

Northville Record. THE KNOCK AT MY DOOR.

R. E. KENNEDY, Publisher.

A Leaf from the Journal of a Medical Man.

P. F. CLINTON WILKINSON.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

What a wonderful country Chili is, and what a people are! The Chilians! It is impossible for an American citizen to read the last message sent by the president to the Chilean congress without some signs of sorrow, some heart burnings of envy. We know what ought to be done, but the Chilians do it. The Chilians have this year a surplus of nine millions of dollars, and this sum, of at least seven millions, is to be spent in extensions of the state railroads. They have solved the problem. The railroads are owned by the state. They have a surplus and they spend it in increasing their railroad system. Consequently there is no eternal tax upon the producer and consumer to pay interest upon watered stock and fraudulent bonds, and the only cost of the railroad is for maintenance and wear and tear. As there is a certain prospect that the revenues will be, next year, at least seven millions more than this year, the president and his cabinet have mapped out in advance certain expenditures in which the building of school houses and the improvement of national harbors figure largely. The necessity of these outlays were so obvious that the president had been authorized to negotiate a loan of \$15,000,000, but as the revenues have increased all of a sudden materially, no loan will be effected. The foreign commerce of Chili amounts to little more than one hundred millions yearly, but the efforts of the administration are not being much in that direction, and the chief aim of the movement is to develop the internal trade and foster home manufacturers and home markets. Hurrah for Chili! the Yankeeland of South America!

An inventor named Peter Campbell has perfected and patented an air ship which he proposes to put to a practical test next summer by going from Brooklyn, where he lives, to the city of Philadelphia. Prof. Le Conte, who has made a scientific study of aerial flight, has declared authoritatively that a true locomotive balloon can be made by combining the balloon principle with the flying machine as exemplified in birds. True flying machines he ridicules as impossible, demonstrating that in birds not one can fly that weighs more than fifty-two or fifty-four pounds, which is the limit of flight. His idea is that to reduce weight and thus, and in older times the epistles and diatribes, were smaller and lighter and able to fly. But circumstances arose which enabled them to prove their fool independent of flight, and they grew and grew until they had developed a size that made flight impossible. Then their wings became abortive. This is not the current notion, but it is a beautiful and most effective illustration of Darwin's law of evolution. The professor's statements will doubtless encourage the inventor, who, it is to be hoped, has profited by the errors of his countless predecessors in the same path.

The figures of the mineral output of the United States for the past year, as given in the report of Dr. D. T. Day, of the division of mining statistics of the geological survey, illustrate the wonderful wealth of this country. The total value of all minerals raised last year was five hundred and thirty-eight million dollars, which, while not the greatest in amount ever raised, was one hundred million dollars in excess of the output of any other country, and leaving out England was greater than that of all Europe put together. Truly this is a marvelous country, and its vast resources are still far from being fully developed.

The dispatches from California announce that the exclusion bill has been finally decided to be applicable to the Chinese who came by the latest steamers, as well as those who were residents of this country and left intending to return, to whom certificates of residence were issued. But the exclusion bill does not prevent the Chinese from stealing into our territory from Manchuria, nor from crossing the frontier between Mexico and the states.

Slavery has been abolished everywhere in Europe and America, save in the Spanish island of the gulf, and as the importation of fresh slaves into Cuba and Porto Rico is now a thing of the past, its total extinction is only a matter of ten years. The problem that now confronts humanity is the slave trade in central Africa, and it is conceded that the efforts made to stop it have not only been unsuccessful, but have resulted disastrously for civilization.

Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey, superintendent of the police department of the national W. C. T. U., is one of the most notable business women in the country. She carries on a large factory in New Jersey, a wholesale and retail store in Portland, and a large farm near Winthrop. In all she employs about 150 men.

France is exiling thousands of her citizens to New Caledonia every year, and it is said that their sufferings are worse than the Russians in Siberia are obliged to endure. Verify the French penal system should be investigated.

"Hasten, sir." There is not a moment to be lost, throwing open the gate I was soon at the door, at which was suddenly, boldly, it half open, a thin, sharp visaged woman, pale as death.

"Is it the doctor, James?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Heaven be thanked that I found him at home. I went to the nearest. Now he is too, Mrs. Lockett."

"He is insatiable, doctor," she answered, addressing me as she held the door open for me to pass. "Up stairs, the first door, left hand. It is a dreadful business. I am so relieved that you have come, sir. It would have been suspected we had a case, if it is he had died and no doctor sent for. O, sir, he was so kind, and so good a Christian, and to see such a thing? But I hope, if he dies, it will not go hard with him in the other world, for he was not in his right mind. This door, doctor, I do hope something can be done to save him."

She thus kept up a garrulous, whining talk to the door of the chamber. Upon entering the richly furnished room, I saw my patient, lying upon his cushioned bed in a sick-bed; at the first glance, seemed to me like death. But I found a pulse, but of a character that showed me fast I had come too late. He was slitting his death; and while I held my hand upon his wrist, his jaw fell, and with a gasp like a drowning man, and a slight convulsion that caused his muscular system to vibrate like the chords of a harp under my touch, his spirit left the body. I turned to the man and woman, who were whispering together earnestly by the door, and said:

"He is dead! You came too late."

"Dead!" they both exclaimed, in one voice.

"You should have sent for me earlier," I said.

"He must have taken the poison some hours ago."

"We could not find it out until two days ago," said the woman, wiping her eyes, "Poor man!"

"We shall never have such a master again," said James covering his face with his hands, and sobbing so convulsively that I regarded him with surprise. A suspicion that flashed into my mind, when he stood at my door, so easily urging me to come to his master's aid, that he was a murderer, now resolved. His master then was no extravagant; that it was not natural. He seemed to be set as a rascall to overtake it. This was the rascall that entered into my mind, produced by his over anxiety to urge me to his master. This thought was now strengthened. He seemed to me to be trying to act grief, and as in his message at my door, he was overacting his part. The woman also cried exactly like a well-dressed housekeeper on the stage. To cover myself blantly, I asked her for her name to cover the face of the deal. She stared at me. As I suspected, it was not even damp, nor was there a trace by the eyes which she raised to my face.

"You know them, then?" I asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Lockett is a third cousin of my first wife."

I did not communicate my suspicions, nor had I any intention of doing so, if I had not been informed of this relationship. I wished the coroner and his jury to give their judgment first. I did not like to be the author of a suspicion that might possibly be confirmed, and yet out the innocent fellow be upon their hands.

"Has any one been here for you to-night?" I asked, as I turned away.

"No, doctor," he answered, as he caught the key to the dead master's room, which I tossed up to him.

"I thought so," I responded, as I moved on my way homeward.

At the tea-table, at which I once more sat down, and postponed her own meal, hoping to enjoy it, as she said, with me—I was about to make known to her my suspicion, when the oddly enough said, without a tinge from her:

"Charles, there was something in that man's manner that reminded me of killing on the stage. It didn't seem to be artificial. Don't you remember when we were at the theater the week after we were married, the play was 'The Iron Horse,' and there was a young man who was the son of the rich governor, came running into the room, on the scene, and in great excitement told everybody how his father had been murdered, and his money stolen?"

"Yes, I remember it," I answered.

"And do you recollect that a powdered gentleman who acted as English square, and who was in the party on the stage, which the young man interrupted, said it was a very poor life manner to another? That young man you may rest assured is the real murderer, for he is much too excited to be natural. He is acting and overacting his part." All this was said in the play as a part of it. Well, it turned out in the last act that the young man did indeed murder his father and was executed, and all that led to suspicion of him was his eagerness in making known his father's death.

"I remember it perfectly," I answered.

"That man's manner-to-night reminded me of that young man's on the stage. I have been thinking of it ever since you left."

"I then communicated my suspicion to Jane, and she agreed with me that Col. Warfield had been murdered, and that the assassin was those who seemed so anxious to get medical aid, when they well knew that all was in vain.

The next day the coroner's jury decided that Col. Warfield came to his death by taking arsenic. I had been summoned before it, as well as James and Mrs. Lockett; but I had given in only the facts with which I had to do professionally with which my private suspicion had no connection. I simply stated that I had been sent for and that the patient died while my hand was on his pulse.

The post mortem examination showed a large quantity of arsenic in the stomach. The jury for coroner seemed to have any suspicion of criminal poisoning. The fact that James had come for me seemed to forestall all suspicion of foul play. And so it would have done from my own mind, into which not an idea of foul play would have entered, but for the unnatural eagerness of the messenger.

The will of Col. Warfield was opened on the day of his funeral. It bequeathed eight thousand dollars to trustees to erect a hospital for strangers—as if this disposition of his badly acquired wealth could whitewash the hand wringing against him on the wall: "They are weighed in the balance and found wanting." The remainder of his estate, including his richly furnished house, he devised to a church; and to James Seeling and Mrs. Dorothy Lockett he bequeathed each six thousand dollars.

Here then was a motive, I saw at once, for the murder. The two were evidently aware of the nature of the will; and having waited till their patience wearied for his death, they coöded to dispatch him to the other world and raise the alarm of suicide.

My opinion of that wait being now positive, I found myself placed in a very trying position. Duty called on me to give publicity

to my suspicions and bring these two persons to punishment; but the fear that I might at last be wrong, and unable to prove the charge of murder against them, kept me silent. I was tortured for many weeks by the conflict. I lost sleep, appetite and health. In the meanwhile, James and Mrs. Lockett had married and removed with their money to a neat house in the suburbs of the city. Their marriage only made me more positive. Finally I informed my wife that I had resolved to file the charge of murder against them. She was as certain of their guilt as I was; but she trembled lest I should not be able to sustain it when ruled to my practice would be the consequence—if nothing worse. Her apprehension caused me to delay it until at length I could endure the secret of my suspicion no longer. I began to look upon myself as a partner to the murder by keeping silence. I felt that my mind would suffer unless I relieved it of the weight upon it. One morning, therefore, at daylight, after passing a sleepless night, I rose and dressed myself with more care than I had given to toilet for many days.

"Jane," I said to my wife, as I took my hat, "I have made up my mind. I am going straight to a magistrate."

"You are right," she said truly. "You are not yourself since the cooperator inquest. I have no doubt that God will bring the murderer out."

These few words strengthened me. I went out and sought a magistrate, and before him solemnly charged James Seeling and Dorothy Lockett with causing the death of Col. Hugh Warfield by administering arsenic to him. Before night they were both arrested and in jail.

"Suppose that I should not be able to prove it?" I groaned as I woke in the night and reflected that they were both at that moment in prison by my act. But reared so straight and that Heaven would make the truth manifest."

They were brought to trial. The separate examination clearly showed their guilt; for they agreed in nothing. The bar and bench, as well as the spectators, were, as convicted of their guilt, as I was before the trial was half through. The woman, finding that it was useless to plead innocence longer, finally confessed that the arsenic was purchased by herself, but administered by Seeling; and that their object in committing the murder was to obtain the money which they knew he had given to them in his will.

They were both executed on the same day.

Though I could not but commiserate their wretched end, I felt relieved of a weight that had nearly destroyed my health and peace of mind, and was once more restored to that cheerfulness which free results from the consciousness of having performed a duty. Honorable indeed that duty may have been to Nature. That bad two persons justly suffered death for a crime to whom suspicion would never have been directed but for overacting of their part.—*Walter Hale.*

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His Last Request.
"George Ferguson, you have gone a little too far."

Pale with indignation and outraged pride, the young woman looked him sternly in the face.

"Why, Laura," he stammered, in helpless confusion. "I—I—er—ah—I didn't think you would care."

"Don't think I would care," she echoed with freezing mockery. "Did you think sir, that an acquaintance of 10 or 12 months entitled you to a privilege unshared, that my most intimate friends of many years' standing would not dare to claim? Have you no conception, sir, of the meaning of the word presumption?"

"What had this young man done?"

"Intoxicated by her beauty, and fancying he saw her glorious dark eyes challenge, half coy, half saucy, he had rapturously kissed her."

Dumb with astonishment, George Ferguson now quailed before the lightning-like indignation of the high-spirited girl. He saw he had made a fatal mistake.

"This must end our acquaintance, Mr. Ferguson," she said. "In many respects it has been a pleasant one. I had come to esteem you highly—to regard you as a young man of high and noble impulses, free from the trivialities and weaknesses the indiscriminate self-conceit and assurance that the spirit of the age seems to infuse into the mental constitutions of the young men of modern society. You have thrown yourself down from the pedestal upon which I had mistakenly placed you. Mr. Ferguson," she continued sadly, "hereafter we meet as strangers."

"Be it so, Laura Kajone," replied she, with recovered self-possession. "I shall not presume to question your right to dismiss me thus summarily, however strongly I might feel inclined to protest against the injustice of your so doing. I bow to your mandate. Henceforth we are strangers. But before I take my last farewell of you, as I am now about to do, and go out into the world to struggle with it as only a sorrowing lonely man, deprived of his last earthly hope, must struggle to keep bitter despair from gnawing his heartstrings asunder—before I leave forever the presence of one with whom I have passed so many happy hours, whose memory will cling to me through all the cheerless years that may yet drag their weary length over my head, I have one last request to make of you."

"What is it, sir?"

"Please get up off my lap,"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Catarrh

May affect any portion of the body, while the mucous membrane is found. For a slight of the kind it is by far the most common, and subject to any, the more liable to be affected. It originates in a cold or infection of colds, combined with various food. The word "catarrh," according to Webster, means "Infecting Catarrh, which infects all who suffer with it, so as to try the peculiar medicine." It respects all the glands, the blood, and every organ.

"I have been troubled with such catarrh, and never had relief until used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I am confident will do about as much harm as Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. L. Derry, Marquette, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists, 16 oz. for \$1. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by
these Little Pills.
They also relieve Di-
abetes, Dyspepsia, &
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cure for the common
Diseases of the Liver.
Dissolve in Hot Water
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Vessels.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done

Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks
Experienced by a prominent Citizen
The CALIFORNIA NOVEMBER, 1881.

OFFICE OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 10, 1881.

I took a severe cold up on my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ely's Cream Balm
worth \$1000 to any
Man, Woman or Child
suffering from

CATARRH
from all diseases
of the head, neck and
body.

Cures and Prevents

Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Asthma,
Crusies,
Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

Master for reflexes, reflexes in the pale face

Electric, Electric, Electric, Electric, Electric,

Northville Record

E. R. Keep, Editor and Prop.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1888.

According to statistics the schools and churches combined cost this nation one dollar for each inhabitant, while the amount spent for liquor averages \$18 per head.

It cost just nine and eight tenths cents per diem per man to feed the prisoners at the State prison during the month of Sept. This is certainly cheap enough, but the bill of fare is not calculated to induce dyspepsia by reason of its richness. The supper, six days in the week, consists of bread and coffee, on Sunday bread and milk, and tea. Bread pudding is the most elaborate.

The custom of tipping the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet signifying: "I am safe in the presence of my friends."

The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century, but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to its influence none is more direct than the custom of tipping the hat.—E.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

There has been some little discussion arising from the large numbers of campaign papers sent out at this time, of the liability of the party addressed, if he takes the paper from the office. In the case of campaign papers, they are either paid for by the county committee or sent by the publisher with the view of increasing his circulation. The following are some extracts from an exchange on the subject: A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office, and state reason for its not being taken. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearage or the publisher may continue to send it until the payment is made and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time and the publisher continues to send it the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the office. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office is a *prima facie* evidence of fraud.

PLYMOUTH.

Mr. Farwell is very sick.

Miss Smith is a little better at this writing.

There is talk of reorganizing the Plymouth debating society in the near future.

By the way the sparks fly and the direction they take, we predict a wedding in the near future. Wonder if we will lose any of our neighbors.

One of the new houses built by S. Kellogg on Ann Arbor st. near the F & P. M. railroad is now occupied by the night agent at the crossing.

I am asked to announce that a full attendance is expected and desired at the I. O. O. F. next Monday evening, important business to be attended to.

What kind of American citizens shall we anticipate from the boys and young men drunk on the streets Monday evening. We keep back the news. Go and sin no more.

I must have been an abominable bore to readers of the *Advertiser* and especially to non-republicans, during the campaign to be compelled to read every week some of the prophecies of the great and only "experts" upon the evils of tariff revision and prohibitory measures.

He gave them so freely it is due to his fear that one would be so cheap that it would not pay to take the *Advertiser* in order to pull over their eyes and he would make it more difficult to live for his stomach's sake.

wisdom will depart from the correspondence when the grim death applies his nippers to the great literary star and he goes to the grave.

RENEWING HER YOUTH.

Mr. Hoboe Chealey, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years, could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own house work. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and try a bottle, only 50¢ at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store."

AN END TO BONE SCRAPPING.

Edward Shephard, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped off, leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklin's Aronica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklin's Aronica Salva at 25¢ per box at A. M. Randolph's.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. D. L. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable, would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by A. M. Randolph.

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FOR YOUR HOLIDAY WORK.

Gibson & Brown.

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SMOKE THE JBC CIGAR
THE BEST FIVE CENT CIGAR IN THE
MARKET. HAVANA CIGARS, SUNA.
TRIM WRAPPER, MANUFACTURED
RIGHT HERE IN NORTHVILLE.
PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY. GIVE
IT A TRY, & YOU WILL HAVE NO PINTER.
MADE AND SOLD BY
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GOOD RESULTS IN EVERY CASE.
D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that soured on his innards and tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at A. M. Randolph's Drug Store.

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No. 4, \$1.00, and for same with Premiums, add particularly \$1.75 in value for only \$2.50.
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\$3 SHOE. GENTLEMEN.**

The only cut \$3 SEAMLESS Shoe made.

NO TACKS OR NAILS. IT WILL NOT TEAR.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOE, the official and only hand sewer with \$1,000,000.00 cash.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE FOR MEN'S POLICE SHOE.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$2 WORKMEN'S SHOE.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$2 SHOE FOR BOYS.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

J. B. WILCOX, AGENT.

NORTHVILLE, MICH.

*W. L. Stevens & Co.
PENSIONS! Building
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.*

We have got them

And they have got to go?

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**Why the FINEST LADIES' KID
SHOES, for \$2.50, that
was EVER offered**

in Northville at

SHAWK BROS.

**HAVE YOU ALL VOTED?
IF YOU HAVE THE PRICES WILL BE
TURNED.**

We will not quote prices, but call and we will give you them with pleasure.

You will always find Bargains at our Store.

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BUY
COLD LACE BRAND
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NORTHVILLE MILLS FLOUR.**

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GREETINGS
OF ALL KINDS
LOVE, FRIENDSHIP,
HAPPINESS,
GOOD WISHES,
ETC.
John Hooley, 171 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

Editor's Desk

Northville Record.

The democratic house at Washington has kept Dakota with her 700,000 inhabitants out of the union for fear she would be a republican state, electing republican representatives and senators. Now that state will probably be dealt justly with and admitted.

VENEERING FRAME HOUSES.
A construction detail that is gaining much popularity in some Western cities is bricking in of frame houses. The building is sided up with matched stuff, as if completed; then a brick wall four inches thick in contact with the exterior tied in by spikes about every sixth course. A boy distributes the spikes all around on top of the wall. They are laid in the mortar bed ready, and driven through into the siding till heads are flush with the face of the wall, when the next courses are laid and so on. The walls look like that of solid masonry, are durable and add warmth and stand well in a severe climate.—Arizona Barker.

PAYING FOR HIS PAPER.
When a subscriber thoroughly likes a paper, he is pretty sure to make an effort to take it, some way. A Texas paper has received the following letter from a subscriber, who is, in the language of the country, "dead broke" but who is nevertheless bound to have the paper.

"Mr. Editor—I want to pay my subscription awfully but I haven't got a cent. I send you consequently, six eggs. If you set them under a setting hen she's pretty slow to hatch enough chickens for you to raise the price of my paper off of."

It would be a hard-hearted newspaper man that would not have continued the paper, but information is wanting as to how the chickens "paned out."

HE WANTED ANOTHER ELECTION.

"Mamma, I'm glad Harrison was 'elected' with a third ave. bid after defeating his prayer last evening: 'and I hope he'll get 'elected again.'"

"Why dear?"
"So we can go over to grandpa's!"

"Go to grandpa's?" returned the mother.

"Yes you know what you told me? I don't know what you mean, child. Why don't you number the night you came home with his el alittle all mixed and his hat over his face, and he couldn't talk straight. You asked him what was the matter and he said that Harrison was 'elected,' then you said John, if this had it again I'll take the children and go to my father's and you were right you erie! Now you remember don't you natural?"

TIGHT STOCKINGS.

Alexander Nasmyth took his first lesson at an art school in Edinburgh. The teacher had little to work with so was obliged to give his pupils the same copies again and again. The young Alexander had just finished his sixth copy of a drawing of the Lagoon when he was told to make another. He begged for a new subject, and the master somewhat out of temper answered him:

"Well I'll give you another."

Upon that, he turned the group of Lagoon upside down, and said: Now then, boy!

The boy accepted the task, and in a few evenings accomplished it. The master was so much pleased with his spirit and so proud of his skill, that he had the picture mounted and framed, with a note at the bottom recounting the circumstance.

A few years afterward, Alexander went to London, where he became a pupil of Allen Ramsay. One day he had promised to take a young lady to a fashionable place of amusement. Full dress was expected, and the young men were expectant to appear in lacing, striped stockings,

You Nasmyth had only one pair which washed for the occasion in his bed-room, and hung them before to dry. When he came to look at them, however, they were so badly beat that they could not be worn. The poor but high spirited young man was in a sorry predicament—his ingenuity helped him out.

He took his water-color box, and painted stripes black and white stripes. The quilt soon dried, he completed his toilet and went to the show. No one discovered the trick although more than one complimented him upon the fit of his handsome stockings.

Thirteen Democratic Drinks
(One pint each) of Georgia "Mountain Dew"
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ONE DISH OF "CROWN"
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GOOD FOOD
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N. D.—The leaders of this column, after a stay of one year, it is noted, by three hundred Republicans who took into their Republican party and often a change of reform.

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At the Grand Hotel

JOHN DEERE

THE STARLESS CROWN.

Faintly doves of the lighted taper,
Haliter, swifter ebb the life tide;
Close those heart-throbs ere the dawn
Closes close those icy fingers;
Closer press that pausing brow;
Yearning gaze, turn toward heaven—
Take her, father, but not me!
Lie low, anxious watchers;
Mother, catch that faltering tone:
I am dying, I am dying.
But 'tis only going home.
Soon I pass you open portal.
Wave the palm and strike the lyre,
While the wondrous love of Jesus—
Swells each thrilling note the higher.
Comes a shadow over the vision—
He will be a starless crown;
All too late to gather jewels—
My crown, my starless crown.
Tell them, O be sure to tell them:
Wait not till life's day is done,
The eternal light is dawning—
Souls are lost they might save ever."

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HENRY COOKSON.

CHAPTER XXXV. (CONTINUED.)
"Let me leave you one moment," she whispered. Without waiting for the permission she drew her hands from his and glided away, swiftly as she had left him that evening at Hislewood House, but this time without leaving him hopeless.

She came back in less than a minute, and her boy came with her. Holding him by the hand she stood and looked at Frank.

He understood. He drew the boy to him, sat down and put the little fellow between his knees. Holding one hand on his head, he looked up at Beatrice with a grave smile.

"Dearoy," he said, "children may come to us or not, but this boy shall always be to me as my own son. He shall never know for his unknown father, never. If I can help, know shame corers that father's name."

He raised the child and kissed it. Harry, with whom Carruthers was always a prime favorite, put his chubby arms round his friend's neck. Beatrice was glad and smiled softly.

Carruthers, after disengaging himself from the boy's embrace, put his gentle aside, rose and held out his arms. Beatrice came to them, laid her head on his shoulder and wept happy tears. He whispered words of passionate love, kissed her again and again, and all the while master Harry watched the two with hidden intent, and wondered what was the meaning of this man's scene. At last they remembered his presence, and Beatrice handed him over to his Bavarian.

"Frank, my own Frank," she whispered, "you will never bring the past up again! I have been wicked, but I am still but honest. I have suffered for it. Frank, you shall know every thought of my heart. I will be a true wife if anything ever told me that the remembrance of the past made you doubt me. I stand die—should die, Frank."

Then she asked him to leave her for an hour—leave her to think over all that had happened. He obeyed. He too wanted to think.

"It will be called again later in the day, and the two began in a rational way to discuss their plans for the future. Beatrice was very uneasy about Mr. Miller; she blamed herself for not having taken the address until it would reach her in London.

It was settled that they should wait a week longer in Munich, in the hope of bearing news of Beatrice's arrival. Then Carruthers spoke of something which all day he had been revolving in his mind.

"Listen, Beatrice. We are to go back together and our cause is now my own. There is something to be faced. There are those who have a right to ask you to explain your absence. But there is a right you can give which will overrule all others. Beareat, let us return as her and wife."

She started and trembled. "Oh, Frank, how can I? So soon?"

"Soon," Beatrice, it is more than five years. That man was dead to you more than five years ago. He died when your love died."

"True. It is true!" she murmured. "He died then, not now."

"I feel that I do not ask you to do this for selfish reasons," said Frank. "I ask it because it is best for you. A few months' engagement to you would not be weariness, darling. This I must sacrifice." As soon went around her and their

"Now for your answer," he said.

She placed her hand in his. "Let it be so, will, my love, my lord. I have no will but yours—oh, Frank, Frank! I feel that I can face anything, face anybody, so long as I know that we are not to be parted—know that you are to be mine forever."

Beatrice and Frank were married. They found an English nursemaid who was going home. They engaged her to accompany them, and take care of the boy. In due time, they all reached London. Beatrice's anxiety respecting her faithful servant had now grown very great; so the first thing they did was to try and gain tidings of her.

The only thing they could do was to apply to the police, and soon after the description of the missing woman was given they were told that it seemed to answer to that of a woman unknown, who was in the paper lunatic asylum, so to the asylum they went, and having been shown the clothes worn by the woman, knew that their fears were well founded. Frank had felt no doubt about the matter. The nurse's manner on a certain night had assured him as to what the end would be. He told Beatrice so.

Beatrice was greatly shocked and distressed. "Poor Sarah," she said, "she was never mad with me. I could always calm her. She was my right hand for years. Frank, she helped me, tried to shield me—but Beatrice blushed as painful memories rose—"you will never know how the poor thing loved me Frank."

Beatrice saw the doctor and mentioned him. The doctor shook his head. An interview would do the patient harm. Beatrice would not believe this, and asked

the doctor to tell her "poor servant" that she was here. He could judge from the effect of the news as to the adriability of a visit. The doctor humored her. He soon returned and said that the mention of her name seemed to redouble the poor woman's delusions. He had turned her face to the wall and made gestures of absolute aversion. Frank drew Beatrice aside.

"My dear girl," he whispered. "Depend upon it she saw this man; let slip the name of Munster, and knew that he was on his way to you. The grief—at what she has, now, fittingly done quite upset her poor brain. She is so troubled at it that she will not see you."

Beatrice went to the doctor. "Oh," she said, impulsively, and with tears in her eyes, "will you go to her once more—only once. Tell her try to make her understand that I am married and happy."

Mrs. Carruthers being a beautiful woman in distress, the doctor being a young man obeyed. He soon came back shaking his head. It was no use.

All they could do was to see that Sarah was removed to a place where she could be cared for, and where kind treatment was assured.

After they had done all they could for Sarah, Frank and Beatrice turned to their own affairs. None of Beatrice's people knew of her being in London. Frank, of course, saw many acquaintances, but as Beatrice knew so few people their companionship created no remark. Upon inquiry at the hotel patronized by the Talberts, they learned that the brothers had not yet come up for their perennial visit, but were expected next week. Some fine day, Mr. and Mrs. Carruthers, the boy and his new nurse, went down to Blae town.

Our long-lost, but—I hope, beloved friends, Horace and Herbert, were one afternoon returning from Blae town in the large wagonette. As they came up the drive they saw something unusual—something that made them glance at each other in dismay. It was a front doorstep, sunning himself and looking as if Harlewood House and its appurtenances were his in simple, stocky, boyish form.

They put their eyeglasses up and saw that the small stranger was making violent demonstrations of friendship. The dark blue eyes which looked up at them seemed strangely familiar. Herbert was the first to discover the truth.

"It is Beatrice's boy," he said.

"It is," said Horace, solemnly. To make sure they asked him who he was and whence he came.

He informed them that he was his brother's bewitched boy, and he waved his arms to show the distance he had come was more than his mind could grasp. Then he commenced his friendly advances, holding up his arm in a way that he expected to be seized. He was so impulsive and assertive that they yielded.

Horace, who noticed the his brother's appearance as he did not dignified, lifted the urchin up and likewise kissed him. Then they went indoors to learn what it meant.

The child pretended them, and had they harbored any doubt of the identity such doubt would have been set at rest by the way in which the little goblin rubbed his face. No child who had not lived a part of his life at Harlewood House would have performed the act to their ugly.

Whitaker was in the hall. "Who are here, Whitaker?" asked Horace.

"Sir and Mrs. Carruthers are," replied Whitaker. The Talberts stared at each other, then, hanging their hats on the proper and respectful pegs, entered the drawing room.

They saw Frank standing there with that quiet, dry, silent face, and then they saw Beatrice coming toward them with outstretched arms. Herbert again stated bluntly to Horace, who could not, however, respond to the look because Beatrice had thrown her arms around his neck.

"Als, me, Uncle Horace, and say you forgive me," she cried. "I have caused you all sorts of worry and anxiety, but say you forgive me."

She had caused them worry and anxiety. Nevertheless, she was their sister's child and a brother of Talbert. She was also in distress. So Horace yielded, kissed her and told her how glad he was to see her again.

After this he went to Uncle Herbert and something of the same scene was gone through. The Talberts then rearranged their backs as much as to say that although such things as embraces might be allowed once in a way, they were not to be a general rule.

"But I don't understand," said Horace. "Whitaker said Mr. and Mrs.—"

"Oh, yes," said Frank. "Beatrice and I were married some time ago. Married in Munich. Fine city, Horace—you know it of course. We only came back from our wedding trip a few days ago. You are the first we have seen. We bought perhaps you would have put us up for a couple of days."

This was rest put the Talberts on their metal as hosts. The hospitality overruled everything with them. Their house was a young people's service as long as they wished—the longer the better. "But why did Beatrice run away?" asked Horace.

"Ay, why?" said Frank, carelessly. "That's the question."

"It could not have been to avoid you," said Herbert.

"She says not, but one is never sure about such things."

"You were afraid you would have to give up the boy," said Horace to his niece.

She hesitated. "Yes, I feared he would be taken from me," she said. Horace looked triumphantly at Herbert. His theory had been the right one after all.

Then they went off to see a room was not ready for their unexpected guests. While the Talberts were so engaged their guests were had down to the village and found Sylvanus Mordle.

Sylvanus positively sparkled when he heard the news. It freed his conscience from a shadow which had for months been cast over it—the shadow of the Cat and Companions. He took a hand of each of his friends.

"Sorry for one thing—only one. That I didn't own these hands. Would have given worlds—anything—go to Munich on purpose. I needn't tell either of you why I wished to do it."

And she will soon die and go to her appointed place. But she will die and make no sign.

the glass—as in those in the wines and especially the cooking as perfect as ever. Frank did nearly all the talking. He spoke of his future plan, of the life he and Beatrice meant to lead, as easily as if all her friends had been at the wedding. Beatrice said very little. She was simply quietly happy. Horace thought the young couple behaved very well. As he remained to Herbert afterward. There were none of those embarrassing little familiarities which so often make the company of a bride and bridegroom—well, undesirable.

Beatrice left the men and strolled through the garden. Horace and Herbert had filled their glasses, and in most cordial way wished Frank every happiness. "Not," said Horace, "that we can honestly say that we approve of your having been married in this clandestine way. But you, at least, have had good reasons for it."

"We had good reasons," said Frank. "We think, however, we have a right to ask for an explanation of Bea's strange conduct—her flight and concealment."

"Certainly," said Herbert, "most certainly."

So Frank told them all. As he had the command of language and spoke in earnest tones, as he had the skill to make certain shadows loom larger, and to bring out strong points in his client's favor most strongly as he could speak of what she had endured, and so invoke pity as well as mercy. Bea rice could scarcely have found a better advocate.

But Horace and Herbert, a line of notes of exclamation wouldn't properly express their surprise. With eyes fixed on the speaker, they listened like persons under a spell. Even when Frank had said his say, they continued to gaze at him. Horace was the first to speak. "Is this true?"

"Every word of it—poor girl!" said Frank.

"Then," said Horace, with his usual manner, "we can never forgive her—ever see her again. Never!"

He glanced at Herbert, as if expecting the usual echo. But it did not come. Frank rose.

"Very well; then there is nothing more to be said. I'll go and tell my wife to put on her things. Which is the best Blackdown hotel?"

This was a staggering shot. It was a cruel shot. Carruthers was right when he said it would take a great deal to make the Talberts turn even a dog away.

"Give us a few minutes to talk it over," said Herbert. "Let us leave you here for a minute."

"No. I'll go into the garden. I can't give you more than twenty minutes, because most of our things are unpacked, and it is growing late."

Before he left them he spoke again; this time with a less formal earnestness. "Horace, Herbert," he said, turning from one to the other, "we're talking this over, remember, that if you can not forgive her, we must be a ranger hereafter. By casting her off you're the world a right to say what it chooses. Remember, also, she is my wife—let her love you—that's even now on the horns of a dilemma awaiting your decision."

With this he left them, went into the garden, and out of sight of the house walked with his arms round Beatrice and made her be of good cheer.

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And she will soon die and go to her appointed place. But she will die and make no sign.

THE END.

To be the friend of a sovereign one must be without passion, without ambition, with out self-interest, far-sighted and clear seeing—in short, not a man.

NEW SUGAR PROCESS.

QUEER STORY FROM SCOTLAND OF A NEW YORK INVENTOR'S WORK.

A queer story of an alleged wonder-

ful discovery by an American inventor

and the practical application of it to

Great Britain comes from a Scotch

newspaper, which vouches for its truth-

fulness. The discovery is a process

for refining sugar by electricity, and

the inventor was Prof. Henry Friend,

of New York, whose death occurred,

it is said, on March 10 of this year.

He was so secretive, it is said, that he

repelled all attempts to facilitate the

working of his process by keeping the

management of the machinery in his

own hands, and he was so fearful that

his secret would be

Northville Record.

DOSING TREES WITH MEDICINES.

Referring to the popular idea that sulphur placed in holes bored in the trunks of trees will be dissolved and carried by the sap to the foliage in such quantities as to render it offensive to insects, a recent Bulletin of the Massachusetts Agricultural College Experiment Station says that it has been found upon cutting down trees which have been plugged with sulphur that the material remains unchanged for many years. It is added, says Garden and Forest, that while we are spending so much effort to prevent injury to our trees from borers we certainly ought not to make holes in them many times larger than those made by any known species of insect. In order to ascertain whether sulphur in soluble form can be introduced into a tree so as to affect the fungus growths causing rusts, blights and mildews, some large rose bushes, badly mildewed, were treated with saturated solution of potassium sulphide, hydrogen sulphide, and ammonium sulphide. The liquid was forced into holes bored into the main stem with a small gimlet, and the orifice was plugged with grafting wax. At first a slight improvement in the amount of mildew upon the leaves was noticed, but in September all the bushes but one were dead, presumably from the effect of the holes. Until further trials are made, this experiment indicates that while there may be some promise that antiseptics introduced into the sap circulation may prevent the growth of fungi, some safer means of introducing the solutions must be found. From the nature of the case it is hardly possible that any substance can be introduced into the circulation in sufficient quantities to affect insect life. Professor Maynard who prepared the Bulletin, suggests that an inspection be made next season of the elms in Boston which were bored and filled with chemicals last spring to make the leaves distasteful to beetles. Careful weighing would determine how much of the powder had escaped from the hole, and analysis could detect the presence of any excess of sulphur in the leaves.

NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA.

China has been much slower than Japan in adopting Western ways, and will undoubtedly continue to be slow. But the most important agency of development has at last been set at work which, in the end must produce marked results—namely the newspaper.

The Chinese were the first in the invention of printing, but they had never made the popular use of it which Western nations have. The Pekin Gazette is often called the oldest newspaper in the world, but it is not a newspaper in the sense the word is used in Asia, India or Europe, but rather an official organ or government circular.

Journalism proper has been carried on in China by foreigners, and newspapers are now multiplying there. Two daily newspapers are now printed in Chinese at Shanghai. One called the *Sie-Pao*, and the other the *Hs-Pao*; they print between twelve and eighteen thousand copies and both though owned by foreigners are very popular among the natives.

These papers are sold for less than a cent each. Their real circulation is very much larger than the number printed, they pass from hand to hand until they are worn out, and when the people at Shanghai have read them, they go through the country under an ingenious system of exchanges, somewhat like the reading clubs of this country.

Notwithstanding their ownership by foreigners, these papers are thoroughly Chinese in their political sympathies. If they were not so, they could not attain popular circulation.

Besides these dailies there are in China many other weekly and monthly periodicals including some illustrated after the Chinese style of art but in some cases by means of photo-lithography and stereotyping.

Thousands of scientific works embodying the learning of the west, have been translated into Chinese and are largely circulated. Foreign professors are engaged in instructing Chinese students in physics, chemistry, medicine and other branches.

They have begun to perceive that without studying the sacred Chinese classics, which these people have been taught to consider the sum of all wisdom, the foreigners have made more important discoveries than all the learned Chinese.



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