

NORTHVILLE RECORD.

VOL. XX1.

NORTHVILLE, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1889.

No. 1.

NORTHVILLE RECORD.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS BY

E. ROSCOE REED,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS \$1.00 Per Year.

Our advertising rates made known on application at this office.

Business notices 75 cents per line for each insertion.

Marriage, birth, death and church notices inserted free.

Obituary announcements, resolutions, cards of thanks, etc., will be charged for at a reasonable rate.

Correspondence from every school district in this locality is solicited containing local news.

Anonymous communications not inserted under any circumstances.

F. & P. M. Time Card.

IN EFFECT APRIL 21, 1889.

NORTH 8:55, 9:39 a. m., 1:23, 6:44 p. m.

SOUTH 1:33, 9:25 a. m., 2:45, 8:58 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

MUSIC. Instruction on Piano or Organ, also Vocal lessons. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms very reasonable. Mrs. F. S. NEAL.

J. B. MCCRACKEN, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office Marquette, Mich.

E. N. ROOT, DENTAL PARLORS. Opposite the Beacon Block, on Center street. All work guaranteed and prices reasonable.

C. M. THORNTON, Jr., Auctioneer. Having had years of experience in handling farm produce and considerable experience as an auctioneer I offer my services as such. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Address me at Northville, Mich., or arrangements can be made at the Record office.

W. WORTH WENDELL, Attorney at Law. Notary Public. Deeds and Mortgages drawn. Wills drafted. Collections made. Office in Conoley block, Northville, Mich.

J. B. HOAR, DENTAL PARLORS. Opposite Richardson's store on Main St., Northville. Satisfaction guaranteed on all kinds of Dental work. Teeth extracted without pain by use of vaporized air.

SEVERAL HOUSES AND LOTS for sale or rent in Northville. Inquire of E. S. Woodman, attorney at law.

P. M. CAMPBELL, VETERINARY SURGEON and dentist. Honorary graduate of Ontario Veterinary college. Office at Macomber's, Northville. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates given.

E. R. REED, NOTARY PUBLIC. Special attention to conveying and drawing of wills.

SOCIETIES.

G. A. R. ALLEN M. HARMON POST, NO. 218, G. A. R. Department of Michigan, meets every alternate Friday. Visitors made welcome. E. E. SIMONDS, Comdr. J. K. LOWMAN, Adgt.

CHOSEN FRIENDS. Union Council No. 5, meets in Chosen Friends hall the second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at 7:30 o'clock. B. G. WHESTER, C. W. H. ANDERSON, Sec'y.

K. NIGHTS OF MYTHS meet every Thursday night at their Castle Hall in Ambler's building. Lodge opens at 8 o'clock sharp. J. D. MCCRACKEN, C. C. H. BOYER, E. of R. & S.

CHURCHES.

Baptist. Hours of Service on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at close of the morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30. Strangers are invited. Young People's Society meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. REV. L. G. CLARK, Pastor.

Presbyterian. Sunday Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All will be made welcome. Young Persons Society meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. REV. W. T. JACQUESS, Pastor.

LOOSE'S RED CLOVER PILE REMEDY.

is a positive specific for all forms of the disease. Blind, bleeding, itching, ulcerated and protruding Piles. Price 50c. For sale by Geo. C. Hueston.

WHAT A PHYSICIAN SAYS

J. M. Loose's Red Clover Co., Detroit. I cheerfully furnish the following for publication. Mrs. S., age 38, cancerous face (cell cancer), had tried many physicians, and on presentation to me was a horrible sight to look upon. Nose partly eaten away, deep pits in cheeks, forehead and chin. As a last hope I put her on Loose's Clover Red—large doses internally, and as a local application, I used the Solid Extract in plaster form. She improved rapidly from the first week, and in four months was entirely well. Now eighteen months since treatment, and no signs of return.

TOWN TALK.

Ice cream soda on tap at Stevens' all of the time.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Dr. Burgess next Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Remember Mrs. Chandler's auction sale of household furniture for next week Saturday.

A girl competent to do general house work can learn of a steady place by inquiring at this office.

Lewis Miller, of Novi township, gave a party one night last week to his brother August Miller and bride.

Hoyt Woodman is tearing calico and feeding children candy at Ball & Neal's store during C. J. Ball's absence up north.

A gentleman willing to pay a liberal price wishes first-class board in private family. A letter addressed to A. B. C. care of this office will reach him.

A. Iden carries his fingers wrapped up. He tried them on one of the sand wheels at the factory. The sand wheel is running right along but Mr. Iden is not working.

Mrs. Ada Ambler who has been at the Ypsilanti sanitarium for some time taking treatment for rheumatism has returned home not much benefited by the mineral water.

One day last week Holly moved to Detroit. There were excursions on both of the railroads to the city and over each road 250 tickets were sold. Not many left at home.

Sands & Portier this week again sent a consignment of furniture up near Milford. Parties from abroad have seen their advertisement in the RECORD and patronized the energetic firm.

Remember the entertainment to be given by the pupils of Miss Hattie Yerkes' class in the opera house this evening. The scholars are making preparations to give a very popular entertainment.

Hon. R. G. Horr was offered a \$3,000 consulate to Valparaiso and has declined it. He wanted something better and because he did not get it refuses this. He has a right to expect something better.

Last Saturday Frank Smith joined in a race at Plymouth with horses from that place for a blanket. Frank came out second best. He is fitting his horse for the race next month for a purse of \$100.

Dr. Luther Lee, of Flint, preached in the Methodist church last Sunday morning. The doctor was born in 1830 and has been preaching most of the time since. In 1870 he was the pastor of the church at this place.

The ladies of the Methodist church will give a social on the lawn at the residence of Mrs. E. R. Reed next Tuesday evening, weather permitting. All are invited to attend and eat ice cream.

William Wallade, the F. & P. M. freight conductor who drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana state lottery, has received and banked his money, but it has not given him the swell-head as he runs his train every day just the same.—Holly Advertiser.

Dog days are coming. Our village fathers should require the muzzling of all dogs running at large. There seems to be an epidemic of mad dogs throughout the country and our authorities owe it to the people that this preventative be taken.

A drove of mustang ponies claiming to be from Kansas passed through town yesterday. They were offered for sale but we have not learned of any being sold here. The "cow-boys" in charge of them were a wonderment to the small boys in town.

Newspapers are often criticised for what they print, but if it were known how much credit they merit for what they don't print, or for the nonsense they whack out of what they do print, they would command a much more generous judgment.—[Col. McClure.

The masque social held at J. A. Whipple's Wednesday evening was a success both financially and socially. We thank the couple from Northville who disguised themselves so as to cause a great deal of wonderment, which made the evening more lively.

Fresh soda water on tap at Randolph's.

A good deal more interest is taken in the Detroit base ball club now that they are at the top of the list. When they held down the lowest place no one cared whether they saw a game or heard of it but now that they have crept up the ladder and are on top they are an attraction.

The product of one bushel of corn made into whisky is, according to the Chicago News, four gallons, worth \$16 out of which the government gets \$3.60 the farmer gets 40 cents, the railroad gets \$1.00, the manufacturer gets \$4.00, the venders \$7.00, and the drinkers get—the delirium tremens.

Some Genesee county farmers are selling their wheat crop on the ground at from 1 to 5¢ per acre. They have been discouraged at the green middle's work, and will get what they can for their grain now. The berry gives promise of bearing forty bushels to the acre, but is badly shrunk when removed from the covering.

This item going the rounds of the press, is sound enough for more prominent notice. "A man who never told a lie, a woman whose tongue never got the be of her judgment and a man who could publish a newspaper to please everybody, are the three social white elephants which would be leading cards in the circus of the world."

The Brannock-Hagerman episode does not keep quiet. A dispatch from Pontiac to the Detroit Tribune Tuesday says: "Mrs. Hagerman of the recent Brannock-Hagerman marriage episode, returned to this city to-night. She came alone from Paris, leaving her husband there, who, she says, will return here in the early fall."

Bishop Foley is to be at Milford next Sunday. The Crocker band from this place have been engaged to furnish music for a reception to the Bishop on that evening. This is the first visit of the Bishop to this circuit since Milford, Northville and Wayne have been included in one district and Milford catholics intend giving him a royal reception.

"If I give you a pound of metal and order you to make the most out of it what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well known jeweler. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweler, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even \$140,000."

A syndicate of english capitalists has been buying up a number of the breweries of the country to make combine and raise the price of beer. Now almost every other line of manufacture is raising the cry that english capital is after their factories. One would suppose the entire wealth of the world was held by a few foreigners who were begging people to take it from them.

Saturday a passenger on one of the trains going south got off to look around the depot. When the train started he undertook to get on after it had started. He slipped and fell on the rails under the moving train. He only rolled out from under the wheels just as they came to his body. He came very near being another victim of getting-on-a-train-while-in-motion.

The book-keeper of Boydel Bros. wholesale paint dealers in Detroit is accused by that firm of embezzling from them for the past five years. They claim he has taken \$20,000 and they have not missed that small amount. The firm is as much to blame as the book-keeper for they should have known where their change was going. But the man and his family will suffer.

The suit of the village against Oliver Westfall brought under a village ordinance a couple of years ago has been decided in the supreme court against the village. We have not seen the decision yet but as soon as we can obtain it we will publish it. The case was won by the village in the justice court but decided against the village in the circuit and now in the supreme. It will be remembered that this case came under a village ordinance which prohibited the sale of liquor in the village. Whether the power of villages to pass such ordinances was decided upon we have not learned.

PERSONALS.

John Waterman is expected home to-day.

Miss Mary L. Purdy is visiting in Vermont.

Louis A. Beal, of Flint, Sundayed at home Sunday.

Mrs. Spencer Clark has been on the sick list this week.

Miss Louise Beal has been sick during her visit in New York state.

Wm. Gorton, of Toledo, is visiting his parents—M. D. Gorton and wife.

Frank Clement has a sprained ankle and is patronizing crutches now-days.

Miss Jennie Westfall has secured a position as teacher in the Salem school.

Misses Maud and Bessie Baker visited their mother at White Lake recently.

Eddie Gambee and Gertie Churchman, of Newport, are visiting Mrs. F. S. Neal.

George Morse Northrop left Monday morning for Brockway centre and railroad clerking.

Misses Addie Barnum and Inez Sinclair, of New Hudson, are visiting A. Pomeroy and family.

James M. Cook and family, of Ann Arbor, spent last Sunday with his sister, Mrs. E. R. Reed.

Nelson Boget left last Monday for Ypsilanti to attend Cleary's business college the present summer.

Jas. W. Blashill, of Brussels, Ont., who has been a guest of his uncle, P. B. Barley left for home Wednesday.

Andrew Yerkes has been dangerously sick the past week but is considered a little better at time of going to press.

Master Robert and Miss Kate McFarlin, of St. Johns, are visiting their grand-parents—A. S. Brooks and wife.

Will S. Jackson and family left last Friday evening for Washington where they intend to make their future home.

L. W. Hutton and wife spent ten days at Saginaw and Bay City. Mr. H. was treated for his eyes while he was gone and is improved thereby.

G. M. Long and wife are visiting her relatives at Clio. They drove across the country. Mrs. L. L. Brooks is managing her store for her while she is gone.

Misses Louisa and Edith Reed left this morning for Bay View to attend the assembly which begins next Wednesday.

Lee W. Wager has forsaken Northville and accepted a position with the Bell Telephone company in Detroit. He is going to learn how to "Hello."

The Misses Gibbs gave a party in honor of little Miss Irene Cook, of Northville, last Friday evening. A jolly time was had by the little folks.—Farmington Enterprise.

Rev. W. T. Jacquess and wife intend leaving next week for a short trip to Bay View, Petoskey and other northern resorts. There will be no preaching services in his church while he is gone but the other services will be held as usual.

Prof. O. L. Palmer and Rev. W. T. Jacquess attended the elocutionary medal contest at Plymouth last week. Prof. Palmer being one of the judges. They were highly pleased with the exercises and hope a similar contest can be inaugurated here among our young people.

The state agricultural college have issued a circular in regard to the grain plant louse from which we make a few extracts. "What is it? This is a plant louse, or aphid, and is very similar to those that attack our house plants, cherry, plum and apple trees, cabbages and hops. Indeed so numerous are the species of these lice that hardly one of our valued plants but has its plant-louse enemy. The reproduction of plant lice is very curious. Late in the season we find both sexes. This is the only time that we find males. The sexes now pair, and eggs are laid about buds, in crevices, or where they will best survive the winter. In the spring only females hatch from these eggs. These do not lay eggs, but each gives birth to from three to five lice each day. In about four or five days these young lice begin to produce living lice, each contributing daily its

four or five new lice to help on the devastation. This is not the first season that this aphid plague has come like a destroying flood upon the grain fields. In 1861 the lice swarmed upon the cereal crops of New England and New York, at which time Dr. Asa Fitch fully described it in his sixth report. In 1866 and again ten years later it did great damage in various sections of the west. We see then that this louse does not come yearly but only at long intervals. Why is this? It is doubtless owing in some measure to the weather, but more to its insect enemies. We readily see that its enormous prolificness would make it as the sands of the sea shore every year, except that some natural agent held it in check. Fitch describes three such enemies. Even now as we visit the oat and wheat fields we find many forms different from any previously described. These have short, rounded bodies, which are of a dirty white color. The cause of this is that these are attacked by parasites, which are eating them up. We have reared several of these little benefactors, and find them now busily engaged in the fields laying the eggs that will destroy the lice. These minute parasitic insects lay a great many eggs, one in each louse, and their presence and prosperity mark the doom of the lice.

CARD OF THANKS.

To the very many kind friends and neighbors who aided me so much in the care of my son Jimmie during his late long sickness and burial I take this occasion to return my heartfelt thanks. Their kindness will ever be remembered.

MRS. MELVINE CARPENTER.

BUSINESS FLASHES.

Items under this head five cents a line each issue.

CREAM COLORED

Ten's flannel just received at Teichner & Co's.

SEMI ANNUAL SETTLEMENTS.

As the time has now arrived when we make our semi annual balances, we would respectfully solicit our many customers to call at their earliest convenience and adjust their accounts. Short settlements make long friends. We shall be pleased in the future as in the past to extend any courtesy in our power. And we extend our sincere thanks for the liberal patronage that we have received, and hope to merit a continuance of the same. Very respectfully, C. M. JOSLIN & Co.

CHEAP.

As I am to move east soon I will sell my place very cheap. C. F. HALL.

WANTED AT ONCE.

A good competent girl to learn the laundry trade. Good wages. City laundry.

DON'T

forget the ribbon sale.

WANTED.

A second hand baby carriage at Sands & Porter's.

ALL SILK RIBBONS

5c per yard at Teichner & Co's.

BUTTERICK PAPER PATTERNS at one-quarter off at G. A. Stark weather & Co's., at Plymouth.

20c SILK RIBBON

for 10c at Teichner & Co's.

SECOND HAND COOK STOVE in good condition for sale cheap at Geo. E. Waterman & Co's.

GREATEST

ribbon sale on record.

TWO HORSE POWER

Engine and boiler for sale cheap. Inquire at this office.

SAGINAW PROPERTY

to trade for property in or near Northville or Plymouth.

15c SILK RIBBONS

5c at Teichner & Co's.

\$750

will buy a good nice home not from the Methodist church. Inquire at this office.

LOANS NEGOTIATED

And money to loan on real estate. Inquire at this office.

NOTICE.

I desire to give notice to all boys that I forbid their going in swimming the old mill dam. I will prosecute violations. L. W. SIMMONS



Prince Albert Victor of Wales.

Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who is going to be married to his cousin, Princess Victoria of Prussia, was born in January 1864, and is therefore two years older than his bride. While not exactly brilliant, still he is exceedingly painstaking, methodical and conscientious. His education has been very thorough. When a boy of fifteen he was entered, together with his brother Prince George, as a naval cadet on board the H. M. S. Britannia and made the voyage around the world in the *Bachante*, when he also visited Australia. He then spent two years at Cambridge, where he followed the usual university course. Four years ago he entered the army, becoming a lieutenant in the Tenth Hussars, a regiment in which he is now a major. He has been quartered most of the time at York and has attended most assiduously to his military duties, only coming to London when court festivals required his presence.

In this country there is no problem of poverty, in the sense in which the term is commonly employed. There is no poverty of the hopeless, helpless sort, that can be set down to the account of false and unfair social or industrial conditions. It is the poverty that actually suffers, the poverty of those who lack food for their stomachs and raiment for their backs. That kind of poverty exists among us without doubt or question, but it exists, not because of anything amiss in the constitution of society, but by reason of causes within the control of the sufferers themselves. In nearly all cases it is the direct result of drunkenness, incurable indolence and unthrift. In a small portion of cases it results from accident, from prolonged illness or other such cause beyond the control of the sufferers, and in those cases relief is rightly asked from society. But society's provision for relief is ample, and more than ample, to meet every demand of that character, if we might in any way guard that provision against the raids of the undeserving who suffer by reason of their vices or their unwillingness to work for themselves. The only real problem of society in this country is how to make those keep sober and work diligently who now get drunk and do no work at all.

Says Fred Douglass in a letter to the *Washington Post*: "While I neither asked, sought, nor expected to be appointed minister to this important country, I have no sympathy with those who endeavor to belittle the appointment or question the motives of President Harrison in making it. I know of no place on the globe where I could be more usefully employed than in the discharge of the duties which will naturally devolve upon me should I reach Port-au-Prince."

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is seriously ill, and there are grave apprehensions among his thousands of friends and admirers that the days of this gifted novelist will soon draw to a close. As a story writer Wilkie Collins has won for himself a place in English literature. He may never attain the ranks of a Dickens or a Thackeray, but his rank as a popular writer of fiction is very near the top.

For once the farmers and prohibitionists are in thorough agreement—both believe that this is a mighty wet summer.

PINED FOR OKLAHOMA

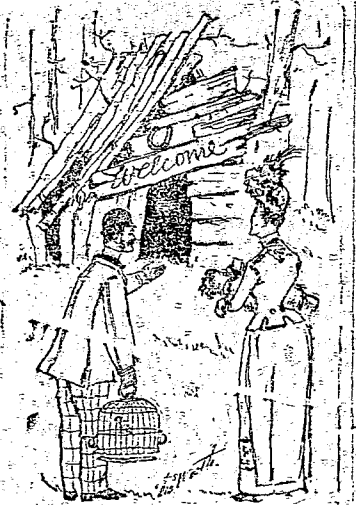
AND WOULD FAIR HAVE GONE

But an Experiment on a Neighboring Farm has a Salutary Effect—Satisfies the Craving—Wiser Person.

[Globe-Democrat.]

I have a very fine position in a bank. It is about half way between the president and the cashier. This may seem like boasting, but it is true. The president's room is on one side of me and the cashier's desk on the other. They both watch me, and, incidentally, the former watches the latter and the latter watches the former, and vice versa.

The bank would not lose anything if I fled, except my services, and at their own estimate this would not be a serious calamity. My honesty is guaranteed by a fidelity company, which gives the bank a bond on me for \$15,000. I pay the company 5 per cent a year for this bond, and my wife and I live on what is left of my salary. I have every inducement to honesty, including a detective from the fidelity company who follows me into drug stores and drinks soda water at my expense. If I should wink at the druggist by accident, the detective would report me to the company and I should lose my position. I will be faithful to my trust. I will never touch a dollar of the money which I earn but don't get. I will starve to death first, by jingo, and the sooner the better.



OUR NEW HOME AT OKLAHOMA.

But my wife is not satisfied. She says I have no ambition. She urges me to go somewhere and do something. She would if she were a man. A short time ago she suggested Oklahoma.

Oklahoma having once gotten into the family there was no peace. I saw that I must yield or die, so I resolved to compromise.

"My dear," said I, "we will go."

Then I wrote to my uncle Zephias Blake, who has a farm in western New York, as follows:

Dear Uncle Zeph—Will you kindly lend me the old shanty in the woods back of your pasture. My wife wants to camp out. If it is in pretty good repair will you please knock off a board or two as Maude is something awful on the subject of ventilation. Four affectionate nephews.

P. S. Maude will do the cooking for us. Please fix it so I can crawl up to the house and get a square meal. Please don't show yourself around the place for Maude is nervous.

Maude has no idea of locality. No woman ever has. In regard to Oklahoma she knew that we must go by ferry to Jersey City and then take a train somewhere. That was what we did, after Maude had packed up our goods and chattels. She wore her best clothes because she said that we couldn't be too careful about making a favorable impression at the very beginning.



SMILED BROADLY INTO MAUD'S FACE.

We took an accommodation train and I was not surprised that Maude thought we had traversed the whole United States when, in the edge of the evening, we got out at Blake's Four Corners and started across lots for the hut. I had roamed that country a boy, but somehow it was more attractive then. When Maude and I, after tumbling over the root of a tree, arose to

find ourselves before the door of our new home, I had already begun to wish I hadn't come. Maude's bird cage had grown heavier all the way, and so had the band-box in which she had insisted that I should carry my plug hat.

We went into the hut and lit a lantern. Uncle Zeph had built a fire in the queer little stove and then had taken himself away. We made our supper on some chicken sandwiches which Maude had brought. There were moderately good sleeping accommodations in the corner of the hut and Maude availed herself of them, but she made me sit up and keep guard. I pass over the horrors of that night. Maude said that in a week or two she hoped to be familiar enough with the place to sleep without anybody on the watch except her poodle, Claude, which she had brought to Oklahoma for protection and sympathy.

I had depended on the discomforts of the hut to bring Maude to a proper appreciation of the merits of New York city as a place of residence, but to my deep disappointment she arose in the morning feeling quite well. She cooked some flapjacks cheerfully and then sat down to play with Claude and wait for the surrounding real estate to improve in value so that we could sell out and return with wealth in our clothes. She insisted meanwhile that I should go out and take a claim, or plow a couple acres of ground, or do something else to indicate an active and ambitious spirit. She said she did not want the Indians when they called to get an idea that I was lazy.

This was not what I had bargained for, and I resolved to do something right away that would make Oklahoma unpopular in our family. At this moment I caught sight of Uncle Zeph's boy Jim peering round the corner of a tree. Maude did not see him. I excused myself on the ground that I was going out to buy a yoke of oxen and intercepted Jim, with whom I put up a job against Maude's peace of mind. We agreed that he should come down in the afternoon as an Indian, with a horse blanket, war paint and a carving knife, and if necessary scalp Claude and create any other disturbance calculated to harrow up my wife's feelings.

When I went back to the hut Maude was getting ready for dinner. She had discovered a couple of dozen of eggs in the corner, which Uncle Zeph had thoughtfully left for us.

"Oh, my lady," she said, "just see all these nice eggs that the prairie chickens have laid for us. Wasn't it just too sweet of them?"

I said it was indeed and she began to get ready some dropped eggs on toast.



RESCUED BY SIX-FINGERED PETE.

At that moment one of my uncle's cows, which had strayed down into the woods, put her head through a hole in the side of the hut and smiled broadly in Maude's face. Now if there is anything that can scare my wife into hysterics it is a cow. She cast one glance upon the sudden apparition and fell upon the floor in a dead faint. As she fell she kept hold of the handle of the frying-pan, and its contents struck the writer in the back of the neck. What he said so shocked the moral sensibilities of the cow that she hastily withdrew.

By the time that I had resuscitated Maude she was in a condition to hear adverse argument in relation to Oklahoma. She had had no idea that there would be any cows there. "Only cowboys," she said, "and I'm not afraid of them."

I was telling her of the number, variety and iniquity of the cows in Oklahoma when a piercing shriek awoke the echoes of the forest and Jim hove in sight. He was the worst looking Indian that I ever saw, and his make-up was calculated to produce a serious effect upon anybody who possessed a sense of the ludicrous. But Maude didn't see it in that light. She took him for genuine manifestation, and the way she slid out of the hut and made tracks across lots was a wonder. Jim went after her with a first-class imitation war whoop. About 100 yards from the hut he treed her. There was an old trunk with branches arranged on it like the spokes of a ladder and Maude managed to scramble up. Jim was laughing so hard that he couldn't chase her. At this interesting juncture Uncle Zeph appeared.

"Here, you, Jim!" he shouted—but Jim

didn't wait to hear the rest of it. He made tracks to avoid the paternal wrath.

"That's Six-Fingered Pete, the terror of the Cherokees," I whispered to Maude, pointing to Uncle Zeph. "Didn't you see the Indian run when he appeared?"

Maude got down out of the tree and approached Uncle Zeph with tears in her eyes.

"Mr. Six-Fingered Pete," she said, in a trembling voice, "you've saved my life. Oh! take me away from Oklahoma!"

"Lord love ye, gal," he said. "What's got into ye? My name ain't Pete, and I don't know no Oklahoma, but if you want to get out of here I'll hitch up the old mare and take you over to the Four Corners."

At this point I succeeded in getting Uncle Zeph out of the conversation, my wife had been too agitated to fully appreciate the meaning of his words, so that in spite of his rural simplicity and guileless conversation on the way to the Four Corners, she still believes that she passed a day in Oklahoma and was rescued from death by Six-Fingered Pete, the terror of the Cherokees.

MARK TWAIN ASPHYXIATED.

A Visit to the Senate Press Gallery. Trying to Write a Book Under Difficulties—Acting the Amateur Guide.

[Special Correspondence.]

I met Mark Twain the other day wandering around the capital, and looking at pictures fifty years old as if they were new, and inspecting with the interest of a rustic stranger the vivid bronze doors whose Columbian glories had bleared his eye-balls more than two decades ago. He strayed into the Press Gallery, threw back his gray overcoat, adjusted his gold spectacles on his nose and looked around.

"A good deal changed," he said, glancing at the life size photographs of Whitehall Reid and younger editors which now decorate the walls, "and it seems a hundred years ago."

"I was here last," he went on, "in 1865. I had been on that lark to the Mediterranean and had written a few letters to the San Francisco *Alt* that had been copied past all calculation and to my utter astonishment, and a publisher wanted a book. I came here to write it."



TWAIN WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"A pretty good place to write," I remarked, as we took seats.

"Some things," he said, "but awfully bad place for a newspaper man to write a book; or, at any rate, for such a newspaper man as I was to write such a book as the publisher demanded. I tried it hard, but my chum was a story-teller, and both he and the store smoked incessantly. And as we were located handy for the boys to run in, the room was always full of the boys, who leaned back in my chairs, put their feet complacently on my manuscript and smoked till I could not breathe."

"Is that the way you wrote *Innocent's Abroad*?" I asked.

"No; that is the way I didn't write it. My publisher prodded me for copy which I couldn't produce, till at last I arose and kicked Washington behind me and ran off to San Francisco. There I got elbow room and quiet."

One of Mark Twain's favorite amusements here, they say, is turning himself into an amateur guide and explaining to his friends the various objects of interest in the capitol. He is particularly facetious over the pictures in the rotunda and the stone people in "Statuary Hall." Arriving opposite the marble statue of Fulton, seated, and intently examining the model of a steamboat in his hands, he indulged in a wide-sweeping gesture and exclamation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Pennsylvania's favorite son, Robert Fulton. Observe his easy and unconventional attitude. Notice his serene and contented expression, caught by the artist at the moment when he made up his mind to steal John Fitch's steamboat."

The humorist dresses a good deal more carefully than formerly, this is made necessary by his increasing amplitude, by his vast shock of gray hair, by his boisterous and ungovernable mustache, and by his turbulent eyebrows that cover his gray eyes like a dissolve thatch. And when he talks he talks slowly and extracts each of his vowels with a corkscrew twist that would make even the announcement of a funeral sound like a joke.

Only a Step.

Dick—"I'm anxious about Tom. I'm afraid he'll go crazy."

Harry—"He won't have to go far."

The Eleventh National Census.

Under the wise provision which requires that a census of the United States be taken every ten years, the preliminary work for compilation of the eleventh census has already begun. Robert P. Porter, late of the New York Press, whom President Harrison has appointed to superintend the gigantic task, already has nearly one hundred clerks employed in preparatory work, and next year, when the actual count is to be made, will have more than six hundred helpers.

Mr. Porter has formerly announced that he will aim to give the country a good business and business-like census—nothing more. The census of 1880, filling twenty large quarto volumes, beside the compendium of two volumes, is too big; so, big, in fact, that though work upon it has been steadily prosecuted for ten years it is not yet finished—two volumes of the full complement being still lacking. And it is not only too large in itself, but it is far too large in the range of work undertaken. Very many of its compilations are faulty and much less compact and reliable than they should be, because the vast mass of facts dealt with were not and could not be properly digested. Commissioner Walker, in his laudable ambition to make a Centennial Census worthy of his country, attempted to "cut too wide a swath."

And Mr. Walker, expert and able statistician as he is, knowing better than most men the practical value of statistics, and the need of having them easily and quickly accessible, was one of the very first to admit the objections inseparable from a twenty-volume census. A considerable part of the information collected by the census-takers of 1880, he says, should be gradually and continuously acquired by a regular board of statisticians in the constant employ of the government. Certain classes of information gathered ten years ago, he admits, were neither as complete nor reliable as they would be if a different and more regular process of collection had been adopted. He does not adversely criticize (nor will any citizen with due pride in the industrial achievements of his country) any of the scores of valuable features which the last census embodied; they are valuable and needed. But the government census report is not the place for them.

In this view ex-Superintendent Walker and the present Superintendent Porter are in perfect accord. Mr. Porter has said that unless interfered with by the secretary of the interior and the civil service rules, he will appoint his subordinates from highest to lowest, as he would in a newspaper office—according to their fitness for the special lines of work to which they shall be assigned. He will aim at securing such information, in addition to the mere enumeration of population, as will most directly and practically serve the business and industrial and social interests of the people, and at that point will stop. He will aim at the utmost conciseness of statement, at absolute reliability concerning all matters treated, and will seek to complete the census and deliver it to the people at the very earliest date compatible with careful and finished work.

If Mr. Porter's "plan of campaign" is carried out, the country will have a better and comparatively much cheaper national census than any hitherto taken.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

A Regal Costume.

The court dress of Russia is the most magnificent, modest, regal and picturesque of the court costumes of Europe. As worn by a Russian princess at a late ball in Paris, it is described in *Marie Schill's Journal des Modes*: "Over a white and gold brocade skirt was worn a square tablier and train of red velvet embroidered with gold. Over an Oriental waistcoat for a corsage, studded with gold and jewels, was a sleeveless red velvet jacket, open in front and tight in the back, richly embroidered in gold and edged with fur. Under the waistcoat and jacket was a full chemise or guimpe of tulle, with long bishop sleeves, all delicately embroidered with gold. Around the neck a high collar of gold set with jewels, on the wrists bracelets to match, on the head a coronet of red velvet embroidered with and falling from this a long veil of white lace, embroidered with pearls and gold."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Evidently in Earnest.

Gotham Dame—"Do you think Mr. Nicefellow is in earnest?"

Daughter—"I guess so. He asked me last evening which one of your daughters was your pet, and I told him that I thought if all three were married, you would rather live with Clara or Dora than with me."—*New York Weekly.*

A WHITECHAPEL VICTIM.

The True Story of One of the Murdered Women.

In his speech at the Presbyterian synod yesterday evening, says the Pall Mall Gazette, the Rev. John MacNeill created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance and said that last Sunday, when he preached a temperance sermon at the Tabernacle, he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine. The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them—several brothers and two sisters—the children of intemperate parents. Her sister had unfortunately inherited the craving and before she was 14 had taken to drink. The others became converted and did all in their power to cure their sister, but it was of no use.

The sister at length married comfortably, and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she staid a year. She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whisky, taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as was his regular custom, before he went to bed, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her, and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse and at last left her husband and children, one of them a cripple through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white-haired, broken-hearted man, although only 45 years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letter, "what became of her?" Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victims. That was my sister.

Thought She'd Like Them.

"I called this afternoon on the family that's moved into the house across the street," said Mrs. Fuller to her husband, the other morning.

"Did eh? How did you like them? Think they'll be agreeable neighbors?"

"Oh, I think we shall like them very much. They seem very pleasant, and—oh, those curtains at the parlor windows are real lace. I examined them while waiting for Mrs. B.—to come down. And the carpets are real Wilton velvet, and I think the rug in the hall is genuine Persian; and they've some beautiful chairs in the parlor and lovely pictures and some pieces of bric-a-brac that they couldn't have if they weren't pretty well off. I got a chance to peep into the dining-room, and everything there is real antique oak, with solid silver on the sideboard. I think we'll like them very much indeed!"—Drake's Magazine.

Snakes as Bedfellows.

Here is a story told by Thomas W. Knox in his "Boy Travelers" volume. It tells about the pleasant little habit the snakes have away out in Australia. Fred's room was separated from mine by a thin partition. When Mr. Watson left us Fred remarked that he was quite ready for a good sleep, as he was very tired. As he spoke he turned down the bedclothes; and then shouted for me to come quick.

"Here's a big snake in my bed!" said he. "Come and help me kill him."

Mr. Watson heard the remark, and hastened back before I could get to where the snake was. "Don't harm that snake," said he; "it's a pet, and belongs to my brother. It's nothing but a carpet-snake."

With that Fred cooled down, but he said he didn't want any such pet in his bed, even if it was nothing but a carpet-snake. The serpent, which was fully ten feet long, raised its head lazily and then put it down again, as if it was quite satisfied with the situation and did not wish to be disturbed. Mr. Watson explained that the snake had no business there, and without more ado he picked the creature up by the neck and dragged it off to a barrel, which he said was its proper place. After he had gone Fred and I put a board over the top of the barrel, to make sure that the reptile did not give us a call during the night. Poverty is said to make one acquainted with strange bedfellows, but poverty can't surpass Australian bush life, where a man finds a snake in his bed quite too often for comfort.

Money Misplaced.

Mr. Greathhead (coal and ice dealer): "I didn't sell as much coal last winter as usual."

Mrs. Greathhead: "Too bad. Your customers must have some money left which you would have had if the weather had been cooler."

"Yes, they have, but I shall raise the price of ice and get it away from them before fall!"—New York Weekly.

POINTS FOR SMOKERS.

How to Carry Cigars and How to Let One Go Out.

Here is a point for smokers, says the New York Sun. It is given by a man who not only smokes cigars very frequently, but sells them. He says if you will carry your cigars in your waistcoat pocket with the mouth end down there will be less likelihood of the tobacco becoming broken or the wrapper being unrolled than if you carry them with the match end at the bottom. Here is a second point: If you are a billiard-player don't put them in the pocket on the right side, for the constant moving of the arm in the manipulation of the cue will wear upon that side, and if it does not result in crushing the tobacco will so loosen the wrapper that the smoking of the cigar will be an annoyance rather than a pleasure. And here is a third point: If there is a slight feeling of nausea take a drink of water to clear the throat, and if you would be sure absolutely of preventing any serious sickness throw your cigar away and stop smoking altogether for an hour or so. Another point which a gentleman who heard these three advanced suggested that if by any cause it becomes necessary to let a cigar go out it will be a good scheme not to take a final puff, but to make a blow and expel the smoke from the burning end. This clears the roll of tobacco from the smoke, and even if the fire dies out it will be found upon relighting that the cigar is of good flavor. In fact an expert has said that a really good cigar will be improved by letting it go out, following this plan, and then lighting it again.

The Nation's Wards.

The Indian reservations in 1886 in the United States amounted to 212,466 square miles, all that is left to the race of 3,250,000 square miles, once all their own. The total Indian population of the United States is 247,761. Estimated number of Indians in Alaska is 30,000. The Indian agencies are 61 in number. Number of Indian church members in the United States is 23,653. Number of houses occupied by Indians is 21,232. Number of Indians living on and cultivating lands is 8,612. Number of Indians in the United States who wear citizen's dress is 81,621. Number of Indians in the United States who can read Indian languages is 10,027. Number of Indians in the United States who can read English is 23,493. There are ten Indian training schools, located in different parts of the Union.—Exchange.

A Gypsy Evangelist.

There is a Gypsy evangelist conducting a revival at the Trinity M. E. church, Cincinnati, with marked success. Twelve years ago he roamed the highways and byways of England with his Romany tribe. Becoming converted he took to preaching! The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says of him: He told one reminiscence last night which fairly illustrates his style. Just before he arose to speak the choir sang "Rescue the Perishing." Said he: "That reminds me of the time when I was the guest of the Sergeant of the Mace in London. We were sitting after the evening service, in his parlor, resting before retiring for the night. Said the Sergeant to his daughter: 'Play something.' She went over to the piano and began to play 'Rescue the Perishing.' We all sang, and about us were elegant hangings and beautiful pictures. On the floor was a Brussels carpet, while the chairs were upholstered in satin and plush. I started to sing, then looked about me and said, 'stop!'"

"What do you mean?" said the Sergeant.

"Stop," said I. "I can't sing that song here. There are no perishing here. Go with me into the slums, a few squares from here, where to-night men and women are perishing by the scores. Then I will sing it, but not here."

A Constant Suitor.

There is a certain young man in America who can give the average lover points on the business of courting. He visits his immorata every night, remaining from just after supper to late bedtime, and on Sundays and holidays visits her before breakfast, and remains all day, nor does he tear himself away until about midnight. The young lady's friends think his "staying" powers are simply wonderful, and that he will win her if it is within the range of human possibilities.—Savannah News.

Voting in Japan.

William Elliott Griffin, in his explanation of the new constitutional government of Japan in the June Forum, tells of the system of voting, which leaves little chance for fraud. Each voter must write his own name and the name of the candidate on the ballot and stamp it with his own seal.

A Weatherford Man in Luck.

Weatherford, Tex., Constitution, June 3. A reporter of the Constitution having learned that Mr. L. M. Frey had received the cash (\$5,000) on ticket No. 88,847, which he held in the Louisiana State Lottery, and of which he made mention at the time of the drawing, called on Mr. Frey for confirmation of the report. Mr. Frey cheerfully did so, and added that the ticket was collected by the First National Bank of this city for him without exchange. "We have often wondered if the reports of the character of men who have hitherto drawn prizes in the Louisiana State Lottery were as claimed, these prizes always appearing by the newspaper reports to fall into the hands of honest, hard working and deserving men. If they are to be judged by Mr. Frey they have all certainly deserved the prizes, for there is no more industrious, enterprising and deserving man in Weatherford than L. M. Frey, the jeweler. Mr. Frey has only been in Weatherford a short time, but by strict attention to business, honest work and judicious advertising in The Constitution and other home papers, he has built up the largest custom of any jeweler in the city."

A Message From the Sea.

There has just been received at the National Museum, to be placed in the fisheries section, an interesting souvenir of an Arctic whale fisher which Capt. J. W. Collins, the superintendent of that department, greatly prizes. It is an old-fashioned, hand-molded, swivel harpoon, which has quite a story, as gleaned from the papers accompanying it. While in the Onkotak Sea last summer the ship Cape Horn Pigeon, commanded by Capt. L. Nathan Rogers, captured a whale, in the blubber of which was imbedded a foreign substance. On investigation this proved to be a harpoon, broken off at the junction with the lance, which had been in the whale over thirty years. On the hilt of the harpoon was stamped in plain letters, "S. T. D." ship "Thomas Dickerson," and the name of the maker, not so plain, could also be made out. This was the first and only messenger from the good ship Dickerson, which sailed from New Bedford in 1836 and was lost the next year in the very waters where the crew of the Cape Horn Pigeon secured the harpoon over thirty-two years later.

Communing With Nature.

Close by the sparkling brook whose silvery waters danced in the sunlight and rippled joyously over the golden sands they sat in silence—George and Laura—drinking in the glorious beauty of the rustic scene, and communing with nature in one of her chosen shrines. After in the west the sun seemed to linger at the northern horizon as if unwilling to shut out from his gaze the lovely landscape that glowed with a softened and even melancholy radiance in his departing beams.

A thrilling cry burst from the lips of the beautiful girl.

"George! George!" she almost shrieked.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, placing his arm tenderly around her waist.

"Hush! the romantic yet oppressive lovelessness of the scenery saddened your spirits."

"George!" she screamed, waving her hands wildly and making a frantic grab at the small of her back. "I think it's some kind of a bug!"

The Bazar's Editor.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who succeeded the late Miss Mary L. Booth as editor of Harper's Bazar, came with her parents to Brooklyn when a small child, and has ever since made that city her home. Mrs. Sangster was born in the little town of New Rochelle. She early formed a strong love for book and writing. For the last seven years she has been "Little Postmistress" of Harper's Young People, besides doing regular work as a member of the staff of readers. As "Little Postmistress" this noble woman lives in the thoughts and affections of thousands of children all over the world. The lovable nature and the sweet and tender thoughts of Mrs. Sangster's mind are best set forth through the medium of verses. She writes poetry that touches the heart. It is one of the greatest pleasures of her life to write verses, and when in the mood words and rhythm come in an easy, spontaneous flow.—N. Y. Press.

Scientific Chestnuts.

The Popular Science News recently offered a reward for the most correct answers to certain stated scientific problems. Among others was the old scientific "conundrum," "Which weighs the most, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? Of course a pound is a pound, no matter of what substance, and when the simple or thoughtless person answers that a pound of lead is the heaviest, everybody laughs. Mr. Charles Pitt, in answering this question, claims that the pound of lead would weigh the heaviest, because the feathers would be buoyed up by a weight equal to that of the amount of air they displace—just as a cork is buoyed upon the water. In future, therefore, we must refrain from laughing at the fool's answer, as practically it is correct. Of course if weighed in a vacuum, a pound of any two substances would weigh alike.

Astonishment All Around.

A pious old citizen of Dearborn went to the cars to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more sweet kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction: "Scat! you gray-headed wretch!" He scatted.

All in the Moon.

Grandfather Smith of Punxsutawner, Pa., who was gathered to his fathers several years ago, used to say after the great flood of 1861 that it was all in the moon. "Whenever," he said, "the moon changes at 11 o'clock and 59 minutes in the day time on June 1, you may look out for heavy rains and a big flood. I have seen two or three great floods in my lifetime, and they were all caused by the change of the moon at this particular time—11:59 June 1. When the change of the moon comes again at that time, look out." Several of the citizens of that place remembered this and looking at the almanac, found that the change of the moon took place June 1, 1889, precisely at 11:59, and in consequence they marvel much.

"Well," said Wright Field, as he took his overcoat to the pawnbroker, "here goes for three balls and a bat!"

A. M. Prout, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

No Horse Power About It.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was being shown about the capital at Washington by Senator Sherman, and was finally taken down into the engine room, where a powerful Hawley-Corless was driving the ventilating machinery.

Attracted by the beauty of the monster, Mr. Chamberlain turned to McCloskey, who was oiling some part of it, and asked:

"What is the horse power of that engine?"

McCloskey looked at him for a moment, partly with pity and partly with contempt, and then replied:

"Horse power? That jigger runs by steam!"

The Gates Wide Open.

"I don't know," said St. Peter, shaking his head dubiously. "I don't know. You look as if you had been dissipating—all the buttons off your shirt, your coat all frayed at the wrists, your collar unbuttoned—I'm afraid I'll have to put you on the elevator when it goes down."

"But, St. Peter—"

"Well?"

"I married a woman with a mission."

"Yes, sir."

"Excuse me, my dear sir. Come right in. The gate wide open for such as you."

So he went right in to have his buttons sewed on and so forth.

And the Mules, Too.

A citizen of a neighboring town came to town yesterday, says the Nashville American, and was seen signing on Broad Street the electric sign. He looked at them for awhile thoughtfully and didn't seem very enthusiastic. He appeared to be in a sort of reverie. At last I stepped up to him and asked: "Well, what do you think of it?" My new friend looked at me for a minute and replied slowly: "I was just thinking how the Yankees came down here and freed our niggers. Now the same damned fellows have come down and freed our mules."

Our Girls.

Kitty is witty,
Nettie is pretty,
Lutie is cute and small;
Irene is a queen,
Annette is a pet,
Nell is the belle of the ball;
Diantha is wealthy,
Bertha is healthy,
And health is the best of all.

Perfect health keeps her rosy and radiant, beautiful and blooming, sensible and sweet. It is secured by wholesome habits and the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Bertha takes it, and she also "takes the cake." The only guarantee come for those distressing ailments peculiar to women. Satisfaction or your money returned.

For constipation or sick headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; purely vegetable. One a dose.

Prince Alois Schwarzenberg, the victim of the latest fatal duel in Vienna, owned 23 breweries, four sugar refineries, one oil manufactory, 23 saw mills, one bakery, four water mills, 45 brick kilns and a host of farms, cottages and manufactories.

We recommend "Tansil's Patch" Cigar.

A little messenger boy brought a note to the office of Mayor Fisher of Philadelphia, and was waiting for a reply. Mr. Fisher was taking his time about the answer, when the boy exclaimed: "Hurry up, mayor, I can't wait here all day."

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to day for a free sample of this great remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cts.

The "ticker" is a great moral instrument, and must not be suppressed. It transforms gambling into "business."

The largest vase in the world has been broken in transit to the Paris exhibition. It is 11 feet in height and took some years to finish. It was the production of Messrs. Brownfields of Hanley, England, and was originally made by that firm for the Crystal Palace exhibition. The loss is irreparable.

It afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 25c.

Dr. Eisenman of Berlin has invented a piano which, by the aid of electro-magnetism, can sustain, increase and diminish sound; by moving the electro magnets the timbre of the tone is changed; for example, from that of a violoncello to a piccolo.

Don't you want to save money, clothes, time, labor, fuel and heat? All these can be saved if you will try Oobbins' Electric Soap. We say "try," knowing if you try it once you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

The rapid growth of the Southern society in New York is surprising. It has been gaining new members at the rate of 250 a month of late, and its total membership is now very nearly a thousand. The number of southern residents in New York is very much greater than was formerly supposed.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.50 FREE. Write to Star Safety Rein Holder Co., Box 7, N. C.



Is better than any soap; handier, finer, more effective, more of it, more for the money, and in the form of a powder for your convenience. Takes, as it were, the fabric in one hand, the dirt in the other, and lays them apart—comparatively speaking, washing with little work.

As it saves the worst of the work, so it saves the worst of the wear. It isn't the use of clothes that makes them old before their time; it is rubbing and straining, getting the dirt out by main strength.

For scrubbing, house-cleaning, washing dishes, windows and glassware, Pearlina has no equal. Beware of imitations, prize packages and peddlers.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER

ATTORNEY, Washington, D.C.
WILL GET YOUR PENSION
without delay.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Chronic Neuralgia.

Permanent Cures. June 17, 1887.
Suffered a long time with neuralgia in the head, was prostrated by it, gave St. Jacobs Oil a trial, and have been entirely cured, no return.
JEREMIAH ENRY, 1515 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

Permanent Cures. October 17, 1887.
My wife was paralyzed from neuralgia; she could not walk a step; I bought St. Jacobs Oil, gave one bottle, and lo! she was able to walk, and in a few days was completely cured her.
JAS. P. MURPHY, Springfield, Tenn.

Permanent Cures. June 17, 1887.
Years ago had neuralgia; not subject to attacks now the cure by use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction.
E. W. HANCOCK, York, Penna.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S

LITTLE

LIVER

PILLS.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

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Northville Record.

Go to thy rest fair child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and meek and mild
With blessings on thy head,
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way,
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Haste to thy home of rest,
In your celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
The lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle cave
Was such a fond delight,
Shall I love with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain,
No angel seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

TO MRS. THOMAS SMITHERMAN.

He has gone to the shadowy land,
No more he will grasp the friendly hand,
Wipe from the brow the dew of death,
And catch the softly fluttering breath.

We will bend over the wounded sod,
Commending the precious soul to God,
Dropping the pall o'er the lovely past,
With a mournful murmur, the last, the last.

We shall sit in the dear old home,
And list for a step that will never come,
Where the silent room and the vacant chair,
Have memories sweet and hard to bear.

And then, methinks on that boundary land,
The mourned and the mourner together shall stand,
Till the dreamer awakens at dawn of day,
Finds the stone of his sepulchre rolled away.

SHAY.

Died, at her home in Cedar Springs, on Sunday, July 7th, Mrs. L. E. Shay, aged fifty-five years.

Mrs. Shay, formerly Charlotte J. Canfield, was born at Geneva, N. Y., in 1834, and was the eldest of a family of five children. When she was twenty-four years old she removed to Michigan and a year later, in 1859, was married to Lester C. Shay, and for some time lived in the southern part of the state, subsequently near Cadillac for ten years, from whence removing to Cedar Springs in 1873. Soon after settling at Cedar Springs, she joined the Baptist church of that place, of which she has been a member ever since. She has been the mother of five children four of which, Mr. S. A. Nickerson, Egbert G. and Cary Shay, of Cedar Springs, and Edith Shay, of Kalamazoo, remain to mourn her loss. She was a kind and sympathizing friend, a fond mother, a loving wife and an earnest worker for the cause of Christianity, and her death will be deeply regretted by her sorrowing family and many friends.

WORLD'S GREATEST LUMBER REGION.

A lumber pile made of boards, each 100 feet long and six feet in width, would be an unprecedented sight in the east, but a gentleman recently returned from a visit to the coast of the north Pacific ocean says that piles of lumber such as that are common at the mills on Puget Sound. Boards 100 feet long and six feet wide without a knot in them, he says, "are common cuts from the gigantic fir trees of the Puget Sound forests. These trees grow to the enormous height of 250 feet, and the forests are so vast that although the saw mills have been ripping 500,000,000 feet of lumber out of them every year for ten years, the spaces made by these tremendous felled trees seem no more than garden patches. Puget Sound has 1,800 miles of shoreline, and all along this line, and extending thence on both sides, miles and miles further than the eye can see, is one vast and almost unbroken forest of these enormous trees. There is nothing like it anywhere on the Pacific coast. An official estimate places the amount of standing timber in that area at 500,000,000 feet, or a thousand years' supply, even at the enormous rate the timber is now being felled and sawed. The timber belt covers 30,000,000 acres of Washington territory, an area equal to the states of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire. The market for the Puget Sound lumber are entirely foreign, being South America, Australia, Central America and the Pacific ocean islands."—Philadelphia Record.

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And pay their traveling expenses (unless they prefer a commission), and give them employment 12 months in the year. We now want a large number for the summer campaign to solicit orders for a full line of nursery stock, which we guarantee true to name and first-class in every particular. No experience needed. Full instructions furnished. Good references required. Address, (stating age)
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Bargain No. 10. Fruit farm of 22 acres all set out to fruit. 3 miles from the village, 19 miles from Detroit.

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Bargain No. 16. House and lot in Beal town, \$1,600.

Bargain No. 18. New brick house and lot in west part of village, \$2,300.

Bargain No. 19. A desirable corner lot on Main street.

Bargain No. 23. A neat cottage and corner lot on north Center street, \$750.

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THE STATE.

BAY VIEW.

A Tourist's Paradise of Pleasure and Profit.

It is a characteristic that everybody returns from Bay View superlatively praising that summer resort. Every year its fame and popularity have increased, and this year more people than ever before are going there. It is said a more beautiful place can scarcely be imagined and for a summer resort it has the best of everything. It is opulent and splendid in picturesque scenery and a climate that is cool, healthful and exhilarating. It is entirely a summer city in atmosphere, terraced groves on Little Traverse Bay, in Northern Michigan, a mile above Petoskey. From every piazza of the 350 cottages and hotels, superb views are had of the beautiful bay, dotted with pretty summer resorts and the admiration of every tourist. Nothing pleasanter could be conceived than a trip there during the Assembly which always opens on the last Wednesday in July. The choicest society is found there, splendid schools are in session and almost every hour eloquence, song and entertainment are heard from the most gifted people in the land. The finest talent drawn from the best colleges, conservatories and public schools of the state, are employed in the Bay View schools of art, photography, music, oratory, summer school, school of the English Bible, Sunday school, normal classes, etc. Hundreds of young people and students are in attendance, and the tide of enthusiasm rises highest at this part of the season.

Supplementing the schools is the great three weeks' general program which everybody attends and the audiences range from two to four thousand people. Among the names which will make the season this year, the most brilliant ever presented at Bay View, are Bishop John P. Newman, Rev. P. S. Henshaw, Miss Frances Willard, Rev. F. W. Gunsburg, Wallace Bruce, C. E. Bolton, Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, Rev. Jas. A. Worden, Mrs. Angio E. Newman, Prof. C. C. Case, ex-Gov. Cumbuck of Indiana, E. S. Benson, E. W. Wolfe of the Cincinnati schools, Mrs. Alice J. Osborn, one of the finest soloists of New England, the Alma band, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Powers, Philip Phillips, Sam-ah Brah of Burma, Frank Beard and many more.

Every day is filled to overflowing with the rarest pleasures, and no one who has been there can forget that long, delightful holiday. Excursions and open air concerts, receptions and gay illuminations, rowing and fishing, boat rides and picnics, lectures and concerts, sweet evenings and praise services, great missionary, W. C. T. U., national, recognition and other days—all flow in swift succession. The season of indescribable happiness is all too quickly, and one returns home with a store of delightful memories, and stimulated in body and soul by the exhilarating climate and contact with gifted people. A season at Bay View is a liberal education for anyone, and low priced excursion tickets and moderate hotel rates make a trip there within the means of everybody. The best board is only \$5 to \$10 a week. At present there is great activity there and 75 new cottages and the finest Sunday school normal hall in the west are almost completed. The Michigan branch of the Chautauque Circle, 5,000 strong, and several other large organizations, have their headquarters there. The Assembly Herald from which the above facts are taken, telling all about Bay View, how to go there, and the cost, can be had by sending a card to J. M. Hall, Flint, Michigan.

Why They Are Not Signed.

Gov. Rice gives the following reasons for declining to sign certain bills:

House joint resolution No. 37, to provide for the relief of Robert Lake, who was a contractor for the erection of a building at the state prison. It appears that owing to unfavorable weather he suffered a loss, said to be at least \$10,000, in completing and complying with his contract. This joint resolution authorizes the board of auditors to examine and adjust this alleged claim for damage. The Governor thinks the resolution is a clear violation of the section of the constitution which reads: "The legislature shall not grant nor authorize extra compensation to any public officer, agent or contractor, after the service has been rendered or the contract entered into."

House file No. 517. It being "An act to provide for the committing of pauper insane persons to the Wayne county asylum, and for the transfer of such persons to the state asylum; and from the state asylums to said county asylum; and to provide for the support and maintenance of such insane persons."

The Governor points out that the law in force since 1876 providing for the care of the insane has imposed unequal burdens upon the counties. For instance, during the ten years Hillsdale county has contributed \$45,750 for the support of the indigent insane in state institutions, and there has been paid for patients sent from Hillsdale county \$23,357; Calhoun county has paid \$24,383 more than has been paid for this care of patients sent from that county; Cass county has paid \$3,450 for the care of state patients and has received \$9,530; Tuscola county has paid \$10,100, and the patients sent from that county have cost the state \$3,940; Wayne county has paid \$150,000, and its patients have cost the state \$33,700. He continues:

"This inequality of the distribution of expenses caused the introduction of a bill providing for a return to the system in operation requiring each county to pay the expenses of its indigent insane in the state institution, providing if Wayne county or Hillsdale or Cass county cares for its unfortunate at home, they should pay for it, and if they were sent to the asylum, do the same thing there. It seemed to me as if a measure so just and meritorious would certainly commend itself to the good judgment and fairness of the members of the legislature. But through the influence largely of the chairman of the board of corrections and charities and the members of the different asylum boards, who presented a sort of special message to the legislature, that just and righteous measure was defeated. And as an almost inevitable result of this defeat the bill now under consideration passed both houses. Some features of the bill are certainly meritorious, but I do not think it wise for the state to depart from its settled policy of many years without careful and candid consideration and deliberation of the questions involved. The Governor recommends that the whole subject receive such consideration that a just and feasible plan for remedying the injustice may be submitted to the legislature at its next session. He says that he declines to sign the bill with less regret, because if it were to become a law there is no provision for paying Wayne county for the care of its patients under two years, and before that time the whole question ought to be considered and adjusted. Senate file No. 60, relating to railroads. This entire bill is embraced in another act

known as the Chapman bill with the Gilmore amendment, rendering this act unnecessary.

House file No. 420. "An act providing for an increase of fees of justices of the peace, in civil cases." The Governor says that the provision which it strikes out in the present law—a restriction upon the charge for issuing subpoenas—is a whole some one and he cannot believe it ought to be amended as this act provides.

House file No. 336—"An act to provide for the incorporation of beneficiary societies." Every legitimate and material purpose of this bill is provided for in act No. 187 of the session laws of 1887, rendering this bill unnecessary, if not mischievous.

A Mandamus Denied.

The supreme court has denied a mandamus in the case of the Iola-Keokuk land corporation, limited, vs. G. R. Osburn, secretary of state. A mandamus was asked for by the corporation compelling the secretary to receive and file in the state department its articles of association, which he had refused to do. It was not only an English corporation, but its purposes were multifarious, undertaking under corporate powers to carry on upon Isle Royale in Lake Superior, nearly all the ordinary avocations in addition to the purposes defined in section 23, chapter 123 of the general law. Justice Campbell writes the opinion, in which Chief Justice Sherwood and Justice Champlin concur. It holds that the corporation cannot by any such simple process of filing its English articles become transformed into a Michigan company, when its functions are not within any of our statutes. The corporation cannot gain any legal standing by filing its papers under the existing statutes without a subversion of settled principles. Justices Long and Morse join in a dissenting opinion, holding that the secretary of state possesses no arbitrary powers and could not refuse to file; that the act of filing articles of association would not enlarge its powers beyond that of companies organized under the statute.

Monthly Crop Report.

The monthly crop report issued from the state department is compiled from reports received from 911 correspondents. Upon these the first estimate for this year's wheat crop is made. The acreage in crops based upon returns of supervisors from 1,111 townships, and is given at 1,491,581 acres. The estimated yield per acre is in southern tier counties, 15.03; central, 15.45; northern, 15.08; and for the state, 15.27 bushels, indicating a total yield in the state this year of 21,633,000 bushels. The area of wheat reported actually harvested in 1888 was 10,000 acres less than that reported on the ground in May of that year, and the total yield for 1888 was slightly in excess of 3,000,000 bushels. Damage to wheat from winter killing insects and otherwise is about 10 per cent. That from grain "rabbits" cannot be estimated until the grain is threshed, but the prospects are in favor of its being much less than anticipated.

The amount of wheat reported marketed for June was \$82,778, and for 11 months, from August to June, 11,789,000 bushels.

The condition of corn is 58; oats, 59; potatoes, 95; clover meadows and pastures, 4; timothy, 29; clover sown this year, 43 per cent.

The prospect for average crops of apples is 74 and of peaches 71 per cent.

WOLVERINE ITEMS.

The amount of exports from Port Huron for the year ending June 30, was \$10,789,833. The state salt inspectors' report shows that 322,157 barrels of salt were made and inspected in this state in June.

The commissioner of pensions has appointed Drs. George E. Kannev and Matthew Wood pension examining surgeons at Lansing.

John Hase of Grand Rapids has been appointed general manager of the Grand Rapids gold mine in Maryland, near Washington City.

Hon. M. P. Gale of Big Rapids is associated with others in the ownership of 35,000 acres of good hardwood timber land in New York state, which is now remote from railroads, but into which a new road is about to be built. The cut, it is estimated, will last about 30 years, and after getting into full operation they will employ a force of 100 men.

Duren J. H. Ward, Ph. D., a graduate of Hillsdale college, class of '73, has been elected superintendent of an experimental model school in New York city, at a salary of \$5,000 per year. The school has 15 teachers and 300 pupils. Dr. Ward's work will consist of lectures to the teachers.

Senator C. G. Griffey of the thirty-first district has resigned.

Ben L. Duell, a convicted forger, escaped from the Grand Rapids jail the other morning. Two days later he was captured at Otsego by railroad officials, and is now in his cell in jail again.

A Muskegon druggist named Feighner has been convicted of selling liquor as a beverage. He was arrested, with Dr. Quinn and a dozen others, on the evidence of detectives, and is the second one tried on charges which challenged the array of jurymen on technicalities which were overruled, but he is preparing to take the case up on that score. The trial of the other cases goes over.

Hastings people have subscribed \$10,000 with which to establish a whip factory. It is expected that the concern will be in operation about Sept. 1.

Miss Harriet A. Hamilton of Mansfield, Pa., has been selected as lady principal of the Somerville school at St. Clair, under the new management of Mr. Stone.

Spicer & Sons of West Brookfield, Eaton county, breeders of Cotswold sheep, say that their average per head was 13 pounds and they received \$3.25 for the wool per head, and also that the wool on one pair of yearling twin ewes sold for \$4.85.

John Stellette of Grand Rapids has been appointed collector of internal revenue for the fourth district of Michigan.

Homer Green of Port Huron jumped from a moving train at Lenox the other night and fell between the cars. Both arms and legs were broken and one arm and leg has been amputated.

The Arlington house in Kalamazoo was gutted by fire the other morning.

The hotel suit of George W. Orth vs. W. M. Featherly of the Ausable and Oscoda counties resulted in a verdict of \$500 against Featherly.

A rich body of iron ore has been found in the Oregon mine, on the Norway town site. A shaft was put down 125 feet and a drift driven 100 feet, where the ore was struck. It is a big thing.

Convict George Dewart in the Ionia house of correction, savagely assaulted another convict named James Meany, while they were at work in one of the shops in that institution, and stabbed him three times before the attendants could secure him. The wounds of the unfortunate prisoner were dressed by the prison physician, who thinks the patient will recover although he is badly cut about the head and shoulders.

A little four-year-old girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, who went to Central Africa as missionaries in February, 1888, arrived in Port Huron a few days ago. Mrs. Lincoln died soon after arriving at their destination, and the father, becoming disheartened, started to return to his old home with his little daughter. After a six weeks' journey toward the coast drawn by an ox team, Mr. Lincoln was taken ill at the Zulu mission and died in July following his wife's death. This sad event happened 6,000 miles from home. The little girl was cared for by friends and arrangements made to send her home. She was sent to the coast and placed on an English steamer in March. Arriving in London she was placed in charge of the captain of a vessel bound for New York, where they arrived July 10, and at once placed in charge of friends who brought her to Port Huron.

At the annual meeting of the state press association in Grand Rapids the following officers were chosen: President, Perry F. Powers, Cadillac; vice-president, T. E. Fairchild, Eaton Rapids; secretary, Fred Slocum, Caro; treasurer, H. H. Miller. The next meeting will be held in Saginaw, the date to be fixed by the executive committee.

The supreme court justices have allowed Reporter Fuller three clerks for one year at a salary of \$1000, under the new Peeler law. The reports, which are two years behind, will be published as soon as possible.

Roswell G. Hoyr of East Saginaw has been appointed United States consul to Valparaiso, South America. He will not accept the appointment.

J. T. Jackson, an insane convict in the Ionia house of correction, was killed by another convict named Olaf Algren, the other day. Algren was in charge of a keeper and out for exercise. He escaped from his keeper, and rushing into the kitchen grabbed a large carving knife and attacked Jackson, killing him instantly.

The John Hutchison manufacturing company of Jackson, manufacturers of mill machinery, after investigating the facilities offered by several cities, have decided to remain in Jackson.

William Curtis for half a century a resident of Ransom, Hillsdale county, is dead.

There was a very interesting contest in Kalamazoo July 5, for the presidency of the board of education, the candidates being Mrs. H. O. Hitchcock, Mrs. Madison Turner, Frank Henderson and H. E. Hoyt. The men won by 118 majority, the ladies polling 285 votes.

In August last Joseph McDonald, a mill owner and well known citizen of Akron, Tuscola county, mysteriously disappeared. The other day the skeleton of a man was discovered in a swamp a few miles from Akron. It was taken to Akron and fully identified as that of J. McDonald.

The war department has revoked the order directing Capt. James Chester of the Third Artillery to inspect the Orchard Lake military academy and the agricultural college.

J. J. Peacock of Corvina, J. W. Wise of Ypsilanti, B. Cogshall of Flint and G. E. Worden of Mason have been admitted to practice before the interior department.

Houghton is to have a newspaper printed in the Finnish language.

The Calumet & Hecla mine has purchased 5,000,000 feet of lumber for use in the mine the coming season.

Hon. Albert Wilcox of Adrian is dead, aged 81. He served as a member of the legislature in 1841.

A. L. Aldrich of Lansing died at Rarenna, Cal., a few days ago. The remains were brought to Lansing for interment.

The Farmer's Review says that Michigan stands lower in condition of corn crop than any other state.

Detroit Produce Market.

Wheat—No. 2 red 50 1/2c, No. 3 49 1/2c, No. 4 48 1/2c, No. 5 47 1/2c, No. 6 46 1/2c, No. 7 45 1/2c, No. 8 44 1/2c, No. 9 43 1/2c, No. 10 42 1/2c, No. 11 41 1/2c, No. 12 40 1/2c, No. 13 39 1/2c, No. 14 38 1/2c, No. 15 37 1/2c, No. 16 36 1/2c, No. 17 35 1/2c, No. 18 34 1/2c, No. 19 33 1/2c, No. 20 32 1/2c, No. 21 31 1/2c, No. 22 30 1/2c, No. 23 29 1/2c, No. 24 28 1/2c, No. 25 27 1/2c, No. 26 26 1/2c, No. 27 25 1/2c, No. 28 24 1/2c, No. 29 23 1/2c, No. 30 22 1/2c, No. 31 21 1/2c, No. 32 20 1/2c, No. 33 19 1/2c, No. 34 18 1/2c, No. 35 17 1/2c, No. 36 16 1/2c, No. 37 15 1/2c, No. 38 14 1/2c, No. 39 13 1/2c, No. 40 12 1/2c, No. 41 11 1/2c, No. 42 10 1/2c, No. 43 9 1/2c, No. 44 8 1/2c, No. 45 7 1/2c, No. 46 6 1/2c, No. 47 5 1/2c, No. 48 4 1/2c, No. 49 3 1/2c, No. 50 2 1/2c, No. 51 1 1/2c, No. 52 1/2c, No. 53 1/4c, No. 54 3/8c, No. 55 1/2c, No. 56 1/4c, No. 57 3/8c, No. 58 1/2c, No. 59 1/4c, No. 60 3/8c, No. 61 1/2c, No. 62 1/4c, No. 63 3/8c, No. 64 1/2c, No. 65 1/4c, No. 66 3/8c, No. 67 1/2c, No. 68 1/4c, No. 69 3/8c, No. 70 1/2c, No. 71 1/4c, No. 72 3/8c, No. 73 1/2c, No. 74 1/4c, No. 75 3/8c, No. 76 1/2c, No. 77 1/4c, No. 78 3/8c, No. 79 1/2c, No. 80 1/4c, No. 81 3/8c, No. 82 1/2c, No. 83 1/4c, No. 84 3/8c, No. 85 1/2c, No. 86 1/4c, No. 87 3/8c, No. 88 1/2c, No. 89 1/4c, No. 90 3/8c, No. 91 1/2c, No. 92 1/4c, No. 93 3/8c, No. 94 1/2c, No. 95 1/4c, No. 96 3/8c, No. 97 1/2c, No. 98 1/4c, No. 99 3/8c, No. 100 1/2c.

Apples—New southern, 40c per bu; bu, \$2.03 per bu; as per quality, fancy, \$2.03, very rare.

Butter—Best selections, in large lots, 11c; 3c; common and streaked, 8c; 10c; choice fresh creamery, 10c; 11c; oleomargarine, 10c; 11c.

Berries—Gooseberries, 4c; 5c; 6c; 7c; 8c; 9c; 10c; 11c; 12c; 13c; 14c; 15c; 16c; 17c; 18c; 19c; 20c; 21c; 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Beans—Dealers are offering \$1.65 to \$1.70 for hand-picked lots. Trade almost exclusively local.

Cheese—Full cream, 8c; 10c as per quality.

Cabbages—New, \$1.40 to \$1.50 per 2 bu crate.

Cherries—\$4.00 per stand for sour.

Currants—\$3.50 per stand.

Dressed Meats—Beef, 4c; 7c per bu; veal, 5c; 6c per bu; mutton, 5c; 6c—all in carcass lots.

Eggs—12c per doz; single crates, 13c.

Prices firm and regular.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$5.05 to \$5.25 per bu; roller process, \$4.75; Minnesota patent, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Minnesota bakers, \$3.50 to \$3.75; rye flour, \$3.25.

Hides—No 1 green, 4c per bu; No 2 do, 3c; No 3 do, 2c; No 4 do, 1c; No 5 do, 1c; No 6 do, 1c; No 7 do, 1c; No 8 do, 1c; No 9 do, 1c; No 10 do, 1c; No 11 do, 1c; No 12 do, 1c; No 13 do, 1c; No 14 do, 1c; No 15 do, 1c; No 16 do, 1c; No 17 do, 1c; No 18 do, 1c; No 19 do, 1c; No 20 do, 1c; No 21 do, 1c; No 22 do, 1c; No 23 do, 1c; No 24 do, 1c; No 25 do, 1c; No 26 do, 1c; No 27 do, 1c; No 28 do, 1c; No 29 do, 1c; No 30 do, 1c; No 31 do, 1c; No 32 do, 1c; No 33 do, 1c; No 34 do, 1c; No 35 do, 1c; No 36 do, 1c; No 37 do, 1c; No 38 do, 1c; No 39 do, 1c; No 40 do, 1c; No 41 do, 1c; No 42 do, 1c; No 43 do, 1c; No 44 do, 1c; No 45 do, 1c; No 46 do, 1c; No 47 do, 1c; No 48 do, 1c; No 49 do, 1c; No 50 do, 1c; No 51 do, 1c; No 52 do, 1c; No 53 do, 1c; No 54 do, 1c; No 55 do, 1c; No 56 do, 1c; No 57 do, 1c; No 58 do, 1c; No 59 do, 1c; No 60 do, 1c; No 61 do, 1c; No 62 do, 1c; No 63 do, 1c; No 64 do, 1c; No 65 do, 1c; No 66 do, 1c; No 67 do, 1c; No 68 do, 1c; No 69 do, 1c; No 70 do, 1c; No 71 do, 1c; No 72 do, 1c; No 73 do, 1c; No 74 do, 1c; No 75 do, 1c; No 76 do, 1c; No 77 do, 1c; No 78 do, 1c; No 79 do, 1c; No 80 do, 1c; No 81 do, 1c; No 82 do, 1c; No 83 do, 1c; No 84 do, 1c; No 85 do, 1c; No 86 do, 1c; No 87 do, 1c; No 88 do, 1c; No 89 do, 1c; No 90 do, 1c; No 91 do, 1c; No 92 do, 1c; No 93 do, 1c; No 94 do, 1c; No 95 do, 1c; No 96 do, 1c; No 97 do, 1c; No 98 do, 1c; No 99 do, 1c; No 100 do, 1c.

Hay—In car lots, Timothy, No 1, \$11 to \$12 per ton; No 2 do, \$10 to \$11; clover, \$10 to \$11; straw, \$4 to \$5; No 1 hay, loose pressed, \$11; in wagon lots, \$10 to \$11; straw, loose pressed, \$2 to \$3; in wagon lots, \$2 to \$3.

Onions—Southern, \$1 per bu.

Provisions—Mess pork, \$12 to \$13 per bu; lard, \$12 to \$13 per bu; tallow, \$12 to \$13 per bu; beef, \$12 to \$13 per bu; mutton, \$12 to \$13 per bu; veal, \$12 to \$13 per bu; chicken, \$12 to \$13 per bu; turkey, \$12 to \$13 per bu; duck, \$12 to \$13 per bu; geese, \$12 to \$13 per bu; swine, \$12 to \$13 per bu; fish, \$12 to \$13 per bu; fruit, \$12 to \$13 per bu; vegetables, \$12 to \$13 per bu; other provisions, \$12 to \$13 per bu.

Shoulders, 7c; 8c; 9c; 10c; 11c; 12c; 13c; 14c; 15c; 16c; 17c; 18c; 19c; 20c; 21c; 22c; 23c; 24c; 25c; 26c; 27c; 28c; 29c; 30c; 31c; 32c; 33c; 34c; 35c; 36c; 37c; 38c; 39c; 40c; 41c; 42c; 43c; 44c; 45c; 46c; 47c; 48c; 49c; 50c; 51c; 52c; 53c; 54c; 55c; 56c; 57c; 58c; 59c; 60c; 61c; 62c; 63c; 64c; 65c; 66c; 67c; 68c; 69c; 70c; 71c; 72c; 73c; 74c; 75c; 76c; 77c; 78c; 79c; 80c; 81c; 82c; 83c; 84c; 85c; 86c; 87c; 88c; 89c; 90c; 91c; 92c; 93c; 94c; 95c; 96c; 97c; 98c; 99c; 100c.

Potatoes—Ohio, \$1.20 to \$1.25; Tennessee, \$1.50.

Poultry—Live, old roosters, 7c; fowls, 8c; 9c; ducks, old 7c; young 8c; 9c; turkeys, 8c; pigeons, 20c per pair; spring chickens, 12c to 13c per lb.

Peaches—7c to 8c per peck box, \$3.10 per bushel; Crawford, \$3.25 to \$3.50 per 6-bushel crate.

Pumpkins—\$2 to \$3 per 24 qt case, \$5 per stand.

Tomatoes—6c to 7c per peck box.

Tallow—Best grades 3c per lb.

Wool—Fine washed fleeces, 2c per lb; coarse do 1c; medium 3c.

Watermelons—4c to 5c per 100.

Lyo Stock.

Hogs—Market active. Light, \$4.35 to \$4.60; rough packing, \$3.20 to \$4.25; mixed, \$4.20 to \$4.45; heavy packing and shipping, \$4.30 to \$4.45. Cattle—Market steady to strong. Beef, \$3.50 to \$4.35; cows, 1.75 to \$3.25; stockers and feeders, \$2.10 to \$3.40; Texas steers, \$2.75 to \$4.00. Sheep—Market stronger; natives, \$3.50 to \$4.10; Texans, \$3.25 to \$4.10.

NEWS SUMMARY.

RIOT AT DULUTH.

Three Men Killed and Several Others Wounded.

The labor men's strike which has been in progress at Duluth, Minn., for several days, culminated on the afternoon of July 6 in a bloody war between the strikers and police officers. Thirty determined policemen were pitted against 2,000 desperate strikers armed with pistols, stones and clubs, and the blue coats gained a signal, but bloody victory. Four thousand men were employed on the street and sewer improvements at \$1.50 per day till the 2nd inst., when 1,500 struck for an advance of 25 cents per day. The contractors refused to accede to the demands and the strikers have since assembled daily and marched through the city, trying to intimidate other laborers to join them. There were many recruits each day and the mob finally increased to between 2,500 and 3,000. There had been ugly rumors of the determined attitude of the strikers all day, and preparations had been made by the police department for any emergency. All day long men had been at work on the Fifth street sewer, but about three o'clock the strikers compelled them to desist. On the east end sewer in the morning a crew of men were busy at work. The crowd of strikers came. Before they were near the laborers who were at work saw them coming and hid. The strikers passed and the men returned to work. At 3:30 o'clock the crowd of strikers had reached Third street and Tenth avenue was widened. The shade of the trees and the known determination of the police at Garfield avenue 8-sided them to wait.

About 4:30 o'clock the mob, headed by a number of hot blooded men, rallied and started back for the sewer trench. They were infuriated by the presence of the police and their calm control of the situation. Half an hour later they made a rush for the cordon of police. The police drew their clubs and revolvers. Seeing quickly that there was no use to bother with clubs they fired into the angry mob, who also carried clubs, pistols and stones. A volley, and one striker lay dead, while seven more were wounded, some of them seriously. One policeman was shot in return through the jaw. At the time of writing this three men are dead and two or three more wounded. The firing ceased soon after 5, and about half an hour later Company K of the state troops arrived. They had been prepared for rioting, and when the first alarm came the men were speedily loaded into buses and sent to the scene of the bloodshed. On their arrival a bayonet charge was quickly ordered and the rioters were driven back. The mayor then made a speech, ordering the crowd to disperse, after which the militia once more advanced and drove the men in every direction. By evening the crowd had dispersed almost entirely and quiet prevailed. Several of the ringleaders have been arrested.

THE GREENBACKERS.

A Call Issued for the Reorganization of the Party.

Mr. Geo. O. Jones, chairman of the national greenback party, has issued an invitation requesting all persons who desire to aid in reorganizing the national greenback party to meet in their respective states and congressional districts on or before Sept. 1 next and appoint one delegate and one alternate to attend the national greenback convention called to meet at Cincinnati on September 8 next. The invitation is extended to those who favor a distinct American policy regarding its finances, who believe that full, legal tender notes, greenbacks, issued by the government for value received in promoting the general welfare, constitute the money which marks our advancing civilization, make the best money the world ever saw and should become the permanent circulating medium of the American people, the life of whose free government they saved, and that a party bearing their name should be perpetuated to keep these great truths constantly before the people, those who believe with the prophet of old that "money answereth all things," and that no other reform can be wisely considered, nor honestly determined until the great economic wrongs brought about by bad legislation have been corrected and the money question forever settled in the interest of the whole people, and who are willing to act in accordance with the spirit of the resolution passed by the constitutional congress in 1875, viz: Not to eat, drink, wear nor use anything manufactured in

IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

In one of England's sweetest spots,
A little old gray church I found;
Around it lies—dear restful ground—
God's garden with its sacred plots.
With myriad arms the ivy holds
Its time-worn walls in close embrace,
So memory sometimes keeps a face
Half veiled in tender misty folds.
With sleepy twitter and with song
The tower, bird-hunted, is alive;
In leafy seats they dip and dive,
Those tiny warblers all day long.
Like sentinels grown hard with age,
The crumbling headstones guard the graves.
That softly swell—green voiceless waves,
That will not break though tempests rage.
"Concerning them that are asleep"
In this sweet hamlet of the dead,
In broken sentences I read
They record those old tablets keep.
Each to its tale, for death not Grief
A voice whose echoes never die;
Across the ages, Raphael's cry,
Still rings o'er some God-garmented sheet.
Mine eyes, never practical of tears,
Did fill with such a seemed to rise
And down the glory of the skies
O'er those who'd slept two hundred years
—Chambers' Journal.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE
FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEONARD.

CHAPTER VII. WRONGED.

IN the mill house the old Norman woman, Mere Lecoux, sat alone, and watched in vain for the return of the son she loved, or the fair girlish form that had been wont to fit to and fro through the old dusky chambers and the quiet orchard paths.
For her, life had always been a monotonous, uneventful thing; colored by no romance, and disturbed by no storm; a routine of labor made up of simple homely cares—sowing, darning, spinning; a day's work in the cornfields at harvest time; a weekly journey to the market-place; a thrifty care of her household; a watchful head of the fruits, and fowls, and eggs, and vegetables that went to be sold in the neighboring town in their respective seasons. Her son had been very dear to her, as all only children, and especially only sons, are to their mothers. When he was fourteen his father died, and from that day he had been to the little brown-faced woman as her sole earthly idol—her one treasure. All her care and thought were for him. In her sight he could do no wrong; his life had been pure, simple, unchangeable as her own, and now—

Ah! now she could only sit in the chimney-corner spinning her flax, and telling her beads, and listening eagerly and untiringly for the firm bold tread she loved so well, and which never came.

A little olive-skinned woman of seventy years, with a wrinkled face and a high, winged cap, and restless eyes that ever and always glanced in the open door, as if in search of something they never saw. What was she to any one? But in her there was a fidelity that never wavered; and honesty that never faltered with wrong, but scorned it for the thing it was; and a curious, far-seeing judgment that had shamed and silenced Rose Michel's slanderous tongue when she sought her with the gossip of the village fresh on her lips.

"Listen," she said. "I am an old woman, and not over wise, so they say; but I know this, the girl loved Pierre as well as he loved her—I know it. She has in no way wronged him. He at my son—my son! I love him better than anything else; so did she. Could I do aught that would pain him, think you? No! Well, and she could not either. Some evil has come between them. He is so good, and she—she loved him. Some day it will come right. The young, you see, are not over-patient; it is only the old who know how to wait." And then she spun on again, and would listen to no more; and Rose Michel and other gossips sunk away from her presence, abashed by a faith they could not shake, and aware they could not follow.

But evil things were told and believed of the girl-wife who had fled from her husband's home and driven him out to the warfare that was devastating the land, and leaving hearth and home in every quiet village, as well as in every quiet town.

The story of Rose Michel last nothing by repetition. It was sweet to the gossips who had hated Ninette for her radiant beauty and her graceful girlish ways. It was received by old and young alike with an avidity only second to an entire belief in its truth; and had Ninette appeared in her old home there would not have been one friendly voice to give her welcome—one face to smile on her again.

But she never came.
How, or why, or where she had fled, none knew, though rumor invented a hundred different tales on the subject, each equally removed from the truth. Meanwhile, Pierre Leroux lay ill and helpless in the hospital ward at Metz, and the old, simple-minded, faithful woman ordered the household and at-

tended to his mill and his crops as best she could, and again on untiringly in her nook in the deserted kitchen, waiting always for a step that never came—for a voice that never greeted her.

It was well that she did not know that he was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Had she done so she would have run all risks, and with her bundle slung across her back and her wooden shoes on her feet, have tramped untiringly through the country far and wide, until she reached his side, there to tend and nurse him back to health. But of his fate she was in total ignorance, for scant news ever reached that quiet little village, and though terrible events were happening and the fate of a whole nation was at issue, they spun and hoed and reaped their harvests and imagined every soldier, son and lover a hero, and looked for his triumphant return with the rising of every sun that ushered in a new day's birth.

The whole town of Berlin was on fete. News of a great victory had been telegraphed. The fate of the war seemed to have declared itself in favor of the Fatherland. Illuminations and rejoicings made the city gay and festive, as it had not long been. Bursts of music sounded ever on the ear. The "Wacht am Rhein" and "Nun danket alle Gott" arose loud and clear in thanksgiving strains for the victory that had been so prodigal of great and glorious results.

In a small room in one of the quietest streets a girl was sitting, crouched by the stove with her hands clasped tight over her ears, as if to shut out the triumphant riot of the populace without—the deafening clash of ringing bells and beat of drums, and glad, gay strains of music which filled the autumn night. The door opened suddenly, and a man entered—his step light, his face radiant.

"What, Ninette, moping there and all the city so gay?" he exclaimed. "Now put on your cloak and come out with me. It is a sight to do one's heart good—it will cheer you to see some fun for once." The girl raised her drooping head and looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You can see it, and be so glad?" she asked him as if in wonder. "Well, I have not yet learned to forget that French blood runs in my veins—that it is the death of my countrymen this victory celebrates."

"Pooh! you ought to have forgotten all that by this time," he laughed carelessly; "what is the use of lamenting over such things? France has had her day—I knew it and—"

"Dearest her cause when she most needed all her sons," the girl interrupted with quiet scorn.

His face glowed with sudden anger. "It is not for you to fault me with that," he said fiercely; "have you forgotten—"

"I forget nothing," she said wearily. "I wish I could. If I had your memory I might also have your capability of enjoyment. At present I have neither." "You are surely not foolish enough to regret already?" he questioned with growing impatience. "Heavens! what do women want? I took you from the dismal hole where you were buried alive. At infinite risk I reached the Prussian frontier, made use of the opportunities I discovered, and the information I was able to beslow, and now here we are, settled in peace and comfort and safety. You are in a far better position than ever you could have been as the wife of a Norman miller, and yet—"

"And yet repent and regret! Is not that what you were about to say?"

"It is. What the deuce you want I cannot imagine."

"I suppose not. I should think the day when you can understand my feelings or realize that treachery and safety are not synonymous terms in my mind, must be very far away, indeed."

"Where do you pick up your fine speeches?" he sneered. "Did that giant-limbed hero whom you fooled so prettily bestow some of his learning upon you? You are an apt pupil, I must say."

"I thought his name was not to be mentioned between us," she cried, fiercely.

He laughed.

"If you keep to your part of the bargain, my pretty one, I will do the same."

She rose to her feet and faced him with a certain proud disdain that was altogether new to her.

"If you would only enjoy yourself in your own way and leave me in peace!" she cried.

"Can you not understand that my way of enjoyment must necessarily be yours also—now?"

She was silent.

For a moment he surveyed her, half-proudly, half-compassionately, as she stood there before him with downcast eyes and the dim light of the lamp shed on her bright soft hair, which was no longer hidden by the peasant's cap of old.

"You might be happy enough if you choose," he resumed, seeing she still remained speechless. "Bad as times are I can still make enough to keep

you as a lady—you have all the grace and airs of one, the part is easy to play. Now, will you be reasonable for once? I never yet have tried to force your inclinations—that you must allow. Remain here and receive my friends to-night. Our relationship need not be known unless you choose. Say you are my niece, sister, cousin—what you will. Are you willing?"

"For what purpose?" she asked him suddenly.

"For no harm you may be sure. It is so dull, so foolish, the life you lead—moping there in your chamber yonder, growing pale, thin, melancholy, and all for what? A dream, a shadow—a thing without substance. I confess I cannot understand you."

"I suppose not."

"A thousand regrets will not undo the past," he continued mercilessly. "You do not suppose you could ever go back to him now?" She flushed from chin to brow at the words. Even though she knew their truth, she hated him for uttering them.

"I know it."

"You were more sinned against than sinning," he resumed, more gently. "That I acknowledge. I drew you into my net, and now, say or do what you choose, you cannot break from its entanglements or go back to the old life again. It is too late to alter anything—what is done is done."

"Tell me what you want," she cried passionately, "and leave me."

"That is not polite, Ninette. For two months past I have been trying to train you to gentler speech and quieter manners. Have you profited no better by my lessons than this?"

"She turned away in silence. "Stay," he cried, "perhaps I have annoyed you, troubled you. Be friends once more. Promise to come down to-night."

"I wonder you stoop to entreat what you know you can enforce," she said listlessly. "If you desire it I must obey."

"That is well," he said, with a smile of relief. "I would rather not insist, it is so much pleasanter for both to see you yield to persuasion than to force. And, Ninette, stay yet a moment. Put on that white gown I gave you and those bands of dead gold; it suits your style. And if for once you would try to look more cheerful and less like a victim about to be sacrificed, I should feel grateful for the effort."

"Have you any more orders?"

"Dear child—not orders? Pray, do not miscall my hints thus. Merely directions for your guidance. Surely a father is privileged to give them to his child."

"Most certainly," she said, with a smile whose listlessness and pain gave neither brightness nor relief to her young sad face. "Only it is not always easy to remember that you are my father."

"I have been neglectful, that is true but I will make amends for all now. My only and unceasing regret is that I did not come in time to prevent your marriage with that Norman lout. To think that I who have some of the best blood of France in my veins should be allied to a mere son of the soil. Bah! it is monstrous."

"I should not advise you to boast of your French blood over-much," the girl said, with bitter scorn. "At least the son of the soil whom you despise so much has not forfeited honor, esteem, respect, as you have done."

Not all the gold of the universe would have tempted him to betray his country.

"If his country had behaved as badly to him as it did to me, I think he would have needed little temptation to act in the same manner," was the angry retort. "And a mere stroke of diplomacy, Ninette, does not deserve so harsh a title."

"My peasant education is likely to blame in that I see only one face to the matter," she answered, with deep contempt. "I cannot understand subtleties. To me deceit is deceit, betrayal is betrayal. If those plans of yours which I accidentally discovered—"

"Will you be silent, girl?" he thundered with wrath in his face and voice. She smiled bitterly.

"You have a weak point too, then. Well, be more sparing in the future of mine."

Two hours after a very different scene was being enacted in the same room. A group of men of all ages were seated round a card-table, playing with the zest and eagerness of habitual gamblers. Standing behind the chair of her host, her loveliness heightened by the difference of dress, her face flushed with the excitement of the scene before her, was Ninette.

Many of the group played less skillfully and cautiously than was their wont, distracted by the wonderful beauty of the girl, by her departures, her cool disdain, her utter disregard of the admiration she excited. From time to time she served them with wines at a signal from her father, and the more they drank the wilder grew the play, the greater the vivacity and abandon of the players. A greater license, a steeper tendency to equivoques and jest crept into the conversation which showed a scant respect for either the host or his daughter; but the one played on, smiling serenely

and jested gayly, and the other scarce noticed or understood the allusions and innuendoes which grew bolder and more plentiful as the night drew on. Two hours passed rapidly by, leaving their host the winner of heavy sums. He played very skillfully, with the proficiency of one accustomed to control chance by rules and trained skill, and yet with the outward listlessness of a professional gamester. His stakes were the largest of any; his luck the most remarkable, and when at last they rose from the table a certain general of the Prussian Guards congratulated him a trifle maliciously on the fact.

He shook his head with a deprecating smile. "Fortune is mine to-day—she will be yours to-morrow," he said. "Will you take your revenge then?" "Assuredly," said the colonel. "Meanwhile if you, Hebe will favor me with some more of that iced Mosele—I will not decline it. Play is hot work and this room is none of the coolest."

"Ninette," called her father. "Nay, do not trouble her," pleaded the colonel. "I will help myself." And ere the girl could ascertain her father's wishes, he was bending to her with the courtesy and flattery of a gentleman, and whispering words that brought the color to her cheeks in a sudden hot flame of wrath and wonder.

Such language was altogether strange to her, but she disliked it none the less. Her eyes glanced restlessly from face to face—in all she read the bold, fierce, lawless admiration that is at once an insult and a terror to a young and innocent woman. She left them and crossed rapidly over to her father's side.

"This is no place for me," she said, in cold, steady tones, that gave no sign of the shame and anger in her bosom.

"Attend to your guests yourself, until they learn to treat a woman with some courtesy and respect." And with no leave-taking—without even so much as a bow of farewell—she passed from the room.

Then men looked at each other in surprise, then laughed aloud. "Your wild bird needs taming, Monsieur Monprat," said one.

"Is she scared in reality, or is it only a little bit of acting, got up for effect, and certain of leaving an impression behind—if only for its novelty?" asked another.

"Doubtless she is as sorry to go as we are to lose her," chimed in a third; "but she knows the true art of her sex's business—never to give too much of their company. To regret is a thousand times better than to be bored."

"My daughter is not accustomed to society, gentlemen," interposed the voice of Leon Monprat. "That fact must plead her excuse."

"No use to tell us that, my good friend," was the supercilious rejoinder. "The fact is self-evident. What made you introduce her here to-night?"

"It was her own desire, but she is shy and unused to compliment and bandinage. I fear you alarmed her."

"She looked quite fierce," laughed the officer. "You must teach her better manners for the future. A beautiful woman is all very well, but when she shows the lion's claws, that is a different matter altogether."

Leon Monprat bit his lip, and an angry frown shadowed his brow. Greatly as he had wronged this girl, he yet pitied, and in his own fashion, loved her; and he did not care that her name should be thus lightly and coarsely spoken of by such men, to whom a woman's reputation was a thistle-ball with which the wind sports on a summer's day. With the skill of one well accustomed to fence with the weapon of speech, he turned off the conversation to other topics, and shortly after his guests all left, the colonel alone pausing at the door to say, meaningly:

"Let your beautiful fury appear again to-morrow, friend Leon—she interests me."

Leon Monprat smiled and promised, but when he was alone his face grew dark with passion.

"Interests him, does she?" he muttered between his teeth; "so much the worse for him. If she will play her cards as I wish the game is won. But will she?"

The question remained unanswered, for even in his own mind he knew there were deeds to which he could not bend and threats with which he could not intimidate her. There had been times when, even as he had tortured, he had feared her, and remembering how his treachery had tainted her whole life with its poison, he half pitied her for the fate his own selfishness had wrought out.

He stood there long debating in his own mind the possibility of carrying out a plan he had formed.

"She has loved," he thought, "and fear she does not know. Is there any passion on whose weakness I can play?"

And with the baseness of that thought there came no pity, for selfishness and cowardice ruled this man as with a rod of iron. Yet in his inmost heart he half envied her that virtue of fearlessness which he had never had, and never could possess.

TO BE CONTINUED.

About Gossip.

There is not as much silence in this country as there should be. The speech crop, so to speak, is entirely too large. The female sex controls most of the speech crop, or rather the speech crop controls the female sex.

The entire human family is much addicted to a superfluity of words. The early-closing movement will probably never be applied to the mouths of the children of men. In fact, the human mouth is very much over-worked. A man's mouth is made to talk and eat, yet he often hurts himself dreadfully by talking, and kills himself by eating.

The "unruly member" has been the cause of the largest part of all the sorrows, the quarrels and the wars that have ever afflicted mankind. Everyone, it is said, has a mission, but it seems to be the mission of very few people to mind their own business.

Gossip is the business of the feeble-minded, and it entangles any mind it captivates. Gossip, and particularly society gossip, is poor devil. It is only chin-deep. It is, perhaps, not so hard for gossip people to mind their own business, but it is the monotony which they cannot stand. You can get more wind out of a ten-cent fan than you can from a \$500 one, and it is the same way with a ten-cent man.

If the proverbs of all nations are to be relied on, it is the female sex that does most of the gossiping. The Persians, for instance, say that ten measures of talk were sent down upon earth, and the women took nine. Another saying is to the effect that the woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a last reply.

Very few women can say with the governess, who advertised for a position, that she is perfect mistress of her own tongue. In Zanzibar the women bore their ears dreadfully. In this country it is somewhat different, for they bore other people's ears, principally—Texas Sifters.

Timber Thieves and Public Lands.

The American Forestry congress, undismayed by past failures, is moving vigorously forward in the good work of preserving our forests not only from needless destruction but also from the ravages of the timber thieves who have been allowed to plunder the public domain for years with impunity through the criminal indifference of congress and its failure to protect the forests by suitable legislation. It will be remembered that the last congress was besieged by this association with appeals and protests and with memorials setting forth the nature and extent of the depredations of the timber thieves, but no action was taken. Now the association has gone straight

to headquarters and laid a memorial before President Harrison. It is a significant document and ought to command prompt attention. It shows that millions of acres have literally been given away to individuals and corporations who have enriched themselves by cutting off the timber and leaving the land worthless; that the timber thieves have been open and defiant in their operations, particularly in the redwood region of California; and that since 1880 the value of the public timber stolen outright amounts to \$36,719,935, of which the government has only recovered \$478,073.—Chicago Tribune.

Uses for Bibles.

In many parts of China the bibles given to the natives by missionaries are used in the manufacture of cheap boot soles—which are not the kind of souls the bible is intended to benefit. But the heathen in his blindness doesn't know any better. Now, in America it is different. In many parts of this country bibles are used for pressing ferns and autumn leaves, and are frequently placed on a child's chair to elevate the little one.—Norristown Herald.

You Can't Get to Europe Now.

New York Sun: If you haven't bought your ticket you can't go to Europe this season before midsummer. The transportation facilities are greater than ever before, but the craze for European travel beats anything ever known. The same story is told at all the steamship offices. A few berths will be surrendered by persons whose plans miscarry, but practically all the lines are booked to their full capacity up to the middle of July. If the great fleet which will sail eastward from this port in June could be doubled in number and capacity every boat would carry its full complement of passengers. The rush lasts from the middle of May until about July 10. Then it suddenly stops and sets in in the opposite direction about two weeks later. All the accommodations on the favorite boats are engaged for the return trips between the middle of August and the middle of October.

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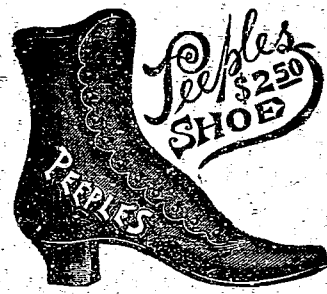
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