

is better than at any previous time. The college has received gifts amounting to about fifty thousand dollars during the past year."

the books is 25 per cent larger than the first day last year. A large per cent of those enrolled so far are new students, as the old students, who have room secured and have no entrance examinations to undergo, will arrive later. The prospects for the year just opened

Since Rev. J. C. Baker, Baptist minister, withdrew from his charge here, the pulpit has been without any regular occupant, being occasionally filled

5. Should the state supply free education for all pupils through a university course?

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

any circumstances = 0

SOUTH 133, 9:25 a. m., 2:45, 8:58 p. m.

Judicial Chancery Office Marquette Mich.

E. N. POOT, DENTAL PARLORS Opposite
the R. R. block on Center street. Al-
ways guaranteed and prices reasonable.

C. L. THEOPHYLOU, Jr., Auctioneer, HAWAII

and considerable experience as an auctioneer I offer my services as such. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Address me at North 116 Mich or arrangements can be made at the Express office.

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J. B. HOAR DENTAL PARLORS OVER T. C.
Richardson's store on Main St., Northville.
Satisfactions guaranteed on all kinds of Dental
work. Teeth extracted without pain by use of vi-
brated air.

SEVERAL HOUSES AND LOTS for sale or rent
in Norville Inquire of E. S. Woodman
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P. M. CAMPBELL VETERINARY SURGEON
 glen and dentist Honorary graduate of
 Ontario Veterinary college Office at Macomber's
 North York, Ontario Horses examined as to soundness and
 condition of teeth

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attent on to conveyancing and drawing o

SOCIETIES.

G. A. R. ALLEN V. HARMON POST, NO. 71
G. A. R. Department of Michigan meet
every Alt. to Friday Visitor-made welcome
E. K. - Mingo - Com J. K. Lowry Ad. Lt

CHORIST FRIENDS - Union Council No. 5, me
in Chorist Friends hall the second and fourth
Tuesday evening of each month at 7.30 o'clock
B G WEST R. C W H ANDLER Sec'y

KNIGHTS OF THE PHILAS meet every Thur
day nig 1 their Castle Hall in Ambler
Tun. 1 lodge opens at 8 o'clock sharp

(PURCHASES.

Baptist House of Service on Sunday at 10 30
am 11 17 30 p. m. Sunday School at close of the
morning service Prayer meeting every Thurs-
day eve 11 17 30 Strangers are invited
Young People's Meeting meets every Tuesday
evening 11 17 30 o'clock

Presbytery Sanday Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 12 a.m. Prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. A

Young People's Society meets every Tuesday evening 7:30 P. M.

REV. W. T. JACQUES, Pastor

Meets - Episcopal Hours of Service 10:30
and - Sunday School immediately
to mor - after E R Deal Supr Pray
meeting - Friday evening at 7:30 C.S.
at 6:30 p.m. and Tuesday
at 8:30 p.m. - All are invited to all services
W & W HEDSON Pastor

LOOSE RED CLOVER PIL
BENEDY.

is a pos-
dis-se
cerbate
53c. F.

Abstract

I have been a sufferer for the last five years from rheumatism across the shoulders, and by using your fluid extract red clover, am entirely relieved. I believe it has driven it from my system and won't be a weather barometer any longer. Yours truly,
Barraboo, Chicago. E. D. Dwyer

Latimer, William, 1892-1901

THE STATE.

Our State Finances.

The annual report of the state treasurer for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, has been issued and embodies the following figures:

Balance on hand, June 30, 1898.	\$1,188,567 70
Receipts for fiscal year.	3,064,551 48
Total.	\$4,253,119 18
Payments for fiscal year.	3,124,229 99

Balance in treasury, June 30, '99, \$1,110,189 19. The following statement from the general and auxiliary ledgers gives the condition of the several trust funds, sinking fund, bond account, etc.

Credit.
General fund. \$358,637 69
Agricultural college interest fund. 10,513 42
Normal school interest fund. 1,045 32
Primary school interest fund. 142,805 17
University interest fund. 11,999 97
Sundry deposits account. 5,118 97
War fund. 87 89
St. Mary's canal fund. 68,927 12
Two million loan sinking fund. 17,461 23
War bounty loan bond account. 229,000 00

Debit.
Sinking fund. \$229,000 00
Cash on hand. 1,110,189 19
Total. \$1,345,189 19

BONDED DEBT.

The outstanding bonds of this state now are:
Past due, part paid, \$5,000,000 loan bonds, \$16,000, adjustable at \$55 57 per \$1,000 (not bearing interest). \$10,992 83
War bounty loan bonds, 7 per cent, due in 1890. 229,000 00

TRUST FUND DEBT.

The trust fund debt, composed of balances upon which the state, as trustee, pays interest for educational purposes, now is:
Agricultural college fund. \$357,619 20
Normal school fund. 68,660 63
Primary school fund (7 per cent) \$3,526,001 63
Primary school fund (5 per cent) 793,353 42
University fund. 513,250 12
Aggregate balance of trust fund. \$5,253,920 04

Bold Robbery at Muskegon.

Grove W. Griffin, who keeps a grocery across the street from the county jail in Muskegon, was counting his cash and preparing to go home the other night, when a stranger entered the door, and presenting a revolver to Griffin's face, ordered him to stand and deliver. Griffin started to go round the counter to give the money to the robber, but the villain, thinking Griffin was preparing to resist, immediately fired his revolver at him, the ball passing through Griffin's wrist and pouring a furrow in his neck, where it lodged back of the collar. Griffin retained self control enough to hand the highwayman his purse containing \$10, and the latter at once left the store and disappeared.

Going to his home, a block away, as fast as he could, Griffin gave the alarm and a physician was summoned and the police notified. The wounded man bled profusely, but his physician says the wound while serious, is not necessarily fatal. He was unable to find the ball.

Griffin associates his assailant with a man who had entered his store in a drunken condition a few days before and had made such trouble that Griffin had him arrested. This fellow, who lives at Buffalo, about four miles down the lake, declared he would get even with Griffin and "fix" him as soon as he got a chance. The description of the highwayman, as distinctly given by Griffin, tallies so close with the Buffalo man, whose name is Henry Williams, that the police went down the lake and arrested him.

Weekly Crop Report.

The Michigan weather crop bulletin for week ending Sept. 21 says: "The weather conditions of the past week have been favorable to all crops, and the rainfall has been very beneficial to new sown wheat, but there is needed a good soaking rain to make the wheat come up evenly. The wheat sowing is progressing rapidly, although some farmers are waiting for more rain before they sow. Corn cutting is progressing steadily, and with one more week of favorable weather the crop will be secured beyond the reach of the frost. Potatoes are ripe and in fair condition. Buckwheat is now mostly cut. Pastures have been greatly improved during the past week by the many local rains that have occurred in the different portions of the state. Observers are requested to make special report on the corn crop for the next report as to whether it is now beyond the effects of unfavorable weather conditions, and to what extent cutting has progressed."

Tried to Kill His Wife.

Richard Bilkey, over 50 years of age, is in jail at Ishpeming for an attempt to murder his wife. The pair were married in England thirty years ago. They engaged and Bilkey came to Ishpeming, leaving the wife behind. Several years after she joined him, but the pair again disagreed and have lived together but little. A few days ago Bilkey returned from Montana, where he had been two years. His first night at home was marked by a row, in which Bilkey broke some furniture. He was arrested, but promised to leave the city and was released. He went to his house and on entering drew a big revolver and aimed it at his wife. Her son, a young man of 22, grasped him about the body and deflected the arm holding the pistol so that the two shots he fired missed. Bilkey was disarmed and jailed.

WOLVERINE ITEMS.

Jessie A. Loomis, for 15 years a teacher in the public schools of East Saginaw, has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., to be married to Cromwell Galtun, formerly of Saginaw. Mr. Hess of Homer has a team which ran away several weeks ago, killing his little daughter. A few days ago the same team ran away, seriously injuring his three other children.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Heath of Clarendon recently celebrated the 75th anniversary of their wedding. They have five children, 11 grandchildren and one great grandchild, and there has never been a death in the family.

Gracie McGlinch, aged 2 years, daughter of John McGlinch of West Bay City, and Claude Agans, aged five, were playing near the house the other day when a coil of wire, weighing about 500 pounds, fell upon them. Gracie's leg was broken and she was injured internally. The boy was badly bruised.

C. L. Judd of Clifton Springs, N. Y., who has been visiting friends in East Saginaw, committed suicide a few days ago. The remains were taken to Clifton Springs.

The battle of Chippewa took place Sept. 19, 1845, and it may not be uninteresting to know that the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-second Michigan Infantry regiments, the Second and Fourth cavalry and batteries A and D of the First artillery of this state, took part in the same battle and many a Michigan man laid down his life there.

The planning mill office and a large amount of lumber and finished stock belonging to the Charlevoix manufacturing company were destroyed by fire the other night. Loss, \$5,000.

Wm. Crosby, for the last two years executive clerk in the Governor's office and secretary of the pardon board, has resigned both positions and will succeed Editor Bontecou of the Petoskey Record as deputy oil inspector of the Petoskey district.

Geo. H. Fairbanks of Adrian would be glad to learn the whereabouts of his son, who disappeared about three weeks ago, and whom he traced to Tiffin, Ohio. It is claimed that a young man named Smith coaxed the boy from school. He is 18, small of his age, dark hair, black eyes and has a small scar on his cheek.

The Union National bank of Muskegon has been authorized to begin business with a capital of \$500,000.

Mary Waldron of Jackson, aged 43 years, was found dead in bed the other day after lying so for 12 hours. It was supposed she slept, as she was in the habit of sleeping three days at a time. It is supposed heart disease was the cause of death.

The 70-year-old father of Prof. Anderson of the Agricultural college is suffering from paralysis, and the other forenoon wandered away from the college. Parties searched for him all night, and the next day the exercises were suspended and nearly all the students joined in the search. In the afternoon of the second day Mr. Anderson was found near the Looking glass River, 13 miles from Lansing. He suffered severely from exposure during the night.

A Hungarian named Krack fell down the main shaft of the Ludington mine at Iron Mountain, 400 feet the other day, and was crushed to a pulp.

Mrs. Katherine Clement died in Grand Rapids, county, a few days ago, aged 95. She came to Lenawee county 50 years ago, and has lived in Grand Rapids 47 years.

Jesse P. Baker, an old resident of Ashtabula, 10 miles from Battle Creek, was found dead in bed the other morning.

The President has appointed Frederick G. Warren postmaster of Charlotte.

The Michigan brewers' association held its fourth annual convention in Detroit on the 14th inst. The following officers were elected: President, E. W. Wright, Detroit; first vice president, C. J. Parrell, Detroit; second vice president, J. Knapp, Grand Rapids; secretary, F. W. Brede, Detroit; trustees, J. Stroop, Detroit, Jacob Fisher, Adrian, and C. F. Kusterer, Grand Rapids.

St. Mary's hospital association of West Saginaw will erect a new hospital building to cost \$100,000.

The McGraw tract of pine land on Dead river, eight miles from Ishpeming, will be cut by the Michigan lumber company, who are now erecting ware houses and offices at Ishpeming. The mill they expect to erect at Dead river will have an annual capacity of 5,000,000 feet.

Thos. Faulkner, one of the oldest engineers in the employ of the Michigan Central, died in Marshall a few days ago.

Michigan farms exceed \$71,000,000 in value, live stock, \$70,000,000, annual farm production, \$5,000,000, farm implements, \$22,000,000. The state has 110,000 farms, 55 per cent of them cultivated, by the owners, who pay annually for farm labor \$14,000,000.

Wisconsin authorities have notified Gov. Luce of the existence of a "den" in the Republic, and ask him to look after the matter.

August Hatzel, a resident of Ann Arbor for 65 years, is dead.

Archibald McWilliams, a farmer living near Decatur, was fatally injured by falling from a tree the other day.

Snow fell at Iron Mountain on the 18th inst.

William Parker, a brakeman, in attempting to couple an engine to a log car, near Alpena, was pinched between the car and engine and so badly injured that he died an hour later.

A valuable horse and buggy, owned by Charles Parker of Richland, were stolen from the street in Kalamazoo the other evening.

Andrew McCann has been sentenced to 30 days in jail at Ishpeming, for shooting a passenger car full of holes in his efforts to murder a conductor on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic coast.

The attendance at Hope college, Holland, is the largest this fall it has ever been.

John Link and Fred Lawler of Wright, Ottawa county, have been arrested for sucking a pitchfork into John Vanderveer.

Prof. Kedzie, the chemist of the Agricultural college, says the Western Reserve Fertilizer is powdered furnace cinders mixed with a little common salt, and as a fertilizer worth about 25 cents a ton.

An explosion of gas which had accumulated under the boilers in the Jackson electric light works, badly wrecked the building and cracked the 35 foot smoke stack from top to bottom.

The Olin family of Michigan, New York and Ohio held a reunion at Galesburg the other day.

In the Calhoun circuit Mrs. Miller sued the Grand Trunk railway company for damages sustained by reason of a defective step on an engine. He got \$7,000 damages, but on a new trial Judge Hooker rendered a decision of no cause for action, as negligence had not been proved.

Gov. Luce is going to make a tour of the upper peninsula in October. Before he goes he hopes to secure from the general government the data on which to complete the surrender of all claim to the forfeited railroad grants on the part of Michigan to the general government.

The annual meeting of the Michigan pharmaceutical association was held in Detroit a few days ago, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Frank Inglis, Detroit; vice-presidents, F. M. Alsford of Lansing, Henry Kephart of Berrien Springs, and James Vernon of Detroit; secretary, H. J. Brown of Ann Arbor (re-elected); treasurer, Wm. Dupont of Detroit.

John A. Kalumbreck of Ann Arbor has filed a bill of complaint through Sawyer & Knowlton, his attorneys, against the Michigan Central railroad, demanding \$10,000 for injuries received at Chelsea in October, 1898.

William Love of Texas township, Kalamazoo, arrested for criminal assault on a young girl, was discharged at the conclusion of his examination.

Judge James Brown, an early pioneer of Niles, is dead.

A meeting of the regents of the university will be held Oct. 15, to decide upon a site for the new university hospital.

A. H. Petrie, a well known lumberman of Muskegon, began a suit in chancery against John Torgan to recover \$100,000. The case grew out of the purchase of the Torgan, Lay & Co. pine lands and mills by Torgan, in which Petrie asserts his right to a one-third interest in the net profits derived from the purchase and sale of the property mentioned.

The school board of Portage Lake refused to allow a young lady to teach in the schools in that place because she was a Catholic.

Rumored that the Center, the prohibition organ, is to be moved from Lansing to Detroit.

Work on the water power canal at Sault Ste. Marie is almost at a stand still.

Hon. Abiah Weston of Painted Post, N. Y., who owns Manistique and the greater part of Schoolcraft county has been spending several weeks in that place.

Angelo Lazari and Peter Campani of Hancock, quarreled. Peter was stabbed and Angelo shot in the jaw. Both are seriously hurt.

Gov. Luce has removed from office Justice of the Peace M. Van Denburg of Menominee city. Van Denburg was in the habit of collecting blackmail from saloon men against whom complaints have been made and then whacking up the proceeds with the complaining witness.

During the first eight months of the present year over \$4,500,000 has been added to the manufacturing capital of Detroit. In the same time \$4,000,000 has been expended in buildings and the real estate transactions amount to \$13,000,000.

It is said that there is too much miscegenation between white men and Indian girls in the vicinity of Elk Rapids.

Anna Berger, the lady cornetist of Jackson, is giving concerts in Convent Garden, London.

A lodge of Good Templars has been formed at the soldiers' home.

Judge S. C. Fallis of Cadillac is about to move to Chicago to engage in law practice.

Work on the new county buildings in Grand Rapids has been temporarily suspended, until a legal squabble is settled.

Morey T. Andrews of Flint, who has a 700 acre farm in Dakota, raised 12,000 bushels of wheat on it this year.

Dr. E. C. Beem of Oscoda, charged with committing a criminal abortion on Mary Godfrey, has been acquitted on the second trial.

The "Northern Michigan Driving Park Association" was organized in Petoskey the other day. A committee was appointed to look over the available sites and report in ten days. As soon as a site is chosen a charter will be applied for, stock sold and the finest half mile track in Michigan built. This will be of especial interest to southern horsemen.

Dr. E. E. Fast of Buchanan cut his throat the other day, while under the influence of opium.

Fire broke out in Burke's hotel in Kalamazoo the other night, gutting a portion of it badly. The guests escaped unharmed, but many lost all their clothing.

Bert Gibson of Grand Rapids, the Pennsular furniture company employee who drew the money with which to pay off the house, one day about two years ago, and skipped out, has been recaptured at San Francisco.

The Menominee boom company has thus far sorted 550,000,000 feet of logs, and still there are 250,000,000 feet to be handled.

In the matter of the death of Osmond Dickinson, who was found dead in a Jackson mill pond, the coroner's jury says it an accident.

Judge Grant has been hiring saloonkeepers in the upper peninsula who have broken the law, \$200.

The net receipts of the state fair reached \$18,000.

The Presbytery of Lake Superior, in session at Escanaba, resolved to petition the general assembly of the Presbyterian church to be set off by the synod of Wisconsin and attached to that of Michigan.

The Manistee railroad company is to extend its road about eight miles south of Seney. Shingle, lumber, etc., will be the principal freight hauled, and Manistee hopes to yet see the road extended to that place.

Ontonagon hopes to have a railroad connection with the rest of the world Oct. 1.

A postoffice has been established at Stinson, Mecosta county.

THE MARKETS.

New York Grain Markets.
Wheat. 53 @ 53 1/2
Corn. 41 @ 41 1/2
Oats. 26 @ 27

Chicago Grain Market.
Wheat. 77 @ 77 3/4
Corn. 32 @ 32 1/2
Oats. 19 @ 19 1/4

Toledo Grain Market.
Wheat. 77 @ 78
Corn. 34 @ 35
Oats. 20 @ 20 1/4

Detroit Markets.
Wheat, No 3 Red. 73 @ 73 1/2
" " " 72 @ 73
" " " 60 @ 61
Clover seed. 4.00 @ 4.15
Oats. 22 @ 23
Corn. 34 @ 35
Butter. 1.25 @ 1.50
Beans, hand picked, per bu. 1.75 @ 2.00
Cheese. 8 @ 9
Beef, dressed. 4 @ 6
Veal. 6 1/2 @ 9
Mutton. 6 @ 8
Lamb. 12 @ 13
Eggs. 15 @ 16
Timothy, per ton. 11.00 @ 13.00
Clover. 7.00 @ 8.00
Timothy straw, per ton. 4.50 @ 5.00
Clover straw. 7.00 @ 8.00
Hides, No. 1 Green. 4 @ 4
" " Cured. 4 1/2 @ 5
" " Calfskin. 4 @ 4
" " Veal kip. 4 @ 4

Sheep pelts. 25 @ 2.00
Onions, 100 lbs. 1.75 @ 2.00
Potatoes, 100 lbs. 30 @ 1.00
Fowls. 8 @ 9
Ducks. 7 @ 9
Turkeys. 10 @ 11
Pears, 100 lbs. 2.50 @ 3.00
Peaches, white, 100 lbs. 1.00 @ 1.50
" Yellow, 100 lbs. 2.40 @ 3.00
Tallow, 100 lbs. 3 1/2 @ 4
Wool, 100 lbs. 25 @ 29

LIVE STOCK.
Cattle—Market steady; beefs, \$4 40 @ 4 65; steers, \$5 @ 4 30; stockers and feeders, \$1 00 @ 1 20; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1 @ 1 20; Texas cattle, \$1 50 @ 2 50; western ranges, \$3 00 @ 3 50.

Hogs—Market closed strong; mixed, \$3 95 @ 50; heavy, \$3 90 @ 4 30; light, \$4 @ 4 20; skips, \$3 50 @ 4 35.

Sheep—Market steady; natives, \$3 50 @ 4 00; westerns, \$3 50 @ 4 15; Texans, \$3 40 @ 4 15; lambs, \$4 50 @ 5 55.

NEWS SUMMARY.

ANOTHER BOLD ROBBERY.

Nearly \$40,000 Stolen From a Bank in Hurley, Wis.

Cashier Wiley, of the Ashland National Bank, shipped an immense sum of money to Hurley, Wis., the other night via the United States Express Company, for the purpose of paying off the mortgage. Upon the arrival of the money at Hurley the express company sent it to the Iron Exchange Bank in a wheelbarrow. Between the hours of 10 30 and 11 30 at night the bank was entered and the entire amount of the shipment was carried away by robbers. Only minor coin was left behind. According to Cashier Wiley's statement \$41,700 was shipped from Ashland to Hurley. Of this \$25,180 was in bank notes, \$13,980 in gold and \$2,540 in silver.

The robbers, as there must have been more than one, had their plans laid most perfectly. Like nearly every bank, the Hurley depository has a vault and a safe inside of it with a time lock. As the money arrived in town at 9 15 p. m. after the closing of the bank, the money could not be put in the safe. It was placed inside the vault, however, and Cashier W. S. Reynolds remained in the bank taking care of the large treasure until 10 15 o'clock, when a friend came along and he went out to the theater with him. When the cashier returned at 11 o'clock he noticed that the vault door had been opened. Looking inside he was thunderstruck to see that the money was gone. A large number of small silver coins were scattered all over the floor of the vault and all was confusion. Sheriff Mattson was hurriedly telegraphed to, but did not receive any notice of the robbery until 10 o'clock to catch the train for Hurley. Not even the faintest clue was left by the bold burglars. The door of the vault had not been marred and it was opened by some one who had learned the combination. There were two men supposed to be in possession of it—Cashier Reynolds and Assistant Cashier Leonard Perin. The exact amount stolen was \$39,895. The robbers were evidently in too much of a hurry to take small silver and \$1,805 was left behind. The United States express company, the loser of the money. They did not deposit in the bank, but simply left it there for safe keeping over night when it would be delivered to the consignee, Manager William E. Lyon of the Ashland and Seaboard mines. It is likely that the express company will offer a heavy reward for the apprehension of the burglars.

IOWA'S DEMOCRACY.

Horace Boies Nominated for Governor.

The Iowa democratic state convention was held in Sioux City a few days ago. The following ticket was nominated:

Boies of Waterloo for governor by acclamation, and S. L. Bestow of Chariton, for lieutenant governor. Judge W. H. Brannon of Muscatine, for supreme judge, long and short terms, Thos. Irish of Dubuque for superintendent of public instruction, and David Morgan of Potosi for railroad commissioner. A resolution was passed deposing the death of S. S. Cox, and extending sympathy to his family.

The following resolutions were adopted: "The democracy of Iowa, in convention assembled, under the sanction of principle made by the national democracy at St. Louis in 1895. We renew our opposition to the unconstitutional and unjust policy of high tariff taxation, which 1900 the many to enrich the few, makes the producer the slave of the manufacturer; lays his heaviest burden on the farmer, the mechanic and the day laborer, gives no return through any channel to those whom it daily robs, and fosters trusts, which are the legitimate result of our present tariff system, and we denounce the fallacy of the republican state platform of Iowa that a high tariff is or can be any protection to the farmer."

Resolved, That we favor the Australian system of voting, to the end that we may have an honest ballot, uncontrolled by bribery or employers."

Resolved, That we recognize the doctrine of state and national control of railroads and other corporations, and approve the same as an efficient means of protecting the people against unjust discrimination and oppressive rates."

Resolved, That in the interests of true temperance, we demand the passage of a carefully guarded license law which shall provide for the issuance of licenses in towns, townships and municipal corporations of the state by the vote of the people of such corporations, and which shall provide that for such license an annual tax of \$500 shall be paid the county treasurer, and such further tax as the town, township or municipal corporation shall prescribe, the proceeds thereof to go to the use of such municipalities."

Resolved, That while we demand that all who are in the line of duty or who are unable by reason of age or other infirmities to support their families, shall receive liberal pensions and the special care of the government, we denounce as an insult to every brave soldier and as making the pension roll a roll of dishonor the decision of the present national administration that "the dishonorable discharge of a soldier from the service of the United States is no bar to a pension."

A Disgrace to Manhood.

A disgraceful exposure has just been made in Spokane Falls, W. T., which implicates two members of the common council and a police officer—Sidney D. Waters, Peter Dutcher and William Gillespie—who are charged with conspiracy to appropriate the funds and supplies furnished by contribution for the relief of the sufferers by the recent disastrous fire at Spokane. Several weeks ago Robert Inglis was arrested at Chico, Cal., on a charge of having sold provisions and other supplies and appropriated the proceeds. He was suspected, but made his escape from Spokane Falls. He was captured at Chico, and on being brought back made the startling statement that a conspiracy existed among officials and officers for the appropriation of the relief supplies on a large scale. Inglis was examined and admitted to bail, but he has since disappeared. The supposition is that he was bought off.

Investigation shows that several thousand dollars worth of goods have been stolen and converted into money. Bitter feeling prevails over the exposure. Warrants were sworn out by the chairman of the relief committee, for the arrest of the accused men and they were admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000.

It has long been suspected that a conspiracy existed in the council for the purpose of boodling, and a permanent citizens' committee has been organized to protect the people against a recurrence of official misconduct.

There is great excitement over the arrests. The relief committee has adopted vigorous measures for the discovery of the whereabouts of Robert Inglis, who for feited his bond, and it is expected that he will be captured.

FALLING ROCKS.

Terrible Disaster at Quebec.—Several Houses Crushed to Atoms.

A Number of Persons Killed.

Several thousand tons of rock slide from Cape Desmont, at the head of Dufferin terrace, to Chamberlain street in Quebec on the night of Sept. 12, 100 feet below, demolishing in its course seven dwellings. A few hours later 13 dead bodies, mangled and crushed in a horrible manner, were taken from the debris, and 50 persons were removed more or less injured. All the wounded removed from the ruins were conveyed to the Marine and Fisheries department, where medical men and clergymen looked after them. The debris covers the road in a solid mass, some 300 feet in length and from 15 to 25 feet in width. The mass of rock detached from the cliff's side left a vacant space of extraordinary dimensions under Dufferin Terrace, and that great promenade is now unsafe. The damage will exceed \$100,000. The houses in that locality were built of stone and brick and inhabited by ship laborers, etc.

The Orders Reversed.

The acting commissioner in the Pension office has reversed Commissioner Tanner's order directing that pensioners who receive a less rate than \$1 per month, can be examined for re-rating. The order that the evidence of one reputable private soldier would be sufficient to establish the cause of disability of an applicant has also been rescinded, and the old practice requiring the evidence of one commissioned officer or 3 privates, resumed.

Will Let Women Vote.

The Wyoming statehood convention adopted as part of the constitution a suffrage chapter. Female citizens are to vote. The severest qualifications are requirements that all electors shall be able to read English, shall be full fledged citizens and have had six months' residence in Wyoming. Ballots to contain the names of all candidates will be issued by state officers.

A Mexican Skirmish.

It is reported that Mexican citizens had a desperate battle with Mexican soldiers and soldiers, in which 503 participated, and many were reported killed. It is said the citizens succeeded in routing the soldiers, when the governor appeared upon the scene to assist in quelling the rebellion, but he was forced to leave or lose his life. The trouble was over the collection of enormous taxes.

GENERAL.

The cattle crop has fallen off in many western states this year. Dakota, however, shows an increase.

The abettors of the prize fight which took place at St. Louis the other night and in which one of the participants was killed, will be sentenced to ten years in the state prison.

Thos. Brown, who was hanged at Morehead, Minn., on the 20th inst. for murder, sold his body to a doctor in that city for \$10.

For the year ending June 30, 1899, there were received at the patent office 3,740 applications for patents, and in the same time 21,516 applications were granted. The receipts during the year were \$1,156,547, and the expenditures \$999,697, leaving a surplus for the year of \$156,850. The total amount in the United States treasury to the credit of the patent fund is \$24,324,30.

Thirteen freight cars were wrecked, and a foreman killed in a railroad accident near Lancaster, Mass., the other day.

The Indiana supreme court has decided that bicyclists cannot be made liable for damages resulting from horses becoming frightened at the wheels if such animals occur while the bicyclists are riding upon the highway and are doing nothing which shows a lack of regard for the rights of others.

The government authorities have commenced war upon the liquor dealers in Oklahoma.

J. P. Williams receiver of the First National bank of Denver, Colo., is a defaulter to the extent of \$5,000, and has gone to Mexico.

The president of Haiti has granted great privileges to an American syndicate with \$12,000,000 capital. The syndicate agrees to make all manner of improvements on the island.

The national civil service reform league will hold its annual convention in Philadelphia Oct. 12.

Judge Anderson of Utah has refused to grant naturalization papers to a man who told him that he should violate the laws regarding polygamy.

New Jersey publicists have nominated Gen. E. B. Grubb for governor.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. McClellan, mother of Gen. George B. McClellan, died in Philadelphia Sept. 18, aged 93 years.

Mrs. Senowber's house near Deer Park, Md., was destroyed by fire the other night, and her two children, aged 3 and 6 years, were burned to death.

In his annual report the commissioner of education says that the growth of the public school system in the south has outstripped the increase in population. He denounces compulsory education and makes a plea for manual training schools.

Secretary Noble has ordered certain portions of New Mexico, in which there are cliff dwellers, to be withdrawn from the market, until their historical value is determined.

One passenger was killed and two fatally injured in a railroad accident near Wichita, Kansas, the other day.

The Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore road has been sold to an English syndicate for \$5,000,000.

Rerrick Lopes, aged 13, was killed in the Frogfoot cranberry bog near Warham, Mass., the other night by Joseph Lebaron, a boy eight or nine years old, with a pocket knife. While playing with other boys the two quarreled and cinched and Lebaron stabbed Lopes in the left side of the back. Lopes died within three hours.

The steamship England of the National line, which sailed from New York, carried \$110

THE MARTYR OF PRODIGAL MINE.

I don't wish to be understood as expressing any opinion for publication as to who is right and who is wrong in this war, but I can affirm without fear of contradiction, that it isn't a sixty-day, nor a one-year job, Sabe!" The speaker paused for the afore-mentioned "contradiction." "I might add without fear of contradiction," he continued, "that if Abe Lincoln trusts such men as Grant, Sherman and Butler, and overlooks Fremont and my old comrades of the Mexican War, he kin prepare to carry this fight on until Gabriel blows his horn."

After the delivery of this weighty prophesy, the Colonel reached for a match, lighted it and his well colored meerschaum, and sent forth a cloud of smoke that wrapped the five occupants of the rough board shanty in semi-obscure. The speaker, as he affirmed, expected no contradiction. None was proffered. The "Cripple" proceeded to drowsily place the greasy euroch dock on the bottom of an empty cracker barrel for a "solitaire." Sam White, the only man in camp who went by his true name, continued to wind with the wire taken from an old broom, a strained shovel handle. The "Count" and the "Prodigal," for widely dissimilar reasons, were stationed at full length on opposite bunks, presumably listening to the Colonel's mendacious criticism of the way the war was being conducted, and the American Government in general administered.

Of the two last named occupants of the cabin, the Prodigal was seemingly the best listener. He never grew restless. He maintained the most respectful silence during the longest harangue, calmly gazing at the speaker with wide-open dreamy eyes. He seldom interrupted, but if perchance he did, it was with some remark that was so foreign to the subject matter as to fairly took the speaker's breath away. The Colonel feared the interruptions, and was consequently always more or less hurried in his arguments.

The Prodigal did not mean to be discourteous, but his thoughts were far away. He was homesick, and had been so since the day he struck California, five years before, in '86. Unlike his companions, he had a home to be sick for. Not only did he have a home, but what appeared more powerfully to the hearts of the miners, he had a "gal." A girl that he wrote to and who answered his letter, which letter about made up the epistolary matter of the office at Snake Fork. The Prodigal, like every gold hunter in those balmy days, had expected to become rich in a few months. Many a time had he planned how he would return home with his wealth and placate the scruples of his avaricious parents with rich gifts and a large bank-account. But fortune had proven a fickle goddess. He had worked early and late, gone through all the ups and downs of a miner's nomadic life. Luck had not been with him. At home on the old farm he had been taught that there was no such thing as luck, but he had since learned by bitter experience that truisms are local, not general, and that luck was the real molten image before which the miner sacrificed his burnt offerings. Perhaps it was because of his neglect to the California god that he at no time since his advent, had been possessed of more than enough to barely pay his passage back to Vermont.

It was the oft-told story of his leaving home to go in search of a fortune in strange lands, and of the anxious parents awaiting his return, that had suggested to the Cripple the name of the Prodigal for the quondam farm boy. The other members of the camp did not understand this appellation until the Cripple, who was a Methodist minister's son, repeated to the n the Lord's sad parable of the prodigal son, which recital so deeply expressed them that the Prodigal, invested in the new title, in some measure took upon himself the personality of the original, and was ever after considered an object of pity. Though the Colonel often said to the Count as he would look up from his work and see the Prodigal seated on a rock, his eyes filled with a far away look. "If that boy only knew what his dad had awaiting for him! Think o' it, Count, a whole fattened beef!"

The story, by frequent repetition, got so twisted that in the eyes of the miners he became the real prodigal, and his story was often told at the grocery on Snake Fork as a veritable fact. "Why, sir," said Doc Little, postmaster and merchant, would say, raising on his toes in his earnestness, "why, sir, this here same Prodigal, arter whom the mine on Bellevue Fork was named, had ter live with the dogs and eat cactus. Right in this free country? Fact, sir." The Prodigal took all of those stories seriously, and began to believe them himself. At least he never took the trouble to dispute them. Only at times, when the boys were puncturing him with questions as to his past life, he would wander away from the camp and up the gradually sloping Little Mountain, to a great boulder, whose immensity made it a marked object for miles around. Here they would find him, seated under its shade, his eyes turned away down the valley of the Sacramento. Here he would sit for hours, oblivious to all else save his own thoughts. The squirrels learned that they had nothing to fear from the intruder, and would whisk merrily past, bearing nuts to their winter cache. Two brilliant humming-birds flew close to his head in quest of the sweets of the syringa that grew in the crevice of the rocks. In the sky above piping flame-colored orioles circled undisturbed by the drooping figure below. The breeze that cooled his heated face was laden with the aroma of the flowers in the gulch beneath. All nature seemed to extend a soothing hand. The Cripple once asked him what he was doing up there all alone, and he answered so innocently that it stopped the jeer on his lips: "Talking with Annie."

After when he was missing the boys say: "Off talking with Annie." The nature of the miners respected this sentiment, and Annie became the tutelary goddess of the camp.

Whenever they would speculate in the illusions of hope however they might differ as to the best methods of disburbing their expected wealth, they agreed perfectly on one score, namely: to give to the Prodigal and Annie a rousing wedding. "We kin do it

jest as well as not," the Colonel said one Sunday afternoon, as he stood carefully propped up against a boulder, contemplating with wide-open, dreaming eyes a pool of tobacco juice a few feet in front of him. "What's a few thousand more nor less," he went on with a magnificent yawn of his badly soiled hand, "when that 'ere placer is reeking with dust?" Whereupon, with a sigh and a parting salvo of spittle squirted with mathematical accuracy into the placid depths of the pool, he picked up his pick, cast a benevolent glance on the unconscious object of his remarks and resumed the motions which out of politeness were denominated work.

The Prodigal Mine was about played out, not worked out, for it was still rich in possibilities. The present proprietor had taken it up two years before. They "had never made out of it anything but Chinaman's wages," as the Colonel often sneeringly remarked. They would have abandoned the mine long before but for their pride. Their last claim, two miles down the run, had been sold for a song to a company of "tenderfeet," and greatly to their astonishment had panned out big. So the proprietors of the Prodigal had stuck out, of "sheer cussedness." In two years they had gone through all the epochs of a miner's life. By days they had been millionaires—hopeful, had seen the bottom of their pockets, and the bottom of the pork-barrel; had lost heart, and had put in a farwell blast more than a dozen times. For the last two days they had done nothing. The Colonel was on a strike. Even Jim White, the controlling spirit of the camp, could not keep him at work. The Count, who originally had been styled "No count," cut down for every day use, to Count did not have the nerve to, on boldly in a strike, but instead complained of a lame leg, which he kept carefully wrapped in a canvas shot bag, and which lameness he accepted by a spasmodic limp whenever the thought occurred to him.

As work ceased the Prodigal became uneasy. He would spend hours up on Little Mountain, or wander aimlessly about the stuccos. He could not entertain the thought of breaking camp. While he never asserted himself, or even took part in the discussions, the pleading look in his babyish blue eyes told only too plainly what his feelings were.

On this particular afternoon it was raining—a cold, drizzling rain. For that reason the Colonel had listeners, even if they were unwilling ones, to his mendacious war stories. The rigors of winter were giving place to a greenness of verdure that in any other country would herald spring. But in California it stood for no such happy denouement. The month of January had given place to February. The snow under the spell of the midday sun had slipped away down the many canyons, and had left behind the harsh, arid lines of a landscape that was as yet barely covered by the tender grass. The misty glimpse of this picture through the dirty 2x3 window, the chilling dampness of the weather, the lowness of the ladder, all conspired to depress the spirits of the five. Even Jim White found himself acquiescing in the clamorous wishes of the Count and Colonel. The Cripple said he didn't care—a and went on with his game. The Prodigal alone stood uncommitted by speech. The mine had been named in his honor, and was the basis of all his hopes. Around it were gathered the brightest dreams of his life. For six long years he had worked tirelessly. With every "clean up" he had expected that the next would send him home to Annie. His faith had never lagged. His silent determination had kept up the spirits of the others. Life was a serious matter with him; he never laughed, he seldom smiled, and paradoxical as it may seem he never blasphemed, but on one occasion, and that was one afternoon when the Count came running and shouting into the shanty with a panfull of black sand and iron pyrites, the Prodigal took one look at the shining specks, jumped into the air, knocked both feet together and screamed "Married, by God!" although the Colonel afterward remarked, in discussing the matter with Jim White, that it sounded more like a prayer than an oath.

So on account of his paramount interest in final decision as to breaking up was left to him. The Colonel ceased his monologue, and turned to the Prodigal. "Shall we vamoose the ranch, old man?" The Cripple threw up his cards with a disgusted air. Jim White let the shovel slide from his knees. All eyes were turned upon the Prodigal. He glanced uneasily from one to another, blushed, picked up his hat and left the camp. "Gone to talk with Annie," said the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders, and all lapsed into a despondent silence. Two hours passed. The Count with a badly affected limp, put over the coffee-pot, with the remark, "That's the last of it," Jim White went to the door and looked out. "Raining yet, some one ought to look up the Prodigal." Another hour passed. The Cripple knocked the ashes from his pipe, took his hat and started across the cheerless gulch and up the mountain.

When the Prodigal left the cabin, his life seemed to have gone out from him. The talk of throwing up the claim on the one hand had benumbed him, enfeebled him. On the other, it had awakened him from a dream that had lasted uninterrupted for two years. Never for a moment had he doubted of ultimate success. Not a partial success, but one grand and overwhelming one that would give him Annie and home. As he ascended the mountainside, perhaps, for the last time, his thoughts became incoherent, flighty. They went back to Vermont. He knew it was winter there with all its rigor. He knew the snow lay deep on the rugged hills and narrow valleys of his New England state. He could see the low, old farm house, the ram-shackle barns, the straw stack, the crumbling fences, all alike, made beautiful by their mantle of white. He pictured his father, his younger brothers and sisters happy around the glowing arch-fire. A little later he knew he would be remembered in their evening prayers. Then he thought of Annie: of their childhood days of unalloyed companionship and innocent love. Her sweet girlish figure, her timid delicate face; her great confiding blue eyes; her pure generous love, all passed before his half-crazed vision. He pressed his clammy hands to his feverish brow, and a half articulated sentence escaped him:

"My God, am I going crazy?" Gradually from the chaotic mass of his thoughts and hopes came a full realization of the problem before him. With a loving, almost caressing glance, he gazed about him—on the ragged seams of the gulch beneath, filled with its wild sonorous music—on the freshly born foliage, dropping under its burdens of moisture—on the little cabin far below, just visible in the last shimmering rays of the sun—up at snow-crowned serrated folds of the Nevada's, and then he looked above him for the great moss covered boulder, under whose shade he had spent so many hours communing with his loved ones. His eye sought the familiar spot, but found no boulder. He looked farther up. It was gone. But where? He took a step. He paused. A gaping chasm was at his feet. He dropped on his knees, regardless of the pools of water that had collected in the fissures of the rocks. Far below he could distinguish a vast mass of debris. He realized what had happened. The boulder stood but a few rods back, and above the canyon in whose bed they had been vainly washing for gold. The sapling action of winter's rains and its own great weight had loosened the gravelly slope, causing a landslide, completely obliterating all traces of their feeble efforts in the river below. Unbidden, a groan came to his lips, and the word "busted." He fell flat upon his body, his head hanging over the precipice. An hour passed. The rain beat down on him unnoticed. It helped to still the heightened beating of his temples. Consciously slowly returned. His eyes opened. Gleams of light seemed to flash before them. Bright star-shaped points claimed their attention. A vein of yellowish dirt ran along the clean surface of the bed rock. He put out his hand and picked up a pebble that shone yellow in the fading light. It was a nugget of virgin gold. With it tightly clasped in his hardened palm hand he fainted. The knowledge that the great end wished for was attained; that after having allowed all his hopes to collapse he had reached the goal of his ambitions, and that all things were now possible was too much for his weakened intellect.

Thus the Cripple found him two hours later. The Cripple, whose title was one of those fictitious misnomers indulged in in California at that time, took the poor wasted form on his broad shoulders and bore him to the camp. All thoughts of breaking up were at once forgotten. Willing hands stripped the clothing from him. The Colonel, in endeavoring to take off the right arm of his shirt, discovered the nugget. He gave one look and ran shouting and jumping about the cabin "Gold, boys, gold. The Prodigal has struck it. Didn't I tell you he was a lucky cuss? I never gave up for one moment. Didn't I say I felt it in my bones all along? Hurrah!" This exhibition of mendacity passed unchallenged. The nugget was certainly gold. The Cripple explained where he had found the Prodigal. A hurried explanation showed that the man had been washed out and loosened the great boulder above the gulch, which in its descent had smashed the rim rock and exposed the glistening gold in the old river bed seventy feet above where they had been tunnelling. The excitement of that night was intense. With visions of untold wealth on one hand, and the Prodigal at death's door on the other, the men spent a night that was remembered to the longest day they lived. Just at daybreak Jim White awoke the Count with a kick and sent him off to the Snake's Ford for a doctor. The Prodigal remained unconscious. There was not a particle of color in his face, and it took the united efforts of the three to keep him warm. Then he went into a delirious fever—he reared and fought with the desperation of a maniac. By the time the doctor arrived the Colonel dropped on the bed completely exhausted.

For two weeks the Prodigal recognized no one. A Chinese nurse was imported. The young physician stood by him night and day. The first day of the sickness Jim White took him one side and said in a voice husky with emotion "Doc, you stand by us. Bring the lad around and your fortune is made. Why he can't die. Down it, man, he is rich, and has got to go home and marry Annie."

The Prodigal Mine was a success. New placers were discovered along the entire length of the gulch. In a few weeks the whole place was transformed. A town sprang up. Miners flocked to the gulch. Claim stakes could be seen at every available point. A gambling hall was opened. A half dozen bars were soon in full blast. License ran riot. Law was unknown. Only one restriction was imposed on the ungovernable spirits of Prodigal. This, the one law on the unwritten statutes of the town, was set forth by Jim White in a speech before the "Little Innocent" saloon. "In conclusion, gentlemen," he said, "let me add, the man after whom this claim is named, and who discovered the placer that has made this town what it is, lies at the point of death in yonder shanty." The speaker's voice trembled. "He may never get well, but while he lives he is going to have the best these ere diggings can give. Around that shanty I want absolute silence, and the man that don't take off his cap when he passes that ere door, his got to fight Jim White." A rousing cheer wound up the speech, and all went to drink the health of the Prodigal.

The rude chivalry of the town exhausted itself in its attention on the Prodigal. Rough miners stood with one another in sitting up with him and the shanty was transformed into a bit of the tropics by the abundance of flowers brought in every morning by even the roughest frequenter of "The Little Innocent." Yet skill and nursing had no effect. The spark of life had been gradually dimmed by five years of toil, hardships and brooding. He lingered two months. One morning just as the first sounds of life were heard in the new town, the Prodigal awoke from his long sleep. A look of intelligence came into his big blue eyes as they rested on the great manly face of the Cripple. The young doctor placed his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, but the sick man heeded it not. He put out his thin emaciated hand and grasped the strong palm of his waiter. "Old man, I have been sick." The Cripple nodded. "I have not long to live." A sob escaped the lips of the Cripple. "Don't feel so, old man, was the claim a success?" He continued

going back to the day he became unconscious. The Cripple nodded again, and placed his finger on his lips. A smile lit up the sufferer's mouth. "We are rich then; thank God. Cripple give me your hand again. When I die, bury me here on top of Little Mountain where I can look down into the valley of the Sacramento and talk—with—A-n-n-i-e." He paused from sheer exhaustion. The doctor gave him a strengthening cordial. "Write A-n-n-i-e Cripple, and tell her I died with her name on my lips. Where are the boys?" The Colonel, Jim White, the Count, and a number of the new miners stood by his side. "Good-by, boys; you have been kind to me. Don't forget the P-r-o-d-i-g-a-l." A smile passed over his face; the first rays of the morning sun shown aslant over the barren tops of Little Mountain, and bathed the face of the dying man in a rich warm color. For an instant, it seemed to bring a new lease of life—then the struggle was over. His gentle spirit had spanned the mountains, desserts and valleys and was back among the green hills of his home—back with Annie.

A month later a letter was received in a little Vermont hamlet, bearing the postmark of an outlandish California mining town. With trembling fingers it was opened by a gray haired old man. It ran as follows:

PRODIGAL, CAL., April 12, 1903
MR. JOHN PEARCE.
DEAR FRIEND—Your son died April the tenth. We buried him here as he wished. He had the biggest funeral ever held in town and was buried by a regular Elder. His last words were: "Tell Annie I died with her name on my lips." Enclosed, find draft on Miners' Bank of Sacramento, for \$40,000, to be divided between you and Annie. Tell Annie we all love her, and have named a new mine after her. If there is anything more we can do, we are your humble servants. Yours in sorrow,
WM. SWARTWOUT, "The Cripple."
JIM WHITE,
COL. ISABORN AMES,
HENRY LONG, "The Count."
Proprietors of the Prodigal Mine.
Rounseville Wildman in Elabo Statesman.

An Old-Time Duel.

In the duel between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout back of Weehawken, in 1802, Clinton hit Swartwout five times, and each time Swartwout demanded another shot. Once he was hit in the arm, then in the leg, then in the finger, and finally somewhere else; but while struggling on the ground in great pain he insisted that he should have another chance, though his antagonist was as yet unharmed. In view of such ridiculous persistency Mr. Clinton finally cast his pistol on the ground and walked off, with the remark that he had no patience with a man who did not know when either his wounded honor or his wounded body was satisfied.

A New Doctor's Story.

Few people know it outside of Philadelphia, but the first man sent for when President Garfield was shot was old Sam Gross, one of the most celebrated surgeons ever produced. While the present Sam Gross, his son, is known all over the world as a cancer operator, and people come from England and all over Europe to have operations performed by him, members of the old school think the old man could handle a knife better than any one. But to return to my story. Somebody wired immediately for old Dr. Gross to come down to Washington. The old man went down and went to the White House and applied for admission, telling who he was and what his mission was. "You can't come that game around here, you old crank," said the doorkeeper, regarding him with brutal suspicion. "We have lots of you fellows coming here, and you better skip, or I'll have you run in." Old Gross was a Kentuckian and his first inclination was to pitch into the insolent doorkeeper. On second thought and choking with rage he got back in his carriage, drove to the depot and returned to Philadelphia. People at the White House wondering at his not coming made inquiries and found a man answering his description had been there as above stated. An apology was immediately telegraphed and the old man asked to return. But Gross was not that kind of a man. He wired back that he was not in the habit of being treated that way and didn't propose to give any one an opportunity to repeat the insult. Finding he was determined, they wired for Dr. Agnew, who, though a good surgeon, was not Gross by any means.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Unpleasant Courting Experience.

A young man named Dixon has just had an unpleasant courting experience in Innishowen, County Donegal, Ireland. His lady-love is not only very pretty but she is an heiress, her uncle having left her a fortune. Moreover she is partial to Dixon. The young man was calling on the girl one day when he heard the footsteps of a couple of rivals, and in sportive humor he concealed himself in the butter-box. While he was enjoying the conversation the girl's father came along with a pail of hot water to scald the box. Before the girl divined his purpose he dashed the water into the box. The howl of anguish that arose scared the old gentleman half to death and poor Dixon was found to be so badly scalded that he had to be moved to the hospital.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Paper bottles, it is claimed, are better than glass.

Boston is worth \$30,000,000 more than she was last year.

The existence of a diamond trust is denied in New York.

Brooklyn has a woman blacksmith and a female undertaker.

Of New York's 1,500,000 inhabitants 1,100,000 live in tenements.

Machinery has not yet entered the manufacture of French clay pipes.

W. S. Huntingdon says 12 frogs will soon make 100 miles per hour.

Hamilton (Ont.) bakers were fined \$5 for selling bread under legal weight.

Chicago has been licensed to hold a world's fair. The capital is \$5,000,000.

Syracuse Boss Taylor's union does not allow one boss to employ over forty hands.

A man named Cool has just died at Glens Falls, N. Y., at the age of 94 years. The world really keeps Cool so long.

St. Paul is persecuting the Salvation Army. St. Paul used to do this regularly a few centuries ago, but it was supposed that his amendment was lasting.

A Minnesota milkman was gored to death by a bull on Sunday last. No man unaccustomed to dealing with cattle has any business trying to manage them.

Lady Guinness is to have a necklace containing stones worth \$125,000. Her knightly husband insists that all the gems shall be XXX and no "arf" and "arf" business about it.

There will be seventeen contested seats in the next House of Representatives. They are all contested by Republicans. There were originally nineteen, but two have been withdrawn.

A Scranton, Pa., "fence" organized a theft trust, hiring clerks in various stores to steal for him. Here, at last, is an honest trust which does not take a round-about way to rob people.

The czar's mastiff was recently killed in a railway accident. The czar is wise enough to fervently hope that he may meet the same death. In Russia a dog is safer than an absolute monarch.

The meagres of Sitting Bull, to prevent the signing of the treaty, disposing of the Sioux reservation, drove a Harvard student, named Everett Corbin, insane. He was acting as clerk to the commission.

The production of watermelons is so great and the price so low that it is now proposed to make syrup from their juice. One would suppose that if their cultivation did not yield "sugar" it would not yield syrup.

Pennsylvania's coal mines four times as accidents and three times as week with mine disasters, fires, floods and strikes to fill in the gaps. The Keystone state should reform and do penance for its manifold sins.

An Indiana schoolmaster whipped one of the "big girls" of his flock for kissing a boy, and now she has preferred the charge against the teacher of having kissed her against her will. Kissing does not always go by favor.

There has been sent by mail from London to New York a cylinder bearing an address by General Boulanger to his friends in America, who can go and hear it ground out on a phonograph at a cyclorama show in New York.

L. G. Fulton, assistant general freight agent of the Northern Pacific railroad, says the total value of the property destroyed by the recent fire at Spokane Falls will not exceed \$5,000,000. The Northern Pacific loss will be under \$100,000.

The British Legislation has informed the State Department that the governor general of Canada, under the powers given him by the laws of the Dominion, has reduced the export duty on pine logs from \$3 to \$2 a thousand feet, board measure.

The queen has talked some nice little compliments into the phonograph and sent instrument cylinder and all to Edison. She is probably, certain that the inventor will say "Thank you, me am," into another and dispatch the second machine to her.

A saloonkeeper of Wyoming Territory shot a customer who owed him \$2. The customer may recover, but the saloon man will not, as he was hanged by the neck until he was dead by a mob. There's such a thing as being too energetic in making collections.

Some people in Arkansas have a peculiar idea of fun. A party of serenaders in that state the other day, used a 16-year old boy to a half-broken horse then fastened bells on the animal's tail and started it away. The boy was killed and a St. Louis paper condemns the sport as cruel.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland will hold its next annual reunion September 19, 20 and 21 on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Many thousands of union veterans are expected to be present. During the reunion the Chickamauga Memorial Association is to be organized. The society has for its purpose the purchase and preservation by the government of the Chickamauga battlefield and the making of a national park there.

Professor W. K. Perry made a balloon ascension at Mount Holly, N. C., recently. At an elevation of seven hundred feet a s-am in the gas bag burst, and the gas escaped, the bag falling over the parachute and dragging it to one side, in spite of the aeronaut's efforts to free it. The fall to the ground took only about ten seconds but was fortunately eased by the parachute. Perry's shoulder was dislocated, his side and back injured, and one rib broken. His injuries are not considered fatal.

The pension office granted Richard Whitman a pension of \$24 per month on account of nervous prostration and impairment of mind. This was subsequently increased to \$30 per month. At a still later date it was reduced to \$5 per month through an error made by a surgeon. Upon application the case has been reopened, and under a decision of Assistant Secretary Bassey of the interior department the pensioner has been granted an allowance of \$73 per month and pension arrears from the date of his discharge in 1865 at the rates provided in the several acts of congress enacted from time to time. His arrears will aggregate about \$12,000.

Northville Record.

E. R. REED, Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890

W. C. T. U. COLUMN

"FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND"

PLEDGE OF MEMBERSHIP

I hereby solemnly promise, (God help me) to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, beer and cider, as a pledge of my loyalty to the cause of temperance and to the cause of my fellow men.

The Topical Capital says: "K. has been nearly 12,000 since she turned her back on the whisky traffic."

Michigan has just joined the procession of states marching toward the high plane of a pure ballot, by enacting a law for secret voting. Clear-headed temperance reformers, who are working for results and not wrangling over pet methods, will see in this movement for the purification of elections a good, strong blow at the power of saloonism in politics. Many slaves of the saloon may now vote like free men.

USE OF TOBACCO

A young Chicago woman is reported as having been in the hospital for smoking cigarettes. The New York Medical Journal, after describing the effects of nicotine on the system, gives these facts:

"In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution, and insufficient growth. Thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomach, constipation, and cramps, and thirteen had interference of the pulse, and one had constipation. Within six months after they had abandoned the use of tobacco, the heart went free from all these troubles, the stomach and bowels returned to normal, and the general health recovered by the end of the year."

That men who themselves smoke should allow their growing boys to indulge in the habit is a marvel. The men who have sons are taught it should be willing the boys to smoke, a glaring proof of weakness and selfishness of human nature, and goes at to prove the doctrine of total abstinence.—Indep. Advt.

QUESTIONS FOR THOUGHTFUL WORKINGMEN

1. What have the saloon-keepers done to improve the lives of the working class?
2. Have you noticed any improvement in the health of the working class?
3. Have you noticed any improvement in the moral character of the working class?
4. Are you not a victim of the saloon-keepers?
5. Is it not a fact that the saloon-keepers are the cause of the poverty and suffering of the working class?
6. Is it not a fact that the saloon-keepers are the cause of the crime and vice of the working class?
7. Are you not a victim of the saloon-keepers?
8. Is it not a fact that the saloon-keepers are the cause of the poverty and suffering of the working class?
9. Is it not a fact that the saloon-keepers are the cause of the crime and vice of the working class?
10. Are the neighborhoods most orderly and prosperous where the saloons are the most numerous?
11. Would your sons and daughters be improved if they were trained up behind saloon bars?
12. Don't saloon-keepers generally vote for those candidates who promise to protect their trade, regardless of any other trade?
13. If one law-abiding bishop or clergyman, to preach the sanctity of the sabbath, is it right that another should authorize mobsters and ruffians to violate the sabbath?
14. If a church were composed of nothing but saloon-keepers, brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers and their assistants, what influence would it exert on the drunkenness of the country?—Ex.

FAIR ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Plymouth fair, held at Plymouth, Oct. 1, 2, 3 and 4.
Oakland county, Pontiac, Oct. 1 to 4.
Northeastern Agricultural society, Sarnia, Sept. 23 to 27.
Essex county agricultural society, Bay City, Sept. 17 to 18.
Brighton market association, Brighton, Oct. 1 to 1.
Avon agricultural society, Rochester, Sept. 25 to 27.
Milford association, Milford, Oct. 8 to 11.
Fenton union agricultural society, Fenton, Oct. 8 to 11.
Eastern Michigan association, Ypsilanti, Sept. 24 to 27.
St. Louis agricultural association, St. Louis, Oct. 7 to 12.
Western Michigan agricultural and industrial society, Grand Rapids, Sept. 23 to 27.
Lawrenceville agricultural society, Lawrenceville, Sept. 17 to 20.

CURE
RELIGIOUS, SICK HEADACHE, BRUISES, LIVER INDIGESTION, DIARRHEA, COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE

Your BLOOD Purified.

BY USING THE GENUINE

Dr. C. McLANE'S

—CELEBRATED—

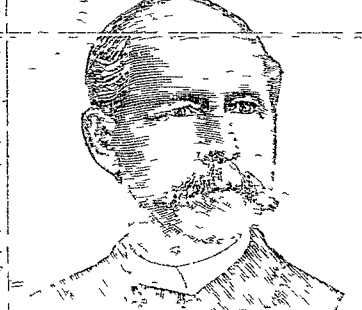
LIVER PILLS!

PREPARED ONLY BY

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Be wary of cheap imitations made in St. Louis, Mo.

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. I have sold 10,000,000 of these shoes.

ST. LOUIS, MO. W. L. DOUGLAS, MANUFACTURER.

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Merchant Tailor.

Fine Tailoring a specialty.

NORTHVILLE

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BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S, STEAM BOILER WORKS, (Established 1867.)

Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, breechings, etc. Old tanks taken in exchange for new. Boilers, boiler pieces and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Fourth and Michigan. Central R. R. Bldg., DETROIT, MICH. 23x52

WONDERFUL CURES.

A. M. Randolph Retail Druggists of Northville, Mich. says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption, have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by A. M. Randolph.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in chambers.

Lester H. Sutton, complainant vs. Lucy Sutton, defendant. At a session of said court held at the city of Detroit on the ninth day of September 1889. Present Hon. Henry N. Brewster Circuit Judge. It is respectfully appearing to the court by affidavit on file that the last known place of residence of the defendant, Lucy Sutton, was at this city, but that she cannot be ascertained in what state or county she now resides. On motion of A. M. Randolph, Druggist, who is solicitor at this side of this said defendant, it is ordered that the said defendant be summoned to appear in this court on the first day of October next, to answer the complaint of the complainant. Signed: HENRY N. BREWSTER, Circuit Judge.

W. W. Wendell, Complainant's solicitor. A true copy JOHN MARSHALL, Deputy Clerk.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In a matter of the estate of DEWEY A. PALMER, deceased, and against the Probate Court of the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against and deceased, to be given notice that we will meet at the store of A. M. Randolph in the village of Northville in the county of Wayne, Michigan, on the 18th day of September, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M. to receive and examine all claims against the estate of the deceased, and to adjust the same. All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, are hereby notified to present the same to us for examination and adjustment. A. M. RANDOLPH, Commissioners.

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Go to the City to look over

FURNITURE

if you desire to, then return

to buy lower of

SANDS & PORTER.

Selling Out!

All our stock of Pocket Cutlery, Shears, Scissors and Razors. We need the room for other goods and the cutlery has got to go. IT'S GOT TO GO! YOU WILL NOT HAVE ANOTHER SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

Getting ready for school. All school books

at the lowest prices. Harpers readers

at introduction prices. Everything

in school supplies and stationery. Have your eyes tested

and fitted with the new gold nose spectacle.

A. E. ROCKWELL.

Your Friend the Jeweler.

NEW HARNESS SHOP!

Having rented the building known as the McKeand building I intend keeping a first-class Harness Shop and will keep a

better and more complete stock than has ever been

kept here, including Blankets, Robes, Whips etc

I have secured the services of James Evans

who is a practical workman and will do

all kinds of repairing quickly.

J. W. Evans

THE BUSINESS OF THE

ALEXANDER PIANO and ORGAN CO.

of Ann Arbor, hereafter under the management of H. T. MURRAY has been

passed over to B. A. HODGE of Plymouth,

who will have charge of all sales and collections in this vicinity. Their

Pianos & Organs

Will be on exhibition as heretofore at the store of Mrs. L. E.

McRoberts where payment can be left for Mr

Hodge. For directions describing these

PIANOS and ORGANS apply to Mrs. McROBERTS, B. A. HODGE or THE FACTORY

The new postal cards soon to be issued will vary in size. There will be three sizes when the contractors are finally taken up—one, a fine delicate card for ladies' use, much smaller than that now in circulation and of much finer quality.—Finally, a coarser paper will be substituted for the old Luz blotting-paper. An intermediate card of the same size as the one now in use will be retained, and a new large card will be introduced that can be used for business purposes, and will be large enough to allow a full head to be printed thereon besides the other matter. It is well known also that Mr. Wainmaker is in favor of cheap postage. He takes a practical view of the matter, however, and proposes that the reduction be made so that a half-ounce parcel could be carried for one cent, still retaining the present rate of two cents for a full ounce.—*U. S. Gazette.*

C. D. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

FORSEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

GEO. E. WATERMAN & CO.

C. D. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

For illustrated circulars to



Hon. James E. Campbell.

democratic nominee for governor in Ohio, was born in Middletown, Ohio, July 7, 1843, and was a brave and faithful union soldier during the war. He afterwards studied law, was admitted to the bar, becoming prosecuting attorney for Butler county, Ohio, from 1876 to 1880. He has been three times elected to congress.

The pastor of one of Detroit's most wealthy and influential churches recently preached his people a sermon on the "Duties of Citizens," in which were uttered truths of more than local interest. The reverend gentleman spoke from the text "When the righteous rule the people rejoice when the wicked rule the people mourn." This reverend gentleman says the people are responsible for bad laws, and the "culture" to enforce good ones, and in the same connection he urged the duty of relegating to obsequious officers who are organized in evil, who care not for law, who prostitute their positions for the spoils of office, and who set at defiance their obligations to those who have chosen them. He brings the cause of the evil home to the doors of those honest and upright citizens who have no inclination to take an interest in politics under modern methods and who do not care to mangle with the element controlling the political machinery of the present day. The solution of the evil lies in the better class of citizens asserting their power and going to the polls with a determination that the laws shall be made by honest men and that honest men shall properly enforce them. Parity and reform are the crying needs of the hour, and can only come through those who now neglect a plain duty by quietly acquiescing in the flagrant evils that exist.

Notwithstanding the adverse criticisms of the American press in regard to Brown-Sequard's wonderful discovery, and the fact that even the temporary benefits derived have in a number of cases been off-set by the perils of blood poisoning, the venerable scientist has not given up his search for the secret of prolonging human life. He is now making experiments trying to discover an elixir which will prolong the vitality of women, and is confident of success. He declares that the discovery which has excited so much ridicule on this side of the Atlantic is not a failure, but that it has not been fairly tested, and that even the most ordinary precautions used by physicians in administering hypodermic injections have not been observed. The venerable scientist's determination and zeal are to be commended, but the results of the application of his discovery in this country are not such as will inspire confidence.

The maritime exhibition which is to open in Boston November 5 and last for a period of nine weeks, will be the first of its kind in this or any other country. The display will include models of all kinds, engines, boilers, hoisting apparatus, pumps, steering gear, and in fact everything connected with vessels and steamships. The good to result from this exhibition it is supposed will be the enthusiasm it will awaken among ship owners as to the vast improvements and superiority of American-built ships over those of other countries.

FARM AND HOME.

How to Raise Superior Strawberries.

Persons who desire very large strawberries of fine color and flavor should not expect to raise them from plants that grow in matted rows or among weeds and grass. Neither should they expect to raise them on poor land, indifferently prepared, and on which little or no labor is expended. It is generally believed that western farmers would raise more bushels of potatoes, corn and small grain if they expended the same labor they now do on a smaller amount of land. What is true of field crops is also true of strawberries. In raising a supply for a family only a few small plots of ground is required. One hundred plants, properly raised or selected, and cultivated in the best manner possible, will produce all the berries five persons will consume. The ground on which they are to be set out should be heavily manured and worked over with a spade to the depths of at least eighteen inches. The spading should be well done so that all the soil shall be thoroughly pulverized.

Plants that grow on runners one year should be selected for setting the following season. If a runner is allowed to produce but a single plant, it will be a large and vigorous one. If a small pot, such as is used by florists for starting bedding plants in, is placed in the ground beneath the young plant and filled with rich earth, the roots will extend through the soil and the work of transplanting will be rendered easy. Old berry boxes or tin cans, if a hole be made in the bottom, can be used in the place of small earthen pots. Plants raised in pots or boxes are not injured or retarded in their growth by being transplanted. If they are set eighteen inches apart and the runners and blossoms are cut from them the first season, they will become very large and strong. The flower stalks and runners can be reached off very easily when they are young and tender. If allowed to grow they would otherwise go to form a large stool.

The following year the plants will produce an enormous crop of very large berries. They will make most of their growth from the substances that were stored up in the crown of the plant during the previous year. By preventing the growth of runners and by manuring the ground after the berries are gathered, the old plants will produce a good crop the next season.

Many may object to this plan of raising strawberries for the reason that it requires much work. In point of fact, it requires comparatively little. There are but few plants and they occupy but a small amount of ground. The removal of the flower stalks will not require more than a half-hour's time. The runners must be cut off as often as they appear, but the work can be done in a few minutes. The time spent in keeping the plants in a proper condition will be saved when the season for picking berries comes. Four quarts of berries can be picked from these large plants quicker than one quart can be gathered from matted vines.

There is an advantage in raising plants to set out outside the patch that produces berries. A piece of very rich ground is selected for the propagating bed, and plants are set in it about three feet apart. The blossoms are removed when they appear, so that the sap of the plants will go to form runners. The young plants that are formed on the runners are allowed to take root in pots or in the loose soil about the parent plants.—Chicago Herald.

Cause of Depression.

Farmers and cattle raisers have surveyed the fields carefully and estimated supply and demand, and have been constantly defeated in their estimates of the probable prices for hogs and cattle in the future. What is the matter? It is the combination of beef and pork packers. In 1886 nine of the leading meat packers of Chicago, Kansas City, etc., in all of the important packing centers, made a solemn contract, and signed, with severe financial penalties, an agreement to keep down the prices of hogs and keep up the price of pork. This agreement has been punctually observed by the parties. The contract provides that each establishment shall do only a certain per cent of all of the business of the pool. If any establishment packs more than its per cent, it pays weekly to the pool 4¢ for each hog in excess of its per cent. If any packer fails to receive a bonus of the same amount per hog. Some of the former packing houses have not packed a hog for two years, and have received the bonus for each hog they were entitled to pack. The houses which have overpacked have paid to the pool over \$300,000 for the privilege. This can easily be done, as the parties control the price of hogs as well as the selling price of packed and cured pork. So

the depression in the price of hogs is well understood.

There is no hope of relief from the understood fact that the present pool was to continue only until November, 1889. There have been combinations for pork packers and beef slaughterers for fifteen or twenty years, at first temporary and modest in assumptions. At each renewal of the pool the screws have each time been given a new turn, and it is probable at the coming November, instead of relief to producers and consumers, the combination will be stronger, demand more, and the rights of producers less. And what is being done in the hog trade is also controlling the price of cattle, as well as booming the price of beef. And these are the instrumentalities which are ruling this country.—Des Moines Register.

Farm Notes.

In building grain stacks it will be economical to place some rails, old boards, hay or straw on the ground before commencing the stack. In case we have a wet fall, or your threshing is delayed, there will not be muddy or rotten butts to go through the machine, or musty grain to go through the bin.

Have you ever counted up the cost of fences around your farm, and the amount of money and labor necessary to keep them in repair? If not, you should do so, and then see if you can not devise some plan that is less expensive. In other words, consider the question as to whether or not it is not cheaper to fence in stock than to fence them out.

After the grain is harvested it is a number one plan to clean up the stack yard before beginning stacking, draw out all the manure, and, if any old straw is left that can be used for bedding, put that in as little space as possible, mend up the fences, and have a good ready for stack-making by the time the grain is dry enough to draw in.

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers which grow in Europe only 420, or 10 per cent, are odoriferous. The commonest flowers are the white ones, of which there are 1,194 kinds. Less than one fifth of these are fragrant. Of the 931 kinds of yellow flowers seventy-seven are odoriferous, of the 823 red kinds, eighty-four, of the 594 blue kinds, thirty-one, of the 305 violet blue kinds, fourteen. Of the 240 kinds with combined colors, twenty-eight are fragrant.

It is inconvenient to have a shed for each sow separate and apart from others at farrowing time, but we are satisfied that it is the better way to secure health and thrift in the pigs. The cost of such sheds, built for the greatest comfort, will be much greater than when one large house is built; but in our experience the increase in health secured by isolation overbalances the saving in cost in favor of one building.

Oversown chickens are not those that have grown rapidly and attained large size but the term applies to chicks that can not stand on their legs, due to rapid growth. The difficulty occurs with cockerels more than pullets, and indicates high feeding. The chicks have good appetites, and are healthy in every respect except that they can not stand upon their feet, but run around on their knees. They usually get over the leg weakness and become the largest and finest birds of the flock. The remedy is to avoid over-feeding them.

The skim milk and whey may not be salable, but can be used for producing pork. Pigs will always pay on farms where skim milk is plentiful, and the cost of pork will be but little if other waste material be used in feeding them. A growing pig will need no grain before a cold weather.

Plant turnip seed. The ground is in excellent condition, being damp, and the seed should germinate quickly. As soon as the young plants throw out leaves, scatter wood ashes along the row. Give the crop extra attention when the plants are young and but little work will be required later on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Household.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Pour half a pint of cream in a buttered spider, break into it eight eggs, add salt and pepper to taste, stir until they are nicely marbled; then serve while hot. Another way is to scramble them in about two spoonfuls of drippings left in frying bacon.

APPLE PRESERVES do not keep so well as some other kinds of fruits, but this is a delicious preparation. Make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of pared and cored apples, add a sliced lemon, put in the apples, boil until transparent, and place in a jar. Boil the syrup until very thick and pour over them.

SALT CELLARS AT THE "SHORE."—The quality of table salt and its tendency to pack together may be overcome by drying the salt and mingling with it a small percentage of dry corn

starch or arrow root. From 8 to 10 per cent is amply sufficient for the most humid atmosphere, while a much less percentage of the starch is sufficient for ordinary use.

SILVER NESTS as flower stands, made of twisted silver wire to imitate a bird's nest, and mounted on silver twigs, so as to set the flowers up sufficiently, appear to be the latest novelty the silversmiths have to show. They are filled with white orchids and furnish a pretty choice for wedding presents, among which novelty and originality are truly at a premium.

BOILED FOWLS WITH-ONION SAUCE.—Place a couple of fowls trussed for boiling, with an onion and a piece of butter inside each, into a saucepan, with sufficient water and 3 ounces of butter; a couple of carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs (parsley, thyme and celery) whole, pepper and salt to taste, let them boil slowly till done—about one hour. Serve with the sauce over them.

BEAF RISsoles.—Mince and season cold beef, and flavor it with mushroom or walnut cat-chup. Make of beef dripping a very thin paste, roll it out in thin pieces, about 4 inches square; inclose in each piece some of the mince, in the same way as for puffs, cutting each neatly all round; fry them in dripping of a very light brown. The paste can scarcely be rolled out too thin.

He Was Used to It.

The ways in which the eccentricities of Yankee character will show themselves are innumerable, says the Boston Courier, and they are almost always amusing. There is a noble disregard of circumstances in the genuine Yankee which makes martyrdom so easily possible that it is almost a pity that the making of martyrs has so generally gone out of fashion.

In the country, one day recently, the editor was standing with some friends on a tennis lawn, when the horse of the village butcher which was always running away with that individual, overtook him, throwing him out, and performing like eccentricities, came dashing mally ovey a terrace from the street, flinging the unfortunate butcher into the tennis net with a shoulder of beef on top of him, and a big block of ice thumped with a good deal of force into his side. The fiery steed completed his work by dragging the wagon to which he was attached over his prostrate master, and then flying away to demolish it and the lawn turf together by careening along until stopped by a tree.

The butcher was taken up insensible, and a subsequent investigation showed that he had two ribs broken. As soon as he could be restored to consciousness one of the by-standers propounded the usual conundrum whether he was hurt. The injured man looked about on the crowd, attempted to move and found it impossible, gave a sickly and apologetic smile, and answered with a feeble assumption of jauntness most melancholy to see "Oh, it's nothing. I don't mind it. I'm used to it."

In the Orchard.

The autumn leaves are whirled away;
The sober sun looks down
On faded fields and woodlands gray,
And the dun colored town.

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisle,
In sad huesed gown and hood
Slow passes, with a peaceful smile,
A maiden pure and good.

Her deep, serene, and dove like eyes
Are downward bent, her face,
Whereon the day's pale shadow lies,
Is sweet with nameless grace.

The frolic wind beside her blows,
The sear leaves dance and leap;
With hands before her clasped, she goes
As in a waking sleep.

To her the aspen sties are bright,
The russet earth is fair,
And never shines a clearer light,
Nor breathes a softer air.

O wizard love whose magic art
Transmute to sun the shade,
Thine are the beams that fill the heart
Of this meek Quaker maid.

—James B. Kenyon, in the Century

He Got There

There is a smart little boy of the listener's acquaintance whose memory is a good deal like his trousers pockets—a receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends, which are retained with no little pertinacity, but in more or less picturesque disorder. Things pop up now and then in an odd way. The other night this little boy undertook to say his prayers before going to bed. He began all right—

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should—"

Here he "got stuck" for a moment, and seemed to be groping around for the remainder of the lines. And then, all at once, he started ahead.

"If I should chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

—Boston Transcript

BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.

The Great Preacher's Opinion of the Work Done by the Atheist.

Mr. Beecher has gone to his rest. The way was long for him and often very rough, but he trod his path with a buoyant step and far-looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now; but his words remain. Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll and those who were with him will long remember the following selected incident:

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown one day into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion was made to religion. The distinguished infidel was of course too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric, in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll at last remarked, "Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this subject?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied, "Nothing; in fact if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor blind man, with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt which had almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with his old-time fire, as he bent them on Ingersoll—"Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless, rudderless wreck in the sloughs of despair. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building, an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.—Canadian Advance.

Just a Fit.

If a boy sees a coat that fits him he sometimes puts it on before he knows it; or we may say the same thing in other words, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

Two school-boys had quarreled and finally had engaged in a real stand-up fight. The teacher got wind of the affair and called the combatants before him.

"He struck me," said one of the boys.

"He said I stole his knife," said the other.

"I said somebody stole it," said the first boy.

"Well, you meant me," replied the other.

"Why, Charlie," said the teacher, "if Willie had told me that somebody had stolen his knife, it would not have made me angry, I should not have thought that he meant me."

"Well, but you don't steal," was the ready answer.—Youth's Companion.

She Would Get Even.

"Then, my dear, you have really made up your mind to marry a widower?"

"Certainly."

"And does he never talk to you about his first wife?"

"I should like him to try. If he did I should at once begin to tell him about my third husband."—Madrid Comico.

