

A man who'd lead a happy life
Must hand his earnings to his wife,
And let her, with a woman's sense,
Pay out and play out the home's expense.
He'll save himself a world of care;
He'll have far more to eat and wear;
So will his wife, who'll also lay
By something for a rainy day.
The pennies, man will never prize,
Are big as dollars in her eyes;
She weighs each well before it's spent,
And when they're gone, knows who to then
went.
A woman asks, "how much?" before
She buys, and not a fraction more
Than what she orders will she take;
And always counts the change they make.
A man, afraid of seeming mean,
And vainly hides that he's a swain.
Won't ask the price at all, and boys
Whatever meets his eager eyes
The money that a husband earns,
Kept in his pocket, always burns,
And till it's squandered, lost or lent,
He, somehow, never feels content.
Man's forte's to earn, but not to spend;
His wife's ambition, too, will end
If she sees money slip away
With debts increasing day by day.
So he who'll wisely lead a life
Of perfect bliss will let his wife
Be treasurer, as nature meant;
And one no man a single cent.
—H. G. Dodge, in Goddard's Sun.

BY EUGEN COMBAT.

London at last." Sarah Miller stepped from the train, and once more stood on the platform when she had quitted rather more than three days before. It was now past three o'clock in the morning. Whither should she turn? She stood hesitating and bewildered.

There was one thing more which she had settled to do. What was it? On those wheels, those wheels, will they never stop? She pressed her fingers to her temples and strove to recall what resolution had slipped from her mind.

Ah, now she remembered what it was. Her money, the must get rid of that. She had no further need of money now that she had reached the final goal. In her pocket were both German and English coins. She collected them and creeping stealthily to the box which stands awaiting contributions for some object, very deserving charity, she dropped in every coin that was upon her person. Therefore she believed there was nothing left which could in any way show who she was or where she came.

She passed out under the archway, a solitary, dark-robed figure with a brilliant light as in grief, she passed from the chilly white glare of electric lamps into the air but deserted Strand. She walked away up the Strand, then, without any definite aim, turned to the right and by and by found herself in the environment.

Still she wandered on until she reached Waterloo bridge. She went half way across, then stopped short and gazed intently up and down the river. But no thought of self-destruction had entered her head, although the reflection was still before her eyes, the will was still coining in her ears, and those fearful hours when in her last clinging more rapidly than ever. No the river half her life the attraction which a woman can exert in a stream has for all who are in deep distress. Poor old man looked even crazed over the parapet to pour in the center, placed the top.

At that moment a blinding light flashed upon her eyes and a hand gripped her shoulder. "You need not attempt this," said a sharp voice, the voice of a policeman who had seen her dash for a second the tow-ropes of the bridge. The woman turned her face to him, and the anguish written upon it persuaded the constable that he had arrived just in the nick of time.

"After a while had at night for such as you," he said in a kind voice. "Now you go straight home like a good woman. I'll see you safe off the bridge. You can go from where, and you like, but if you stay here any longer, well, I must run you in."

She clapped her hands. "I am mad!" she cried in piteous imploring tones. "Can't you see I am mad? Take me and put me where mad people are sent to."

Strange as a confession of insanity seemed, the poor old policeman was bound to take her at her word, the more so because she would not or could not give any account of herself, or name any place of residence. "So she was led away, a docile captive, and spent the rest of the night, or rather morning, under detention."

Mad or not she believed her work was now done; she felt that she would be bestowed where her misdeeds would never find her, never hear of her. Mad or not her one concentrated aim was to keep the secret of the way in which Maurice Harvey died. If mad, the poor wretch's cunning had all but supplied the place of reason.

All but, for as usual it had forgotten one important thing. Uri's Beatrice was informed of her husband's death, unless that death were proved beyond a doubt. Sarah Miller's crime would be useless and her sacrifice futile.

IT IS NOTED.

Carothers, as was his custom called for Beatrice early one morning. This morning Beatrice left her boy in charge of the smiling Havanian servant and went for a walk with Frank. It was a fair May morning, fairer perhaps elsewhere than in Munich, which is a dr., dusty, barren land. For some time they walked in silence, and apparently without any settled destination. By and by Carothers spoke.

"When do you think you will be ready to return to England?" he asked. Her eyes were cast down. She did not answer his question.

"Beatrice, you will take my advice in this," he spoke gravely and tenderly.

"Yes I will take your advice. I will do all you wish—be guided entirely by you. Heaven knows I have guided myself long enough. See where it has led me."

Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke. Frank clinched his hand behind his back.

He felt so powerless to help her. After all he could do her so little.

"What do you propose?" What do you think I should do?" she asked.

"I think we should go straight back to England; straight to—Oakbury. I will come with you if you wish it, tell Horace and Herbert everything."

"What will they say? What will they do? I should think they would at once turn the out of their house."

Frank smiled a sad little smile. "Dear Beatrice," he said, "can you fancy either Horace or Herbert turning a dog out who came to them for protection? That is," he added, "if the dog had not been in the mud."

"Ah, Frank, but I have been in the mud," said Beatrice sadly. "I have years of mud up on me. It will never come off, Frank."

Frank, as a man should, tried to console her, tried to persuade her that the mud was neither very black nor so very thick. She shook her head sadly and refused to believe him. Then came another pause.

"Ah," said Beatrice, "it all comes back to the old cry—if what has been done could only be undone!"

"Yes," said Frank, "the cry of the first man who developed speech; his thought perhaps before speech came to him; and so it will be the cry of the last man who stands on the wreck of the world."

There was a silence, once more until Frank broke it by repeating his original question. Beatrice told him she could not leave Munich until Sarah returned.

"But she is in London. Why not telegraph her? Tell her to wait there?"

"I will, but I do not know where to find her. She was going to her friend's. The friend who posted my letters. Sarah used to send them, but I never thought to ask the address."

"And he is, nothing terms with this man," said Frank rather bitterly, "is empowered to let this ruffian rob you."

"Money is nothing. He can have all he wants if he will trouble me no more."

"Frank," said Beatrice, "I will leave with you as soon as she returns. I promise. Now let us talk of something else. We may have but a day or two longer here. Let us have those days to look back upon—days of calm before the storm broke."

They walked a long aimless way and scarcely noticing where. "Shall we go anywhere—to one of the galleries?" asked Beatrice.

"No," said Frank. "It's too fine for picture. Let us go and look at the statue of Bavaria."

They inspected the colossal statue, but differed as to the temptation of going up into its head via the leg. They walked through the Hall of Fame at the back of the statue. But right-seeing did them no good, and at last Frank stood gaily. They were—thrust at heart.

"Oh, just a moment more!" asked Frank.

"Yes, I came back to the lake. It is there
 anything new to see about here?" He
 ordered his best man in uniform, German,
 and dismissed the driver. The driver
 said in great South country was not far
 off.
 "Don't like cemeteries," said Frank
 doubtfully.
 "Yes," said Beatrice. "So the driver
 is coming to see with."
 They passed up the great arch of en-
 trance to the park of London. Beatrice,
 who was now up in the light thought, to be
 brother to the right nor left—and
 Frank was walking into the light. They
 walked straight into the great open space
 and for a while, with the bright May sun
 shining down on them, wandered about
 the forest of tombs, with the water of the
 river of all continental beautiful stones,
 he led until, from the withered and tan-
 dry grass and what had been placed on
 the ground. All was dry, and left to de-
 cay at once. Carruthers was a man who
 appeared to the cemetery. Although
 this was his first visit to Munich, he
 faced his heart and heard that this
 cemetery was one of the first in Europe.
 He told Beatrice he was disappointed.
 "Perhaps the finest monuments are under
 the ground," he said.
 They walked across to the broad piazza
 which runs round the center space. As
 Beatrice had suspected the finest and
 most costly and artistic monuments were
 against the wall.
 "This," he muttered, "To this it all
 comes. The end of love, the end of am-
 bition, of wealth, of poverty, of pain, of
 joy. All come to it, and other men and
 women walk over our graves and wonder
 who we were. Beatrice! Beatrice!" he
 cried, in a voice of exquisite agony, "we
 can live but once and our life is wasted!"
 bravely as he had torn himself. Car-
 ruthers had at last broken down.
 "I was a fool—a weak fool," he said.
 "Forgive me."
 "No you are wise. Oh, why was I ever
 born!"
 "Let us go," said Frank. "I have this
 abode of dead nor alive."
 So with heavy hearts they walked along
 the broad piazza toward the entrance to
 the cemetery.
 "Neither spoke. Carruthers was telling
 himself that he was weaker than he
 thought, that he could not bear the situa-
 tion longer. He would see Beatrice safe
 in England. He would see this man and
 insure her future peace. Then he would
 —he must leave her. To see her, hear
 her voice, touch her hand, yet know she
 could not be his was more than he could
 ask himself to bear.
 And Beatrice's thoughts ran much in
 the same groove. She had from the first
 known it must be so. This was why she
 had begged that the last few days they
 spent in Munich might be made such as
 memory loves to linger upon. Such
 friendship as Frank had spoken of was
 between them an impossibility.
 So as they walked down that piazza
 they felt that they were bidding each
 other a farewell which might well be
 eternal. No wonder their hands refused
 to part.
 As they drew near to the entrance
 they passed what was to all ap-
 pearances a shop with a plate-glass
 front opening on the piazza. In
 front of it were two or three men and women
 and several children the last-named
 on tiptoe, and attending their flat feet
 to noses against the glass. Frank also
 glanced that way and saw such a curious
 sight that in spite of his preoccupation,
 he stopped.
 A little way inside the glass was arrang-
 ed on tiers of evergreens and flowers

what seemed to be a dozen dolls of various sizes, but all large for dolls. Each was dressed in smart long robes with tinsel and other decorations, and every doll bore a large number. A curious sight! Caruthers drew near and then the truth flashed upon him. They were dead babies! There, each in its little nest of leaves and flowers, they lay awaiting the day of burial.

"They are dead!" said Frank, turning to Beatrice.

"Yes. I remember hearing it was the custom here to let them wait like this, but I forgot all about it. A horrible custom, is it not?"

Frank and Beatrice turned away. It seemed to Frank, at least, that the spectacle they had seen was a fitting ending to their excursion. They walked away slowly and in silence. But they had not seen all.

In a room at the very entrance, so that comers and goers might the more readily notice it, lay the body of a man. Not on fragrant boughs, but on a plain slate bier, for there was no one to authorize the expenditure necessary to give it a bed of evergreens. A black cloth was thrown across the body and the face was turned toward the window.

And Frank saw that white face and knew it—and Beatrice saw that white face and knew it. She grasped Frank's arm, strove to speak, gave a sharp cry and fell senseless on the stones. Caruthers lifted her and bore her to the first. He had the man drive home at once.

Beatrice revived. She looked at Frank in a dazed way. "I dreamed it—it was a dream," she said in a whisper.

"It was no dream," answered Caruthers in a hoarse, choked voice. Not another word was exchanged until they reached Beatrice's home. Here Frank wanted to accompany her to her rooms. She shook her head.

"Go back, go back," she whispered.

"You will see to all, learn all, will you not?"

He nodded, reentered the carriage and drove back to the cemetery.

There was no mistake. He gained access to the room. He saw the body uncovered, saw the sling which had been removed from the broken arm. And as he stood and gazed at the dead man he seemed to hear the voice of the strange servant begging him in wild accents to wait for Beatrice. Her prophecy had come true. His strange faith had not deceived her.

He had to answer many questions; recounted details. He said he identified the man as Maurice Hervey, an artist. He could say nothing more about him—nothing about his friends. He had exchanged very few words with him. Then he left money for the corpse to be removed to another place and decently laid out. Also money for funeral expenses and for a stone with H. M. on it to be set over the grave. Then to him the funeral must take place on the morrow. Then he went back to Beatrice.

She would not see him; so he left a note saying that all was done. The next day he stood over Maurice Hervey's grave.

015-1030-30432

He did not see her the next day. He called twice, the second time the second time that she would rather not see him until to-morrow. She was not ill; she would only rather be left alone. So in curious, indescribable state of mind Mr. Carruthers spent the day in wandering about Munich.

On the morning he called and was admitted. He found Beatrice alone. She looked pale, but very beautiful. He noticed at once a change in her manner. A certain graceful civility and shyness seemed to have fallen upon her, which enabled a new charm to the girl he had hitherto found so calm and self-possessed. Beatrice, it may be, also noted a change in Carruthers' bearing.

"Tell me all," she said in a low tone as after a silent greeting he took a chair near her.

He told her all. Beatrice heard him without interruption. When his recital was finished she sat in deep thought. Frank watched her in silence.

"How did he come there, on the railroad I mean?" she asked at last.

Frank shook his head. "It might have been accident, it might have been suicide. From the position in which he was found the authorities incline to the latter. But he had plenty of money in his pocket. I don't know how much for in these cases the exact amount is never stated. It is short. no one knows how it happened."

"What brought him to Munich?" asked Beatrice. "How did he know I was here?"

Frank could only shake his head again. "He must have seen Sarah," she continued, answering her own question. "He must have heard from her where I was. Why did she not write and tell me. Some harm may have befallen her. I wish she was back."

"Would you like to see his grave?" asked Frank after a pause. Beatrice shivered.

"No," she said. "I think not—unless you would call it unwomanly not to do so."

"No," said Frank. "I can see no reason for it."

"What could I do at his grave," asked Beatrice softly and dreamily. "One goes to a grave to weep. I could not weep. After a load, which one has carried for years day and night is lifted from the mind, one does not weep one rejoices. Frank, I dare not stand over a grave and feel like that. Let me say I forgive him. I can do no more."

"No one who knew all could ask more."

"Speak nothing but good of the dead," she continued in the same dreary way.

"Frank, I cannot recall any good of which to speak. For a few weeks I loved him or thought I loved him; but that was years ago. Ah, me! those years! All I can now do is to say I will speak no evil of him. He is dead. I forgive him, and will try and forget him."

For the first time the tears rose to her eyes. There was a long pause. Beatrice and Frank were now standing. He took her hands in his and held them.

"Beatrice—darling," he whispered. "Do you remember the words you said a few days ago—said in this very room. When there seemed no chance of happiness for you and me. Dearest, all is not changed. We are in a new world. Beatrice, will you say once more in our new world what you said in the old?"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

President of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons. The first triennial session of the congress of American physicians and surgeons recently held at Washington was attended by about 500 medical experts, representing eleven medical societies each of which is devoted to some specialty.

John S. Billings was born in the state of Indiana in 1838. After pursuing a course of studies at Miami university and the Ohio Medical college, he began in Cincinnati the practice of his profession. The breaking out of the war changed the course of his life, and in 1861 he was appointed acting assistant surgeon in the United States army.

He was in charge of the hospitals in Washington, D. C., and then served with the Army of the Potomac. In 1864 he became connected with the surgeon general's office, Washington, and in 1875 was appointed surgeon with the rank of major in the regular army.

Dr. Billings is medical adviser of John Hopkins' hospital, Baltimore, and is lecturer on municipal hygiene at the John Hopkins university. He is a member of many scientific societies in this country and abroad. In 1884 he received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the university of Edinburgh. His contributions to the periodical literature of medicine are numerous. Perhaps his greatest work is the index catalogue of the library of the surgeon general's office, which is now being issued.

A Boston correspondent of the Woonsocket Patriot tells how a young policeman, Charles Maynes, stops a runaway horse: "When you see a runaway coming, do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, for you will be immediately knocked flat by the collision, but instead prepare yourself for a short run with the horse. Measure with your eye the distance, and start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps ten feet in the case of fair to medium runaways. You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something. So do you get close to the line on which he is rushing, and, as he passes you, grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backward as you run, give them a powerful yank. "You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this yank, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle." A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. The horse is on its haunches. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so till he is pacified."

In stopping a span of horses Maynes tries to get on the side of the wilder one, as if pulled to its senses the other one can be managed. The task is easier if the horse has a curb bit. A runaway may also be stopped by the driver, in the same manner: "If you pull steadily with all your strength on a curb bit" says Maynes, "the effect on the horse's jaw is just what it is if you tie a cord tightly about your finger. The blood doesn't flow and the finger becomes numb. After a firm pull has been maintained on the horse's mouth for a while it ceases to have any effect. You cannot then force him out of a run if he is frightened. But give him his head a little tilt the mouth recovers from its numbness, lash him with the whip if you have a free road, and then give a sudden yank. He will come down. If the first yank isn't enough give him one more. There isn't a horse on earth which can run away with a competent driver if the harness holds." Maynes has risked his life a number of times, and has had some perilous encounters before subduing frightened animals. He has received a medal from the humane society and \$50 from the cab company.

"Why do you take a quart bottle of whiskey with you when you go on your fishing trip, John?" inquired his wife. "In case of snake bites," he explained. On his return he bemoaned his lack at not getting even a single bite. "But this bottle is empty, John," she said. "Yesh," he replied. "I mean I didn't get any (big) fish bites."—Epcoc.

A new preparation to keep the hand white and soft is called "anti-chap." It will never prove popular with the ladies.—*Albany Journal*

Borrowed garments seldom fit well, nor do Vaguer remedies cure successfully. The best remedy for coughs and colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Way sat dozed up like an old man, my boy! That's recumbent! Take the road the good Lord provides and send twenty-five cars around the corner for a bottle of Salvage Oil and you'll ride your bicycle to-morrow.

Cremation rates have been advanced. It cannot be possible that there is to be a cremation trust also.

Itching and irritation of the skin and scalp, burns, scalds, piles, ulcers, poisons, bites of insects and all skin diseases, quickly cured by Cole's Carbolicalve, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at druggists.

It is a powerful hard thing for a woman to wear six-button kids when her husband wears a seven-button pocketbook.

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as Brown's Bronchial Troches. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

Don't bet, bet, if you must bet, bet to win a plump Thanksgiving turkey, with a plump New Jersey cranberry in its bill.

A Fortune for \$5.

An opportunity for every Lady and Gentleman to secure an independent fortune by the investment of only \$5. Address, with stamp, The Montana Investment Company, Helena, Mont.

Called back—the white hat.

The woods are blushing rosy red because the campaign liar is out "chestnutting."

The reason that doctors fall out is because God men tell no tales.

The German emperor has bestowed the order of the Black Eagle upon his wife. It will make a handsome hat trimming.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frostbites, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns and Scalds.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

**Diamond Vera - Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.**

AND ALL STOMACH DISTURBANCES SUCH AS Indigestion, Flatulency, Belching, Acidity, Colic, Diarrhoea, Cholera, Typhoid, Cholera, and Biliousity. It is the health and digestible food after eating. Restores the stomach to its normal state.

At Druggists and Dealers or send by mail on receipt of 25 Cts. to boxes \$1.00. 10 stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Beware of fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertisements, when before leaving the factory, which protect the consumers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



The only pair of SEAMLESS Shoe made in
the U. S. A. DOUGLAS or A. T. A. DOUGLAS
and you will not RIP
W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOE, the original
only hand-sewed men's shoe. Equals custom-made
shoes.
W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 POLICE SHOE. No
Railroad Men and Letter Carriers at their
comfort inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No flimsy
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE's guaranteed
for every wear. Best Call Shoe for the price.
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S
Shoe. The only shoe for rough wear and
your legs to wear a man's wear.
W. L. DOUGLAS \$2 SHOE FOR BOTS
the best school shoe in the world.
W. L. DOUGLAS \$1.75 GIRL'S School
Shoe gives the small boys a chance to wear the
shoe shoes in the world.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace. It is
made in the U. S. A.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

A Year's Work Done in Ten Days.

From the Chap. in of Dexter O'Neal, and Emma
to the Synod of Wisconsin, at Hartford.
DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 1888.
DEAR SIR:—In April, 1884, I had the pleasure of
meeting you at St. Paul, and feeling very anxious
that my oral examination would be held at
Hartford. It is only ten days in which to pre-
pare for the Exam. I should recommend a year
preparation. The fact is, I was not well pre-
pared as I was but your friend had strength for
my natural energy, that I was able to remember
and give the gist of any book after reading it once.
I have read Lightfoot, Hooker, and Brow-
n, and the Ep. and Hist. of the Church, and
most of the name papers. The present Bishop of
Cal. has proved the fact. Faithfully yours,
J. H. JAMES MINNAPOLIS MA CONVOYED. (M. A.)
To Prof. A. Fossett, 25, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Perfectly unbi- by correspondence. Send to
prospective.



FREE E. return Mail. Full Description.
Moody's New Taylor System of Dress
Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati.
W. N. U. D.--5-48.
When writing to Advertisers please say
you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

CONSUMPTION

There's Nobody for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

[illegible]

E. R. Ryan, Publisher.

NORTHVILLE.

There is a group of islands northwest of Sicily, the three principal ones of which are Lipari, Stromboli and Vulcano, which afford remarkable opportunities for the study of volcanoes. The last of the three is less known than the others but just at present it is causing intense interest to a highly respectable firm of Scotch merchants in Glasgow. The crater of Vulcano remained quiescent for hundreds of years, and suddenly, in 1783, burst out violently. Then in subsided until 1873, when it again became eruptive. But this last attack seemed like an expiring effort, and in 1880 Vulcano was deemed so peaceable that this Scotch firm rented it from the Italian government, paying down a lump sum of fifty thousand dollars in lieu of yearly payments. They commenced extracting from the crater steam, boracic acid and sulphur, which either pure, or in combination with other substances, lined the floor and sides in immense quantities. This fall the crater became active again, and the operatives and superintendent had to fly for their lives to the sea shore, where they waited in great anguish for a boat from Lipari. The water leaped out boulders and cobblestones in prodigious numbers, and in spite of the utmost activity in dodging, every one of the party had his clothes singed, and several were burned badly about the legs. If the crater will subside again the Scotch firm will make a good thing out of their volcano, because after every eruption there is an overflow of virgin sulphur, and this is so constant that Spaniards and the volcanologists, called the post-eruptive period the solfataro, or sulphur stage. At present Vulcano is still active, and the little island is so studded with boulders as to resemble a glacial moraine.

Bavaria has a monopoly of lithographic stone, and that little state, the headquarters of German beer and German art ought to be the richest country in the world in proportion to its size, for lithography has been universal. And now the lithographic stone is doomed, and plates of zinc are being largely used as a substitute. It has been found as practicable to draw upon them as upon the Bavarian stone, and hence has arisen the new word—zincography. The saving effected is remarkable. A zinc plate, costing only 50 cents is as efficient as a lithographic stone which cost \$54, and it can be resurfaced practically forever, whereas the lithographic stone will only bear reprinting to a limited extent. When it is remembered that in good chromo-lithographic work a stone has to be used for each color and that sometimes the number so employed ranges from fifteen to twenty stones, the difference in the cost becomes an item of grave importance, which will revolutionize the art. The thinness of the plates has also permitted modifications in the press work, by which it is now possible to throw off 1,400 sheets an hour with the same good results obtained by the slow printing of lithography. A resume of the advantages offered by zincography shows that the Bavarian stone has been superseded.

The newspaper men of Savannah, Ga., have appointed a committee to raise a fund for the family of Edwin Martin, the managing editor of the Jacksonville Times-Union, who died recently in that city of yellow fever. Imbued with strong professional feeling, and realizing how greatly the daily issue of the paper cheered the hearts of those citizens who remained in the plague-stricken city, Edwin Martin stuck to his post. There were many such faithful hearts in Jacksonville, and the example of this journalist no doubt had a great effect upon them. There was a milkman who made his rounds as if there was no plague in the city. To all who spoke to him about his danger he said: "The people must have milk. What would the people think if the milkman did not come round as regular as the man with the morning papers?" The initiative has been taken by Savannah journalists because he was well known to them, having been for three years connected with the daily press of that city. It is felt that some provision should be made for the family of this brave man, who gave up his life because the circumstances of the times demanded the sacrifice.

The French have determined to hold a great world's fair next year, from the beginning of May to the end of October. They have sent invitations to all the powers of the world, and have received acceptance in every instance save one—Germany. Mr. President Cleveland accepted for the United States, and has appointed General William B. Franklin and Somerville P. Tuck commissioners for the purpose of aiding and directing such American exhibitors as wish to join in the exhibition. All foreign charges will be paid for by the commissioners of this country.

MEN WHO WEAR TITLES.

Sketches of Some Noblemen in New York by Marquis Lanza.

The titled foreigners living at present in New York are mostly members of continental families, says the *Mail and Express*. In Great Britain the peculiar laws of the country are not favorable to the permanent sojourn abroad of those who possess or inherit property, but elsewhere the nobleman who, for instance, finds himself or his estates impoverished does not hesitate now and then to work for his living like any other ordinary citizen. Sometimes men of wealth and title who are not bound down to the care and drudgery of a vast estate come here to live simply because they like to do so. The list of foreign noblemen who are established in New York is not a very long one, but it includes several extremely interesting personalities.

Foremost among the number stands the Marquis de Moraes, who belongs to the celebrated Spanish family of Vallombrosa. The Marquis married a few years ago Miss Medora von Hoffman, the daughter of the well-known banker, and almost immediately afterwards established himself on a western ranch, where he devoted himself to raising cattle to meet the demand of retail butchers in the east. The enterprise, however, was not a financial success, and was subsequently abandoned, the Marquis and Marquise going abroad for a limited space of time. Lately they have returned, and the Marquis is about to undertake a new business that will result in his prolonged residence in New York city. He is thoroughly Spanish in type, handsome and distinguished in appearance, and wholly democratic in spirit. The Marquise is a great favorite socially, and is one of the most accomplished horsewomen and expert rifle shots in the country.

BARON DE TROMPFEN.

Baron de Thomsea is a German by birth, and received his title of nobility several years ago from the Emperor of Brazil when Dom Pedro was systematically "doing" America. The Baroness is also German. He is noted for his frank, unaffected ways, his unfailing kindness of heart and wide-spread liberalities. His genial temperament is never for an instant marred by aught approaching snobishness, and his wife is also the personification of ingenuous good nature. The Baron is decidedly above the medium height. His features are strongly marked and agreeable in outline. His age is perhaps 60. His house in West Twenty-first street is a model of costly elegance, and when the Baroness gives her regular winter reception every January, the scene in her spacious rooms is always a brilliant one. They have two children, a married son whose wife, a German, speaks scarcely any English, and a daughter who has not yet made her debut in the social world.

The Baron Frederic Nicholas Blanc is a gentleman whose title has several times been called in question, but the writer of this article is able to state positively that his patent of nobility is perfectly legitimate. His great grandfather was the first to bear the title and he won the distinction on account of his renowned silk manufactures in Geneva and the superb quality of the goods he turned out of his looms. The father of the young man in question owns to-day one of the most superb estates in Switzerland. He married Miss Gebhard of this city. Baron Frederic Blanc, who came here some ten years ago, is a magnificent type of manhood. He is over six feet in height with a splendidly developed physique and a remarkably handsome face. His clothing is dark, his features fine and regular. He has the air of the Paris boulevardier, with at the same time an indescribable something in his bearing that distinguishes him above the mere man about town. He is married and lives in a grand house in Fifth avenue. His establishment boasts of five carriages and eleven dogs. When he takes his walks abroad two or three of these canine specimens invariably accompany him and generally attract as much attention as the Baron himself.

ECCENTRIC MARQUIS DE CROISIC.

The Marquis de Croisic is a Frenchman who came into possession of a large fortune on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Hall, the daughter of the Philadelphia perfumer. He utilized a good deal of his money in building an apartment house on the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. The Marquis is a man of pleasant address and agreeable presence, with a singular aptitude for eccentricities of all kinds. He first made himself conspicuous by taking seven meals a day at Delmonico's in company with the Marquise and by persistently robbing and scrubbing with his napkin

the plates and glasses on the table as if to impace their cleanliness. It is said that the head waiter, who regarded this proceeding as a personal affront, and remonstrated with the Marquis assuring him that the table service required no additional cleaning process, but this well-controverted hint made no difference to the Marquis, who to this day eats his seven daily repasts and wipes the plates with the utmost sang froid. He has still another hobby. He adores cats, and for some time after the completion of his apartment house he was wont to feed sundry felines on the roof or the sidewalk until finally the clever animals scenting a free lunch in the atmosphere, not only came themselves, but gathered together their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, until hardly enough food could be procured to satisfy their collective appetites. But the Marquis when he sets out to do a thing accomplishes it in true aristocratic style. Mindful of the old adage of *noblesse oblige*, he sends to Delmonico's for refreshments suited to cats' finical palates, and regularly at midnight he can be seen standing on the corner of the avenue surrounded by a piewing crowd to which he dispenses dish after dish of delicacies that the waiters bring him from the restaurant.

A peculiar and interesting figure in metropolitan society is Count Mitkiewicz. He is of Polish birth, short and stout, with bushy, sandy whiskers projecting from each side of his round, florid face. The countess is as dark as an Indian and rather quiet in her tastes. The couple entertained the entire Chinese embassy at Long Beach this summer, and naturally the coterie thus formed was the chief attraction of the place. The Mitkiewicz children are so numerous that it is almost impossible to count them. Nearly every youngster there was seen running about the beach this season was said to belong to Count Mitkiewicz, but doubtless a good deal of exaggeration attended this rumor, as it has later been asserted on creditable authority that the offspring of this nobleman is really number only a modest thirty-five!

A LITERARY NOBLENAN.

Count Edward de Vermont is a Frenchman, as his name indicates, and is the only nobleman in New York who has adopted letters as a profession. He became well known to the American public a few years ago when he compiled the *America Illustrata*, a work remarkable not only for its intrinsic merit, but also for the superior style in which it was edited and printed. Later Count de Vermont undertook the editorship of a new periodical called *The Curio*, a publication devoted to bibliography, heraldry, coins and kindred subjects. The count and countess live charmingly in the Lenox apartment house, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirteenth street. The countess is a Frenchwoman of broad culture and delightful manner. Count de Vermont is himself one of the most fluent and interesting of talkers and his literary style is exceedingly polished and easy. In appearance he is of slight delicate build, with a blonde moustache and a pointed beard. He dresses always quietly, but with a correctness unusual in a Frenchman.

The Marchese de San Marzano is a familiar figure to those who frequent fashionable New York cafes and summer watering places. A few years ago he was a very handsome man, but the passage of time has left its marks upon him. He married Miss Gilleander, a beautiful American girl who brought him a fortune. The San Marzanos have two children, and the Marquis is one of the most devoted of fathers. He is often seen in Fifth avenue with his daughter, a pretty child of 15, hanging on his arm.

A recent arrival in New York is another Italian, the Marchese Celeste Sgobel, a young Sicilian, who is shortly to marry Miss Scudder of this city. The Marchese intends to engage in business with his uncle, who has long been established here in a successful mercantile house. Like most Italians the Marchese Sgobel is handsome and his personality is made more attractive by a refined courtesy of speech and demeanor.

Baron Landau who represents Russian aristocracy in New York, is a fine-looking man of about 50 years of age, who appears to amuse himself exceedingly well if one can judge by the unruffled serenity of his expression and general air of a *nonchalant*.

Quite a Difference.

Clerk: "Perambulators? Yes, sir. We have just got in a new stock, satined, silk-trimmed, silver-plated iron work, full-jeweled handle, etc. only \$50. Step this way, please. First child, I suppose. Customer: "No, seventh." Clerk: "No John, show the gentleman those latest improved \$10 baby coaches."—*Caricature*.

THE WAYS OF THIEVES.

Benevolent Care of Relatives of Those in Trouble.

There is among thieves a kindly feeling for each other which may have given rise to the saying that there's "honor" among them. Few people are prepared, perhaps, to learn that professional criminals are known in many instances to exercise genuine charity towards their victims as well as towards the families of less fortunate fellow-toilers in the thorny fields of crime. There are no benefit or protective associations among them; but they have their laws and, as a rule, abide by them. There is none more interesting to a student of human nature than the by-law governing a "mob" of pickpockets, one of whom has been "pinched." Four of these light-fingered gentry, for example, start out to see the world and make their fortunes out of other people's pockets. They tour gaily through the provinces, and one of them is arrested, stopped in the midst of his career perhaps, at the most profitable period, when he was about to capture a farmer's fat wallet and a wealthy "wad." His three fellow-workers can, as a rule, do no more than engage for him the best legal talent available and send him, through that source, messages of condolence and cheer. Through the lawyer, however, they find out at once the address of the prisoner's wife or family. To her, regularly, or to them for the remainder of that trip, he forays long or short, is remitted with scrupulous regularity the one fourth of all the booty they "touch," be it much or little. The wife may in such cases fare even better financially than if her husband were at large and working at his "trade."

This particular trip comes to an end sooner or later. If the prisoner's partner is by this time at liberty well and good. If not, and another expedition into the bowels of the land and its breeches pockets is resolved on by the same partners, all the loose change, postage stamps and such individual trifles taken from their prey of portmonies is regularly put aside and dispatched to the family of the ex-partner, no longer entitled to share equally, but still deserving in some degree the sympathy and aid of his fellow-thieves.

But burglars are benevolent on a really magnificent scale. They are the princes among criminals in the extent of their operations as well as in the indifference with which they gather in or throw away great sums of money. Here are some notable instances of burglar's generosity.

THE BENEVOLENT BURGLAR'S REPRESENTATIVE.

In October, 1862, the Beneficial Savings Fund of Philadelphia was robbed of \$1,300,000 worth of securities. Frank McCoy ("Big Frank"), now serving a ten years' sentence at New Castle, Del.; Jo Howard, doing five years' penance at present in Coldwater, Mich., and "Jimmy" Hope who is suffering duress vile for a six-year term at Auburn, N. Y., were the operators. Of the sum stolen a round half million was in registered U. S. government bonds, which belonged to various Catholic beneficial institutions in Philadelphia. And no sooner had the burglars heard this than, being, as they said, Catholics themselves, they returned the half million intact to its deserving owners.

The Cortland National Bank, of Cortland, N. Y., was robbed in October, 1879, of some three hundred thousand dollars by "Jim" Rouns, "Rufe" Minor and Horace Horvath. In spite of their good deeds the first two of these gentlemen are now incarcerated, respectively, at Hamburg and in Sing Sing, while "Little Horace" is doing Europe as a man of means should. Ten thousand dollars of the sum recovered from the care of the Cortland Bank was converted to current funds, but the remainder consisted of registered government bonds, which belonged in the main to small depositors. Among them were two poor old maids, and when it came to the burglars' ears through their negotiator, that these two sisters had their whole fortune invested in \$16,000 worth of these securities, the bonds were mailed back to them at once. The venerable ladies were thus spared the expense and tedium of paying a reward, in the regular course of business, or of an appeal to the government for a duplication of the bonds.

As recently as in the spring of '83 \$70,000 in passenger railway securities were stolen from a Philadelphia trust company. Finding that they were not negotiable, and not wishing to worry either themselves or the trust company's depositors unnecessarily, the thieves immediately notified a detective who acted as a "go-between" for them that he might return the bonds at once. His crookedness in demanding

and receiving a reward of \$2,000 in no way impairs the merit of their praise-worthy proffer.

These negotiators, by the way, are thoroughly recognized members of a community. They have no ostensible occupation or profession. They are not lawyers, but deal through lawyers. They have offices which are well known to both thieves and the police, and they have a favorite lawyer to whom, after the victim of the robbery has answered their advertisement or notice by mail, they generally refer him as the "best man" to get his money back for him.

In December, 1872, a gang of representative bank burglars broke into the Bank of Jamestown, N. Y. The immediate ringing of the burglar alarm aroused the cashier of the bank, who aroused the town and the "outside man" was soon surrounded by a crowd of determined citizens, armed with all manner of weapons from a seven-shooter to the flint-lock of their forefathers. The "outside man's" duty is to stand concealed outside the building which is being robbed, while his comrades are at work inside. He must control all the approaches. He now saw that escape for him was hopeless. Death at the hands of the infuriated householders, or a long term of imprisonment at least, stared at him from the muzzles of a score of weapons. Something might at least be done for his comrades.

And so, instead of throwing up his hands or asking for mercy, he began frantically to yell in an outlandish manner and to jerk at a cord which lay along the ground from him to the back, and which is known as the burglars' "telegraph line." Through these signals, the "inside men" escape, and the benevolent burglar outside came near having the top of his head blown off. He was taken to jail. His "partner's" watch, and one night when they thought the deputy jailer was away and the warden alone, they marched up to the jail door. Two of them were dressed as police officers, and between them struggled a drunken man who seemed portendous anxious to fall down. He rang the door bell, the warden came and admitted them very properly—as he thought—with the "prisoner." As soon as the "drunken man" got inside he fell over the warden and the "officers" came in and bound the warden's hands and feet and gagged him before he had time to remonstrate. Then the drunken guard, the warden and the officer searched for his keys. Not finding them they began with a sledge to pound at the inner door and had almost reached the "outside man's cell" when the deputy jailer—who was in reality up stairs in the jail and not away as they had supposed—fired several shots and raised an alarm which scared the would-be rescuers off. But all during the "outside man's" confinement his comrades looked after the wants of his mother and his wife and children. He went to Trenton for ten days. Soon afterward he was even one day to drive head first through what was supposed to be the barred window of one of the shops. In a moment he reappeared, unhurt, outside the wall and ran across the road to a handsome coupe which stood just opposite the shop. A handsome looking man on the box—who was no other than one of his old "pals"—drove away at once and to such good purpose that the "outside man" was never recaptured, but soon had an opportunity of going to work to repay his partners for their financial benevolence. They had during the night cut through the bars in the window, crawled into the shop, reversed the bolt in the lock, and bribed a prison official to give the prisoner a signal when the coupe moved up. The generosity of this gang went even farther. They never gave this prison official away.

A Phenomenal Memory. A learned gentleman at Athens, Ga., recites an instance of a wonderful memory. While at college years ago a professor of his had often stated that he could read an article in a paper and then repeat verbatim. The narrator was anxious to test him and one day, walking up said: "If you have no objection on I should like to have you read this piece on Know-Nothingism and repeat it to me." The professor took the paper, read the article of a column and a half, in a few moments, and then repeated it without an error.

Cried Too Soon.

Mr. Popinjay (reading account of ocean collisions): "Capt. Smith, remaining bravely at his post, went down with his ship." Mrs. Popinjay (beginning to weep): "The noble, devoted man! How few of us—" Mr. Popinjay (who has continued to scan the column): "Hold on, my dear! He came up again."—*Burlington Free Press*.

the village comes in the town.
It is a wonderful work but it
work just as well. And this is only
one of the other housekeeping
board. I have a horse some pay-
ment for board and clothing.
Robert is very much work in a
light. The other time till today I
has had a very good share of time
my time. I am a gift, but a right
And I am that I will no more fr-
ter it away than he will. There a
Return to have to learn it is
son of the world and they are found
every day.

OH! MY BACK!



INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

Better THAN THE Best
 IS THE GRANT RAPIDS BROWDER COLLEGE AND PRACTICAL
 TRAINING SCHOOL. (Total 1224) Send for Catalogue, Please.
 ALEXANDER C. G. BRYCEBELL, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**TO
MACKINAC**

Summer Tours.
Palace Steamers. Low Rates
Your Trip per Week Includes
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
St Ignace, Charlevoix, Alpena, Mackinaw,
Oscoda, Sault Ste Marie, Marquette,
St Ignace, Ontonagon, Mackinac City.
Every Week Day Departures
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Special Sunday Rates During July and August.
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Itineraries are printed and distributed
free of charge on request.
- C. W. HITCHCOCK, Gen'l Pass Agent,
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

WILKINSON
POSITIVE & NEGATIVE

FARMER & BROTHERS
701 N. WASHINGTON ST.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
GEORGE WILKINSON & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS
100 N. WASHINGTON ST.

NUMBER

AT THE
RECORD OFFICE.

B. I. L. P

Belle Isle Liquid Paint.

is in use throughout this state and its rare excellence is daily adding to the already numerous list of its admirers. This paint is more economical, will last longer, look better and prove more satisfactory than paint made from White Lead alone or the majority of the liquid paints in the market. Call and examine an attractive display of these paints. Sold by
KNAPP & PALMER
Northville, Mich

DON'T EXPERIMENT.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he cannot make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS

Great exertion has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; erysipelas and he was dying of Consumption. First - one of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of New Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-five pounds.

Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption - free of charge. N. R. Dr. J. E. Corley, Spore

LADIES! LADIES! LADIES!

You will find a full line of

Millinery,
AMPLE GOODS, CHENILLE, ARRANGE
SENE FELTS,
and other goods for Fancy Work.
MRS. G. M. LONG,
MAIN ST., NORTHVILLE.

H. F. MURRAY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the

Celebrated Allmendinger Organs

AND

Famous Allmindinger Pianos.

Don't buy just anything -
 you can save your
 money and get on
 with a good
 deal of it.

Working individually, myself and receiving my goods direct from the factories I am able to save you the above per cent below prices of other dealers. H. F. MURRAY,
Lock Box 68, - Northville,

