

SCHOOL COLUMN.

at the Misses Bakers' dress making parlors. Work done on short notice. We are cutting in prices.

MICHIGAN.

DISCOVERED THE BENDERS.

Startling Revelations Made in a Trial at Niles.

NILES, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Eliza Davis was discharged yesterday on the charge of grand larceny. During the trial many facts were adduced tending to show that Mrs. Monroe (Mrs. Davis' mother) was connected with the Bender murders in Kansas. By her own admissions Mrs. Monroe has had seven husbands, and a number of them mysteriously disappeared. Her daughter, Eliza, insists positively that Mrs. Monroe is old Mrs. Bender. Much interest was manifested and many blood-curdling and horrible revelations were brought out during the examination. Officers from Kansas have been in the state for ten days investigating the case and are satisfied that they have discovered the notorious Bender family. The governor of Kansas was asked for a requisition, which was at once forwarded to Gov. Luce, who at once issued extradition papers for Kate Bender, sr., and Kate Bender, jr., now in custody of the Berrien county officials. The murders committed by the Bender family were first brought to light in 1873, and at that time the revolting details of the crimes were the talk of the civilized world. The homes of Thomas and William Bender, the principal brothers, were near Cherryvale, Labette county, Kansas, both families occupying a large tavern. The mysterious disappearance of Dr. Wm. H. York of Fort Scott, Kas., led to the organization of a searching party and the missing man was tracked to the Bender tavern, where traces were lost and the party abandoned the search, although the Benders were strongly suspected of knowing more about the missing man than they were willing to divulge. Shortly after this a farmer passing the tavern noticed that it was deserted, and then returned upon the community that the Benders had left that section of the country. The premises were searched and the searchers were rewarded by finding the body of Dr. York and nine other bodies that the friends had buried. The country was aroused and disquisitions of the murderers were sent broadcast, and although vigorous search has been made they have never been brought to justice.

The Lien Law Void.

LANSING, Oct. 30.—The mechanics' lien law passed by the legislature in 1877 is invalid. The supreme court says "It strikes at the foundation of all property in land. There is no constitutional reason for depriving a man of his property except for his own act or default. Under this law his own act or default is not required and his freedom from any default of agreement is no defense. He may have paid the principal contractor in full, and yet the mechanics, or material men, may hold house and land for money which the contractor owes them. A man may contract for a certain house and the contractor may build him a house he never bargained for, and yet hold a lien on his land. The original contract pays no part in the matter except as a fact which binds no one and has no significance. Such a gross perversion of all the essential rights of property is so plain that no explanation can make it plainer, and as this purpose forms the only apparent reason for the passing of the law the present statute and all its parts must fall together, leaving the law of the state where it was previous to 1877."

The main difference between the old and new laws is that the old law did not allow the contractor, material men or mechanics to recover from the land owner any amount in excess of the contract price of the house. Furthermore under the old law no material man or mechanic can recover an amount greater than the amount due from the land owner to the principal contractor and unpaid. If a land owner pays in advance the mechanics and material providers have no lien on the house or land, and must look solely to the contractor. An owner may thus conspire with the principal contractor to defeat the lien, and the mechanics have no remedy unless they can prove the conspiracy. The owner, in short, has no responsibility towards the mechanics, but only to the contractor. Under the present law the owner was obliged to keep back his pay until he was sure the mechanics and material men had all been settled.

Smugglers Skip Smartly.

SALT STE MARIE, Oct. 30.—Opium smuggling has been carried on at this point for the past six months on an extensive scale, the smugglers bringing the drug from Vancouver and working it across the river in small boats. W. L. Babby, a special United States customs detective, has arrived here to assist local officers in arresting parties implicated, of whom there are quite a number. Some of the gang are now at Port Huron waiting a chance to smuggle across from Parma \$2,000 worth which they have lately imported, and are going to sell to Chicago dealers. There has been an immense traffic in the drug.

Whitehall Has a Mystery.

WHITEHALL, Nov. 1.—John Course of Montague, aged 67, and the father of Rev. George Course of Pentwater, disappeared one night five weeks ago, while presiding a threshing machine through a gloomy wood near the Wilcox mill. Search parties numbering 25 found for his body and finally found it late yesterday afternoon floating in White Lake, near the woods, horribly swollen and jammed by floating logs. Councilman Skeels, Marshall Walker and Chas. Hummer worked for hours to get the body ashore during a gale.

This is Cool.

MARQUETTE, Oct. 30.—A movement is on foot to organize a grand ice palace and snow shoe carnival at Marquette the coming winter. Plans for an ice palace covering an area of 3,700 square feet, have been prepared and estimates of cost made. No expense will be spared to make it a grand success. Snowshoes and toboggan clubs from all the cities along the chain of lakes will be invited to participate in the sports and pageants.

Shot in Self-defense.

LANSING, Oct. 31. The jury in the trial of Alfred Sutherland, for killing Elzie Douglass, was out all night and came in this morning with a verdict of acquittal. Sutherland was the station agent at Eden, who, it will be remembered, thought he was to be made the victim of a gang of toughs in the neighborhood, and who, on being attacked by Douglass, shot him.

The Central Will Fight.

DETROIT, Nov. 1.—The Michigan Central has finally declared itself, and the union depot protest will be carried out, it is said, at the end of a long and bitter legal contest, unless a compromise be effected. Don M. Dickerson has been retained by the Central.

Surrendered by the Bondsmen.

KALAMAZOO, Oct. 30.—Engineer Welham and Yardmaster Bush, who are charged with manslaughter, as a result of the great railroad and street car accident here, are now in jail, having been surrendered by their bondsmen.

The Kalamazoo wheel works turns out 1,000 carriage wheels daily.

The Cutler house at Grand Haven will be rebuilt by a stock company.

Two pupils in the school for the blind are expert typewriter operators.

Vassar has the best grist mill in the state.

Gladstone has had its tax levy cut down about 50 per cent.

The Somerville school at St. Clair has been closed for lack of patronage.

Newspapers of the state are opposed to the new election law.

W. B. Chaopell of Concord is a delegate to Montgomery, Ala.

Over 2,500,000 tons of ore was shipped from Negaunee this season.

The Detroit & Petoskey railroad company has filed articles of incorporation.

An Eaton Rapids cooper made 110 apple barrels in ten hours.

The Kalamazoo wheel company has been organized under the wheel trust.

Charles G. Smith of Grant has been arrested charged with barn burning.

C. D. Corey of Bronson bought \$25,000 worth of apples this season.

David Corless, who has lived near Quincy since 1836, is dead.

Kelley, the gold brick swindler of Lansing, has been discharged.

E. A. Landon of Springport, sold \$8,000 worth of apples from his farm this year.

A railroad will be in operation between Frederick and East Jordan early next year.

It is said that a good deal of land in Benzie county is being abandoned by homesteaders.

Daniel W. Doyle, an early settler of East Saginaw, died October 31, after a brief illness.

John Leatham of Medford owns 1,100 acres of timber land in Louisiana the taxes on which are \$4.70.

One hundred tons of hay on the farm of L. H. Hoyt near Schoolcraft burned recently. Tramps set the fire.

Over 600,000 tons of ore will be shipped from the Norris mine at Ironwood this season.

George Wheeler, an old resident of Three Rivers, fell from an apple tree the other day, and was killed.

The Detroit base ball association has filed a formal application for membership in the American association.

James Glover fell 18 feet while filling springs in the Kalamazoo paper and mill factory, and was fatally injured.

Howard E. Thompson of Menominee has been admitted to practice before the inter state commerce commission.

George Van Wagoner of Bay City is under arrest for forging the name of John P. Niggeman to a note for \$80.

Secretary of the Senate Miller, is now managing editor of the Grand Rapids Telegram Herald.

John O. Conwell's residence near Iron Mountain burned Oct. 27, at a loss of \$6,000.

The house and barn of Wm. Nyivon near Algonac, Branch county, were burned the other night by an incendiary fire.

Dr. H. B. Baker secretary of the state board of health, has been elected president of the American health association.

Horatio Seymour of Marquette is preparing for publication the letters of the late Gov. Horatio Seymour.

Dr. W. F. Kuhn, a well known physician of Kansas City, Mo., and Miss Jessie O. Wilson of Port Huron were married recently.

A Byron woman put \$150 in the stove for safe keeping. The \$50 in silver is not a dead loss, but the rest went up the flue.

Sabin M. Nichols, a pioneer and respected and wealthy farmer of Kalamazoo county, died recently at Grand Prairie aged 64.

W. M. Woodsum, whose boot and shoe store in Jackson had been closed by his creditors died Oct. 29, financial trouble having killed him.

Miss Sadie Yost of Big Rapids, took a dose of strychnine, mis taking it for quinine, and for several hours hovered between life and death.

H. H. Hinds of Stanton, president of the state live stock sanitary commission, pronounces the disease infesting swine near Bay City to be hog cholera.

Four liquor sellers of Williamston have been fined \$25 each for keeping their shops open on July 4. They did it under permission of the village council.

The abstracts of the reports of the state and county made to the bank commission show the total resources to be \$46,236,910.

Prominent citizens of Ypsilanti are negotiating with the Toledo & Ann Arbor road for an extension of that road through Ypsilanti to Belleville.

A. A. Wood & Son of Coldwater, established a cigar box factory in Tampa, Florida, and the same was destroyed by fire Oct. 2.

The general store of Martin Walsh of Spring Lake burned the other day at a loss of \$25,000. Mr. Walsh has been in business there for 30 years.

The 2-year old child of Theophile Courte manche of Saginaw was playing about a stove when its clothing caught fire and the child burned to death.

Edward Hollinwood of Escanaba ran into a spring gun set for deer at a camp near that place, and received a wound in the groin which will prove fatal.

Complaints have been made by Deputy Oil Inspector Jibb against Peter Reach and Martin Grayley of Monroe county or violating the law in selling unsupervised oil.

George M. Davis, the Ingham and Gene see county horse thief and ex convict, has been sentenced to Ionia by Judge Peck of Lansing under the new indeterminate sentence law.

Charges of drunkenness, extortion and general mismanagement have been filed against the probate judge of Ontonagon county. The Governor has ordered an investigation.

William Elliot, 21 years of age, stole \$180 in cash from the safe in the Elliot house, which is run by his father in Port Huron. He was found in Detroit, and returned home.

The dead body of Anos Hamlin was found near the Lake Shore track, about two miles from Albion, the other day. The body was scattered some distance from the body.

During a row in a Battle Creek saloon, Smith Bramble was terribly injured by Ed. Merritt. Bramble was knocked through an open window, and is not expected to live. Merritt is under arrest.

Copemish, the proposed metropolis at the junction of the Toledo Ann Arbor & Lake Michigan and Manistee & Northeastern railroads, has a couple of warm rivals in Nessen City, two miles away, and Chicago ten miles away. Regular trains will commence to run from Frankfort to Copemish about Dec. 1.

The Coldwater Republican has had to pay Bertha E. Farrand \$1,000 damages and cost for libelous her.

Byron Murdock of Reed City was in Saginaw recently, and there ran across his brother, E. P. Murdock of Chilliote, O., whom he had not seen before in seventeen years.

The United States court in Grand Rapids has denied the motion to quash the indictment against Dr. Walter E. Rife, the spirit possessor, accused of using the mails for fraudulent purposes.

The wood and iron working shops at the agricultural college are now lighted by fifty-light dynamo. The plant will be enlarged until all the buildings and the grounds are illuminated by electric lamps.

Thos. Evans of Detroit sues the Chicago Grand Haven & Milwaukee road for \$10,000 damages, charging that on December 5, 1899, while driving a Crogan street car across the railroad track a locomotive smashed the car and injured him severely.

The work of surveying a route for the proposed railway from Petoskey to Wolfville, on the Michigan Central & Mackinac Island, has commenced. The officers of the company are as follows: C. E. Hankey, vice president, O. Runse, secretary; James Buckley, treasurer.

Judge of Probate Hammond of Jackson has appointed T. H. Williams, C. V. Deland and Abram Hoag of Farnia a committee to provide relief outside the soldiers' home for needy soldiers and sailors of the late war and their widows and orphans, as provided by the last legislature.

The Michigan bee keepers have experienced a better season than was anticipated during the hot, dry summer. At one time the bees were doing so little, that it was seriously contemplated to cross them with lightning bugs, and thus breed bees that could work at night.

Grand Rapids manufacturers of furniture have formed a pool for the purpose of making a strong canvass of South America for their goods. About \$25,000,000 worth of furniture is sold annually in the southern republics, and Grand Rapids proposes to have a share of it.

Last February B. F. Cook of North Muskegon, who was carrying a \$5,000 policy in a Detroit life and accident insurance company, met with an accident which resulted in his death. His widow made a claim for \$5,000, but the company has refused to pay, and suit has been begun to recover the amount.

Lewis Phillips and Chas. Smith of Pontiac went into a newly dug well for the purpose of putting a box in the bottom. While at work the well caved in, burying them to their chests, in which position they remained three days, when help came. They were dug out in an exhausted condition, but are not seriously injured.

At the election of officers of the State Conference of the Unitarians in Kalamazoo President Clute of the Agricultural college, was elected president of the conference without consultation with him. He is constantly so pressed with duties at the college that he cannot do outside work, and has declined the office.

W. E. and George Allen, brothers, who were in business as grocers at Eaton Rapids, are in jail in Charlotte on a charge of arson. Their examination has been fixed for November 8, and bail was fixed at \$500 each, which neither has been able to furnish. It is claimed that they had \$1,000 insurance on \$500 worth of stock which was in store when it mysteriously burned.

Charles Rozell, jr., died at his father's house in Litchfield recently, aged 40 years. This man was born without a spinal column and has been obliged to lie prone upon his back all his life. He has never walked a step, and has lived most of the time in a room built and adapted especially to his peculiar necessities. He could talk and feed himself, but was not very bright intellectually, so that his entire life has been almost as blank as that of a mollusk. Few but members of his family have seen him.

The Matthews-Gill murder case at Petoskey ended in an acquittal. Robert Matthews and Harry Gill were members of a party who played a game of chance Aug. 22 to see which one of them would pay the costs incident to a visit by the whole gang to a sporting house. Matthews was "stuck." His refusal to pay resulted in a row during which Gill was stabbed. He died of his injuries and Matthews was held for trial as his murderer.

The St. Clair county board of supervisors have again voted that the prosecuting attorney shall again request Judge Moore to nolle pros the Murray murder case, which has been sent to Lapeer county for trial and is expected to be called there early in November. The board by a vote of 24 to 11, voted to do this last year, but Judge Moore said nay. The vote this time stood 20 to 10.

George Hart of Hartland, Livingston county, and Flora Bennett of Milford, Oakland county, went to Toledo a day or two ago to get married. The girl is said to be only 15 years old, and hence they were arrested while looking for an Ohio clergyman who would marry them. They were brought back, and Hart is in jail in Howell, while the girl is with her mother again in Oakland county. Hart is 22 years old.

At Pike, a station on the Milwaukee Northern railroad, not far distant from Iron Mountain, large boulders are being erected for the cutting and polishing of granite, a large bluff of the excellent building material being located there. A large amount of money is being put into the enterprise and an active business is likely to result. The stone is said to be of the best quality. At Granite Bluff, a few miles north of Pike, another fine ledge of granite arises many feet above the surrounding country, and at this point another works is to be established, we are told. Good granite quarries are eagerly sought by capital and the properties above mentioned are favorably located as regards their rapid transportation to the big cities of the great west and northwest.—Lansing Iron Ore.

Major C. B. Van Valor died at his home in Hillsdale recently aged 73 years. Major Van Valor came to Hillsdale in 1843 and has made it his home since. He was a captain in the Eighteenth Michigan infantry in 1862-3, and in 1864 was captain in the reorganized Fourth Michigan infantry and was breveted major for gallant and meritorious conduct at Pelee's Farm.

Sumner Shaw Thompson, president of the Frankfort & Southeastern railroad, died in Frankfort recently. His remains were sent to Lyndon, Va., for interment. Mr. Thompson was one of the oldest railroad builders in the United States, and a heavy stockholder in the Canadian Pacific, Vermont Central and half a dozen other eastern roads. He was president of the First National Bank of St. Johnsbury, Vt. His estate is estimated as worth \$7,000,000.

NATION.

Barclay Shoots His Brother.

NOBLESVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 30.—A terrible tragedy was enacted at the home of Samuel Carrington, half a mile from this village last night. It appears that a young man named Oscar Barclay has made himself notorious by his relations with two women and his visitations to the Carrington homestead. Barclay was warned by his father and three brothers, but he paid no attention to them. They decided to teach him a lesson, and about a dozen young men joined the father and brothers, disguised as whitecaps, proceeded to the Carrington house, dragged Carrington out, tarred and feathered him, placed him astride a rail and carried him some distance and left him to shift for himself.

The whitecaps returned to the house for young Barclay, and as they came to the door he ran upstairs, and seizing a musket, leveled it at the leaders and warned them to keep away. His threats were unheeded and as the whitecaps pressed forward he took careful aim and fired. The leader fell dead, the right side of his head and face being blown away. The victim proved to be the youngest brother of Barclay. Four of the whitecaps were captured yesterday afternoon, and the rest will be brought in to day. Public sympathy is in Oscar's favor.

After the Speakership.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—A Washington special to the Times says: From one canvass of the house of representatives it is reported that Mr. Reed of Maine leads in the race for the speakership with 59 votes, while McKinley has 54 votes in sight, Cannon of Illinois being third with 51 votes, Burrows fourth with 13, and Henderson of Iowa fifth with 12. This canvass is interesting, as much for what it promises in the way of second choice as for what it shows for first choice. It will take 85 votes to name a speaker in the republican caucus. McKinley is the second choice of 126 members, while Reed is second choice of only 55, including the 54 who are for him as a first choice. But if it comes to second choice, Cannon may get 70 votes, taking some from both Reed and McKinley.

According to this canvass, New York is not to be excluded, as was resolved last spring, but will give 14 votes to Reed, 2 to McKinley, 2 to Burrows and 1 to Cannon.

Noble Means Business.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Col. J. E. Smith, chief of the certificate division of the pension department until a few days ago, when he was dismissed, Col. Smith was one of the department employees whose pension had been re-rejected, and in response to a query why he had been removed, Secretary Noble tells him that he deems it to be the best interest of the service that the men in the bureau who have been re-rated should not remain there to exercise their influence. The secretary also thinks that the new pension commissioner will have a better opportunity to correct the gross evils recently sprung up if these re-rated beneficiaries are removed. He adds that hereafter re-ratings will be allowed only where there is an obvious mistake.

In Favor of a Corporation.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Judge Andrews in the supreme court to day handed down his decision in the injunctions obtained by the electric light companies against the city. The decision says that the company should have reasonable opportunity to put its wires in safe condition and if it does not do the same should be removed by the commissioner of public works as obstructions, or the matter should be laid before the grand jury. In the meantime the court says, the injunction heretofore granted with some modifications of the general restrictions should be continued until the trial of the action.

A Crazy Man's Act.

FINDLAY, O., Oct. 23. F. W. Stokes, 70 years old, and a prominent citizen, has shown symptoms of insanity for some time and yesterday he took a sword cane and put a fine edge on it. This excited the wife's fear and she went to the residence of her son in law, Samuel Miller, for safety. Shortly afterwards Stokes appeared at the Miller residence and as Miller went to the door the old man ran him through with the sword cane, inflicting a mortal wound. Stokes is in prison. Miller is cashier of the American National bank.

Is Death so Near?

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The London correspondent of the Times called last night. Word was sent around to the London ladies yesterday asking them not to publish any reports about the Prince of Wales's health. The papers here all obeyed the suggestion. A medical report, received to day, says the effects of Bright's disease are beginning to be obvious, and the result of his voyage to Egypt will be watched for with deep anxiety.

One Thousand Families Destitute.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 30.—Additional reports have been received here confirming the distressing condition of things, and it is said that at least one thousand families in South Dakota are in a state of destitution. The county commissioners of South Dakota have authorized the purchase of coal, but can do no more. A movement is on foot to have the large towns engage in cooperative work for the relief of the destitute.

Laundrymen are Laborers.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Acting Secretary Batchelder has decided that Chinese laundrymen are laborers within the meaning of the Chinese restrictive act, and are therefore prohibited from landing in the United States, no matter whether they have been here before or not.

More Than He's Worth.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—A treasury warrant for \$23 was issued to day in favor of Honor Lerveneier, Co. B. First Wisconsin cavalry, now residing in Chicago, the amount due him as his portion of the reward offered by the government for the capture of Jeff Davis.

Jay Borrowed Money.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—Jay Gould imagines that the world's fair is to be held here, and he has borrowed \$20,000,000 from Drexel, Morgan & Co. with which to put his elevated roads in good repair.

A Poor Plaything.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Oct. 29.—Some school children found a dynamite bomb and one lad tried to open it. The bomb exploded and 10 children were injured, two of them fatally. The bomb had been made for the purpose of killing fish.

A Corner in Railroads.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The World says that the Union Pacific Chicago & Northwestern combination has purchased control of the Chicago & Alton road. It now controls 27,000 miles of road, and represents \$54,052,000 capital.

ABROAD.

Davitt's Word Picture.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—Michael Davitt, in his address before the Parnell commission yesterday, dwelt at length on the social condition of Ireland, showing that the agrarian outrages committed from 1879 to 1882 were due to the social conditions of the country and to economic causes, and not to his teachings or to the work of the land league with the object of abolishing landlordism. This, he held, was a perfectly legal and constitutional end to work for. The man employed was a constitutional. He held no audience almost breathless while he recited his experience during the Irish famine in '48, and moistened the eyes of many of his hearers when he pictured his prison life, an episode of which was his being yoked to a cart like a beast of burden because with a single arm he was unable to perform the tasks imposed upon him as a man with two arms could have done.

It is expected that before Mr. Davitt gets through he will make some startling developments that will seriously affect the Times.

Alexander to Visit the Porte.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—Advises from Berlin say that the czar has accepted the invitation of the Porte to visit Constantinople. The reports which have lately been sent to the Sultan that the czar had sent from St. Petersburg his astonishment taken no pains to conceal should pay a visit to the Sultan, were undoubtedly authentic and represented accurately the czar's feelings. When, however, it was learned that the emperor would go to Constantinople, despite the amazement of the northern potentate, it is probably true that the czar, seeing the necessity of offsetting the influence of his conference with the commander of the faithful, resolved to confer with the Sultan himself.

Missionary Massacred.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—Advises from Brisbane state that the natives of southwest New Guinea have massacred Rev. Mr. Savage, who was sent out by the London Missionary society, a number of native teachers, and the crew of the cutter Mary belonging to the society.

The steamer Albatross, belonging to the Queen's Queensland government, has been dispatched to the scene of the murder.

Bellegueren Belgians.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 1.—The strikers in the Mons district now number 800. Delegates sent here by the strikers waited upon M. De Bruyn, minister of industry, and urged him support the men's demands. The colliers in the Central and Charleroi coal fields are joining the strikers. The owners of the coal mines have issued a manifesto, refusing to grant the strikers' demands.

Questions to be Considered.

OTTAWA, Nov. 1.—It is now understood that the dominion parliament will meet Jan. 1. The light over the Jesuit bill, the disturbed relations between Canada and the United States and the possibility of extending commercial relations with the neighboring republics will occupy much time of the session.

THE MARKETS.

New York Grain Market.			
Wheat.....	82@		83½
Corn.....	40	@	41
Oats.....	25½	@	26
Chicago Grain Market.			
Wheat.....	80	@	80½
Corn.....	31	@	31½
Oats.....	19	@	20
Toledo Grain Market.			
Wheat.....	81	@	81½
Corn.....	33	@	33½
Oats.....	20	@	20½
Detroit Market.			
Wheat, No 2 Red.....	80	@	80½
" " 3.....	74	@	75½
" " 1 White.....	76	@	78½
Buckwheat, per cwt.....	2.25	@	2.50
Clover seed.....	3.50	@	3.75
Oats.....	24	@	24½
Corn.....	33	@	34
Apples, per bbl.....	1.75	@	2.00
Quinces, per bu.....	1.50	@	1.60
Butter.....	18	@	20
Bears, hand picked, per bu.....	1.25	@	1.50
Cheese.....	11	@	12
Beef, dressed.....	3½	@	6
Veal.....	4½	@	9
Mutton.....	4½	@	5
Lamb.....	12	@	12
Timothy, per ton.....	19	@	20
Timothy, per ton.....	11 0	@	14 00
Clover.....	7 00	@	8 00
Timothy straw, per ton.....	4 50	@	5 50
Clover straw.....	7 00	@	8 00
Hides, No 1 Green.....	4	@	4½
" " Cured.....	5½	@	5
" " Caliskin.....	4	@	4
" " Veal kip.....			-4
Sheepskins.....	75	@	2 00
Onions, per bbl.....	1.75	@	2.00
Potatoes, per bu.....	.30	@	.25
Fowls.....	8	@	9
Ducks.....	7	@	9
Turnips.....	10	@	11
Tallow, per lb.....	4	3/4	@ 4
Wool, per lb.....	29	@	.30

WITH THE VIOLETS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesure, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that there a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies

And gray old trees in hughest limb,
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will need them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earl est cry.

When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust tovey seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warns it rise.

If any, born of kinder blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud
That tried to blossom in the snow;
Lies withered where the violets blow."

TESSA.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Cardine was eminently a young lady of resource; but she confessed to herself, as she stood before the glass thoughtfully brushing out her long hair, that the promise, or rather the means of fulfilling it, lay heavily on her mind. Visions of detectives and Scotland Yard rose up before her; but as she had not the remotest idea in what part of London Scotland Yard was situated—or who were the proper authorities to consult, these visions were dismissed as useless.

As she proceeded thoughtfully with her toilette, a brilliant idea flashed across her mind. Mrs. Callender had said that Noel Cleveland knew actors and actresses and all kinds of disreputable people; surely he might be able, among his numerous acquaintances, to obtain some news of Antony; and he was always so kind and pleasant that Tessa felt certain he would help her to the utmost extent of his power.

Much relieved, she finished dressing and ran down stairs. "She was a little late, and the others were already in the dining room. On the table beside Tessa's plate, a bunch of roses—cream, white and deep crimson—was lying. Tessa gave a delighted exclamation as she caught up and buried her face among the fragrant blossoms.

"Oh, Mr. Bevan, how awfully good of you!" she cried.
"You must not think so," Austen smiled at the girl's animated face; "your friend Noel Cleveland sent them. He is going from home tomorrow; and, as he had not time to call, he sent these instead of a 'P. P. C.' card."

"Going from home?"—and Tessa looked unfeignedly disappointed and dismayed. "Will he be away long?" she went on, after a little pause.

"A month or two. Why, Tessa, you look quite heart-broken!" Austen said with a surprised amused laugh.

Tessa colored. The disappointment was indeed great; she had relied confidently on Noel Cleveland's advice and assistance, and now the news that it would probably be months before she saw him again came like a sudden blow. She was conscious that her face betrayed too clearly her disappointment and vexation—that Austen was looking at her with a surprised, and Mrs. Callender with a suspicious face, and, with an effort, she forced a smile and careless answer.

"Yes, I am sorry; he is so amusing," she said lightly.
"And I think it is quite time he went," Mrs. Callender said with a severe look.

Tessa flushed angrily—a biting retort rose to her lips; and Austen, seeing that a storm was imminent, hastily changed the subject.

Dinner had been served earlier than usual that evening. There was a political meeting at Pennington to which both Austen and his sister were going; Tessa—who had declined to accompany them—had forgotten all about the meeting, and was delighted and relieved when Austen, glancing at his watch, inquired at what time the carriage had been ordered.

It was very rarely that she had an evening to herself; and she determined to make the best use of her unusual opportunity, and endeavor to see Mr. Cleveland. He had told her once that he almost invariably smoked his after-dinner cigar in the park adjoining his house. Once or twice Tessa had seen him sauntering up and down the avenue as she rode past with Austen.

There was just a chance that he might be there this evening; at all events, Tessa decided that she would try it if fate would be propitious.

It was past eight o'clock before Tes-

sa reached the Priory gates. The twilight was already gathering among the trees in the avenue, and there was a stillness which was almost oppressive over everything; the whole place looked asleep, Tessa thought—even the deer scarcely troubled to raise their heads as she passed.

With her heart beating a little nervously she hurried up the path, looking anxiously from side to side; but no trace either of Mr. Cleveland or his cigar gladdened her eyes. Suddenly, however, as she passed a narrow winding path which led behind some thick bushes towards the fish-pond, a tall woman slipped from behind the bushes and stood before her in the path, barring her progress. She was dressed in white, and her long yellow hair hung over her shoulders far below her waist; she had a beautiful sad face, and great blue eyes, which looked anxiously into Tessa's startled face. She stepped forward and laid her hand upon the girl's arm with a firm yet gentle touch.

"I am so glad you have come, my dear! It is so dull being here alone!" she said, in a curiously absent clear voice. "And now you will help me to look for it—will you not?"

"Look for it? What have you lost?" Tessa faltered.

"Something in the stranger's voice and manner struck her as odd and unusual, and her heart beat quickly as she asked the question.

"Ah, I can't remember! I have tried and tried, but I can't remember what it is!" she said, passing her hand across her forehead with a weary sigh. "But I think it must be here somewhere, and now you have come I dare say you shall find it. Come— and the firm clasp tightened round Tessa's arm—"I will show you where I think it is."

Dragging the girl after her with a gentle but irresistible force she walked quickly down the narrow path.

Tessa was too much startled to make any resistance. Passively she allowed herself to be hurried along behind the trees by her strange companion until they stood on the bank of the fish-pond.

It was shut in on all sides by a thick belt of fir-trees, which looked dark and sombre now against the sunset sky. Half the water lay in deep shadow, the other half was dyed blood-red by the setting sun; the bats were whirling overhead, and from the wood an owl's melancholy note sounded now and then. It was a strange and weird place to be in at that hour and with such a companion; and Tessa felt frightened and nervous.

The woman, without relaxing her tight hold, pointed with the other hand to the water.

"I think it must be there," she said, in a gentle but determined voice—"down among the water-lilies, you know. Come—let us jump in and look for it!"

The firm clasp tightened on Tessa's arm; with a wild terror, she felt that she was being drawn nearer to the edge of the water, and with the resolution of despair she forced a smile to her lips.

"I don't think so, it is much more likely to be somewhere in the Priory," she said.

"In the Priory?" The other shook her head. "Oh, no—I have looked all over for it! In every room but Noel's study; and I dare not go there—he does not like his papers and books to be touched. Perhaps you do not know my name, my dear? I am Mrs. Noel Cleveland, and I live at the Priory." She drew up her head with a little proud smile. "I came there—oh, a long time ago!—with my husband and my baby—"

The smile faded, and was suddenly replaced by a look of terrible passionate despair; she clasped her hands across her eyes, and burst into wild sobbing.

"Oh, I remember now—it was my baby! They took it away from me, and I have never seen it since," she cried passionately.

At that moment to Tessa's intense relief, amid the wild sobbing came the sound of footsteps, and in another instant Noel Cleveland appeared.

He did not notice Tessa just at first. Gently, but decisively he put his hand within his wife's arm, and stroked the golden head and soothed her as he might have soothed a crying child.

"Why, what are you doing here, my dear?" he asked gently. "Come home or you will catch cold and be ill again."

Mrs. Cleveland clung to him piteously.

"Oh, Noel, I can't find it! Where have you put my baby?" she moaned. "She"—pointing at Tessa—says it must be in the Priory. Is it?"

"Perhaps so. Come—we will look for it, dear."

"Then ask her to come—I like her," Mrs. Cleveland said, pointing at Tessa.

For the first time Noel glanced at Tessa; his face flushed, and he looked surprised and annoyed.

"Miss Cardine will you gratify this poor girl's fancy?" he said, after a pause, and in an odd humiliated tone.

And Tessa, feeling too sorry and sad to answer, bent her head silently and followed them to the house.

She noticed that Mr. Cleveland, as he approached the house, turned aside

from the principal drive and led the way up a narrow path behind the thick hedge to a side door, which opened into a quaint square garden. Entering the house, he opened the door of a small room which looked like a study, and requested Tessa to wait there for an instant while he took his wife to her own apartment.

Tessa, standing in the study, heard the sound of heavy doors closing one after another—heard the low sobbing become fainter and fainter till it died away altogether in the distance.

Her heart grew full of pity and sympathy as she stood by the window, looking drearily out into the garden, and thought of the terrible trouble which was part of and overshadowed her friend's life.

It was quite ten minutes before Mr. Cleveland returned; and then Tessa's quick eyes noticed that his face looked old and haggard, like the face of one who was suffering from severe mental strain—that the bright mocking light had quite died out of his eyes, and left an unspeakably sad and hopeless look. He came quietly across the room to her side, and, as she glanced shyly into his face, put his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Poor child, were you very much alarmed? I am so sorry!" he said, looking down at her with his kind weary eyes.

Tessa colored vividly. Perterently she longed to give utterance to some of the grief and pity which filled her heart, but the words failed her.

"I am—oh, so sorry! Has she been like this long?" she faltered.

"Since her baby died. She was very odd once before when she was quite a young girl, and her mother died in an asylum." Noel spoke in a resolutely calm voice. "I did not know this, you understand, or I should never have married her; they—she and her father—took good care I should not know until it was too late. I was a good match, you understand."

and a bitter sneer crossed his face for an instant. "Then, about fifteen months after our marriage—soon after her baby died—she became like this. I dare say Mrs. Callender has told you some pretty little tales of my neglect and jealousy, has she not? Yes—I thought so—as Tessa's eloquent face answered for her. "Well, now you know the truth—I am a very proud man, Miss Tessa, and I hated the idea of the world's comments and pity when it became known how I had been duped and humiliated; so I kept my secret. I gave out that my wife's delicate health altogether unfitted her for society, and discouraged all visitors here. I could not bear the idea of shutting the poor thing up in an asylum, for she is quite harmless generally."

"I am so sorry!"

Tessa's eloquent eyes looked the sympathy which her tongue refused to utter. Noel gave her hand a little friendly squeeze.

"I am sure of it. And now tell me how you came to be in the park alone, and at this late hour," he went on.

"Did you want me?"

Tessa's story was soon told and her request met with the ready response she expected. Mr. Cleveland readily promised to make inquiries among his theatrical friends, and seemed so certain of success that Tessa was relieved and delighted.

"Thank you so much!" she said putting out her hand gratefully.

"Wait until you have something to thank me for," Cleveland said gently. "Now I will walk home with you. Oh, yes"—as Tessa began a mild remonstrance—"it is too late for you to go alone!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Dozen Greatest Poets.

Perhaps I may now be permitted to recapitulate the list of a dozen English poets whom I venture to quote as the manifest immortals of our British Pantheon, says Edwin Gosse in the Forum. They are Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats. It will be noticed that there are thirteen names here and my reviewers have not failed to remind me that it is notoriously difficult to count the stars. The fact is that Gray, the real thirteenth, was an afterthought, and I will admit that, although Gray is the author of what is the most imposing single short poem in the language, and although he has charm, skill, and distinction to a marvelous degree, his originality, his force of production, was so rigidly limited that he scarcely may be admitted to the first rank. No doubt the explosive force which eggs a very great writer on to constant expression was lacking in the case of Gray, and I yield him—a tender babe, and the only one of my interesting family which I will consent to throw to the wolves. The rest are inviolable, and I will defend them to the last.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

S. F. Smith, author of the hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," has added a stanza for the centennial. The lines are as follows:

Our joyful hosts to day,
Their grateful tribute pay—
Happy and free—
After our toils and fears,
After our blood and tears—
Strong with our hundred years—
Oh Lord, to Thee.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Gems Only Prized for Their Vulgar Worth, Not Their Beauty.

The very small catalogue of precious stones popular with us may be one cause of our poverty in design; another in our few forms. A brooch, ear-rings, finger-rings—many people have no idea beyond those—a locket, rows of something round the neck, studs, stars for the hair—voilà tout! These orthodox "sets" cast polished and machine engraved, are as deadening as bad laws. Where there is no liberty there is no enjoyment, and what becomes of the joyau, the joyous gaud? It seems there are only a certain number of things one can do with diamonds. After the diamond come some half dozen well known names down to the dismal garnet.

Perhaps the eminent lapidary and mineralogist, Bryce Wright, says the Contemporary Review, has done more than anyone in the present day to increase the catalogue of our possible ornaments, as he has materially aided science by introducing a number of hitherto unknown minerals. At his museum in Saville row, a haunt of ever-increasing splendor and interest, specimens of extraordinary beauty may be seen—not only the largest diamonds and sapphires, the purest crystals and lapis in the world, and other things that delight the merely rich, but curiosities—white sapphires, colored diamonds, black pearls, pink emeralds, and exquisite specimens of novelties, such as hiddenite, Australian opals, and scores of beautiful materials which most of us only knew from the Revelation of St. John; fabulous glories such as fire children's dreams in Mme. d'Aulnoy's fairy tales—where entire tables of emerald, miniatures covered with a sheet of diamond, and bracelets cut in a single ruby are quite common—just such exquisite and rare objects may be seen at Bryce Wright's, along with many beautiful historical antiquities worth any length of journey to view.

In my opinion there is no material so beautiful as opal for cameo-cutting, an art revived by Bryce Wright with extraordinary success. I have a specimen of its five-matrix treated with antique grace and ingenuity by Elser, a well-known gem-cutter. Its color is as vivid as I have seen in opal—it glows like a blue flame, on close inspection Venus and Cupid start out from the mouth of a gleamy cave with pillars of ivory. This is in the true spirit of the old designers. I have an ancient coral pendant carved in a graceful figure of our lady surrounded by cherubim, and mounted in arabesques of blue and white enamel. Mrs. Alm-Tadem has a graceful seventeenth-century necklet of fine blue enamel, an interlacing of true love knots—probably Italian. These jewels are opposed to the vulgar, "noisy" concatenations of diamonds—distinguished from glass only by the microscope, though costing a fortune—which we connect with women of wealth but no training.

The Flesh-Making Stage.

What is it about the stage that has such a fattening influence on its divinites? asks a writer in the Boston Herald. I believe if a walking skeleton should get stage struck and make the drama profession, in six months' time the said walking skeleton would be groaning over inconvenient adipose, and have to take to Banting. These stage stars who manage to keep their figures lead a life of self-denial that must interfere with half the joys of their career. Capar and frisk as fatiguingly as they may, exhaust themselves as they do with "study," the fat rolls up, and lovely rounded contours disappear beneath the billows. It is said that nothing even in the line of mental fret and worry can prevent this predisposed stoutness, and that its remedy, starvation, causes worse ills by impoverishing the blood; in fact, that healthy flesh cannot be antagonized with safety to the possessor or thereof.

A Foolish Suicide.

"I had a man commit suicide in my barn," said a vineyard proprietor to a San Francisco Chronicle man who was visiting him. "He was down on his luck. I had him on the place for awhile, and he had a wife, a nice deserving wife. But he got down on his luck and one day he went in there and shot himself."

"That was sad."

"Sad! He was such a fool I had no pity for him. What do you s'pose the blamed idiot did? He went into town and paid \$10 for a pistol and came out here and blew his brains out. He knew as well as I did there was a pound of strychnine I kept right in that barn for killing rats. He might 'a' saved the \$10 for his wife and killed himself with the strychnine. I wouldn't have minded. But I sold the pistol for \$5 anyhow, and that was something for his wife."

Copy of Original.

VAN WERT, O., July 11, 1890.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

GENTS: This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear of or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, Druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KIRK.

We certify to the above testimonial.

HINES & SON, Druggists.

In the British colony of Victoria, the eight hour system has been established, and is satisfactory to both employers and employees.

AN EXQUISITE ENGRAVING.

Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, Colorado, With View of Pike's Peak in the Middle Distance.

A very costly and elegant steel plate engraving has just been executed in the highest style of the art, copies of which from a limited supply, are now ready for delivery, and will be sent to any part of the world on receipt of 25 cents each, in stamps or coin. The noble grandeur of the "Entrance" to the "Garden of the Gods" is the favorite theme of poet and painter. The outer parapets are of pure white, while the interior columns spring boldly from the plain to a height of 80 feet—the whole suggesting the ruins of a vast temple. These towering walls form a majestic frame work for the snow capped summit of Pike's Peak which reveals itself among the clouds in the far distance. To secure an early copy of this admirable work of art, address JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen. Trk & Pass. Agent, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry, enclosing the price, 25 cents.

A new development of the labor question the suit begun by two miners at Greensburg, Pa., against a boss who called them "Mollie Maguires" and "anarchists."

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

Sportsmen

Illustrated pamphlet "Sport among Nebraska Game Birds," mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington route, Chicago, Ill.

"Never before," says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, "has work been so abundant and so well remunerated in the city as during the exhibition season."

"Oh to be dead and done with the trouble That fills each day with a dreary pain. This is the moan of many a woman Who thinks she can never be well again. 'T were better for me and better for others."

If I were dead, and their tears fall fast. Not so, not so, O wives and mothers, There's a bow of hope in the sky at last, and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 25 cents.

The long strike of Scott's coal miners at Spring Valley, Ill., is still unsettled, and it looks as though the strike, who have rejected the offer of a slight advance would be out all winter. They are yet receiving aid from labor organizations. The strike of the coal miners at Brazil, Ind., is now in its sixth month.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude to him, from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Wanted, Men to Travel.

The Travelers Employment Bureau of Chicago is not an ordinary employment Bureau such as the woods are full of, but is a legitimate institution incorporated under the State laws of Illinois with a capital stock of \$5,000.00 and devoted entirely to the interests of Commercial Travelers. It will pay you to write for particulars, free. See ad. in this paper.

Land.

Printed matter regarding lands in Nebraska, Northwest Kansas and Eastern Colorado, mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

We recommend "Fassill's Punch" Cigar

There will soon be a national organization of the telelayers of the United States. Favorable responses have been received to the circular calling for its formation that was recently sent out by Progressive City Layers' Union No 2,600 of New York City.

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

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

In the newly drafted constitution for the state of Wyoming it is provided that "eight hours shall constitute a lawful day's work in all mines and on all state and municipal works."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

SMITH'S BILE BEANS

"TIME TESTED" - "VICTOR CROWNED."

If you want to live as well and live to a ripe old age, then you can keep a new feeling supply of **SMITH'S BILE BEANS** always at hand.

Their Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic qualities have been "time tested," and the thou ands of testimonials which we have, and still receive, show that there is not a letter on sale.

If you feel **NERVOUS** or **CONSTIPATED**, the **BILE BEANS** do double the blame, and a single dose of **BILE BEANS** (one bean) will **CURE YOU UP**.

Call on your Druggist for them. Sold everywhere, **25c. PER BOTTLE**.

Sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO.

READ THIS - "I wish to add my testimony to the efficiency of **Bile Beans** for all Bilious and Nervous Troubles. My most serious ailments have lately given the **Bile Beans** all most satisfactory results. We shall always keep them in the household."

W. T. PATTERSON, 1114 S. 1st St., Equitable Life Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

AA THERE!

All Right!

Wide Awake!

Been Sleeping? No, Sir! Just Giving the Editor time to sell out. But I don't want to sell. No, Sir! Except at retail, and so I will

BLAZE AWAY

The first thing I wish to direct your Attention to is

21 cts. Per Yard 21 cts.

AN ELEGANT NEW LINE OF

Stripped & Plaid Dress Flannel, 36 inches wide

bought at a bargain For Cash, that will go

On Sale Saturday, November 9, at 21 cents PER YARD

We are showing a splendid Line of Dress Goods, in the Latest Novelties and Shades. Dry Goods Stock is Complete in every Department.

Underware! Underwear!

For Ladies, Gentlemen, Children and EVERYBODY; a Big Stock and Cheaper than Ever.

IMMENSE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES

Of all kinds including Rubber Boots, Felt Boots, Gr in Boots, Ladies Felt Shoes, warm lined. Ladies and Gents Hosiery and Rubbers of all kinds. Stock Bigger than ever.

MY STOCK OF CLOTHING

Never was in as good shape as at the present time and Prices that will stand the criticism of the most careful buyer.

Gloves and Mittens, Hats and Caps, Gents Furnishing Goods of all kinds and the fact of the business is, it is a

BIG STOCK ANYWAY

21 Cents! 21 Cents! ONE YARD WIDE 21 Cents! 21 Cents!

T. G. Richardson,

THE OUTFITTER.

NORTHEVILLE, MICHIGAN.



General John P. S. Gobin, Grand Master of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, is a Pennsylvanian, and was born at Sunburn, Northumberland county. He learned the printer's trade, became a lawyer, and served in the state legislature. He has a very honorable war record, entering the Union service as early as April 19th, 1861, serving until January 6th, 1866. He entered the army as lieutenant in the Eleventh regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and left as brigadier general of United States volunteers. General Gobin is at present a resident of Lebanon, Pa., and was first elected to the state senate in 1884. He has always been prominent in Masonic circles, and before his elevation to the grand mastership he was the deputy grand master, a post he filled with distinction.

Carlos I., the new king of Portugal, is about twenty-six years old. He ascends the throne not unprepared, the invalid condition of his father having for some time caused more and more official responsibility to be placed upon him. The little kingdom has now few causes of disturbance at home or abroad. Her chief colonial troubles are in South Africa, and these are likely to be quickly settled, the rivalry of her two strong neighbors, Germany and England, furnishing, perhaps, a guarantee that she will find aid in defending her rights. Yet the accession of a new monarch must cause some speculation as to its effects. The twenty-eight years' tranquility which Portugal had under King Luis I. was largely due to his observance of constitutional principles, willingness to favor reforms, and lack of disposition to seek personal prominence at the expense of the peace of the kingdom. Even under him there were some exciting political crises, and for a long time a continuation of the financial embarrassments and disorders which had come down to him from his predecessors. The probabilities are that no great changes in Portugal's domestic or foreign affairs need be immediately expected.

Emperor William of Germany is not contented with the imperial crowns his grand-parents wore, and which date no further back than 1872 and is having new ones made for himself and the Empress. His is to weigh three pounds and to have a huge sapphire at the top, and to contain 109 diamonds. The one for the Empress has no sapphire but has fifteen hundred diamonds and eleven of the finest pearls in the world. Konigsberg is elated at the news of these diamonds and cherishes the hope that William will come to that ancient royal city to be crowned, as all his ancestors have done.

De Lesseps' hole in the ground (the Panama canal) with all its rights (and ruins) is for sale. The abandoned canal represents an outlay of over one hundred million dollars, and the loss of thousands of lives. It is a graveyard of fortune and life, and a deplorable closing chapter in an otherwise honorable career one of the world's greatest engineers.

The race problem in the south will remain unsolved until either the dominant whites of that section acknowledge the political rights guaranteed the Negro by the constitution, or until the last colored citizen shall have expatriated himself, and there is no immediate probability of either of them coming to pass.

HOW HE BEAT THE DEVIL.

Daniel was a very wretched man. As he sat with his head bowed upon his desk that evening he made up his mind that his life had been a failure. "I have labored long and diligently," said he to himself, "and although I am known throughout the city as an industrious and shrewd business man I am still a poor man and shall probably continue so to the end of my days—unless—"

Here, Daniel stopped and shivered. For a week or more he had been brooding over his unhappy lot. There seemed to be but one way out of his trouble, yet his soul revolted from taking that step. That was why he stopped and shivered.

"But," he argued, "I must do something! My nine children are growing up into big boys and girls. They must have those advantages which my limited means will not admit of! All my life so far has been pure, circumspect, and rigid: poverty has at last broken my spirit—I give up the fight—I am ready to sell my soul to the devil!"

"The determination is a wise one," said a voice at Daniel's elbow. Daniel looked up and beheld a grim-visaged stranger in the chair beside him. The stranger was arrayed all in black, and he exhaled a distant odor of sulphur.

"Am I to understand," asked the stranger, "that you are prepared to enter into a league with the devil?" "Yes," said Daniel, firmly; and he set his teeth together after the fashion of a man who is not to be moved from his purpose.

"Then I am ready to treat with you," said the stranger.

"Are you the devil?" asked Daniel, eyeing the stranger critically.

"No, but I am authorized to enter into contracts for him," explained the stranger. "My name is Beelzebub and I am my master's most trusted agent."

"Sir," said Daniel, "you must pardon me (for I am loathe to wound your feelings), but one of the rules governing my career as a business man has been to deal directly with principals and never to trust to the offices of middlemen. The affair now in hand is one concerning the devil and myself, and between us two and by us two only can the preliminaries be adjusted."

"As it so happens," explained Beelzebub, "this is Friday—commonly called Langman's day—and that is as busy a time in our particular locality as a Monday is in a laundry or as the first of every month is at a book-keeper's desk. You can understand, perhaps, that this is the devil's busy day, therefore be content to make this deal with me, and you will find that my master will cheerfully accept any contract I may enter into as his agent and in his behalf."

But no—Daniel would not agree to this with the devil himself, and only the devil himself, would he treat. So he bade Beelzebub go to the devil and make known his wishes. Beelzebub departed, much chagrined. Presently back came the devil—and surely it was the devil this time—there could be no mistake about it, for he wore a scarlet cloak and had cloven feet and carried about with him as many suffocating smells as there are kinds of brimstone, sulphur, and asafetida.

The two talked over all Daniel's miseries; the devil sympathized with Daniel, and ever and anon a malodorous, gummy tear would trickle down the devil's sinister nose and drop off on the carpet.

"What you want is money," said the devil. "That will give you the comfort and the contentment you crave."

"Yes," said Daniel, "it will give me every opportunity to do good."

"To do good!" repeated the devil. "To do good, indeed! Yes, it's many a good time we shall have together, friend Daniel! Ha, ha, ha!" And the devil laughed uproariously. Nothing seemed more humorous than the prospect of "doing good" with the devil's money! But Daniel failed to see what the devil was so jolly about. Daniel was not a humorist; he was, as we have indicated, a plain business man.

It was finally agreed that Daniel should sell his soul to the devil upon condition that for the space of twenty-four years the devil should serve Daniel faithfully, should provide him with riches, and should do whatsoever he was commanded to do, then, at the end of the twenty-fourth year, Daniel's soul was to pass into the possession of the devil and was to remain there forever, without recourse or benefit of clergy. Surely a more horrible contract was never entered into!

"You will have to sign your name to this contract," said the devil, producing a sheet of asbestos paper upon which all the terms of the diabolical treaty were set forth exactly.

"Certainly," replied Daniel. "I

have been a business man long enough to know the propriety and necessity of written contracts. And as for you, you must of course give a bond for the faithful execution of your part of this business."

"That is something I have never done before," suggested the devil.

"I shall insist upon it," said Daniel, firmly. "This is no affair of sentiment, it is strictly and coldly business—you are to do certain service and are to receive certain reward therefor."

"Yes, your soul!" cried the devil, gleefully rubbing his callous hands together. "Your soul in twenty-four years!"

"Yes," said Daniel. "Now, no contract is good unless there is a quid pro quo."

"That's so," said the devil, "so let's get a lawyer to draw up a paper for me to sign."

"Why a lawyer?" queried Daniel. "A contract is a simple instrument; I, as a business man, can form one sufficiently binding."

"But I prefer having a lawyer do it," urged the devil.

"And I prefer to do it myself," said Daniel.

When a business man once gets his mind set, not even an archemidian lever could stir it. So Daniel drew up the bond for the devil to sign, and this bond specified that in case the devil failed at any time during the next twenty-four years to do what Daniel commanded him, then should the bond which the devil held against Daniel become null and void, and upon that same day should a thousand and one souls be released forever from the devil's dominion. The devil, who hated to sign this agreement, but he had to. An awful clap of thunder ratified the abominable treaty, and every black cat within a radius of 100 leagues straightway fell to frothing and to yowling grotesquely.

Presently Daniel began to prosper; the devil was a faithful slave and he served Daniel so faithfully that no person on earth suspected that Daniel had lugged with the evil one. Daniel had the finest house in the city, his wife dressed magnificently, and his children enjoyed every luxury wealth could provide. Still, Daniel was content to be known as a business man, he deported himself modestly and kindly; he pursued with all his old-time diligence the trade which in his earlier days he found so unproductive of riches. His indifference to the pleasures which money put within his reach was passing strange and it caused the devil vast uneasiness.

"Daniel," said the devil one day, "you're not getting out of this thing all the fun there is in it. You go poking along in the same old rat with never a suspicion that you have in your power to enjoy every pleasure of human life. Why don't you break away from the old restraints? Why don't you avail yourself of the advantages at your command?"

"I know what you're driving at," said Daniel; shrewdly. "Politics?"

"No, not at all," remonstrated the devil. "What I mean is fun—gayety. Why not have a good time, Daniel?"

"But I am having a good time," said Daniel. "My business is going all right. I am rich. I've got a lovely home, my wife is happy, my children are healthy and contented, I am respected—what more could I ask? What better time could I demand?"

"You don't understand me," explained the devil. "What I mean by a good time is that which makes the heart merry and keeps the soul youthful and buoyant—wine, Daniel! Wine, and the theater, and pretty girls, and fast horses, and all that sort of happy, joyful life!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" cried Daniel; "no more of that, sir! I sowed my wild oats in college. What right have I to think of such silly follies—I, at 40 years of age, and a business man, too?"

So not even the devil himself could persuade Daniel into a life of dissipation. All who have made a study of the business man will agree that of all human beings he is the hardest to swerve from conservative methods. The devil growled and began to wonder why he had ever tied up to a man like Daniel—a business man.

Pretty soon Daniel developed an ambition. He wanted reputation, and he told the devil so. The devil's eyes sparkled. "At last," murmured the devil with a sigh of relief; "at last!"

"Yes," said Daniel, "I want to be known far and wide. You must build a church for me."

"What?" shrieked the devil. And the devil's tail stiffened up like a sore thumb.

"Yes," said Daniel, calmly; "you must build a church for me, and it must be the largest and the handsomest church in the city. The sittings shall be free, and you shall provide the funds for its support forever."

The devil frothed at his mouth and

blue fire issued from his ears and nostrils. He was the maddest devil ever seen on earth.

"I won't do it!" roared the devil. "Do you suppose I'm going to spend my time building churches and stultifying myself just for the sake of gratifying your idle whims? I won't do it—never!"

"Then the bond I gave is null and void," said Daniel.

"Take your old bond," said the devil, petulantly.

"But the bond you gave is operative," continued Daniel. "So release the thousand and one souls you owe me when you refuse to obey me."

"Oh, Daniel!" whimpered the devil, "how can you treat me so? Haven't I always been good to you? Haven't I given you riches and prosperity? Does no sentiment of friendship—"

"Hush," said Daniel, interrupting him. "I have already told you a thousand times that our relations were simply those of one business man with another. If now behooves you to fulfill your part of our compact—eventually I shall fulfil mine. Come, now, to business! Will you or will you not keep your word and save your bond?"

The devil was sorely put to his trifling. But when it came to releasing a thousand and one souls from hell—ah, that staggered him! He had to build the church, and a noble one it was, too. Then he endowed the church, and finally he built a parsonage; altogether it was a stupendous work, and Daniel got all the credit for it. The preacher whom Daniel installed in this magnificent temple was severely orthodox, and one of the first things he did was to preach a series of sermons upon the personality of the devil, wherein he inveighed most bitterly against that person and his work.

By and by Daniel made the devil endow and build a number of hospitals, charity schools, free baths, libraries, and other institutions of similar character. Then he made him secure the election of honest men to office and of upright judges to the bench. It almost broke the devil's heart to do it but the devil was prepared to do almost anything—except to forfeit his bond and give up those one thousand and one souls. By this time Daniel came to be known far and wide for his philanthropy and his piety. This gratified him, of course, but most of all he gloried in the circumstance that he was a business man.

"Have you anything for me to do today?" asked the devil one morning. He had grown to be a very meek and courteous devil, steady employment in righteous causes had chastened him to a degree and purged away somewhat of the violence of his nature. On this particular morning he looked faggard and ill-yeared, and he looked, too, as blue as a whetstone.

"I am not feeling robust," explained the devil. "To tell the truth, I am somewhat ill."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Daniel, "but as I am not conducting a sanitarium I can do nothing further than express my regret that you are ailing. Of course our business relations do not contemplate any interchange of sympathies; still I'll go easy with you to-day. You may go up to the house and look after the children; see that they don't smoke cigarettes or quarrel or tease the cat or do anything out of the way."

Now that was fine business for the devil to be in, but how could the devil help himself? He was wholly at Daniel's mercy. He went groaning about the humiliating task.

The crash came at last. It was when the devil informed Daniel one day that he wasn't going to work for him any more.

"You have ruined my business," said the devil, wearily. "A committee of Imps waited upon me last night and told me that unless I severed my connections with you a permanent suspension of my interests down yonder would be necessitated. While I have been running around doing your insane errands my personal business has gone to the dogs—I wouldn't be at all surprised if I were to have to get a new plant altogether. Meanwhile my reputation has suffered; I am not longer respected and the number of my recruits is daily becoming smaller. I can make no further sacrifice."

Then you are prepared to forfeit your bond?" asked Daniel.

"Not by any means," replied the devil. "I propose to throw the matter into the courts."

"That will hardly be to your interest," said Daniel, "since, as you well know, we have recently elected honest men to the bench, and, as I recollect most of our judges are members in good standing of the church we built some years ago!"

The devil howled with rage. Then, presently, he began to whimper.

"For the last time," expostulated Daniel, "let me remind you that sentiment does not enter into this affair at all. We are simply two business

parties co-operating in a business scheme. Our respective duties are exactly defined in the bonds we hold. You keep your contract and I'll keep mine. Let me see, I still have a margin of thirteen years."

The devil groaned and writhed.

"They call me a dude," whimpered the devil.

"Who do?" asked Daniel.

"Beelzebub and the rest," said the devil. "I have been trotting around doing pious errands so long that I've lost all my sulphur and brimstone flavor, and now I smell like spikenard and myrrh."

"Pooh!" said Daniel.

"Well, I do," insisted the devil. "You've humiliated me so that I haven't got any more ambition. Yes, Daniel, you've worked me shamefully hard!"

"Well," said Daniel, "I have a very distinct suspicion that when, thirteen years hence, I fall into your hands I shall not enjoy what might be called a sedentary life."

The devil plucked up at this suggestion. "Indeed you shall not," he muttered. "I'll make it hot for you!"

"But come, we waste time," said Daniel. "I am a man of business and I cannot fritter away the precious moments parleying with you. I have important work for you. To-morrow is Sunday; I want you to see that all the saloons are kept closed."

"I shan't—I won't!" yelled the devil.

"But you must," said Daniel firmly.

"Do you really expect me to do that?" roared the devil. "Do you fancy that I am to arrange a fool as to shut off the very feeders whereby my hungry hell is supplied? That would be suicidal!"

"I don't know anything about that," said Daniel. "I am a business man, and by this business arrangement of ours it is explicitly stipulated—"

"I don't care what the stipulations are," shrieked the devil. "I'm through with you, and may I be consumed by my own fires if ever again I have anything to do with a business man!"

The upshot of it all was that the devil forfeited his bond and by this act Daniel was released from every obligation unto the devil and one thousand and one souls were ransomed from the torture of the infernal fires—Eugene Field.

"Ben Hur" at Home.

Of the most prominent writers who are singularly fortunate in their domestic relations, the author of "Ben Hur" is a striking example, says the Woman's Journal. Herself a writer of more than average ability, and possessed of an accurate literary judgment, Mrs. Wallace is an invaluable assistant to her husband in his work. She is a tireless worker, rapid yet very painstaking, and is an expert at proof-reading. General Wallace is himself his severest critic, and after an incident or chapter has been written, re-cast probably a dozen times, and criticised from every standpoint it is given to Mrs. Wallace, and runs the gauntlet of her critical judgment. There is a singular harmony of tastes between the two, and in this wise the literary partnership is productive of the most satisfactory results. The home of the Wallaces is in Clafordsville, Ind. and contains every comfort. They have already made a great deal of money with their pens, and are destined to make much more. Almost anything General Wallace chooses to write is an assured success, and he can therefore command high prices for his work. The sales of "Ben Hur" alone have brought him over \$30,000, and its success has also made "The Fair God" a fast selling book. For his "Boyhood of Christ" and his biography of President Harrison he received very big payments, while for his new novel he will be paid what to many would be a snug little fortune. For Mrs. Wallace's published works there is also a steady demand, so that this literary couple manage remarkably well to secure a large share of the sweets of literature.

The Pious Fall.

It was a party given in the country at the house of a most pious family, says the Boston Courier. A worldly minded niece had come for a visit, and it was felt that something should be done to entertain her, even at the expense of the sober traditions of the family. The neighbors had therefore been gathered together in the parlors to entertain themselves in a house where cards or dancing would be considered sinful and the most innocent amusements frivolous. By the time supper was announced everybody was bored almost to death, and they fled into the diningroom with a grave and melancholy air, as if they were being led to execution. When they were within and ready to begin, the voice of the old family parrot was heard piping from some unseen corner: "Let us pray."

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New Marble Shop

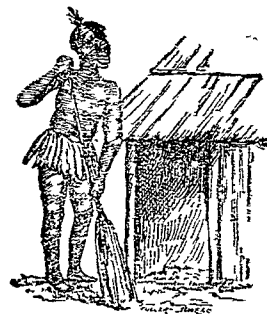
Having had over twenty years experience as a practical cutter in Marble and Granite, I would respectfully announce that I have opened a shop on Center St. in NORTHVILLE, and I would be glad to have the friends of the vicinity to call and inspect work and prices and give me a chance to bid on their work before purchasing anywhere else.

—F. A. KENNEDY.

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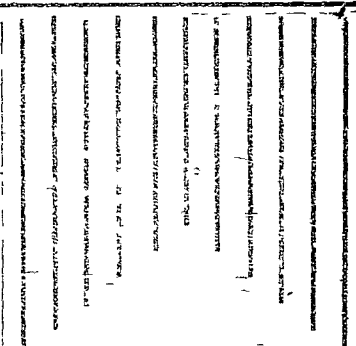
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