10 and 15 cents - and you cannot afford to miss it.

We have just received a line of the latest novelties in framed pictures from 25 cents to \$1.25. They are beauties. MILLSBAUGH BROS.

The Plymouth Savings Bank statement, published this week, shows a gratifying increase of business over the preceding one in February.

Undertaker Millsbaugh directed the funeral of a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, at Northville Wednesday, the remains being taken to Newburg for burial.

The Maccabee entertainment last Thursday night was a great success, 225 persons being at the banquet. Songs, recitations, a farce by Mr. and Mrs. W. Tinham, of Northville, and a cake-walk formed the other part of the entertainment, which was altogether most enjoyable.

W. C. T. U.

The meeting today, will be at 2:30, instead of 3 p. m., on account of the lecture given in I. O. O. F. hall at 3 o'clock.

There will be a union temperance meeting, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., next Sabbath evening in the Methodist church. Addresses will be given by the pastors of the churches. A collection will be taken at the close of the meeting to aid in the work of temperance. - Supt. Press.

CHURCH NEWS.

All interested in the League are requested to attend the monthly business meeting to be held on Monday evening May 6, at the M. E. church.

Next Sunday morning at the M. E. church, Rev. W. G. Stephens will preach a special sermon to the young people. The Sunday-school children are especially invited and all others who will come will be welcome. Subject "Sowing and Reaping."

Subject of Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, of the Universalist church, next Sunday, will be "The Healing Touch."

The Baptist Ladies' Aid meeting at Mrs. Henry Robinson's Wednesday was largely attended. Everyone enjoyed themselves and much business was transacted.

There will be no evening service at the Baptist church next Sunday evening, on account of Union Temperance meeting at the M. E. church.

Morning subject at the Baptist church next Sunday will be "Having the Mind of Christ." Everyone invited.

B. Y. P. U. meeting one-half hour earlier next Sunday.

The Springwells township board has not granted Messrs. Kinsella and Muir a franchise for their proposed Detroit, Plymouth & Ann Arbor electric line. The Delay Times has this to say about that business, which the Plymouth board should also have in mind:

There is just one thing about that franchise. Kinsella and Muir are promoters - nothing else. They haven't the wherewith to build an electric line if they get a franchise, and it is very doubtful if they have any capitalists at their back. To a man up a tree it looks like a promoters' scheme to make money easy. The fact that the two gentlemen do not want to be compelled to file bonds for the faithful carrying out of their franchise might be taken as proof conclusive that they do not mean to build the road themselves, but instead, after getting the franchise, would try to dispose of it to some company of capitalists, or perhaps sell it to the D. Y. & A. Ry. Co. Under no consideration should these men be given a franchise unless they file good and sufficient bonds.

A proposed convention that may develop into something more than usual importance and value is that of village officers of all the villages in Michigan. A preliminary meeting of the presidents and trustees of the counties of Oakland, Washtaw, Macomb, Monroe and Wayne will be held in the Hotel Normandie May 10, and effect a preliminary organization. This body will then call a convention in June of all the village officers of the state. There are about 300 villages in Michigan, and as each one has an average of six officials, the convention should be a large and imposing one.

The matters immediately affecting villages are lighting plants, water works fire protection, sidewalks, street paving grading and draining, the extent to which sewers can be economically provided, and other things more or less necessary according to the surroundings. Papers on these various subjects will be prepared by those competent to deal with them, to be followed by general discussions and criticism.

First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Service 10:20 A. M. Sunday-school at 11:45 A. M. Wednesday evening meeting, 7:30. In Christian Science hall. All are most cordially invited. Subject for next Sunday will be: Mortals and Immortals.

FOR SALE - Lady's Imperial wheel, 99 model, \$32. Enquire of W. O. Allen.

Remedy of a Cough.

A cough is not a disease but a symptom. Consumption and bronchitis, which are the most dangerous and fatal diseases, have for their first indication a persistent cough, and if properly treated as soon as this cough appears are easily cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven wonderfully successful, and gained its wide reputation and extensive sale by its success in curing the diseases which cause coughing. If it is not beneficial it will not cost you a cent. For sale by Meiners Drug Store, Plymouth.

Try the new remedy for constiveness, Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Every box guaranteed. Price 25 cents. For sale at Meiners Drug Store, Plymouth.

The North Side

Wm. Hillier is having his house painted this week.

Maurice Smith is painting his house on Oak street this week.

Mr. Hetzler visited relatives at Utica a few days this week.

Charlie Butterfield, of Grand Rapids visited friends here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smitherman visited relatives in Detroit on Sunday.

Mrs. Kingston and son, of Detroit, are visiting at Fred Moore's this week.

Miss Laura Bogartus, of Saginaw, visited Miss Mattie Germer over Sunday.

Miss Minnie Heide spent Sunday with Miss Ada Westfall at Cherry Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dickerson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore at Northville.

Call and see Mrs. Dickerson's new line of Spring Hats, just received.

Peter Gayde has been very sick this week with liver trouble. He is now able to sit up again.

Rev. Heine, of Adrian, called on Rev. G. D. Ehnis and family Monday on his way to Saginaw.

Mrs. Wm. Gayde and children are visiting her sister Mrs. F. VonNostitz and family, in Detroit, this week.

Miss Flora Willis and Jas. VanDyne, of Northville, called on Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dickerson on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gayde and family visited her sister, Mrs. John Strang, at the 8-mile house, Greenfield, on Sunday.

Miss Alice Springer, who has been staying with her sister in Toledo the past ten weeks, returned home on Saturday.

The two first of the season Sunday excursions of the Pere Marquette last Sunday were well crowded. Quite a number from Plymouth went.

John Strang is having a new veranda built around the Commercial house this week. He has also put in some fine new fixtures in his sample room.

Frank Comstock, Wm. Baker, Louie Reber and Fred Rucker went to the Rouge at Dearborn fishing on Friday night, and brought home some nice large fish.

Jacob Steng moved out of the Commercial House on Monday. He will live in the VanDeCar house as soon as Mr. VanDeCar moves into the house he recently bought of Horace Smith.

A slight accident occurred at the Junction Y on Wednesday. A car left the track and ran along on the ties and over the diamond, but was soon put back on, delaying traffic but a couple of hours.

About 25 couple attended the farewell party at the Commercial House hall on Friday evening. All enjoyed a good time dancing, which was kept up until about 2 o'clock, after which all returned to their homes to remember the farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Strang at the Commercial.

CARD. Mrs. D. R. Penney wishes through The Mail to express her thanks to bearers and esteemed friends for their kindness and sympathy in assisting in the last sad rites for her dearly loved brother.

A CARD.

We wish to announce that we fully appreciate the efforts of the Plymouth Lively Colored Boys, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Curtis, Mrs. Carrie Peck Bennett and all others who assisted in the minstrel show, and wish to extend our thanks for the benefit given us. We also wish to thank Jno. A. Russell, Pres. of the D. P. & N. R. R. for the car kindly donated for transportation to Northville and return.

PLYMOUTH CORSET BAND.

For Sale - A quantity of early New York seed potatoes. Enquire of Mrs. Julia Stuart, Plymouth.

A cow for sale. Enquire of H. Willis, Plymouth.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Plymouth Savings Bank,

At Plymouth, Michigan, at the close of business, April 28th, 1901.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$10,000 00
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	24,500 25
Overdrafts	15 30
Banking house	4,500 00
Furniture and fixtures	2,022 96
Other real estate	3,000 00
Due from banks in reserve cities	40,011 75
U. S. and National Bank Notes	1,641 00
Gold coin	2,250 00
Silver coin	2,250 00
Nichols and cents	26 41
Checks cash items, internal rec. acct.	77 22
Total	\$104,119 98

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock held in	\$20,000 00
Surplus fund	10,000 00
Undivided profits, less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	7,426 98
Dividends unpaid	120 00
Commercial deposits	62,022 72
Certificates of deposit	45,801 25
Savings deposits	12,538 22
Total	\$104,119 98

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss.

I, E. K. Bennett, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. K. BENNETT, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of May, 1901.

EDGAR P. LOMBARD, Notary Public.

Correct - Attest:

W. O. ALLEN,
E. C. BRACK,
L. C. HOBBS,
Directors.

A Record Breaking Season

IN THE SALE OF

CARPETS.

Never in the history of our store have we experienced such an overwhelming Carpet Trade.

- The Prices we quote are for the BEST GOODS that money will buy.
- Heavy Stripe Hemp Carpet.....14c per yd
 - A good wearing Carpet of handsome design.....25c per yd
 - Good quality Ingrain.....35c and 40c per yd
 - Three-quarter Wool Ingrains, beautiful patterns...50c per yd
 - All Wool Ingrains.....60c and 65c per yd
 - All Wool Probrussels.....75c per yd
 - Straw Mattings.....15c, 20c and 25c per yd

We are showing a large assortment of

LACE CURTAINS,

At 75c., \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

Don't buy Shades and Draperies before seeing our line.

E. L. RIGGS,

Plymouth Cash Outfitter.

NOW

IS THE TIME FOR

...PAINTS

We want to call your attention to our large and fresh stock of Paints. Commencing with Eckstein, Hill & Co.'s or Fahstock White Lead selling to-day at \$7 cwt. Masury's White Lead and Zinc, the purest and whitest paint of them all, at \$6.00 cwt. Raw oil, boiled oil, turpentine, Japan Dryer, Asphaltum, Venetian Red, Yellow Ochre, Red Lead, Putty, Whiting, Plaster of Paris, Glue in two shades, White Shellack Varnish, Orange Shellack Varnish, Turpentine Shellack Varnish, light and dark Hard Oil Finish, Coach Varnish, White Varnish. We keep a full line of John W. Masury & Son's

LIQUID PAINTS,

Also Boydell's Liquid Paints. We also have Masury's Drop Black in Japan, also in oil, Burnt Umber, Raw Umber, Burnt Sienna, Raw Sienna, Chrome Yellow Medium, Chrome Yellow Orange, Prussian Blue, Light Oak, Dark Oak, Antique Oak, Walnut, Cherry, Wine Color, Venetian Green, American Vermillion; also Paste Wood Filler and Liquid Wood Filler.

HOUSEHOLD PAINTS IN 12 SHADES.

We have a large stock of Paint Brushes, Whitewash Brushes, Scrub Brushes, Gypsin, Wall Paper, etc. We are headquarters for Paris Green, Blue Vitriol, White Heilbore, Insect Powder, Corrosive Sublimite, etc. For anything in the Drug or Grocery Line, give us a call.

Just Received, the Palmetto Rubber Roof Paint, the best roof and smoke stack paint on the market, at 80c per gal.

Orders called for and Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

JOHN L. GALE

CHICAGO'S WELCOME

To the Man Who Smashed the Spanish Fleet at Manila Two Years Ago.

MRS. DEWEY DIVIDES THE HONORS

Greeting on Arrival Is Hearty and Enthusiastic—Reception and Ball—Electric Illumination.

Chicago, May 1.—At 11 a. m. today the naval and military parade in honor of Admiral Dewey started from Twenty-second street and Michigan avenue and at this writing is winding its way through the business district of the city, which is a mass of waving flags and decorations. The sidewalks are crowded with cheering people and the enthusiasm is high. The admiral



REVIEWING STAND FOR CHICAGO'S DEWEY CELEBRATION.

reviews the parade from a platform in the center of the grand stand located at the south side of the federal building, extending from Clark to Dearborn street in Jackson boulevard.

Chicago, May 1.—Two years ago yesterday morning the sharp, vicious crash of the cannon "loaded for bar" was the music that was heard in Manila bay after Commodore George Dewey had told Captain Gridley "you may fire when ready, Gridley." Yesterday the cannon boomed here, but there was cheer and less harsh music, the cheers of thousands and the melody of bands. For Admiral George Dewey came to town yesterday, and with him came the gracious woman to whom he is required as soon as he could get away from the New York public on his arrival home last year from his epoch-making voyage to Manila and who a little later he made his wife.

Upon the arrival at the Grand Central station at 11 a. m. yesterday of the admiral and his party he was given a hearty western welcome. Voices, bugles and guns beat the welcome into his ears, and he was kept bareheaded in bowing responses from the time he was drawn from the station until he was set down at the Auditorium Annex. Preceded by a detachment from the First cavalry, Illinois National Guard, brave in braid and flowing yellow plumes, and by a corps from the



ADMIRAL AND HIS DOG.

Naval Reserve Veteran association, the admiral moved slowly through the ranks of people that 500 policemen tried to keep in order. Windows along Fifth avenue and Jackson boulevard all were occupied with persons who shouted their greetings down over flags and bunting to add to the cries of welcome that arose from the streets. With the admiral rode Lieutenant Caldwell, his personal aide; Major Harrison and Charles Plamondon.

Mrs. Dewey Received by Ladies. Before this party started for the Auditorium Annex Mrs. Dewey was greeted by Mrs. Carter Harrison, Mrs. Bryan Lathrop, and Mrs. Charles A. Plamondon, and escorted to the laundress of Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, which was in waiting. The four ladies entered this, George Dewey, Jr., and Victor Elting entered another just behind it, and this party was whisked away to the hotel, which will be the home of Admiral and Mrs. Dewey during their stay here.

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FIRST DAY

Reception Follows a Breakfast, Then Come Illumination and Grand Ball.

The admiral was hardly at the Auditorium Annex before the programme of entertainment began. First on the list was a breakfast for the admiral and Mrs. Dewey, the others at the table being the members of the executive and various reception committees. At 2:30 p. m. there was a reception by the admiral to representative Canadian-Americans, and at night society was present at the grand ball in the Auditorium. A reception by the mayor, the patronesses, and the managers of the ball opened this function. The mayor was at the right of the receiving line, then Mrs. Arthur Catton, chairman of the patronesses, then Mrs. Harrison, then Mrs. Bryan Lathrop, then the patronesses and the wives of the managers.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey, together with the guests of the city and their wives, entered the ball room from the door back of the south second tier of boxes. When the guests of the city

reached the mayor, Mrs. Catton and the receiving party, Admiral and Mrs. Dewey were presented. Admiral Dewey then took his place beside the mayor, and Mrs. Dewey stood beside Mrs. Catton. When the guests of the city had passed the entrance to the floor from the lobby the committees and guests fell in line immediately behind



MRS. DEWEY.

and passed the reviewing party, each being presented in turn. All who desired were thus afforded an opportunity of personally meeting Admiral and Mrs. Dewey.

What of the ball? That it was a grand affair everybody knows. Like the historic one at Brussels nearly 100 years ago Chicago

"Had gathered then, Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

Two thousand persons attended the ball. The great hall was never more beautifully and artistically decorated, the predominant colors being green and white. There was no grand march, the admiral's party retiring to its box when the line of guests had passed. At midnight Admiral Dewey left the hall for luncheon given in an adjoining room by Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor; then after returning to the ball room for a brief interval the party retired.

To describe it would require columns, if justice were done. But the ball was not the only thing going on. Outside there was entertainment for those who did not "have a white tie." This was an illumination of Michigan avenue and Lake Front park from Twelfth street to Van Buren.

More than 15,000 electric lights have been used in the display, and the members of the committee for illumination exhausted their ingenuity for producing striking effects. Festoons of particular lights, clustered in fantastic shapes and figures, with brilliant streamers radiating from centerpieces, glowing draperies for the Logan monument and building fronts—all combined to produce luminous effects of singular beauty. The designers of the lake front illuminations assert that it surpasses the illuminations of the court of honor at the fall festival, if it does not outdo anything of the kind ever attempted in the country.

When Mrs. Dewey arrived here she carried a great bunch of violets sent to her at Garrett, Ind., from Chicago. Mrs. Dewey was of as much interest to many of the spectators as the admiral. She was cheered when she walked out from the platform at the station to her carriage.

GRANT DAY AT GALENA

All the Population of the Region Does Honor to Grant's Memory.

Galena, Ill., April 28.—The annual celebration of the birthday of General U. S. Grant in Galena, in which town he lived before and after the civil war, took place yesterday. The event was marked by the presence of Governor Roosevelt, of New York; General Grant's daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris; her daughter, Miss Sartoris, and her son, Captain Algeron Sartoris, as special guests of honor. Apparently the whole population of the county and hundreds from nearby Iowa and Wisconsin towns thronged the gaily decorated streets. The special train bearing the distinguished visitors arrived at the Illinois Central station shortly after 1 p. m., and escorted by veterans of the civil war, Spanish-American soldiers and the Plattville State Normal band, the carriages containing the visitors were driven through the business streets to Turner hall.

Here after a few introductory remarks by President J. C. Spore and a prayer by Rev. Dr. J. W. Spensley, of Albany, N. Y., Governor Roosevelt was introduced amid tremendous cheering, in which were mingled cries of "Our next president." Governor Roosevelt spoke eloquently of the life and services of the "old commander." At the conclusion of the speech an informal reception was held on the stage of Turner hall, after which the visitors were driven to General Grant's old residence and other points of interest and at 6 o'clock boarded the train for Chicago. En route here the governor was greeted by large crowds at all stations along the line and at Rockford, where a brief stop was made, he made a short address in response to his warm welcome.

Chicago, April 28.—Grant's birthday anniversary was celebrated by Republicans here; at Pittsburg, by the American club; at New York by the Union League club; at Des Moines, Ia., by the Grant club; at Boston, by the Middlesex club; at New York, by the Grant monument association, and at many other cities and towns.

BUREAU FOR GOVERNOR

Indiana Republicans Nominate a State Ticket.

Indianapolis, April 27.—After a contest that lasted from 9 a. m. till 3 p. m. yesterday Colonel W. T. Darbin, of Anderson, was nominated for governor by the Republican state convention.

The complete ticket is as follows: For governor, Colonel W. T. Darbin; lieutenant governor, Newton W. Gilbert, of Angola; secretary of state, U. B. Hunt, of Winchester; auditor of state, W. E. Hart, of Frankfort; treasurer of state, Leopold Levy, of Huntington; attorney general, W. L. Taylor, of Indianapolis; superintendent of public instruction, F. L. Jones, of Tipton; judge of the supreme court, Fourth district, Leander J. Monks, of Winchester; reporter of the supreme court, C. F. Bemy, of state statisticians, B. F. Johnson. Delegates-at-large to the national convention—Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge, Governor Mount and Charles B. Hernaly, Alternates—Nathan Powell, T. H. Adams, F. A. Anderson and G. Brewer. Electors-at-large—Hugh H. Hanna, Indianapolis; Charles Miller, Gosport.

BY FLAME AND FLOOD

Enormous Destruction of Property and Heavy Loss of Life in Canada and Texas.

HAVOC BY THE CANADIAN FIRE

Waco, Tex., Deluged with Rain That Drowns Eight Persons, Some of Whom Were Caught on a Collapsed Bridge.

Ottawa, Ont., April 28.—Over five square miles of territory, burned over, more than 2,000 buildings destroyed, seven lives lost, 7,000 men, women and children homeless, and a property loss of \$17,000,000, according to the latest estimate, insured for about half its value, are the results as viewed now of the destructive fire which swept this city and Hull Thursday and yesterday. Although under control for many hours the flames were not entirely extinguished until about noon yesterday.

List of the Fatal Casualties. The list of dead is as follows: Miss Minnie Cook, aged 40 years, cremated in her own house; John Pimple, car repairer, suffocated in the Canadian Pacific railroad yards; George Peeley, shoemaker, suffocated; John Darr, Hull, fireman for E. B. Eddy & Co.; unknown man, found dead in Meyers' house, Wellington street, Hull; Mrs. Orron, Wellington street, Hull, died from fright, aged 80 years; A. Bandin, 8 years old, son of Charles Bandin, Duke street, Hull.

Relief Committee Organized. A relief committee has been formed by the citizens, and this together with the Roman Catholic archbishops of Ottawa and Montreal will make an appeal for relief to the country. The most serious problem that confronts Hull is that of work. The majority of householders who were burned out are poor and have large families. It is not expected there will be employment for a considerable period and the way in which many of the poor are going to live in the meantime is doubtful. On the Ottawa side fully two-thirds of Dalhousie ward is devastated. The destroyed property in this district included some of the finest residences in Ottawa as well as a great many of the humblest.

Some of the losses are: Booth Lumber company, \$3,000,000; Eddy company, \$8,000,000; McKay Milling company, \$500,000; Hull Lumber company, \$700,000; Electric Light company, \$250,000; Dominion carbide works, \$150,000.

Some Is a Desert of Ashes.

The scene of the Hull fire presents a vast desert of mere ashes, out of which the porch of Notre Dame du Grace, the property of the Oblates of Mary the Immaculate; the St. Mary's school, recently built at a cost of \$15,000, and a cluster of residences round the church, alone are intact. Among the ruins of a house on Washington street, Hull, has been found the corpse of the man named Bernaby Myers. All Thursday night in Ottawa the homeless ones were going about looking for places in which to take up their abode, and in some instances searching for members of their families. The E. B. Eddy House, which was destroyed, was a historical building. When the Duke of Connaught visited this district thirty years ago a grand ball was given him. "The Castle," as it was familiarly known, was selected as the scene. A large marquee was erected on the lawn and here the dancing took place, supper being served in the house. With the house several magnificent pictures, imported from England, have been consumed.

EIGHT DROWNED IN A STORM.

Three of Them Losing Their Lives in the Heart of Town—Flood Havoc.

Waco, Tex., April 28.—A cloud burst, accompanied by a high wind, descended upon this city at noon yesterday and the result is that eight people are known to have perished in the city limits and property valued at several thousand dollars has been destroyed or injured. The known dead are: Mrs. Nancy Caudle, Miss Clara Caudle, Rosa Chapman, Emma Decker, Thomas Capps, Frank Walker, two negro men, names unknown.

The downpour of rain commenced about noon and was incessant until dark. The rise in the creeks and branches was so rapid that it did not give the inhabitants time to flee. Three persons—two women and a man, all colored—were drowned within a hundred yards of the city hall. There were several people, mostly negroes, standing on a bridge watching the rapid rise of Barron's branch when the bridge, a brick structure, collapsed. Numerous reports of other losses come in, but owing to the high water they cannot be verified. It is almost certain, however, that several more lives have been lost. It is impossible to estimate the damage done by the storm, but it will be heavy. Incoming reports indicate that one of the heaviest rain falls experienced in years visited many sections of the state, and rivers and smaller streams are again rising rapidly.

All points along the Brazos and Colorado rivers have been notified.

Michigan Democrats Meet.

Port Huron, Mich., May 1.—The most promising candidates for delegates-at-large to the national convention, when the Democratic state convention was called to order at noon, were State Chairman Daniel J. Campau of Detroit and either Wellington E. Burt of Saginaw or Thomas E. Barkworth of Jackson, George P. Hummer of Holland and Rusb Culver of Marquette. The election of ex-congressman J. E. Whiting as second delegate-at-large had previously been conceded, but Mr. Whiting announced his withdrawal in the interest of harmony.

Fire at Steubenville, O.

Steubenville, O., May 1.—Fire about midnight nearly destroyed the plant of the Steubenville Wall Paper company and machinery; also 500,000 rolls of wall paper. The loss is \$50,000; fully insured.

1900		MAY					1900	
Sa.	Su.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.	Su.	
		1	2	3	4	5		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
13	14	15	16	17	18	19		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26		
27	28	29	30	31				

LONDON'S WAR SUMMARY.

What Is Gleaned From Dispatches of the South African Situation.

Thaba N'Chu, April 30.—Gen. French sent the Third and Fourth cavalry brigades on separate reconnaissances around the hills east of the town. The enemy, it was found, held the hills strongly, though evidently only a rear guard, as no transport was visible. The Boers are now holding a very steep row of hills east.

London, May 1.—The following dispatch has been sent by Lord Roberts to the war office:

Bloemfontein, April 30.—The Boers made very persistent attacks around Thabanchu Saturday and Sunday. But the position which the Eighth (Rundle's) division holds is very strong, and he had the assistance of Gordon's and Dickson's brigades, the cavalry under French and Smith-Dorrien's infantry brigade, and a body of mounted infantry under Ian Hamilton. Pole-Carew's division returned from Dewetsdorp yesterday.

London, May 1.—The Boers are now showing uncommon activity west of Bloemfontein. They are in force between Fourteen Streams and Kimberley. On Sunday they occupied Wind-borton, west of the railway, and now threaten to interrupt the communications of the British force at Warrenton, to the north. This, too, at a time when General Hunter is about to start on a 200-mile march to Mafeking, probably with 5,000 men. To the east of Bloemfontein the Boers Sunday night were still holding the hills near Thaba N'Chu, while behind them long wagon trains, loaded with wheat for the Boer army in the north, are moving through Ladysmith.

The British captured one Boer conveyance on Saturday, but its size is not mentioned in the dispatch which barely announces the fact. African horse sickness has broken out in General Buller's army. It proves especially fatal among freshly arrived animals. The Bloemfontein correspondents point out that the deficiencies in the veterinary department cause thousands of losses.

The morning papers give special prominence to the statement of a news agency that Sir Redvers Buller sent his resignation to Lord Roberts after the Spion kop captures were published, and that Lord Roberts declined to accept it.

Ladysmith, May 1.—The country north of Sunday's river, seems comparatively clear of Boers. General Louis Botha has returned to Pretoria to resume the supreme command of the Transvaal forces.

Latest News from Mafeking.

London, May 1.—A dispatch from Mafeking, dated April 20, says: "The Boers have been busy for several days blowing up the railway southwards. There was little firing during the past week. The town will respond cheerfully to Lord Roberts' request to hold out for another month. Fever is rife, but otherwise the health of the garrison is good and all are well."

LABOR RIOTS IN CHICAGO.

Non-Union Men Continue To Be Beaten by Strikers and Sympathizers.

Chicago, April 30.—In defiance of contractors' threats eventually to appeal to the federal government if labor fights did not cease, strike sympathizers continue to attack non-union men. The force of thirty workmen employed by the Falkenau Construction company at the excavation for the new Western Electric building, West Harrison and Jefferson streets, was attacked by nearly a score of pickets and strike sympathizers late in the afternoon and before the police dispersed the assailants David Fitzgerald, a carpenter, and James Lane, a machinist, had been beaten until unconscious. In other parts of the city men were hurt by men who have cast their sympathies with union labor, all the fights taking place at the time of day which the police have come to regard as inevitably dangerous—the hour when work on buildings ceases and non-union workmen start for their homes.

Center To Be a Bookkeeper.

Leavenworth, Kan., April 30.—Oberlin M. Carter, formerly captain in the engineer corps of the United States army, arrived at Fort Leavenworth at 7:30 in the evening to begin his term of imprisonment for defrauding the government. He will be known as No. 2,084 and assigned to cell No. 645. Carter's first assignment will be as bookkeeper in the shop where tinware, harness, shoes, brooms and carpets are made.

Base Ball Daily Record.

Chicago, May 1.—Yesterday's league base ball games resulted in the following scores: At Chicago—St. Louis 6, Chicago 9; at Brooklyn—Boston 2, Brooklyn 5; at Philadelphia—New York 13, Philadelphia 14. At Cleveland—Detroit 13, Cleveland 6; at Buffalo—Indianapolis 15, Buffalo 15; at Minneapolis—Kansas City 5, Minneapolis 11; at Milwaukee—Chicago 9, Milwaukee 10.

Title Passed on Breckinridge.

Frankfort, Ky., April 30.—Attorney General Breckinridge enjoys the distinction of being the only state officer in Kentucky whose title is, not in litigation. Judge Clifton J. Pratt, the Republican contestant, as anticipated several days ago, quit the contest, and on Friday filed a suit to file a supersedeas bond in the allotted time, the nullified title passed to Breckinridge.

Have you Tried

Our Choice Cuts Pork and Beef?

THEY ARE THE BEST.

Our Bolognas, Franfords, Sausages, always fresh. Our Lard is pure. Try it. Sugar cured Hams, Boneless Ham and Breakfast Bacon always on hand.

Orders called for and delivered in any part of the village.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

H. HARRIS

The Home of Plenty.

Everything that it is possible for the skilled baker to make with fine flour and other ingredients of superior quality is to be found fresh daily at

Taylor's Bakery

The goodness of our productions is known and highly appreciated wherever bread, rolls, pies, cakes, etc., are eaten. Skillful hands make pleasing things which tickle the palate and nourish the body.

G. A. TAYLOR

GAYDE'S MEAT MARKET

Spring Chickens, We have Spring Chickens ordered. and will dress them when ordered.

PORK SAUSAGE, We have our own brand of the finest always on hand.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS

Steamed Ham for Cold Meats—Try it. Goods delivered to any part of the village free. Give us a call.

WM. GAYDE

NORTH VILLAGE.

Bicycle Times.

OUR LINE FOR 1900 BEATS THEM ALL.

COLUMBIA (Chain)\$50 00
CRESCENT 35 00
HARTFORD 35 00
IMPERIAL 30 00
SOUDAN 22 00
SOUDAN (Boys) 20 00

Conner Hardware Co.

Like a Weaver's Shuttle

They come and go, and go and come again. There are hundreds of them! A bird's-eye view of that section of country between Cincinnati, Toledo, and Detroit, through which ply the numerous passenger trains of the C. E. & D. Railway, would equal in interest the most wonderful Kaleidoscope, or Biograph picture! When our Grandfather wearily walked the tow-path and toiled their own carpet sacks

They Did Not Dream

we would ever be offered such opportunities as are now offered by the C. E. & D. trains; parlors, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, smoking-rooms—a home on wheels. Steam-power, steam heat, electric light and attentive service at small cost. Wheeling North to Michigan, Canada, or the Northwest, please consult nearest Agent of the C. E. & D. R. He will gladly assist in every practical way to make your journey a pleasant one.

Detroit, Plymouth & MacQuillan Ry.

TIME CARD. Table with columns for Care, Leave, and various times.

THE DETROIT & LIMA NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns for STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, and times for SOUTH BOUND and NORTH BOUND.

TIME TABLE. In effect Jan. 1, 1902.

SAGINAW DISTRICT. Table with columns for STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, and times.

GRAND RAPIDS DISTRICT.

Table with columns for STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, and times.

Ohio Central Lines.



The Through Car Lin.

DETROIT, TOLEDO & CINCINNATI. TOLEDO, COLUMBUS & CHARLESTON, W. V. COLUMBUS & NASHVILLE.

PATENTS. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Scientific American.

Commissioner's Notice. In the matter of the estate of Frank Gates.

A. PELHAM, DENTIST.

WAGES OF SIN. A Book for Young and Old. OUR RECORD 250,000 CURED.

250,000 CURED YOUNG MAN. Have you stung? Have you stung?

KENNEDY & KERGAN. 247 SUPERIOR STREET, CLEVELAND, O.



A genuine WALD Silversteel String for your VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, GUITAR or BANJO.

REDUCTION IN VIOLIN OUTFITS THIS WEEK ONLY. OUR \$5.00 WALD VIOLIN.

A. T. WALD'S MUSIC HOUSE, No. 9 S. BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PATENTS. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Scientific American.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

DR. TALMAGE TEACHES A LESSON OF PATIENCE.

Preaches an Impassioned Sermon, With Moving Day For a Theme, Warns Us Not to Be Puffed Up With Transitory Earthly Grandeur.

WASHINGTON, April 29.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is pertinent at this time of year, when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equanimity in very trying circumstances.

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones, against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together.

Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residence to burrow like muskrats in the earth.

My first word, then, in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now, we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound.

Thank God for your home, not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence.

In a private vehicle, and not in a rail car, from which you can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson, the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery.

wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold because of financial misfortune or because their wives did not want to reside in the summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away.

A day this spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded; it will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overfill before they get the family furniture from one house to another.

Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the 1st of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the Ten Commandments.

The New House. In this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now, we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound.

But I must have a word with those who in this Mayday time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size, and so much room is not required; so they move out into small apartments.

to intercede with "Oh's" and "Ah's" that he is to me a dose of "pecuniary." Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great business filled with good reading or wealth of bric-a-brac.

Younger we were the guests in an English manner. The statuary, the ferreries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there has been an amazing of plate and costly surroundings.

Timon of Athens was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move; get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move?

But I must have a word with those who in this Mayday time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size, and so much room is not required; so they move out into small apartments.

And those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions" and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last lead unfolded, the table will be spread, and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with the "new wine of the kingdom."

was not and again. Oh, how many a strange mixture of honey and gall, of joy and sorrow, of merriment and midnight clashing! Every beam a lightning lance against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God that such changes are not always going to continue; otherwise the harvest would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear, when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamity.

How to Be Happy. But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller, through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold or the heirs will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms and others suffer a pandemonium in 20. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I help you lift the clothesbasket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will satisfy your ecclesiasticality; God in the nursery—that will protect your children; God in the dining hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet; God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the drydock; God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move; get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master. "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rest will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much, cash down, and how much left on mortgage? Our Father is going to give it to us as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They stand ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after awhile they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation.

On almost the first load we, the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with about and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us, they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they have discovered in the "house of many mansions" and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last lead unfolded, the table will be spread, and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalices will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the vat of earthly intoxication, but with the "new wine of the kingdom."

Job Printing

