

The Northville Record

VOL. XXI No. 22.

NORTHVILLE MICH., FRIDAY DECEMBER 13, 1889.

A. C. Walterhouse, Publisher

KRIS KRINGLE

IS COMING!

And everybody is looking around and trying hard to think of something suitable for a

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

To bestow upon friends and loved ones. Thinking a

FEW SUGGESTIONS

Might help our patrons in selecting we hereby submit a partial list of goods coming in our line. For instance

A Ladies' or Gents' Neck Muffler of which we are showing a line from 25c to \$3

A pair of Ladies' or Gents' Kidd Gloves or Mittens.

A pair of nice Silk Suspenders 25c to \$1.50

A pair of Ladies' or Gents' Velvet Slippers

A Gold-headed Silk Umbrella.

A Silk Plush Cap \$1.25 to \$3.00

A Silk Handkerchief

A Plain or Fancy Linen Handkerchief

A set of Lace Collars and Cuffs or a Tie,

A nice Neck Scarf,

An Overcoat, line running from \$4.00 to \$16.00,

A Table Cover and Napkins,

A Stand Cover,

A Handsome Scarf for sideboard or dresser,

A good Blanket Shawl, line runs from \$1.50 to \$10.00,

A pair of those nice warm Rose Bed Blankets at 80c to \$5.00,

Or, what would be nicer for a Lady than a good Dress.

We are showing as fine a line of

DRESS GOODS

As the people of Northville have ever had the opportunity of selecting from this side of Detroit, we give this line

Special Attention.

The above is only a partial list of the goods we are showing but space forbids a more extended list.

However we are

Never too Weary to Show Goods.

And would be Pleased to wait upon you at any time.

T. G. Richardson,

THE OUTFITTER, Northville, Michigan

LOCAL FENCIBLES:

Here comes winter, here comes winter,
Storms of snow and hail and sleet.
Pay the printer, pay the printer,
Let him warm his hands and feet.

—Subscriber in Ionia Sentinel.

Ten pages.

Are you going?

Hiram G. Warren, died in South Lyon, Nov. 26, aged 69 years.

Where?

The Princess roller rink will be open every Saturday evening hereafter.

To the lecture at the Baptist church.

All turn out to hear "Uncle Josh" next week.

When?

R. G. Hart of Lapeer, has purchased the farm of Robert Waterman near this village.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 17th.

Wilbur S. Harrington celebrated his 25 birthday last Tuesday. May he live to enjoy many more.

Whose?

The first regular meeting of the Ladies Library association will be held at Mrs. J. M. Burgess' at 3 o'clock, on Saturday, Dec. 21.

Rev. Z. Grenell's.

Northville Amateur Dramatic company will give Josh Whitcomb at the Opera House, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of next week.

What is it about?

Well, I don't know but the subject is "Keep off the Grass," and they say he is real witty. His lectures are very popular and we had better go and hear him.

Wm. King, died at the home of Albert Mason, on Friday of last week, aged 60 years and 8 months. Funeral took place at the Leland church on Saturday.

The flag was floating at half mast over the K. of P. lodge room Thursday in commemoration of the death of Col. J. H. Rathbone, founder of the Knights of Pythias.

Miss Julia Downer, who has been a great sufferer for about a year, passed peacefully away on Wednesday. Deceased was about thirty years of age. The funeral will take place at the house to-day at 2 p. m.

A. E. Rockwell's copy for change of advt. came to hand too late for this week. But he is still to the front with a full line of Christmas goods at prices that will astonish you at their cheapness. See his line of art goods.

S. B. Hyers's colored comedy company appeared before large audiences in the Opera house, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week. The company is an excellent organization and give a good entertainment.

If the local press is right Congressman Allen will stir up a frightful row when he names the next postmaster for Ann Arbor. Verily, it is easier for a camel-back freight engine to go through the eye of a peach-blow potato than for a congressman to suit everybody.—News.

The contributor who handed us the names of the officers elected at the annual election of Union Chapter, No. 55 R. A. M. last week, made a mistake. The list should have read: C. R. Stevens, H. P.; F. N. Clark, King; Chas. Booth, Scribe; B. A. Wheeler, Treas.; Chas. C. Way, Sec.; A. B. McCullough, C. of H.; J. E. Wilcox, P. S.; L. W. Simmons, R. A. C.; A. E. Cobb, M. 3rd V.; M. A. Porter, M. 2nd V.; L. W. Hutton, M. 1st V.; J. L. Harlan, Sentinel.

We were misinformed about Will Stewart's accident at the furniture factory last week. He was taking work from the shaper and stepped to the machine to get instruction about it from the operator. He had hardly finished speaking before his arm was caught by the knives cutting a hole about two inches across to the bone and a gash about three inches long just below the elbow. Stewart at the time had on a loose overshirt, such as worn by men in factories, the sleeve of which was unbuttoned and hanging loose by his arm. There was a slight breeze and the suction, caused by the rapidity of the machine, is supposed to have drawn the sleeve to the knives and drawn his arm in. It all was so quick one cannot tell just how it happened.

Go and hear "Uncle Josh."

Business was lively in town Thursday.

Go and hear Dr. Grenell. Admission 25 cents, children 15.

Stanley Air Rifle Co. makes another shipment of rifles this week.

The Northville City Band will be at the roller rink tomorrow evening.

"Uncle Josh" at the Opera House, Thursday, Friday and Saturday next week.

The Western Rural and Record only \$2.30 per year. Subscribe now and get the rest of '89 free.

The Globe Furniture Co. still continue to work fifteen hours per day to keep up with orders.

The auxiliary society has gone where the "woodbine twineth not." It will be revived again shortly.

Copy for change of "ads" MUST be in not later than Thursday morning to insure change current week.

Sands & Porter have just received a fine assortment of Rattan chairs. Just the thing for a Christmas present.

The Stanley Air Rifle company received another invoice of barrels for rifles and are adding more machinery to the plant.

C. F. Kimball, of Pontiac, was sworn in last Saturday and entered upon his duties as appraiser of the Detroit district on Monday.

M. Lally, contractor is building a large tool house, 100x24 ft in the cut on the F. & P. M. R. R. to be used in storing the company's tools.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Parks have been married just 40 years today. They celebrate the event by entertaining a few friends. May they live to enjoy forty years more of married bliss.

The disease which paralyzes the throat and tongue of the animal it afflicts, and which has been killing many horses and cattle in Indiana, has made its appearance at one point in Clinton county.

It is curious how big words begin to make their way against the little words. We no longer go to bed, we "retire"; we no longer live any place, we "reside" there; we no longer stay in a room, we "occupy" it.

Starkweather Bros. shipped two car loads of wool from Flint, and one from Northville to Boston. They have 40,000 pounds in the store house here. All was sold at a good figure except ex-wools. Combs and No. 1s are in better demand.

On account of so many entertainments just at this time, the concert for Friday evening, Dec. 13, has been postponed. This will give all a good chance to attend the dramatic entertainments next week Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings.

A young lady asked an editor this extraordinary question: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged?" Whereupon the editor told this extraordinary lie: "We have had no experience in the matter referred to, but if it was our girl and our lap, yes; if it was another girl and our lap, yes; but if it was our girl and another fellow's lap, never! never! never!"—Ex.

The Battle of Atlanta, now on exhibition in Detroit closes Dec. 31st, when it will be removed to Cleveland. Parties wishing to view one of the grandest works of art should do so at once. Admission 25 cents. The Battle of Lookout Mountains will take its place. The scene includes Lookout mountains, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, and other points of grandeur and historical interest. Remember only about two weeks more to see the great Battle of Atlanta. Now is the accepted time.

Grand benefit to the library association, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 19, 20 and 21, on which occasion will be presented Denman Thompson's great comedy, Josh Whitcomb, at the Opera House, under the management of Phil Phillips, assisted by the best amateur talent in the village. The evenings entertainment will conclude with the funny after-piece, entitled Smith and Brown. Come out and give the library association a rousing benefit and see the funniest play out. Admission 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents, children under 12 years 15 cents.

"Uncle Josh"

SYNOPSIS.—Act 1. New York city. A beautiful evening for a stroll. Uncle Josh and his oxen. Tot the street sweep. Potato Bug Bill and Uncle Josh. Josh goes to the party. The pumpkin parin'. Partners for a dance. Uncle Josh has a hack at it. "Busted my gallus, by gosh."

Act 2. Uncle Josh and Tot. Potato Bug Bill and Uncle Josh fight a prize fight. John Robbins and Policeman to the rescue. Tot's home. The dying mother. Uncle Josh prescribes for a cough. Potato Bug Bill takes a drop.

Act 3. Uncle Josh at home. Little Ike, Josh preparing for company from the city. A visit from Si Prime and Elder Hammond from the Francis settlement. The arrival of the city folks. Doby learns how to milk. "Don't step on the cucumber beds." A surprise for the city folks. The arrest of Reuben Whitcomb. Uncle Josh wants to die. The telegram. "Father, I am innocent." The Elder secures singers for his revival and everybody happy.

More Mention

Mrs. F. Buttler is ill.
F. R. Beal is on a business trip east.
Mrs. Dr. Avery is visiting her parents in Stockbridge.
Mrs. Chas. Yerkes entertained a large dinner party Thursday.
Mrs. Rev. S. Reed, of Saginaw, is visiting at her son's, E. R. Reed.

Ed Barnett of Detroit, was in town visiting his brother, Chas., this week.

R. G. Hart of Lapeer, was in town Thursday and made the Record a pleasant call.

Dr. W. H. Kinney, of Detroit, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Blair, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. Marvin Bogart returned from Ypsilanti Thursday evening, accompanied by her son, Nelson, who has been attending commercial college at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Simonds, Jos. Yerkes and Harmon McFarland took the evening train south Tuesday, en route for Florida to spend the winter. We understand Mr. McFarland intends making his home there in the future, owing to his health.

BUSINESS DOTS.

NOT THE CHEAPEST.

but decidedly the best in the market, is Phoenix Mills Roller Flour. Ask your grocer for it. 22-3

NEW MEAT MARKET.

fresh and salt meats. Game in season. Prices reasonable

W. J. McROBERTS.

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

WANTED.

10,000 farmers and teamsters to call at Nevison's and see the Webster patent harness tug.

WANTED: A good second-hand cutting box and a second-hand open buggy or light wagon. Inquire at this office.

A FINE ASSORTMENT

of Rattan chairs just received at reduced prices at Sands & Porter's.

Miss Arnold who is competent to do all kinds of dressmaking is now prepared to go out by the day. Leave orders at Miss Eva Bovee's store.

The Princess roller rink will be open Saturday evening. Northville city band in attendance. Skates in good repair.

Miss Fuller corner north Center and Lake streets would like a few apprentices at dressmaking.

Having purchased the laundry of F. D. Anams, I am now prepared to do plain family washing as cheap as can be done elsewhere. New improved machinery and experienced help. Work called for and delivered. Days of delivery, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Fine work a specialty.

B. A. WEBER, Prop.

Holiday Excursion Tickets.

The F. & P. M. railroad company will sell holiday excursion tickets from any station to any station on their line, December 24th, 25th, 31st, 1889, and January 1st, 1890, good returning up to and including January 6th, 1890, at the rate of two cents per mile in each direction.



Mrs. Senator Ingalls.

During Mr. Cleveland's term of the Presidency Mrs. Ingalls ranked officially next to Mrs. Cleveland, her husband, Senator J. Ingalls, being president of the senate. She married Mr. Ingalls when he was still a young lawyer in Kansas, trying hard to make both ends meet, and occasionally with no little difficulty. Mrs. Ingalls has seven children, three of them are sons, the eldest of whom is studying law in Washington, being at the same time his father's private secretary. Miss Ethel, the oldest daughter, has lately gone into literature, as a correspondent for several newspapers.

Georgie Hilton, a beautiful young lady, nineteen years old, has passed most of her life in a boarding school near New York city. She was frequently visited by her mother, between whom and herself there appeared to be a great bond of sympathy, but the girl was sorely troubled over the fact that her mother never took her home. Recently Miss Hilton received an anonymous letter, suggesting that she visit a certain house on a particular night. She acted upon this suggestion, and learned that the mother upon whom she showered all the affection of an innocent heart, was the proprietress of a disreputable house. The shock to the young girl was so great that she sank into dementia, and is to-day a hopeless maniac. The mother herself is so crazed over her shame and the misfortune which it has brought upon her daughter, that she has lost her reason, and is now an inmate of an insane asylum.

The shocking loss of life by the burning of the Minneapolis Tribune building is but another illustration of the danger from the lack of adequate means of escape from fire-traps. The owners of this Minneapolis shell had been urged and begged to provide a sufficient number of fire-escapes, as safe-guards for life, but they did not heed the appeal or warnings; and eight lives were sacrificed. On the altar of a landlord's avarice. This is but one of many cases where tinder-boxes have caused great loss of life. Stringent laws should be enacted and enforced providing ample means of egress from buildings, and forbidding the erection of buildings which prove to be nothing more nor less than public crematories.

Scientists have discovered that the deepest bore in the world is at a small German village near Leipsic, named Schlauebach, the famous hole in the ground measuring 3,735 feet. A notable peculiarity of this and other deep holes in Germany is that the observed temperatures, while steadily increasing with the depths, show a smaller ratio of increase in the lower strata. This fact does not accord with the commonly accepted hypothesis that the great body of the earth is a molten mass, with a partially cooled and comparatively thin crust on the surface. Accepting that as an established fact, the ratio of increase of temperature should be greater instead of smaller at the nether end of the bore.

The confederation just formed by the Australian colonies is but a prelude to their independence, and when federation shall have accomplished its perfect work, there will arise in the southeastern seas a great nation which will take its place in the sisterhood of republics under the name of the "United States of Australia."

OLD AL'S STORY.

The Circumstances that Made *Kizz* Be-
come a Christian.

BEING pretty lonely, I had just left Abilene and was beginning to regard the long ride which I had before me, when I saw a little cloud of dust to the westward, and pretty soon old Al Thompson came galloping up on his mustang. I hailed his coming with delight; there was nothing I enjoyed more than a good, long talk with old Al. That is, I liked to listen to his talk. He was a curious old customer, a regular westerner, and as staunch and true a man as I ever knew, and my right-hand man in all church work. It was he, in fact, who had been chiefly instrumental in getting me out on the plains and in establishing the little church over which I had been pastor for five years. When I first went out I was far from being in robust health, and old Al had eyed me somewhat dubiously from head to foot, and then taking my hand had shaken it violently, saying:

"Well, Little Parson, I reckon yer'll do, what that is, yer. Ef yer ever need anybody to back yer, jes call on ole Al. I don't look like much, uv a Christian man, an' I ain't been in the business long, an' its kinder new an' strange like yif. But my heart's in the right place, boun' ter stick. He ain't never told yer how he come ter be a prayin' man, has he? No. Well, I reckoned as how he hadn't. Thar ain't many uv us as knows, an' we ain't liable to tell. Poor ole Al, how he did suffer! Well, I mus be ridin'. Good bye, Parson, come out to see us."

So that I had been just thinking of Al when he rode up, calling out in his hearty, big voice:

"Well now, sho' I'm glad ter see yer, Little Parson. I reckon we're ridin' the same way. Been ter the city? Any news er stirrin'?"

We chatted on quite pleasantly for a mile or so before the sun set, our ponies galloping along gently, and the prairie dogs scurrying out of our way to drop down into their holes on either side the dusty road. As the twilight grew peace, old Al became silent and thoughtful. I was interested in watching the change come upon earth and sky, in seeing the hush fall upon nature, and it was almost dark before either of us spoke.

Suddenly old Al turned toward me and said:

"I ain't never told yer, Little Parson, how I come to be a Christian, how near I come to be a murderer, when God saved me? Yer know I warn't allus er prayin' man. I come out ter the frontier away back in the forties, an' thar warn't much prayin' done out her then, I can tell you. Along in fifties I went back home to old Mississippi, and married the purtiest girl in the county. She was jes' the dearest sweetest wife a man ever did have an' I've allus thought, ef she'd er lived I wouldn't er gone so far wrong es I did. But it never seemed to suit her out here; it was too wild an' rough like, and when our little boy was born, she died. She'd made me promise ter take the baby to her mother ter raise, an' I did. He was the peartest, cutest little feller ever you saw when I left him at his gramma's! an' it seemed like I could see Susie's face in his'n little es it was."

"Things went mighty bad with me arter I got back. What with thinkin' er Susie an' the boy, an' er longin' fur them, seem like the little home got lonelier and lonelier, an' the days got longer an' longer. I'd set thar on the little porch an' think how Susie an' me had har uv evenin's er talkin' an' er plannin', she er settin' up close ter me like an' er patten' my big old rough han' with her little soft one. I jest sot er thinkin' uv it all bein' ended, till it hurt me so I couldn't hardly stan' it. Then it was I took ter spreein' round with the boys ter keep from feelin' so lonesome."

"Arter erwhile the little boy got big enough to write letters to his ole dad, an' mighty proud I was uv them letters, too, er tellin' me about what he was er studyin', an' er bout his dog an' his pony, an' they was allus signed powerful big. Allen Thompson, Jr. The las' thing Susie said was that the boy mus be named for me."

"Bimeby, before I knowed it, the boy was grown. He had been er writin' ter me er bout his bein' a civil engineer, an' it was jes' six-year ago 'come nex' June that he writ ter say he was er comin' out ter me to git work in the West. He would be here sometime in September, the letter said. Long words the las' er August I had been fixin' up the little room fur the

boy er tryin' ter make things look sorter nice an' homelike an' I Jess got ter feelin' so powerful bad er thinkin' uv him a fine young man grown, an' Susie never seep him, till I didn't hardly know what ter do. It was nigh on ter sundown when Tom Bowie an' Bud Owens, an' ole Pard' Hudchins came erlong, an' nothin' ud do but I mus go ter town with them. They was three er the worst cases in the county, I reckon, an' when I got with them, I made the fourth. Such er rousin' spree es we got on thar never has been in Abilene sence an' I hope never will. We Jess natcherly painted the town red an' streaked it with crimson. It was way on ter the nex' night, an' the moon was er shinin' when we left town jes' er whoopin'. We had got mighty nigh to that little knoll, ever thar to the northward, when we seen a man comin' ter meet us on horseback.

"When he was purty close on us, Bud Owens, who was er bout the soberest one uv us, yelled out that the man was er ridin' my Bess. Full es I was, I saw it was Bess' gait—the purtiest, gentlest pace that ever was, Bess had. She was the colt of Susie's little nag, and I allus said nobody should n' ride her but my boy an' I trained her specially fur him. When I seen er tall, slim young feller come er ridin' in the moonlight, looking so peart and fearless-like on my little boy's horse, I tell you my blood was up.

"I ain't no use to linger over it. Quicker'n I can tell you 'bout it we had the young fellow kivered and over yonder to that little knoll whar yer see that clump er black-jack trees. Them was lawless times, Little Parson, an' thar warn't much time wasted in doin' such devil's work es we was up to that night. It was the first time I ever had a hand in sech er job, but we was all so full we never thought er bout wastin' time in questionin' and palaverin'. One er the boys had his lariat on his saddle, an' we made er

goose and slipped it over the young man's neck. We had gagged him with the blue silk han'kercher that he had knotted round his neck and tied his hands behin' him with the cord that laced up the front er his flannel shirt. I never hardly seen the boy while we was er doin' it, but when all four uv us took er hoit er the rope un' swung him up on that tallest black-jack, seemed to me like er ghost was er lookin' at me out er the boy's eyes. I jumped on my horse an' tore home-like three devils was at my heels, an' Bess galloped on beside er me, her stirrups er flappin' at every step. Eph Nelson, my ranchman, was er stanin' in the corral gate when I staggered off my horse. He looked at me er minit, an' then he seen Bess' empty saddle.

"Why, where's the boy?" he said, suddint like.

"What boy?" says I.

"Yer fool, you, didn't yer meet —?" began Eph.

"Yes, by —," I yelled. "I met er feller er ridin' my boy's pony, an' ef yer'll go back yonder yer'll find him, er hangin' ter the black-jack whar we left him."

"My God, man, Eph grabbed me an' shook me like mad, 'dout yer know that was yer boy—that was Allen?"

"My God, it sobered me. I jumped on my horse, and Eph on Bess, and we fairly flew over the prairie. Then it was I did my first prayin'. Eph says I fairly yelled to God ter spare my boy, to save me from bein' er murderer. There he was a danglin' in the moonlight, jest es we had left him. Eph cut him down an' I caught him in my arms and laid him down. Thank God thar was life in him, an' when he opened his eyes, an' looked at me kinder strange like, I seen it was Susie's eyes that was er lookin' at me, an' I drap down like er dead man. Fur weeks I didn't know nothin', and all the time my little boy nussed me jest es kine an' gentle as a woman, 'most; me as had mighty nigh murdered him."

"When I got well he tole me all about how it happened. He had come sooner than he was er 'spectin' to, an' he had gone on er wagon as was comin' out my way er hopin' ter 'sprise me. When he got here an' foun' out I wasn't at home, an' seen from Eph's manner how things might be er goin' with me in town, he Jess got his horse like the man that he was, and said he was er goin' ter town, too. Father might need me," he tole Eph.

"Is it any wonder, Parson, I've been er sober man, an' er prayin' man ever since? God knows I've had enough ter make er man er me, an' ef er man ever had er son to be proud uv, er son ter make him hole up his head an' keep true ter hisself, that man's ole Al Thompson, fur a maulier, an' er braver, an' er han'somer feller never drew the breath er life than Allen Thompson, Jr."

"Come in, Parson," said the old man, when we came up to his gate; "come in an' let me tell yer er bout the boy an' er bout Susie. I'm started

now, an' it seems like I don't want er stop."

I needed no second urging to make me pass the night with the dear old fellow, and it was beautiful to hear him talk in his innocent, manly way about his boy and his sweet child-wife.

He was up betimes the next day. I found him on the porch, gazing up the railroad track, that showed like a gray band for miles along the level plain.

"He's er comin'" he said, as a faint blue smoke showed through the telescopic space to westward.

The train slightly slackened speed as it neared the house, the engineer leaned far out the window waving his cap, and the bright, cherry voice of young Allen Thompson called out.

"Hello, father dear!" The old man's face was as bright as the boy's when I turned to him, but his eyes were full of tears.

STOLE FOR GOOD.

Why a Boy Ran Off With a Slice of Watermelon.

"Go away from here," growled a grocer to a boy who came up and stood near a shelf where several slices of watermelon were lying; "you've got your eye on this melon. Go away, clear out!"

"Mister, give me one of them slices," pleaded the boy.

"Go on away, I tell you."

"If you will I'll sweep out the store and bring a bucket of water, or if you'll credit me I'll pay you in a day or two."

"I'll call a policeman if you don't go away."

But the boy did not go away. He stood near the door, and when the man's back was turned he seized a slice of the melon and ran away just as the grocer turned toward the door.

"Stop that freckled-face son-of-a-gun!" he yelled. "I'll be blamed if he shall eat it!" and he ran after the urchin. The boy turned into an alley, then ran across a lot into another

alley and then entered a small house. When the grocer reached the place he went round to a little window and cautiously looked into the room. He drew back and shuddered. On an old lounge lay a little boy, whose face was whiter than the sheet that covered him. You could see in a moment that the finger of death was pointing at the thin, almost worn-out form of the sufferer. A sad-faced woman stood near the mantel-piece. The little thief sat on the edge of the bed, holding the slice of watermelon to the sick child's lips.

"Where did you get the money to pay for it?" asked the woman.

"I have not paid for it yet, but I will," the boy answered.

"He hasn't eaten anything for two days. He couldn't think of anything but watermelon!"

The grocer turned away deeply impressed. Two days afterward he saw the woman and boy and an old man pass his store in a wagon. Looking closer he saw a little coffin. The next day the boy entered the store, and, placing 10 cents on the counter, he said:

"Mister, I have come to pay for that piece of watermelon I took the other day. I wanted it for my little brother that was most dead with fever. We buried him yesterday. I would have told you all about it, but you would not have believed me."

"I won't take your money, little fellow. I am a great big man, but I feel much smaller than you do. Here," and he closed the child's hand over a dollar. The boy stood for a moment, and then placing the dollar on the counter by the 10-cent piece he ran away. The grocer went to the little house, but it was deserted.

A Simple Sign.

It was in a grocer's window that she sat a simple sign, and she stopped and slowly read it, while her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured, as she tossed her pretty hat; "How I wish the men were labeled With a good plain sign, like that!"

So when she had passed, I ventured near that favored grocer's shop, and espied this simple legend: "This Corn Warranted to Pop."

The Difference.

"Last I knew, you were deep in the mind cure." "So I was. That was last week. Now I'm in the faith cure. I've found out about both. The difference is, in the mind cure you don't require any faith, in the faith cure you don't require any mind. The faith cure just suits me."—Harper's Monthly.

Wanted it Cooked.

Papa started to wash little Elsie's hands in cold water, but she drew back, exclaiming: "Papa, I want the water cooked."

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanness of nature's productions either for beauty or value.—Hume.

WANTED A SOFT SNAP.

How the Attractions of a Military Life Were Dissipated.

Recently, says the *Pittsburg Times*, a man slightly under the influence of liquor approached the guard standing at the door of the recruiting station of the United States army, Penn avenue, and, addressing the soldiers, said: "Is this the place to enlist in the army?"

"Yes, sir," replied the uniformed gentleman.

"I believe I would like to enlist and go to the Alleghany Arsenal at Lawrenceville. That is a pretty nice place, and I think the soldiers have a pretty soft snap."

"But why do you want to join the army?" asked the soldier. "Are you in trouble and wish to withdraw from the world and drown your sorrow in the quiet life of a soldier, or are you out of employment and disheartened?"

"Neither of these," said the applicant for army honors. "I have been a hardworking man all my life, and now I want to take a rest and I know of no softer snap than to be a soldier."

"Well, now, just listen, one moment and I will explain the matter to you. In the first place the chances are ten to one that if you enlist you will regret it within three months and then wish you were back in Pittsburg. There is no way of getting back until your time is expired, and if you desert and come back you will be retaken, court-martialed and sentenced to undergo imprisonment at hard labor for five years. None but those of long service can get an opportunity to come to Pittsburg, and be stationed at the arsenal or recruiting stations. You would be sent West and be compelled to do sentinel duty at the camp, and be out in all kinds of weather, with no beer or whiskey to drive out the frost and dampness."

"Well," said the applicant with surprise, "if that is the case, I don't believe that I want to become a soldier. I am very much obliged to you for your information. I shall go back to my trade and cut stone. Good-by. If you find me back here again kick me out, will you?"

With these words he left, but came back again and asked the guard to come out and have a drink. Nothing damps the ardor of applicants for military honors more than to describe the realities of soldier life.

PIE VS. SOULFULNESS.

Feminine Charms That Could Not Triumph Over Appetite.

"Harold," murmured the gentle girl, a tear dimming the lustre of the spectacles that rested lightly on her classical Græco-Bostonian nose, "I will not deny that our soul communion, our interchange of impressions, our mental symposia, not only specifically paleontological, but cosmical and metaphysical in a general sense as well, have been pleasingly Emersonian. But you have taken advantage of a moment of perhaps unwonted soulfulness to endeavor to extort from me a pledge of earthly affinity. You seek to degrade—if I may use so strong a term—our essential psychomancy to the ultimate level of mere intersocial volition."

"Waldonia!" exclaimed the youth, "you misapprehend me. I—"

"Hear me out, Harold," she persisted. "I have confessed that I feel drawn to you by many psychocentric influences. But there are other considerations. When two earthly lives assimilate there must be no clashing vagaries—no hygienic polemics. Harold," she continued, in a trembling voice, "pardon the question—there is so much at stake—but do you ever define your immortal nature by eating pie?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet and felt around in a vague way for his hat.

"Waldonia," he said in a voice of tragic misery, "the bitterest hour of my life has come, but I cannot hesitate a moment. I wouldn't give pumpkin pie for the soulfullest young woman that ever squawked. Good evening, Miss Ticklowell."

The pale moon rose with the timid, abashed demeanor with which she always rises over Boston Harbor, and her rays shown mildly and pityingly on a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes who was striding down the street going out of his way to kick savagely at every lone and friendless dog in sight and talking volubly and recklessly to himself in the dialect of New York.

The Beautiful Country of the Upper Nile.

For the first five hundred or six hundred miles of its course, from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nile is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the river of the mountains. This is the most beautiful part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests, green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and feasting rapids. About half-way between the Victoria Nyanza and Lado the Nile flows through the northern end of the Albert Nyanza. Above the Albert lake are the Murchison falls. Below the lake, for more than one hundred miles, the stream is broad and placid, traversing a comparatively level country and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert lake, it passes Wadelai, the present head-quarters of Emin's government.—Colonel Prouk in Scribner.

University's Loss.

The Oldest Professor of the College, Dean of the Literary Department, Passes Away by an Affection of the Brain.

Death of Dr. Frieze, the Oldest Professor of the University.

ANN ARBOR, December 9.—Dr. Henry Frieze, dean of the literary department, and the oldest professor in the Michigan university, died at his home in Ann Arbor, Dec. 7. His death came from the general breaking down of old age, hastened by an affection of the brain.

Dr. Henry Frieze was born in Boston, Mass., Sept. 13, 1817. After preparing for college at Newbury, R. I., Henry Frieze entered Brown university, supporting himself manfully by his skill as an organist, and graduated at the age of 24, as valedictorian of his class.

His college course completed, he served as instructor in Brown university, and the grammar school in connection, for the following 13 years, early developing the good qualities which have raised him to the first rank of American educators.

In 1855 Dr. Frieze was called to succeed Dr. Haven as professor of the Latin language and literature of the university of Michigan. Shortly afterward, upon his appointment to the chair of Latin, Dr. Frieze, in co-operation with his old-time friend, Prof. Boase of the university, set himself to the building of a course in the humanities, and the excellence of the university during his tenure of office eminently successful his efforts have been.

In 1858, Dr. Frieze traveled extensively in Europe. Here he busied himself in the collection of engravings and of plaster casts of antique statues which should form the nucleus of a cabinet in history and fine arts in the university. In 1860 the first edition of Frieze's "Virgil" was published, and in 1865 the first edition of his "Quintilian." In 1883 a revised text of the complete poems of Virgil, with annotations, and a Virgilian dictionary were given to the public.

On the resignation of President Haven, in 1869, Dr. Frieze became acting president of the university, a position which he filled with great credit until 1871, when, at his own earnest solicitation, Dr. Angell was called to take the position. In 1880 President Angell being appointed minister plenipotentiary to China, Prof. Frieze was again made acting president. This term of office was equally fortunate with his former administration. The number of students in the university was at its then highest point, there being 1,341 in all departments, and an appropriation of \$100,000 for the erection of a library building was obtained. The schools of political science and of mechanical engineering were founded, and the courses in music, both within and without the university, were introduced.

Alger's Appointment.

DETROIT, December 6.—Commander-in-Chief, Alger, has appointed Solon W. Baxter of Grand Rapids, as assistant inspector general of the department of Michigan. A. R. Gen. Alger has named the following Michigan men as aides-de-camp on his staff: Henry M. Duffield of Detroit; Henry M. Dean of Ann Arbor; William H. Tullman of Hillsdale; Alfred Dunham of Jackson; Simon S. French of Battle Creek; George M. Buck of Kalamazoo; L. A. Lincoln of Niles; H. W. White of Flint; A. E. Cowles of Lansing; C. P. Brown of Spring Lake; F. McElroy of Lapeer; E. B. Taylor of Port Huron; H. P. Merrill of Bay City; George J. Humphrey of Cheboygan; O. T. Mosier of Saginaw; E. F. Grabin of Greenville; S. D. Thompson of Newaygo; George A. Hart of Manistee; Charles Y. Osborn of Marquette; James A. Crozier of Macomb; and Allen B. Morse of Ionia.

Toot Has Skipped.

GRAND RAPIDS, Dec. 9.—At first it was supposed that when Clarence Toot, cashier of the United States Express company of Grand Rapids, disappeared that he went forth clad only in an impenetrable veil of mystery, having left all his other clothing in his room. He has about a week the start of the officers and the reward, and now it is learned that he bought a suit of clothes, pair of shoes, under clothes, goggles—everything he needed for dress and disguise—priced tickets to Europe, and it is safe to say he is half way there now.

Two Persons Burned.

EAST LANS, Dec. 6.—The Miner house took fire this morning from a defective chimney. Prompt work on the part of the firemen saved the west part of the hotel, but the rest of it was destroyed. Two charred bodies were found in the ruins, and it is supposed that one is that of Ed. Koney, the clerk, but it is not known whose body the other is. Five men were also hurt in fighting the flames. The house itself was one of the oldest in town and not very valuable. There was some insurance on the property.

The Alibi Won't Work.

IRONWOOD, Dec. 9.—Assistant Cashier Phelps Perrin of the Hurley bank, who is accused of complicity in the recent robbery whereby the bank lost \$30,000, has been bound over for trial. Perrin established a perfect alibi, but the prosecution insists that he gave the safe combination away, and that while in straitened circumstances before the robbery he was quite flush thereafter. It is also asserted he was on intimate terms with Saloonkeeper Baker, who is accused directly of the crime.

A Good Showing.

MARQUETTE, Dec. 10.—Shipments of ore by water from the Lake Superior mines are at an end for the season of 1889. The season's work has been unprecedentedly large. The total is 6,804,511 tons, 2,182,594 tons in excess of the lake shipments of 1888. Shipments by rail for the year have been not less than 300,000 tons, so the output of the mines for 1889 will slightly exceed 7,000,000 tons.

A Costly Verdict.

ST. IGNACE, Dec. 9.—The G. A. Mathieu's suit against the Martel furnace company for \$100,000 for unauthorized use of a certain process invented by him, ended in the circuit court the jury returning a verdict for the plaintiff for \$30,000.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

W. A. Hazlett, one of Charlotte's oldest residents, is dead.

Simeon Hunt, ex-register of deeds of Kent county, is dead.

Car loads of potatoes are shipped every day from Hart to New York.

D. N. Wilson, for 55 years a resident of Ovid, Branch county, is dead.

The proposed railway between Grand Rapids and Manistee is assured.

Gold has been found in the sand near Gould City, Mackinaw county.

Dr. Orville Marshall, for 25 years a practicing physician in Lansing, is dead.

Chauncey S. Dutton, a resident of East Saginaw since 1880, died a few days ago.

Robert L. Wright of Cass City is in jail upon a charge of forging indorsements to notes.

Michigan senators recommend Geo. H. Wood of Menominee for governor of Alaska.

John Boyd of Grand Rapids was found dead in the rear of a Jackson saloon the other night.

Samuel Cochran's farm residence near North Leslie was destroyed by fire the other night.

James Gray and Walter Hale plead guilty of burglarizing T. H. Grant's store in Cass City.

George S. Lemoyne of Battle Creek has been found guilty of the murder of his child, born out of wedlock.

Carl Clifford of Representative Cutcherson's district, has been appointed a page in the house of representatives.

John Coleman, a Lansing carriage maker, has been arrested for criminal assault upon Julia Hosford of Perry.

The Michigan short-horn cattle breeders' association meets at Lansing in the senate chamber December 18 and 19.

Levi Hennison, of Jemison, Ottawa county, fell into a water tank on his farm the other night and was drowned.

M. D. Hamilton, formerly editor of the Monroe Commercial, has secured a position in the government printing office.

V. H. H. Webster of New York has been appointed commercial agent at Chatham, Ont., vice Jerome Eddy, of Flint.

Elmer Griffin, one of the oldest and most successful fruit growers of South Haven, died in Wisconsin a few days ago.

It cost Port Huron \$180 to find out from the supreme court that a man cannot be legally imprisoned for not building a sidewalk.

Gen. Wm. F. Innes of Grand Rapids has been engaged as consulting engineer for the proposed canal from Lake Huron to Black River.

Newton Robinson of Flint, a pioneer resident of that place, died suddenly while sweeping the snow from a walk at his house.

Deil Williams, a veteran educator of Kalamazoo, was found dead in his room at his boarding place at Boardman, where he was teaching.

Zaccheus M. Lester, a Calhoun county pioneer, dropped dead on Sunday while ringing the bell of the Christian church in Marshall.

The man killed in the East-Texas hotel fire, and whose identity was not known at first, now proves to be Joseph H. La Clair of Au Sable.

Said that the Lake Superior iron company has leased its gold property to a local company at Ishpeming, who will develop the property.

Deb. Burke of Brady has been arrested for perjury. He swore he witnessed a fight, when in fact, he was not in the neighborhood.

Mary Irene O'Brien of Grand Rapids, aged 14, died of coxiation of the brain a few days ago—a clear case of death from over-study at school.

The internal revenue collections in the Detroit district for the month of November were \$188,617.87—an increase of \$4,822.77 over November 1888.

Walter I. Haines of Berrien Springs, ex-governing and ex-ruling clerk of the Michigan senate, is now special examiner in the pension office at Washington.

Track laying on the Traverse City end of the Chicago & West Michigan railway a northward extension, is now progressing at the rate of half a mile a day.

Chauncey S. Dutton, for 20 years a resident of East Saginaw, is dead, aged 79 years. He had been prominent in the state and oak timber trade for years.

Capt. John Sincos of the Lake Angeline iron mine, has been appointed mine captain of the Volunteer iron mine, near Negaunee, owned by Gen. Alger and others of Detroit.

Frank Anderson, who was charged with firing the Charlevoix county court house, has been discharged, and Adolph White, an amateur detective, has been arrested for perjury.

Capt. Julian G. Dickinson of Detroit, enjoys the distinction of being the man who led the party which captured Jeff. Davis at the time that individual disguised himself as a woman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira M. Allen of Barry county have journeyed from their home in this state to Hot Springs, Ark., with a team of horses and spring wagon. The trip was made chiefly for the benefit of Mrs. Allen's health.

Capt. John H. Langley of St. Joseph has got out an unctio to prevent the building of the Indiana & Lake Michigan railroad (the Vandalia line's lake extension) through his land. This act puts a stop to all work on that end of the line at present.

A year ago J. W. Benedict's cottage at Idlewild was broken open and \$800 worth of furniture and fixtures stolen. George Beach of St. Clair, a fireman on the steam barge D. Lentz, was arrested at Bay City the other day, charged with the larceny.

Charles Macard of Wyoming, Kent county, who was convicted of killing Michael O'Hara and was given a new trial by the supreme court after he had served part of his term, has been surrendered by his bondsmen, and is now in jail at Grand Rapids.

Christmas eve each one of the 979 patients in the Eastern Michigan asylum at Pontiac will be given a Christmas present. Friends of patient, who desire to send them gifts, are requested to have their packages at the asylum by Dec. 15.

Baker, the Ironwood saloonkeeper, charged with complicity in the Hurley bank robbery, has been put under bonds for trial at the February term of court. The Thayer woman, Baker's alleged mistress, whose loyalty led to his arrest, has been arrested.

The Universalist committee has purchased sixty-six acres eight miles from Traverse City, on Bower's Bay, for a state Universalist summer resort. A meeting of delegates from all the Universalist societies in the state will be held in Lansing in two weeks to organize a resort association.

Local capitalists have secured a controlling interest in the Clinton Mining company organized in Grand Rapids lately with \$1,000,000 capital to mine silver in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. They have mineral rights on 150,000 acres of land dotted over with mines that are rich in legends if not in the precious metal. The headquarters of the company will be in Grand Rapids. The stockholders are organizing a party to visit the silver lands.

Belfast, Me., has a women machinist apprentice.

At Little Rock, Ark., 5,000 colored people own their homes.

Near Orizaba, Mex., there is a co-operative colony of 400 Indians.

At San Francisco the eight-hour movement is kept back by the women refusing to join.

The United States has 70,000 lawyers, or one to every 713 people. France has one to every 6,667.

My boy met with a serious accident by pulling a can of boiling water over on himself and scalding his face, hands and arms dreadfully. Having a bottle of Salvation Oil in the house I applied it immediately to the parts scalded, (as per directions) and am glad to state that he is now well, and the wounds healed nicely without leaving a scar.

MRS. A. CAMPBELL, 2 Roberts St., Balto.

Some Albany stove-molders have struck to have their castings counted in their own alleys.

The Jersey Lily has become quite famous for her beauty, and she means to keep it too, for hasn't she learned in the great United States to cure colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup?

Carpenters and others are using glycerine and spirits for edging tools.

The old smoker's delight—"Tobacco's Punch," America's finest pipe, Cigar.

The practice of forming benevolent and protective organizations and benefit funds is becoming almost universal among united trade societies.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address: the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Governor Larrabee of Iowa, says the only ones who complain against the state's reduction on railroad rates are those who enjoy special rates.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1863. Try it now.

The New York Furniture Workers' Union has consented to allow its members to demand \$15 a week.



ONE ENJOYS

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Up to a few years ago Castor oil came from Bombay, India. Lately the bean has been cultivated in Kansas and the southwest. Up in New England they use the oil in print cloth making. It is also the best leather lubricator. In India they use it in lamps.

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Jeff. Davis Is Dead.

The Confederate Leader Succumbs to the Inevitable.—A Brief Sketch of His Life.

NEW ORLEANS, December 6.—Jefferson Davis died at 12:45 this morning.



JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in Christian county, Ky., June 3, 1808. During his childhood days his father removed into the state of Mississippi. He graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1828, and served in the army until 1837, when he resigned his commission, returned to Mississippi, and became a cotton planter. He married the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, afterwards president of the United States. Beginning with 1838 he took an active part in politics. In 1845 he was elected to congress, but resigned his seat on the outbreak of the Mexican war and joined the army of Gen. Taylor as colonel of a regiment of Mississippi volunteers. He was engaged at the storming of Monterey and at the battle of Buena Vista. At the close of the war he was offered the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers by President Polk, but declined it. He served in the United States senate from 1847 to 1851. He was secretary of war during the administration of President Pierce, and 1858 was again sent to the senate from Mississippi. He was a leader in the secession movement, and was president of the so-called Confederate States from the organization of a provisional government until the rebellion was put down. After the fall of Richmond he was captured at Irwinville, Ga., while endeavoring to make his escape, and remained a prisoner for two years in Fortress Monroe awaiting trial. He was released on bail in the summer of 1867. Horace Greely being one of his bondsmen, and the proceedings against him were then dropped. After his release he visited Europe, and on his return took up his residence at Memphis, Tenn., where he was for a time president of a life insurance company. In 1881 he published "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," in two volumes. For the past two years he has resided at Beauvoir, Mississippi.

INDIGNITIES TO AN EMPEROR.

Dom Pedro and Family Very Ungraciously Treated.

LISBOA, Dec. 10.—It is learned that Dom Pedro and his family were at his summer residence at Petropolis, near Rio Janeiro, when they were disconcerted. Upon learning what had happened he returned to Rio Janeiro and held a meeting of his ministers and counselors of state. He tried to form a new ministry with Senor Saruwa at the head, but to this Gen. da Fonseca objected, saying that a republic had been declared and was supported by the military; that the presence of the imperial family in Brazil was incompatible with the existing state of affairs, and that they must leave the country. No communications were allowed to pass between Dom Pedro and the foreign representatives.

At 2 o'clock the following morning Maj. Tompsett, with a detachment of soldiers, went to the palace and placed the members of the imperial family under arrest while they were still in bed.

He bore written orders from Gen. da Fonseca that the emperor and his family should embark forthwith. The government would not allow them to wait until daylight, as they feared that any demonstration in the streets in favor of Dom Pedro might result in bloodshed. This measure was resisted, but the military presence in the city was well supplied with arms, and were greatly excited.

Count d'Eu and his wife, Princess Isabel, and their children were compelled to leave the palace at 3 o'clock Sunday morning and walk to the quay. Dom Pedro and the empress followed in a carriage under escort of a body of troops. The imperial party embarked on a steam launch and were taken to a man of war, which immediately proceeded to Ilha Grande, an island 65 miles from Rio Janeiro, where the party was kept as prisoners until the afternoon, when they were transferred to the Alagoas.

The ex-emperor says: The palace at Rio was encircled by troops and ingress and egress was stopped. The siege lasted for 24 hours, during which time his family suffered from want of food. The empress's wrists were hurt as she was being hauled on board the Alagoas. Dom Pedro says: "I was deeply affected when the shore line dropped below the horizon. I let my carrier pigeon bearing my farewell message to Brazil."

A Lawyer's Report.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The annual report of Attorney-General Miller is made public today. During the year, 2,227 civil suits and 14,588 criminal prosecutions were terminated, and there are pending 24,000 of the former and 7,812 of the latter class. Mr. Miller recommends that provision be made for United States penitentiary and a United States reformatory, the latter being intended for the confinement of the milder class of criminals. It is also urged that a prison bureau be established in the department of justice, where could be gathered, collated and recorded in a permanent form the criminal statistics of the United States.

Mrs. Mackay Not a Landress.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—The action brought by Mrs. John W. Mackay against proprietors of the Manchester Examiner for libel in publishing an article charging that prior to her marriage to Mr. Mackay she was a washerwoman, in Nevada, has been settled by the defendants apologizing to the plaintiff for the publication of the article complained of, and paying the costs of the action. The defendants also agreed to pay a certain sum of money to some charitable institution to be selected by Mrs. Mackay.

A FOOLISH MAIDEN.

She Engaged Herself to a Man She Never Saw.

FINDLAY, O., Dec. 10.—A romance in real life has come to a sudden termination in this city. About two years ago Miss Nettie E. Parish of Cuba, Republic county, Kan., noticed an advertisement by James Hardy of Chicago, Mich., in a paper for a correspondent. She answered it, and the pair have been writing to each other ever since. A short time ago Nettie received a letter from her lover asking her to meet him at Findlay, where they would be married, and go to her western home. Both arrived here this morning on different railroads. They soon saw each other for the first time. After paying her expenses here from her western home Nettie had \$3 left. This her lover borrowed and celebrated their meeting by getting drunk. Becoming disorderly, they were both arrested, and now languish at police headquarters. James is charged with carrying concealed weapons, and will probably get a term in the workhouse. Nettie, who is nineteen, wants to be sent home.

TWO TRAIN COLLISIONS.

Several Persons Killed, One Casualty Caused by Carelessness.

WILKESBORO, Pa., Dec. 9.—A shocking accident occurred at the Hazel street crossing of the Jersey Central railroad. The labor train which conveys workmen from this city to the company's shops at Ashles was due at the Hazel station, and several hundred men were assembled waiting for it. A number of them walked up the track a short distance to meet the train and secure good seats. Suddenly a fast freight from the south approached at a high speed. The men jumped from the north-bound train, rushing around a sharp curve, plunging into their midst. In their scrambling many were thrown down or against the two trains. Two men were struck by the freight and two by the labor train, and all four were instantly killed. Several others were terribly injured.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 6.—The day express east on the Pennsylvania railroad was wrecked near Gettysburg, Pa. Several trainmen were injured, a number of whom will die. A switch had been left open, and the express ran into a freight train.

The Custodian of Congressmen's Wares Skips Out.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—From present appearances, Edward Silcott, cashier of the sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, has not carried off about \$12,000 of the funds entrusted to his care. Silcott came here from Ohio, and was appointed by Mr. Leedom when that gentleman assumed office six years ago. On Saturday he notified Mr. Leedom that he was going to New York and would be back Sunday night. A message was received from him dated New York, Monday morning, saying that he had been detained, but would return that night. A similar message reached his wife in this city. As he did not appear Tuesday, Mr. Leedom was fearful that he had been overtaken by some accident, but to satisfy rising suspicions, began an investigation.

The information that Silcott had drawn his bank balance deepened these suspicions, and the inquiry was pursued. The enormous office safe could not be opened at the moment, as Silcott had the combination, but when an entrance was finally effected, it was found that some \$10,000 set apart for the use of the paying teller was intact. At the treasury department, however, Mr. Leedom was informed that Silcott had drawn about \$22,000 Saturday. It was possible for him to draw this large sum without exciting comment, as he had for a long time been charged with the duty of collecting the money with which the salaries of the representatives are paid.

Silcott is under bonds in the sum of \$50,000, his sureties numbering about 45 persons. This is, however, an indemnity bond given to the sergeant-at-arms and Mr. Leedom, who is himself bonded in the sum of \$10,000, is directly responsible for the shortage.

The first news of the state of affairs came out yesterday, the house meeting at noon today, and there was an exciting scene in the office of the sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Leedom appeared to be completely unnerved and unable to act for himself; telegrams were dispatched to his sureties notifying them of Silcott's disappearance and expressing a willingness to cooperate fully in every effort to find him and secure the return of the missing funds.

Mr. Leedom says that it was within Silcott's power to have carried off not less than \$50,000, instead of the \$22,000 which is missing. To have carried off the balance would have changed the nature of the crime from embezzlement to theft, and he suggested the perpetrator to extradition, even in a chair of wheels. It is rumored, the missing man has been seen.

Mr. Leedom was victimized once before by the immediate predecessor of Silcott, but to an amount insignificant in comparison with his present loss.

The house has appointed a committee to investigate Leedom's accounts.

Uncle Sam's Resources.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The report of William Windom, secretary of the treasury, is second in importance to that of the President. He has to deal with the question of taxation, surplus, the tariff and the silver question, all of which are of absorbing interest to the great mass of citizens. Mr. Windom says that the surplus receipts over expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1889, were \$10,000,000, a portion of which was absorbed by buying bonds and redeeming fractional currency, leaving a net surplus of \$7,740,129.50. For 1890 the expenses of the government were \$21,997,715.07, for 1891 they will be, he estimates, \$22,271,404.70—an increase of \$10,274,789.10. While the receipts of 1890 were \$27,000,000, the receipts of 1891 will be \$25,000,000, the whole showing a decrease in receipts and an increase in expenses for the first year of the new administration.

The surplus still stares the secretary in the face. To further reduce it he will put \$45,221,116.50 in the sinking fund, leaving a surplus revenue of about \$44,000,000. He says:

An accumulation of money in the treasury beyond the necessities of the government endangers legitimate business, tends to excessive and wasteful expenditure, and to encourage extravagance in private affairs. In the presence of such conditions, it is a manifest duty to wisely guard against a future needless accumulation.

If a portion of the surplus revenue can be used to enlarge our foreign markets, and thereby advance our commercial and productive interests, it is the part of wisdom to so apply it. The strengthening of coast defenses and the building up of our navy, subjects of national concern, offer further opportunity for wise expenditures that would return the money directly to the people.

But after making provision for such expenditures as may be proper and reasonable for these purposes, a large annual surplus will still remain under the operation of existing laws.

Washington Letter.

A Woman Figures Conspicuously in the Silcott Case.—General News From the Capital.

Our Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The defalcation of Silcott, cashier of the house of representatives, is the all-absorbing topic of conversation at present. For the moment the members of the house have forgotten that they were sent here in the interest of the people, inasmuch as Silcott's peculations effects their own pocket books, at least to the amount of their November salaries. Those members who had neglected to sign the vouchers for their November salaries are now congratulating themselves that for once, at any rate, procrastination has been money in their pockets. Investigation by the house committee shows that Silcott is not only guilty of diverting Uncle Sam's money to his own use, but that he has very successfully limited, on a number of notes, the autographs of a number of prominent representatives.

Silcott is at present enjoying himself in one of Montreal's best hotels, and assured that no harm will come to him, as private detectives are looking after him very assiduously—until United States officials come to demand that he be turned over to them.

The Michigan senators have decided to make the following appointments for census supervisors for the six districts in this state; in the following order: Harry C. Tillman of Detroit; Charles H. Vileer of Flint; James N. McBride of Owosso; Don C. Henderson of Allegan; James Watson of Roscommon; George A. Newell of Leapey; and these are the men to whom the enumerators must report.

Hon. John A. Damon of Tuscola county, the author of the Damon liquor law, has been given general charge of the eleven special agents engaged in collecting statistics of recorded delinquencies in several congressional districts of Michigan.

A recent issue of the Star of this city contains sketches and portraits of the new members of congress. There are one hundred and eighteen new members of this congress. Of Representative Belknap of Grand Rapids, the Star says: "He has a big rough moustache and a wild eye, the two features making him look like a man who is terribly in earnest. He is a jolly talker, a careless dresser, and a good wire-puller. He can make a good strong speech, and is inclined to take things easy." The same article says Congressman Wheeler of Bay City, "is a genial, warm-hearted man, and a prominent church supporter at home."

There's a "woman in the case" and the defalcating cashier has not only proved false to the trust reposed in him by Uncle Sam, but has broken the vows made to the woman who has been promised to be faithful. The woman was has undoubtedly received a good deal of money, to which Silcott helped himself in Louisiana, a native of Quebec, and for some time an inmate of a notorious house in Niagara. She spent some weeks in Washington, where she met Silcott who became enamored of her and finally proposed that she go to British Columbia with him. To this arrangement she consented on condition that he would take her first to visit her friends in Quebec. Silcott was to meet her in Montreal, thence they would go to Quebec and to British Columbia. This precious morsel of scandal was learned by the private detectives whose interest in Silcott's movements is constant.

Senator Allison of Iowa gives it as his opinion that there will be some very active and effective legislation on the tariff question during the present session. Senator Allison says that bill legislation must originate in the house, and when a bill is sent to the senate it will be very thoughtfully considered. The Iowa senator also says that the fifty-first congress will accomplish more work than any of the preceding congresses have done.

For twenty-five years there has been in this city an organization of Michigan men, either temporarily or permanently residing at the capital. The society was organized for the purpose of aiding Michigan soldiers, but in the various changes in the conduct of public affairs has been alternately a partisan and a social club. The society is making preparations, however, to give a number of social entertainments this winter, and there is every evidence that the political features of the organization will be abandoned, and that the society will soon enter upon a era of greater prosperity than it has ever before enjoyed. Col. C. P. Lincoln of Coldwater is president of the society.

For Peace and Good Will.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The following telegram has been received by Secretary Proctor:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 9.—To the Honorable Secretary of War, Washington.—I have officially to inform you that Hon. Jefferson Davis, at one time secretary of war of the United States, died in this city yesterday. His funeral will take place here on Dec. 11, at 12 o'clock noon.

JAMES A. SHAKESPEARE, Mayor of New Orleans.

In response thereto, Secretary Proctor sent the following message:

Hon. James A. Shakespeare, New Orleans.—Your telegram informing me of the death of Mr. Davis is received. In refraining from any official action thereon, I would not, and hope I do not, add to the great sorrow of his family and many friends. It seems to me the right course and the best one for all. You will, I am sure, understand that its adoption is prompted also by a sincere wish and purpose to act in the spirit of peace and good will which should fill the hearts of all our people.

REDFIELD PROCTOR, Secretary of War.

Ashamed to Face His Accusers.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 10.—Irregularities have been found in the accounts of Secretary Schotenburg of the school board and it is feared that a large sum has been embezzled.

Schotenburg shot himself dead this morning because of the discovery of crookedness in his accounts. He raised the bill of a Boston publishing house from \$3.24 to \$308.34 and drew the money.

When the discovery was made he refunded the money, but an investigation of his books was ordered, and he killed himself rather than face other crooked developments.

Schotenburg was a reckless poker player, and it is believed that he has lost thousands of dollars of school money in betting the tiger. He leaves a widow and several children.

ITS ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

A Company Formed With \$100,000, 000 Capital.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The Times says: English capital to the extent of \$100,000,000 is about to be invested in this country in a single enterprise—a project that throws far into the back ground in the matter of comparative importance every financial scheme of so-called "European syndicates" that has been exploited.

This project is intended to embrace a variety of purposes. One of the chief objects will provide credit for new American railroad projects. It will be what is technically known as a "financing" company, acting upon principles and along lines long recognized in the English financial world. It will be an assurance company; its "risks" will be railroad mortgages. It will be a guarantee company; it will insure railway credit.

The working plan of the company will be to investigate new enterprises submitted to it for endorsement. Indeed, expert accountants and engineers are already engaged in making preliminary investigations. Satisfied that such an enterprise is substantial, the company will underwrite it, will pledge its own capital that it will be a safe investment. It will assume relations to a new railway enterprise just as a conservative life insurance company assumes relations to a man seeking insurance. If found sound and in all essential respects satisfactory, the risk will be assumed and a guarantee made of interest upon the company's bonds. Companies operating upon this principle abroad have been successful.

What Justice is Doing.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The attorney general's annual report, just made public, shows that during the year 17,000 cases were terminated, while about 9,000 are still pending. Gen. Miller recommends the establishment of a United States penitentiary and a United States reformatory, the latter for the milder classes of criminals.

The report says that shortly after his induction into office the attorney general's attention was called to the violations of the laws relating to congressional elections by intimidation, fraudulent ballots, bribery and other means. The matter was very thoroughly investigated and a large number of indictments have resulted. The attorney general refers to the outrages committed by witnesses called in some of these cases, but adds that hostilities to the United States authorities is not confined to election cases and asserts his purpose to suppress lawlessness of all sorts so far as he is concerned.

The report recommends some changes in the judicial system, which will enable the courts to expedite the supreme court—to expedite business.

General Entertainment.

ZANZIBAR, Dec. 9.—Henry M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Capt. Cassell and their party, were met on Tuesday by Capt. Wissmann and there was great rejoicing and a champagne banquet. Wissmann provided horses and a grand triumphal entry was made into Bagamoyo on Wednesday morning. The German gunboat Sperber fired salutes and the town was decorated. Another grand banquet was held at which toasts were drunk and speeches made by Stanley and other members of the expedition.

During the festivities Emin Pasha, who is now slightly, walked off a balcony and fell 20 feet, fracturing his skull. He is thought to be fatally injured by the physicians, although Stanley's surgeon insists that he will pull through. Stanley reached Zanzibar today.

Farmers and Knights Unite.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 9.—Powderly, Wright and Beaumont, representing the Knights of Labor, met the committee of the farmers' and laborers' union, and a basis of federation between the farmers and the knights was agreed upon. The executive officers of the two organizations will form a central council to consult from time to time upon all matters of joint interest.

The various farmers' bodies have agreed upon a plan of consolidation, which will, as soon as necessary, be put into effect. The various state organizations, result in bringing about an absolute union in one body.

A Terrible Charge.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 7.—The coroner's verdict in the matter of the Tribune building fire declares that the owners of the building are morally if not legally responsible for the great loss of life, and adds that had it not been for the obstructions made by the electrical wires ladders could have been put in place in time to save all the people in the sixth and seventh stories of the building, and the jury recommends that steps be taken to bury all electric wires as soon as possible.

Made a Good Haul.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 10.—While John C. Patterson was standing at the Delaware bank counter clipping coupons from some bonds, an unknown man seized Mr. Patterson's deposit box containing some \$30,000 in securities and ran out and away. He is still at large.

Buckeye Free Traders.

CANTON, O., Dec. 7.—The Young Men's Democratic club, last evening celebrated the anniversary of President Cleveland's tariff reform message. Col. Brice made a speech and ex-President Cleveland sent a letter, approving the movement as tending to spread the proofs of tariff reform.

Burned at Sea.

CAPE TOWN, Dec. 10.—The British bark British Monarch, Capt. Morrow, which sailed from Hamburg October 1 for Sydney, has burned at sea. Sixteen of the crew were saved. A boat containing six others is missing.

Good Lord Deliver Us.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—The Star states that it has information from a reliable source that Gen. Boulanger has been engaged to lecture in the United States and that he will deliver the first lecture of the course in New York.

Five Hundred Killed.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 6.—The platform at a theatre at Weinhien collapsed during a performance, and 500 persons were killed outright, while several hundred others were seriously injured.

Sunday-School Workers.

GRAND RAPIDS, Dec. 6.—The state Sunday-school convention, which met in this city, elected the following officers: President, Washington Gardner, Adrian; vice presidents, W. W. Washburne, Saginaw; C. F. Noble, Grand Rapids; E. W. A. Jameson, Lansing; W. F. Richardson, Grand Rapids; recording secretary, Ed. Miller, Big Rapids; superintendent, M. H. Reynolds, Owosso; treasurer, W. I. C. Reid, Jackson; chairman executive committee, E. A. Hough, Jackson. The next convention will be held in Lansing.

A western man, proud of his immensely productive acres, says the Youth's Companion, was showing a visitor from Vermont his farm, and while boasting somewhat of his own crops, turned upon the Vermontier with the question:

"You can't raise much back there on those stony Vermont hills, can you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, we generally get fine crops."

"But you don't raise much grain, do you?"

"Oh, yes, we raise a sight of barley."

"You do?"

"Why certainly! I don't know what our farmers would do if it wasn't for their barley."

"Do you get much for it?"

"Oh, we don't sell it, sir; we don't sell a grain of it."

"You don't feed it to your stock?"

"Oh, no, no; you don't ketch us wasting barley like that."

"Well, what do you do with it, then?"

"Why, man, we save every grain of it for seed—that's what we do with it."

"This is the western man's story, and he naturally thinks this a queer kind of 'farming for profit.'"

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Cornunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist, should he not keep it we will send on receipt of price. \$1.00 per bottle or six for \$5.00.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

"When I wrote 'Progress and Poverty,' said Mr. George at the Paris conference, 'I had no hope of seeing the question brought into the field of discussion during my lifetime. Now it is here; there is no doubt where from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is not a single taxman. Our party is the growing party of America. The future is ours.'"

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know a salt from sugar; read what he says: TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Cathartic Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have never seen a case of constipation that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M.D., Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Cathartic Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When some San Francisco furniture-workers threatened to strike the non-union men joined the union.

New York state has a law which prohibits the employment of children under the age of 13 in any of the 50,000 manufacturing establishments in the state, and which makes 60 hours the limit of a week's work in such factories for all women under the age of 22 and boys under 18.

Among the successful business institutions of Toledo, Ohio, is that of Col. Frank J. Cheney, the manufacturer of Hall's Cathartic Cure. Under his wise and careful management it has assumed gigantic proportions, and recently an eastern syndicate made him an offer in cash of \$250,000 for his plant, which Mr. Cheney declined to accept. A few years ago he was seriously embarrassed, but undaunted by misfortune, he settled down to hard work in pushing an article which he believed possessed merit. Long ago he paid every claim against him, dollar for dollar, and now has a fortune left. All this he has accomplished by persistent push and printer's ink. Among the great advertising firms of the country he stands in the front rank of advertisers. The press of Toledo, and its citizens generally, rejoice at the success and good fortune of Mr. Cheney, who is highly esteemed among them for his business energy, as well as his highly social qualities. From an article in the Toledo Bee, Nov. 16th.

They talk of using steel in locomotive construction. The substitution for bolts, nuts, bars, plates, etc., of a tough, soft manganese steel, in place of iron, was some time since proposed, and experiments show the metal to have an unsurpassed toughness.

Interested People.

Adverising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give these who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

The Farmers' Alliance of Evansville, Ind., in buying of one firm is forcing other stores out of business.

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.

The Federation of United Labor claims \$500,000 men.

THE WINNER.

The Promptness with which Mr. Harris Received His Money from The Louisiana State Lottery.

Napa, (Cal.) Reporter, November 12.

The fact of the winning of the \$15,000 by our townsman Henry Harris in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery is not new to our people, but meeting the ex-sheff yesterday, we asked him if he had received his check. Mr. Harris replied, "That the money had promptly come, and that everything connected with its receipt had been most satisfactorily done. I like" said he, "the way The Louisiana State Lottery Company do business. The fortunate holder of the winning number sends his ticket to the same office, and as soon as the full amount is received, he receives the full amount. There is no quibbling, no discounting, no delays, everything is done promptly and squarely. As to what to do with the money I haven't yet exactly settled. I guess I will invest the money in real estate in the best county in the state of California—Napa—and enjoy the fruits of my good fortune."

TOO MUCH TO SWALLOW.

EVA LOVETT CARSON.

Once a snake stuck his head through a hole in a wall. 'Twas a pretty tight squeeze, for the hole was but small. But a sight met his eyes that repaid him for pain. A fat-top toad sat sunning himself on the plain. The snake viewed the beast with delight. And, opening his jaws, quickly swallowed the prize. And then smacked his lips, as a snake would say. "Well, a pretty good dinner, I've managed to-day." But scarcely his dinner had vanished from sight. When the snake found himself in a pitiful plight. With the hop-toad half down his best efforts were vain. He could not draw his head through the hole back again. Nor would the small hole let his body pass through. In such a frightful dilemma, what could the snake do? Well, the hop-toad hopped home, and his snake-ship backed out. A much wiser and hungrier snake, there's no doubt. This nice little tale (I assure you 'tis fact). Shows we'd better think twice when beginning to act. And also that trouble may sometimes befall. From sticking our heads through a hole in the wall.

TESSA.

CHAPTER IX.

"You will be welcome with or without Austen's permission," he had said fervently.

Tessa resolved to test the truth of the words. Hastily she thrust a few necessities into her traveling bag, and packed her dresses and clothes into the large traveling trunk. It could be sent after her at some future time, she thought. As she turned the key the flash of the diamond on her hand caught her eye.

It was not usual among the Friends to exchange rings; but Austen, though he laughed at the custom, had gratified Tessa's childish fancy for pretty things and given her a ring she had admired one day in a jeweler's window—a broad gold band with one large diamond set in the centre. There was a flash of indignation in Tessa's eyes as she drew this ring from her finger, placed it in an envelope and addressed it to Austen. How well she remembered the day on which he had brought it home from town—the loving words he whispered as he placed it on her finger—the kisses she had given as her thanks! Ah, well, it was all ended now! she thought.

She completed her preparations, putting her bag carefully out of sight in the wardrobe, and, having removed all traces of packing from the room, drew up her chair to the window, and sat looking out across the garden with sad dreamy eyes! How pretty it looked that summer afternoon, with the sunshine pouring upon the trim lawn, and the roses and lilies of which poor Mrs. Bevan had been so fond! How many happy hours Tessa had spent there with Austen during the last few weeks! The tears rushed into her eyes at the remembrance of them. The carriages returned by and by from the funeral. Tessa saw Austen, looking very pale and stern; descend and enter the house, and heard him cross the hall and shut himself up in his study.

The day wore on; the guests who had been invited to the funeral departed, and a great silence fell upon the house. Tessa was startled out of her reverie at last by a low tap at the door. At the sound her cheeks flushed and her heart beat wildly. Perhaps it was Austen—Austen who had repented of his harshness, and had come willing to listen to the explanation which she had offered and he had refused to hear. Hurriedly she rose from her seat and opened the door; but her heart sank again, and she could not repress a faint cry of disappointment, for it was not Austen who stood there, but only the under housemaid.

"Oh, Mary, is it you?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Tessa."

All the servants were fond of Tessa, and with this girl she was an especial favorite; and now she looked pityingly at Tessa's tear-stained face.

"I came to see if you wanted anything, miss. May I bring you a cup of tea and something to eat? You have had nothing since breakfast, and you are looking quite pale and ill."

"I have a headache. Yes, you may bring me some tea, please, Mary."

"And something to eat with it, miss? There is to be no regular dinner, to-day, for master and Mrs. Callender dined early with the visitors; but cook said I had to tell you she would make some soup hot in a minute."

"Cook is very kind," Tessa, suddenly remembering the journey that lay before her, and also that it was improbable she would get anything to eat until late at night, felt grateful to cook for the suggestion. "I should like the soup."

felt her appetite return at the sight of it. She ate heartily, and thoroughly enjoyed the cup of fragrant coffee which concluded the meal. Mary looked on with satisfied eyes. "There—you look better already, miss! It's queer what a difference food makes to one's feelings," she remarked philosophically. "I wish you could persuade Mr. Bevan to have something, miss. He ate nothing at luncheon, and directly he came home from the funeral he shut himself up in his study—it is over the housekeeper's room; you know, miss—and we can hear him walking up and down the room and never resting a minute. He do take on sadly to be sure, but he was so fond of the poor old missus! Indeed, who wasn't?"—and Mary put her apron to her eyes and sobbed. "Ah, there's one though that don't grieve much!"

"Who, Mary?" Tessa asked absently. "Why, Mrs. Callender, of course, miss! She'd barely got home from the funeral afore she was in the poor missus's room, ferreting about her drawers! And you know that white lace scarf which missus said you was to have for a remembrance of her? Well, I saw Mrs. Callender with my own eyes take it out of the drawer and carry it off to her room; and it's my opinion, miss, and cook's too, that she means to keep it!"

"Never mind, Mary; I can remember Mrs. Bevan without the scarf. Now you may take these things away; and, Mary—Tessa hesitated—"my headache is so bad that I will stay here and be quiet; and as I shall not want anything else, you need not disturb me again to-night."

"Very well, miss. You will be sure to ring if you want anything?" "Quite sure; but I shall not want anything. Tell Mrs. Callender so, please, if she makes any inquiries about me."

"Oh, she won't trouble herself, miss—no fear!"

Mary gave a sniff, took up her tray, and left the room. Tessa locked the door after her, took out her bag, and looked at her watch. The train by which she intended to travel left Pennington at six; it would take her nearly an hour to walk to the station; and, as it was then nearly five, she had no time to lose. She slipped on a long ulster and a close hat, and, taking her bag in her hand, crept noiselessly down stairs, and unnoticed left the house.

There was great consternation in the household the next morning when Tessa's flight was discovered. Mrs. Callender came flying into the library, where Austen was writing letters, full of alarm and wondering conjectures.

She was much astonished at the way in which her brother received the intelligence—utterly thunderstruck when he told her calmly, but with a gray haggard look on his face, that he was not surprised—that he had fancied that Tessa intended to leave, then, only—and his face changed a little—he had not expected she would go so soon or so suddenly. Their engagement had been broken off two days before; some facts very discreditable to Tessa had come to his knowledge, and made this course absolutely necessary.

He refused, however, much to Mrs. Callender's disappointment, to say what these facts were, and something in his face and manner forbade even that strong-minded lady to persist in her inquiries.

"She left this for you, Austen," placing the envelope which contained the ring on the table.

Austen took and opened it slowly—took the ring in his hand. He looked at it for a moment in silence, then, with a sneering laugh, threw it into the drawer of his desk. Tessa's flight had thoroughly convinced him that his suspicions were correct. Well, she might go. She had preferred shame to honor—vice to virtue, and he would not lift a finger to drag her back.

"Austen have you heard that Noel Cleveland has come back to Priory?"

Three months had passed since that July evening when Tessa had left her home, and it was now nearly the end of October. The nights and mornings were cold and frosty, and here and there the trees were beginning to show the vivid tints of autumn. Austen, who was sitting by the fire with a book in his hand, started and frowned angrily at the words.

"No, I did not know it. When?"

He said curtly. "Last Monday. His wife died three months ago, you know, and he is coming back to live at home at the Priory, he tells me."

"Is he married again?"

"Good gracious, Austen!"—and Mrs. Callender assumed her most severe expression—"and his wife just dead! Of course, he will marry again, by and by." She paused for a moment, and then went on meditatively, "I used to think he admired Tessa very much once, and certainly the eager way in which he asked after her to-day confirms that idea."

"After her?" and Austen looked up suddenly.

"Yes, and seemed so astonished when I told him she was not with us—so astonished indeed that he forgot

his good manners," Mrs. Callender went on severely.

"What did you tell him?"

Austen's voice sounded very hoarse and strange, Mrs. Callender thought. She looked at him rather sharply. "What could I tell him, except that she had left us quite suddenly, and that I did not know where she was?" she answered in an aggrieved voice. "You were always so very mysterious about Tessa, Austen, and he seemed so surprised."

Austen sprang up suddenly from his seat. Could this be true? Could Cleveland really be as ignorant as he pretended to be—know as little of Tessa's movements? Surely he must be either the most consummate hypocrite—the most bare-faced villain; or he—Austen—must be the greatest fool the world held! He felt that he could not rest an instant longer—that he could not let another hour pass by before he confronted Cleveland and learned the truth.

Without another word, and with a restless impetuosity which surprised and annoyed Mrs. Callender, he went hastily out of the room, caught up his hat from the hall-table, and rapidly walked across the fields to the Priory. There was a light in the library window—the room which Cleveland generally occupied when alone; Austen saw his shadow move across the blind as he passed, heard his cheery voice speaking to his dogs. The servant who opened the door looked a little surprised when he saw the visitor. It was many a long day since Austen had been at the Priory. He took him at once into the library where Cleveland was sitting.

The room looked cheerful and cosy; a table spread with wine and fruit and flowers was drawn close to the fire; a great mastiff and a tiny terrier were rolling about on the rug, and Cleveland, lying back in his chair with his pipe between his lips, looked the picture of comfort and ease. He started up and looked surprised as the visitor entered, then came forward with outstretched hand and a cordial greeting.

"Austen! It is pleasant to see you here again," he cried. "You have come to welcome me home? Sit down, old fellow—I am delighted to see you!"

But Austen did not take any notice of the proffered hand. There was an intent questioning look on his face, and his eyes gleamed oddly under their thick brows, and Cleveland noticed that the veins on his clenched hands stood out like knotted cords.

"I have come," he said at last, speaking in an unnatural voice, "to ask you one question; and when you have answered it I will either ask your pardon on my knees, or exorcise you as the greatest villain that ever walked this earth! Where is Tessa Cardine?"

"Tessa Cardine? How on earth should I know?" Cleveland cried, in a tone of the wildest amazement. "I should have thought you were the most likely person to answer that question. Why do you ask me?"

There was such an unmistakable surprise in his face—such an accent of complete truth in his voice that Austen could not doubt any longer. He gave one long searching look into Cleveland's face—a look which seemed as if it would pierce into his very soul, then, with an odd sound, half of relief, half of despair, sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Cleveland watched him silently a few minutes with a sympathetic impatient face.

"Come, Austen, don't be a fool! Don't you know where she is?" he said at last. "Why do you ask me?"

"Because I thought she was with you."

Even Cleveland was moved to compassion at the sight of the stricken white face which Austen raised. He listened in silence, but with his heart beating with indignation, as Austen, in a tone of resolute calmness, told the story of his jealousy and anger and Tessa's flight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A few miles from the city of London resides a gentleman and his good wife owning and tilling fifty acres of land. The gentleman had always had great faith in his cows paying well, but thought the hens a bill of nonsense. The lady, on the other hand, concluded that the hens paid better than the cows. Accordingly one spring she determined to keep books for one season and ascertain the respective merits of both. She credited the hens with all the eggs laid, and interesting indeed was the contrast as the time drew nigh for receiving the check from the cheese factory. But it came at last and behold the hens were ahead, and so it continued throughout the season. One hundred hens to three cows; and as they had decided that it would cost about the same to keep each the gentleman was forced to yield the point and admit that hens were most profitable. It is not at all difficult to make hens pay \$1 per head per annum if properly cared for. The writer on one occasion made \$3 per head on five dark brahma hens after paying all expenses. This, it will be understood, was for eggs and meat alone, not for breeding stock, as half-a-dollar was the highest price realized for young birds.

THE BORROWING FAMILY.

It's pleasant to be debt-free, but because it lessens sorrow and helps along that family who live on what they borrow. That you are proud to be their friend they haven't any doubt of. They also think you like to lend. The things you're always out of. Their servants come with cups and pails for groceries forgotten. The daughter borrows staws and veils and scissors, pins and cotton.

The mother borrows books to read and kettles, pots and dishes. And things she knows you surely need. Regardless of your wishes.

We like this happy family. They make our pleasures double. For while they borrow all they see they never borrow trouble.

LOVES EBB AND FLOW.

Clyde Harris stood looking down on the lovely face of the girl before him, his dark eyes burning.

It was a fair, delicately-cut, perfectly-tinted face, with great violet eyes looking innocently out from its beauty, and a mass of silken, sunny hair piled high above its low white brow, and for months he had followed it.

There she stood, cold and fair, with even pulses and untroubled heart—she who had allowed him to love her unchidden, unwarned, she who but a moment before had told him that she would never be anything to him—that she was the betrothed wife of a brainless, moneyed youth, who had dangled in her train for some time.

Within someone was singing. On the still Autumn air the words stole out to Clyde, and made his lip curl bitterly.

Mary's love is like the restless waves. Ever at rise and fall. The only love a woman craves—It must be all in all. Ask me no more if I regret—You need not care to know. A woman's heart can never forget. Bid me good-by, and go!

"The only love a woman craves!" Ah, but the fairest woman he had ever seen was throwing a man's true love out of her life that she might take in its place the glitter of diamonds and the sheen of costly raiment!

"You have not cared for me at all then," he asked at last.

And the violet eyes lifted to his reproachfully.

"I like you better than anybody else," she said sweetly. "Indeed I am very sorry you are poor, Clyde."

With a tightening of the heart he turned away, as her betrothed came out and claimed her. And so they parted—they who had played at love till one of them was wounded.

Inez Lake went in to the light and music of her hostess' parlors; Clyde Harris went down the veranda steps and through the moonlit night to his home, the refrain of the song he had heard following him like a mocking voice:

You do not love me—not! Bid me good-by, and go. A woman's heart can never forget. Bid me good-by, and go.

"A man's heart shall!" he vowed, going in at the door of his home, and crossing the pretty hall to the parlor. "I will forget Inez Lake—or remember her only as I saw her last night—false, cold, mercenary."

It was yet early. His mother and her protégé—the girl she had taken to her heart and borne long years before—had not gone to their rooms.

His mother lifted a warning hand as he entered and smiled.

"Elaine has fallen asleep," she said softly. "We will not wake her yet, poor child! How lovely she is, Clyde, and how changed by her late illness!"

Elaine Gonzales lay back in a large chair, sleeping. Her olive face rested against the dark velvet, the lashes lay, black as night against her cheeks. Her face looked like a freshly opened magnolia blossom as he stood looking down upon it, and he thought how well it contrasted in its dark yet delicate beauty, with that blonde face of Inez Lake.

Suddenly the girl's black eyes unclosed. She smiled up at him—a smile that flashed sunlight over her whole face.

"I was dreaming," she said merrily—"a pleasant dream, Clyde; for you were in danger, and I saved you. But you are quite pale. What is it?"

She sprang from the chair and laid her hand on his arm. He took it in his own as he answered her.

"I have been dreaming, too," he said, trying to smile, "and my dream was much like yours, only the danger that threatened me I had to meet alone."

"Clyde," his mother interrupted, while the girl drew nearer him, and looked wistfully into his face—"Clyde, there is a letter on the table at your elbow, which came while you were out. I don't know why, but it has made me uneasy. Read it, my son."

He dropped Elaine's hand, and took up the envelope. As he opened it, and read the inclosure, vaguely, dimly he felt that, had it come but six hours before, the current of his life would have been changed by it—the girl he wooed would not have said him nay so sweetly in the moonlight.

"Mother," he said, lifting his eyes from the sheet—burning, bitter eyes they were—"this letter tells me that I am sole heir of your Uncle Daniel. My head swims as I read of my possessions—all beyond the Atlantic—left me by a man who never saw my face, who knew nothing of me, but hoarded all his days, to leave lands, houses, gold, for a stranger to squander. For we will squander it, mother. We will do no hoarding."

"Clyde, my son, you are not romancing?"

"No. I tell you what the lawyers

wrote me. Henceforth I may purchase what I will, of comfort, courtesy, kindness, love, even. And you, Elaine—he turned to her, the bitter light strong in his eyes—"you shall have luxury, jewels, raiment, to set off your beauty. I will dower you so well that you will not have to ask, when a man brings his love to you, whether or not he can gild it with his gold. I—"

"Hush!" cried the girl, facing him in burning indignation, her eyes aflame, her cheeks crimson. "My friend, my brother, hush! I do not merit such words from you, for you know my past, and you know how very happy I have been without riches. If you think I can be so glad at thought of jewels or fine raiment—"

The words broke, sobs choked her, and turning from him, she hurried to the door.

"Clyde, Clyde, how could you?" his mother cried, impulsively. "Are you blind that you do not know? Elaine has loved you since she was a child."

"Blind? Yes, he had been so; but with what a shock had sight come to him! Well, all shocks are beneficial to the man whose love-dream has but mocked him; and hearts, when they ache most sorely, may be nearest the rebound."

Clyde crossed the ocean, found all as represented, sent for his mother and Elaine, and remained for three years in England. Then wishing for a sight of his native land, found himself on board for America.

If he thought of Inez Lake at all, as he stood alone on deck, the first night after they had lost sight of land, it was with a half smile. And yet, when he turned his eyes from the water and saw her coming toward him, with the olden grace in her every movement, the olden smile on her red lips, his face lost color, and for an instant it seemed to him as though within his heart the love he had deemed lifeless stirred.

"It is pleasant to meet again, Clyde," she said, extending a so-called jeweled hand. "We are both returning to America after absence."

"I did not know you had left it," he said, coldly.

"Oh, yes, when I married Mr. Vane I coaxed him to take me abroad, and he did so. We traveled for a year, and then—you know he died in Naples eleven months ago!"

Clyde looked down upon her with eyes as cold and hard as steel.

She had married Royal Vane; he had idolized her, and she told of his death in a foreign land, as even of vice, as calm of face, as though she spoke of the fading of a flower.

And such cold creatures could break the hearts and mar the lives of men!

Nay, it was memory, not love, that had stirred in his breast. His love—his tender, precious love—was sitting beside his mother, surrounded by men—as she had been wherever her dark face had been seen, since she went with him across the sea—and he knew that no beat of her heart, no smile of her lips, was for any of them; she was his, loving and true, as in the old days, she had been, when he had passed her for the siren at his side.

"I did not know," he said at last.

"I thought you did not," she answered, softly, "for you sent me no word. I have heard of you, Clyde, and I know that you are still free. I, also, am free to-night. We are no longer poor."

If love was not utterly dead for her in his heart, would it not have the dart of death in it then—then, when she came to him with the wealth of the unmaimed dead in her hands, with which she, fair, would gild its torn, pierced forehead.

"They told you I was still free?" he said slowly, his whole manly soul revolting from the trick before him. "They did not tell you truly, then, for I am bound by a love so strong and tender that all past joys belong to nothing beside it. When my hands were empty, I was richer than I knew—rich in life's best riches. When fortune came to me, I began to realize that it was not the love my wealth could purchase that I wanted, but the love that would be mine were I a beggar in the streets. 'Tis mine to-night, Mrs. Vane, and yonder is the girl who has my whole heart in her keeping. Let me present you to her."

She bent her fair head and turned at his side in silence.

"If there was a regret in her breast, it was not for the dead husband whom she had left under the grasses of Naples. And if her dainty face was paler than usual, it only proved that in the most selfish heart there is a spot which can be touched and made to quiver with keen agony of pain."

He led her to Elaine and introduced the two. And when Inez met the sunny, upward glance of Elaine's dark eyes, she did not wonder that her own spells had fallen from Clyde's heart beneath their splendor.

"She is lovelier than I," she told herself, bitterly.

And it did not dawn upon her that it was something nobler, worthier, less transient than that beauty which had won Clyde Harris.

Slightly Inappropriate.

The editor of the Evening News of Plainfield, N. J., assumed to write up a fashionable wedding in that town when "one of the most charming and accomplished of our Plainfield beauties" was married to a "handsome and popular young gentleman" at the Methodist church. The editor, after describing the "profusion of flowers," resorted to a new "Italian baptismal font bought by the pastor while in Europe," as a tasteful and appropriate decoration. The friends of the young couple are indignant, and the editor has already made two apologies for the slip of his descriptive pen.—Rochester Herald.

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MORE LOCAL

A stranger named John Armstrong died last week at Strong's hotel, in Plymouth. He claimed to have a sister at Holly, and said he was a sailor in the navy during the war for the union.

Merit is only potent enough to build up a wonderful business—and merit has done it for the Bissell Sweeper company. Their modern sweepers are uniquely advertised elsewhere in this issue.

We recently received some hand bill for which St. Louis for the World's Fair in 1892, but rates. We fired the bill in the stove, Chicago is the place for the World's Fair, and which the News ask all the county press to join in with us and we will carry the days. We want Chicago to be the sight, we will visit Chicago, and select our sight for which it will be held. Chicago is the richest city in the New World and can raise more money than any other city that can be started.—Covert News.

A man 76 years old came to Judge Hammond, at Jackson, the other day with a remarkable application for appointment as the legal guardian of his father. The "old man," he said was 103 years old, and had not gone to bed sober for the past 60 years; but as he still had a few hundred dollars left he wanted to get it in hand to keep his father from spending it in riotous living. The court fixed the matter for the prudent son.

"I fail to see how the so-called patrons of industry can help to flourish or boom a town," said Ald. Wm. O'Connor to the Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald. "Such a society is a delusion. They go to a merchant and say if he will sell them goods at 10 per cent profit, and no more, such merchant shall have their trade. Now, how can a legitimate merchant pay rent, taxes, gas, fuel, clerk hire, etc.?" It takes all of 10 per cent and more to run a business, and yet there may be some so-called merchants who, for the purpose of getting their trade, will promise to sell at 10 per cent. But if there is such a one within my hearing who would dare to come and stand before your reverence and say that he does so, I would tell him right before your reverence's face that he lies, he knows he lies, and the truth is not in him."—Ex

Josh Whitecomb at the Opera House, Dec. 19, 20 and 21.

Mrs. Daniel Wise, of Chester, Eaton county, celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary last Sunday in the bosom of her family, which consists of 10 children, 36 grand-children, 25 great-grand-children, 68 great-great-grand-children and 14 great-great-great-grand-children.

"There is only one proper way—teach the convict the enormity of his crime and how society will view him," says Warden Hatch, of Jackson prison. "Then he's punished. There's no other way to do. The newspapers raise a row because I don't put Latimer in a dungeon, but they can howl; I won't do it, for a murderer is not the worse of convicts. No, you must touch a man's mind; then you punish him. Cruelty never does any good. Why, in Alabama prisons, in which the whippings averaged 30 to 50 per day several years ago, there was a death rate of 40 per cent. The state rebelled, penologists took it in hand, and now the death rate is 5 per cent. You may quote me as authority upon criminals, and I say the writing up of a dynamite plot is a bigger crime than the criminals who do it. If my theory is not correct why should the Nashville Herald print my address and none of the others? Now you say for me that the newspapers can go to the devil and say what they please; I will go on with my method as long as I stay here. Nothing can change me and I don't care a continental for the press of the country. You may say also that of the 700 prisoners here 150 want to get out, but I know positively that 550 don't. Tell the newspapers of the country to put that in their pipes and smoke it."

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