

# The Clarkston Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 2.

CLARKSTON, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894.

\$1 PER YEAR.

## CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

JAMES SLOCUM, - - - Proprietor.  
B. LYLE EISENBREY, - - Editor.

## INDEPENDENCE

### HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP AND CLARKSTON.

ONE OF THE BEST AGRICULTURAL TOWNSHIPS IN MICHIGAN.

Data that Will Prove Interesting to Our Readers.

Continued.

In the mean time, Butler Holcomb, from Herkimer county, New York, had purchased six hundred and forty acres of land, located on sections 20 and 21, embracing the claims made by Jaox and Cronk. In the summer of 1832 he brought his family to this land, taking up his abode on section 20, on the present site of Clarkston. Among the Holcomb children were Daniel, age fifteen, and William, then eight years old. The latter is now a resident of Clarkston, and has lived in Independence since 1832. Butler Holcomb was a man of considerable energy and enterprise, as was shown by the improvements he made soon after he came into the country. Isaac Davenport located on the northeast quarter of section 29 about the same time. He was also a New Yorker.

Jeremiah Clark of Onondaga county, New York, came to Detroit in 1831. In the fall of 1832 he located on section 7, building a log house and seeding ten acres to wheat that year. Among Jeremiah Clark's children were three boys, Edwin, Milton and Newton, who are now citizens of the township. The improvements made by Mr. Clark were very substantial, and did much to encourage the settlers who came soon after. His connection with some of these enterprises will be noted hereafter. Mr. Clark was held in great esteem by his neighbors, and was elected judge of the county, years after he made the first settlement in that part of Independence.

There was an increase of immigration in 1833, the favorable reports of the settlers having induced many to join their friends living in the "land of promise." Aaron Beardslee, from Sussex county, New Jersey, was one of the first to venture farther north than the Sashabaw plains. He located on the elevated lands of section 13, making the usual improvements. He had several children when he came to the township, but Orsamus is now the only surviving member of the family he then had. Farther north, on section 17, William Wyckoff, from Warren county, New Jersey, and Jacob J. Perry, a native of the same State, opened farms and made the beginning of a settlement, which has prospered from that time.

Adam Fisher, from Warren county, New Jersey, came all the way from that State by wagon, reaching the plains in June, and locating on section 35. The Davis brothers, John, Allen, William, and Arthur, whose nativity is traceable to the green shores of Ireland, were among the incoming ones of this period, and settled in the central part of the township. John and Arthur became prominent in the history of the county; the former was a legislator two terms, the latter sheriff of the county. Isaac D. Coon settled in the Davis neighborhood, on section 22; Charles Cohoon came from Auburn, in this State, and located on section 26. Peter Voorheis, from Sussex county, New Jersey, came to Independence in 1832. He remained in the "Sashabaw plains" neighborhood with his father until the year following, when he located lands on sections 22 and 23, which he improved to a considerable extent that year and the one following. Leander Taylor, a New Yorker, settled south of Mr. Voorheis, on section 27; Jacob Petty, Jonathan Petty, and Henry Gulick, all from the State of New Jersey, settled on section 21; Stephen Bishop, of Herkimer county, New York, came in the summer of 1833, and settled on section 21; and Charles and Elisha Steward, natives of Warren county, New Jersey, also came this year, and settled on sections 35 and 36.

There was no diminution of the number of settlers coming to Independence in 1834 and 1835. It was found to be a "goodly heritage," whose praise was heard in many homes in New York and New Jersey, prompting their owners to join those gone from their midst years before. On every

hand was seen the preparation for the westward journey; and stern winter had scarcely raised his embargo on the lake before the advance of immigration pressed on their shores, eager to be conveyed to the Peninsula State. Ebenezer Clark came from Onondaga county, New York, and located on sections 7 and 8. Levi Walter, an Englishman, settled on section 8. A widow, Mrs. Vouels, with her family, found a home on section 17. John Green, from the State of New Jersey, opened a farm on section 20. Thomas McGuin, an Irishman, following the Saginaw road in search of a home, was tempted by the lands on section 30 to abide there; and William Daniels, a native of Wales, also came to this part of the township. Not finding government land to suit him, he purchased a tract of Thomas Drake, located on section 30. He now applied himself with great energy to make a home on American soil. Being without capital, he was obliged to seek work wherever it could be found, and often walked four miles to his labor, returning every evening. In the winter of 1835 he split fourteen thousand rails for a merely nominal sum, but was glad to get work at any price. Mr. Daniels has prospered, as he deserves to, and now lives to enjoy the fruits of his early industry. Eastward, in the same tier of sections, Samuel Curl and Joseph Tindall found locations on section 28, and Richard Bray, from New Jersey, settled on section 26. North of these, Thomas Johnson, a New Yorker, bought a tract of land of John Davis, on section 15, where he cleared a farm. On the east line of the township, on section 13, William Loop, from the State of Ohio, began work on a new home, and Clarkston Shotwell, from New Jersey, settled on section 12 a little later. Farther north, Daniel Burrows and Robert Bailey, natives of the State of New York, settled on lands on section 2 in 1834. Joseph Van Syckle, a prominent settler, from New Jersey, cast his lot on section 27 in 1834. Daniel Wells, a New Yorker, settled east of him, on section 26, and Nicholas Homer found a home on his south, on section 34; while a year later James Brown, also from New Jersey, located on section 25.

The additions to the several settlements were now so numerous that it is difficult to classify all who came prior to the organization of the town in 1837. But among those who came early in 1836 was Nelson W. Clark, from the State of New York, who afterwards became one of the most prominent citizens of the township, inaugurating some of the most noteworthy improvements, and taking a conspicuous part in every public enterprise. William Dustan, an Englishman, settled on section 5, where he was soon joined by Job Urech and John Derick, fellow-countrymen, who located on the same section. Patrick Tully, also from the British realm, from Erin's Isle, settled on section 5 about the same time. A year later, and on section 8, two more British subjects, but now already Americanized enough to seek this as the land of their adoption, Jacob Walter and James Clark, located lands and opened farms. The former died in 1863; the latter survives, and still lives on his old place. In the extreme southeast, Rev. Oliver Earl settled on section 36 about 1836. Other settlers of an early date were Asa Walter, John C. H. Woodhull, James McKinner, William Gulick, Moses Cross, Andrew Freeman, Nathan Hammond, the Church brothers, Horace Robinson, William and John Axford, William Vleit, Patrick Gallagher, Myron Cobb, and William Malby.

#### FRAME HOUSE.

Among the first, if not the first, frame houses built in the township were those of Adam Fisher and Marcus Riker, both on the Sashabaw plains, in 1834. Marcus Riker also erected the first brick house, which is now used as a residence by D. Cook, on section 28. This was built about 1850.

#### EARLY BARN.

In 1834, Jeremiah Clark built a frame barn on his place, on section 7, forty by fifty feet, with basement. He had to procure hands at Pontiac to raise it. The building is at present in use as a barn on the Reese farm.

The same summer Marcus Riker erected a thirty by forty feet barn, on what is now known as the Cook farm, where the building still stands.

In July, 1835, Butler Holcomb raised a barn, whose dimensions were thirty-five by forty-five feet, and covered it with cedar shingles. The original roof yet remains, leaking but slightly.

Continued Next Week.

Subscribe for the Clarkston Advertiser.

### MERE MENTION.

Mrs. J. Morley is visiting friends in Detroit.

Jep. Linabury was in Pontiac Wednesday.

F. Hammond spent Sunday at Orchard Lake.

Several from this place went to Detroit Labor Day.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John McMahon, Tuesday, a girl.

A. J. Wixom of Farmington was in town Wednesday.

James Jones of Waterford was in town Wednesday.

R. D. Belt of Orion was calling on friends here Tuesday.

V. J. Glebe and family are visiting friends at Lucas, Ont.

Miss Martha Jossman visited Miss Eva Walter last Friday.

Mrs. Moses Taylor is spending a few days with Detroit friends.

G. H. Moore and wife visited friends at Walled Lake last week.

Candidates for the various county offices are getting numerous.

Chas. Bird will attend the Business College at Detroit this winter.

J. B. Sharp and Frank Ash of Pontiac were in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holcomb are visiting their son at Whitehall.

Joseph Hall of Cleveland, O., is visiting at Manley Bower's this week.

Rev. G. H. Hudson is at Mt. Clemens attending the Baptist Association.

Several of our town's people have begun putting in coal for winter use.

Miss Clara Vliet was the guest of Miss Lillian Holcomb, last Friday.

Rev. H. W. Hicks, formerly of this place, called on friends here, Friday.

Miss Myrtle Flagler commenced school in the Oak Hill district, Monday.

Chas. Sly was the lucky one to draw the Maccabee quilt last Saturday night.

Mrs. John Bird left Saturday for an extended visit with her daughter at Midland.

The farmers in this vicinity say that the corn crop will be a double plant of last year.

M. H. Wendell of Holly was in town over Sunday, the guest of G. H. Sibley and family.

Albert Jossman leaves October 1st for Ann Arbor to study for an electrical engineer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland of Oxford are visiting their son, Dr. C. J. Sutherland this week.

Frank Otto and wife spent Thursday and Friday of last week with his parents at Pontiac.

Maude DeLisle returned Saturday from Detroit where she had been visiting for a few weeks.

Lena and Florin Hammond returned from Bay City last Friday accompanied by Miss Grace Simpson.

We are in receipt of some of those large plums raised by Mr. Flemming and we consider them very fine.

Under Sheriff Jenkins of Pontiac was in town Saturday, looking after witnesses in the Oasnamer case.

Mrs. J. M. Morley went to Mt. Clemens Tuesday to attend the Baptist Association held there this week.

Fred Foster is quite sick at present from the effects of a fall from a wagon while unloading coal a few days ago.

One of the largest crowds ever seen on our streets was that of last Saturday night. The streets in all directions were full of teams and many could not find places to hitch their horses.

George Walters had his watermelon patch raided by night prowlers one night last week. Several melons were taken and many were found strewn on the ground broken in small pieces.

#### A WATERMELON SOCIAL.

There will be a watermelon social given under the auspices of the Y. P. E. L. C. at the residence of Fred Kier, Oak Hill, Friday evening, Sept. 14th, 1894. Come one and all and have the best melons of the season.

#### A SOCIAL PARTY.

The young men of Clarkston will give a social hop at Clarks Hall next Friday evening, Sept. 14th. A large crowd and a good time is expected.

#### ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the post-office at Clarkston, Mich., for the week ending, Sep. 6th, 1894.

Mr. C. W. Burwell, M. D. Kelsey, p. c., Mrs. Jones, C. Merrell, Mr. Fred Neabers, Mrs. J. E. Wilson.

D. A. GREEN, P. M.

### BASE BALL EXTRAORDINARY.

Since the opening of the base ball season here, there has been played upon these grounds a number of games between the home first and second nines and visiting clubs from other places, not to speak of the series played between the married and single men, but the most exciting game of the season was that played on Tuesday of this week, between the Hungry Nine and the Beef Eaters. The nines were made up of those who had never played the national game and those who never ought to try again.

We will note some of the principal features of the game. To commence with, a prominent one was the "drops" in and outshoots of pitcher Mills. To say that the Beef Eaters could not get on to his "twirls" would be unnecessary as the score will show. He was ably assisted by "Dr. Tom," whose work behind the bat was as great as the number of fouls he caught on his jaw and the number of times he cried out, "don't 'old the ball you bloomin' duffer," were about equal.

"Dave" Green made some great stops in his position and tried to put the government stamp on everything which came his way. O. A. Smith held down the third bag in a professional manner and did great work with the stick.

Mr. McIntosh arrested everything that came his way at second and pounded out several runs for the winners.

George Sibley being a G. A. R. man, hovered around the stars and stripes in right field and the way he accepted the chances (no rest) was surprising in one so inexperienced. Frank Green also did some fine playing at first, a number of muffs and fumbles being placed to his credit.

Dan Adair knows a bargain when he sees it, but he don't know a base ball from a balloon and could not hit either last but not least in the Hungry Nine. Is not little Robert Reid the one "who never chewed tobacco" but the hardest hitter that ever ambled around the diamond?

On the other side John Crocker went to bat and was soon knocked out and after retired from the game with a dislocated desire to play ball. John King did grand work behind the bat stopping several balls before they reached the back stop. A. R. Carran held first bag and a few of the balls that came his way.

Frank Ash, an imported player held down the second and took Crocker's place as pitcher. "Boney" King loafed around third base until it was time to go after the cows. George Vaughan as short stop was not to blame for anything he did not do, i. e., play ball.

Bill Crosby would make a better cigar store Indian than a ball player. Jep Linabury in left field demonstrated the fact that he could chase a ball in Clarkston as well as he did Indians and jack rabbits in the far west.

Uncle Chet Cole did valiant service in several positions, the most notable being his one inning in the box.

Hammond and Urech are all out of liniments and spavin cures as a result of this game.

The following is the score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R
H. N.	3	3	11	9	7	1	10	13	9	66
B. E.	14	2	0	0	0	1	3	8	2	30

#### CORN CUTTING WAGER.

At this time of the year when farmers are cutting their corn, stories are ripe of large day's work which have been and are being done. One evening last week the subject came up on the street and Ralph Gilchrist who is working for Robert Reid claimed that he had cut 88 shocks seven hills square, when our butcher and ball player, J. T. P. Smith chimed in with the remark that he could furnish a man from this town that could cut 200 shocks seven hills square. Mr. Smith was asked who he thought could do it and replied that Nelson Walter would be his first choice and after some argument a bet was made and on Monday, Mr. Walter made the successful attempt to do the job. With Mr. Gilchrist to watch him and bet that he did the work as it should be done, he started at 7:05 a. m. and a few minutes after eleven had cut 10 shocks, putting two bands on each shock. He then quit until after dinner and finished about five o'clock, cutting 205 shocks easily. Mr. Walter then went to the granary and fixed up the bins for the grain to be threshed the next day and he says that he has seen good many days that were more tiresome to him than Monday.

Mr. Gilchrist says he would not bet a cent that Mr. Walter could not cut ten acres in a day.

### THE WORK OF SHEEP THIEVES.

Dick Irish had a ewe and a lamb killed by some unknown sheep thief one night last week. The lamb was skinned and taken but the pelt was left and the ewe was partly skinned and left hanging. There is considerable stealing going on nearly every night in this vicinity and some means should be taken to catch the perpetrators and give them what they rightly deserve.

#### WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Prices Clarkston Merchants are Paying for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Sept. 6, 1894.

The following quotations are the latest market reports obtainable, up to Thursday morning each week:—

WHEAT—Red, 48c; White, 50c.  
BEANS—\$1.30 to \$1.45.  
BARLEY—90c., to \$1.05.  
OATS—30c.  
RYE—42c.  
VEAL—4½c.  
HIDES—Green, No. 1, 2½c.  
LARD—10c.  
TALLOW—4c.  
BUTTER—Choice, 18c., to 20c.  
EGGS—12c.  
CHICKENS—Live, 7c., Dressed, 10c.

#### THE CLASS OF '95.

The class of '95 of the Clarkston high school held a meeting at the school-house, Monday evening, Sept. 3rd, '94 and appointed the following officers and committees:—

Miss Eva Walter,	President.
Herbert Lewis,	Vice-Pres.
Louis Walter,	Secretary.
Edward J. Hubbard,	Treasurer.

#### COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Herbert Lewis,
Miss Eva Walter,
Miss Grace Ballard,
Miss Zoëa Smith.

#### COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMMES.

Louis Walter,
Miss Eleanor Goodenough,
Miss Edith Urech,
Miss Libbie Smith.

#### COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

Miss Edith Urech,
Miss Eleanor Goodenough,
Miss Eva Walter,
Herbert Lewis,
Edward Hubbard,
Historian,
Proprietor,
Salutatory,
Valedictory,
Oration,
Oration,
Oration,
Oration,
Oration,

Louis Walter,
Eva Walter,
Eleanor Goodenough,
Libbie Smith,
Edith Urech,
Grace Ballard,
Edward Hubbard,
Zoëa Smith,
Herbert Lewis.

[Edited by Senior Class of '95.]

#### OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Clarkston schools opened Monday Sept. 3rd with the following instructors:— A. L. Craft, Principal; Miss Lillian Stott, Grammar and Intermediate Department; Miss Lena Hammond, Primary Department.

The schools opened with an unusually large attendance, there being 50 enrolled in high school, 41 intermediate and 51 in primary.

The following foreign pupils are registered in our school at beginning of fall term:— Henry Garter, Felix Garter, Bernice Vincent, Glenn Ellis, Libbie Smith, Jay Smith, Eliza Shay, Mary Scrae, Helen Bailey, Bessie Lowery, Maggie Dunston, Ida Dunston, Duram Ogden, Lizzie Ogden, Matie Vliet, Lucy Vliet, Fred Foster, Edward Hubbard, Florence McInnis, Richard McInnis, May Levis, Edith Foster, Nettie Green, Juanita Seelye and Joseph Hangee.

A new reading table has been added to our school. This table will be constantly supplied with papers, magazines and reference books for the use of pupils in high school.

#### TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE.

The CLARKSTON ADVERTISER will be run strictly on the cash in advance system. We will not under any consideration send the paper to anyone unless paid for in advance. If you are not in a position to pay six months, then pay three months, and if you cannot pay 25 cents for three months we will accept 10 cents for one month or three cents for a single copy.

#### WANTED.

One hundred cars of Cider Apples wanted by

R. L. King,  
Waterford.

#### A HORSE RACE AND BALL GAME.

Arrangements have been made for a first-class horse race and ball game which will take place tomorrow, Saturday, Sept. 8th. The race will be between W. Hammond, H. Chapman and three others who will start for a purse of \$25. As there is no admission fee and everybody is invited, a very large crowd will be in attendance.

### A GREAT OFFER.

We have decided to offer the Advertiser from now until Jan. 1st, to new subscribers only, and the Detroit semi-weekly Free Press, or the Detroit Weekly Tribune or Journal for 50 cents. This is a very low offer and we see no reason why it should not meet with many responses. The campaign is coming on and everybody should be anxious to read the papers and know what is going on. Hand in your subscription now.

#### Real Estate Transfers.

By Webster & Crawford, Oakland County Abstract Office. Only complete abstract books in this county. Complete abstracts furnished promptly at reasonable rates. These abstract books have been prepared with great care and are kept posted up to date. The necessity for abstracts is becoming more apparent as titles become more complicated. Special pains are taken to furnish accurate and complete abstracts. Special facilities for money loaning and conveying. Abstract building opposite Court House, Pontiac.

Saturday, Aug. 25—Mary A. Green to Elisha R. Clark, lands in Oxford vill.	1 &c
Alfred B. Kinney and w. to Lida M. Liddell, lot 7 and w. ¼ of lot 8 blk 2 Hathorn's plat Milford village.	250 00
Andrew B. Coulter and w. to Alfred B. Kinney, lots 7, 8, and 9 blk 2 Hathorn's plat Milford village.	1 &c
John Wilson to Martha Wilson, lands in Springfield.	1 &c
Mary E. Brownell to Birmingham village lands in Birmingham village for street.	—
Seneca Newberry et al to Theo Newberry land in Rochester village.	100 00
Agnes L. Johnson to Ward Hammond, lot 1 & 2 of lot 5 & 6 ¼ sec 23 and lot 24 n ¼ sec 23, Pontiac city.	1200 00
John E. Treat and w. by s. to Albert S. Kerr, 14 and 90-100 a in Orion and Oxford.	2933 25
Monday, Aug. 27—Ralph Coates to Wm. Coates, 71-100 a on sec 6, Oxford.	1 00
Wm. H. Halstead and w. to Walter J. Peters, e ¼ of n ¼ sec 23, Groveland Tuesday, Aug. 28—Thos. L. Powell to Harriet L. Powell, lot 112 original plat, Rochester village.	100 00
Thursday, Aug. 30—Henry J. Hopkinson and w. to Philip H. Sikes, part of lot 12 w ¼ sec 33, Pontiac city.	1000 00
Auditor General to P. H. Sikes, part of lot 12 w ¼ sec 33, Pontiac city.	18 45
Harriet O. Thayer and w. to Lewis C. Thayer, 40 a on e ¼ sec 31, Farmington.	1 &c
Charlotte Snyder to Wm. H. Gibbs, part of sec 35, Groveland.	50 00
John M. Whitney and w. to Harmon Nacker, about 3 a on sec 29, Highland.	90 00
Nell Frink and w. to Orson Sutherland, lots 1 and 2 blk 10, Lakerville village.	75 00
Hamilton R. Beardsley and w. to Carlton A. Beardsley, 105 a on sec 30 and 31, Independence.	3000 00
Carlton A. Beardsley and w. to Samuel Lucas, e ¼ of s ¼ sec 30 and n ¼ of n ¼ sec 31 (ex 1 a on s e corner) Independence.	4800 00
Laura M. Hooper to Morris Goady, lot 7 blk 1 Calkins' add, 8 Lyon village.	500 00
John B. Butts and w. to David W. Butts, and ½ of 139 a on section 14, Avon.	3600 00
Friday, Aug. 31—Hiram Corey by adm'r to Wm. Baum, 5 a in Lyon.	900 00
Henry J. Parker to Homer Parker, part of sec 12, Lyon.	200 00
L. Eva Perkins to Clotilda M. Kniffin, 15 a on s ¼ sec 7 Brandon.	350 00
John H. Smith to J. E. Smith, 10 a on sec 14, Bloomfield.	1 00

#### A GREAT OFFER.

LOTS OF CHOICE READING FOR A LITTLE MONEY.

Subscribe for this Paper Now and Receive a Benefit.

We have made arrangements with several metropolitan newspapers which places us in a position to offer our readers gilt-edge reading at a ridiculously low price. We will send the ADVERTISER [and the Detroit] Semi-Weekly Free Press to any address until January 1st, next, for only 50 cents. If our readers prefer they can have the Detroit Tribune or Detroit Journal instead of the Free Press. Should you desire THE ADVERTISER for one year and any one of the above papers until Jan. 1st, the price will be only \$1. This offer is only to new subscribers and is open only for a short time, hence if you want to take advantage of this great offer do so at once.

#### NOTICE TO NIMRODS.

Here are some timely pointers culled from the latest Michigan game laws which will prove interesting to hunters at the present time: Deer may be killed in the upper Peninsula from Sept. 20 to Nov. 1; in the lower Peninsula from Nov. 10 to Dec. 1. The killing of deer in the red coat or fawn in the spotted coat, or deer while in the water, is prohibited, also the use of pits, traps, artificial light or dogs. Wild turkey may be shot from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; woodcock wild fowl from Sept. 1 to Dec. 15, snipe canvas back duck, wild geese, Sept. 1 to Dec. 15; ruffed grouse and quail, Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. No trap, snare or nets may be used, nor snare or punt guns. Nesting places must not be molested. It is unlawful to take the above game out of the state. Speckled trout and grayling may be caught with hook and line only from May 1 to Sept. 1.

#### OAKLAND COUNTY PROHIBITIONISTS.

Oakland county prohibitionists named the following ticket at Pontiac yesterday: Sheriff, Arthur Ford, Troy; county clerk, Schuyler Chamberlain, Avon; register of deeds, Albert Van Tine, White Lake; county treasurer, David Stitt, Orion; prosecuting attorney, Hiram A. Bacon, Pontiac; circuit court commissioner, Merritt G. Bassett, James H. Campbell; county surveyor, Cassius Van Wagoner, Brandon; coroners, W. J. Smith, William Colcher, Pontiac.



## TOO MANY BEARS.

### A Hunter Who Found More Game Than He Wanted.

The author of "Camp-Fires of a Naturalist" was out by himself, looking idly towards the woods now and then, as he says, but not expecting to see anything, when suddenly there appeared on the edge of the timber some moving objects. He could not make out what they were, but there were so many of them that he concluded they must be goats. He stood still waiting for them to get nearer. Suddenly there came out of the forest, not more than seventy yards away, a huge, grizzly bear. He says:

"Before I could realize what had happened, out came another, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth and a seventh."

"Just think of it, seven big bears in sight all at once. I knew I was in a most dangerous situation. On one hand was a bottomless precipice, and on the other a herd of the most ferocious animals which range the mountains."

"There was only one thing to do, and I did it to perfection. That was to stand perfectly still and let the bears go about their business. I was hunting bears, but not those particular bears."

"There I stood in perfectly plain sight, but they did not see me. They were walking fast, and I had a capital opportunity to observe their mode of travel. I no longer wondered at my not being able to overtake them on the trail. They went swinging along in a sort of shambling trot or canter almost as fast as the gait of a horse. Some would stop for a second or two, turning over logs and stones, and then hurry on to overtake the rest."

"As soon as they were out of sight I hastened to assure myself that I was still alive, and to wipe the sweat from my face. I could easily have put a bullet through any of them, but what would have happened then? I might have been set upon by the whole gang, and should not have made a fair meal for one of them."

## THE SQUAW AND HER CHILD.

### An Instance of the Stoicism of the Indian Race.

"I was very much affected by an incident that occurred during our visit at the Rosebud agency in South Dakota," said Representative W. S. Holman the other day, recalling a tour of investigation which, as chairman of a house committee, he once made among the Indians. "One day an old squaw came trudging into the agency with a basket on her arm. The Indian agent informed me that she had walked a distance of ninety miles to see her thirteen-year-old daughter, who was a pupil in the Indian school, and that she made that pilgrimage regularly once a month and never remained over an hour. Unobserved I watched the meeting between mother and daughter. There was none of the ordinary exhibitions of parental or childish affection. When the child came out to meet the mother, the latter carefully scrutinized her and then led her away about fifty yards, where the two sat down in the tall grass."

"Hardly a word was spoken. The mother emptied the contents of her basket, which were a lot of provisions and trinkets, into the child's lap, and the latter accepted them without any marked evidences of gratitude, as far as I could observe. After they had spent a half-hour together in this way the aged mother slowly rose, replaced her basket on her arm and walked slowly away until she disappeared from view far out on the plains. When she left the daughter no good-byes were spoken, nor were there any evidences of regret at the parting on the face of either parent or child."

## BOUGHT HIS LOVED ONE APPLES

### And Paid Dearly for Them as an Evidence of the Sincerity of His Love.

When I first engaged in the fruit business in Montana, some thirty years ago, said Robert Wells, of Butte, Mont., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat man, prices were a notch higher than they are to-day. When I opened up I rented a little stall in front of a store, for which I paid fifty dollars a month rent. Nearly all of my stock had to be brought several hundred miles by stage, and as that was pretty expensive, I had to charge pretty stiff prices in order to come out ahead. One of my best customers was a young man who was courting a girl in the neighborhood. Three times every week he would come to my stand and buy five apples, the price of which was a dollar apiece, and carry them to his sweetheart. I always picked out the best ones for him, wrapped them up carefully in tissue paper, and placed them in a neat little box. After awhile he got married, and then he bought no more apples. Other fruit was just as high in proportion. I sold many a pineapple for seven dollars. Oranges were two dollars apiece and grapes three dollars a pound.

**A Presumptuous Secretary.**  
Emperor William I. of Germany at the close of the French war dictated to his private secretary an address which he intended to deliver to the German army. The final sentence ran thus: "But do not forget that we must all be grateful toward Providence; for Providence has willed that we should be the instrument destined to accomplish what are such great events in the history of the world." The secretary, having his own ideas, as even the secretaries of emperors and kings cannot help having, wrote: "Providence has permitted." "Stop!" said the aged emperor. "Do you imagine that I could have supported the burden of this war if I had not entertained the firm conviction that Providence willed it? Write the word as I dictated it."

**Ship Rats.**  
Every vessel that floats has as part of her company a family of rats. They travel the world over, on both steam and sailing craft, but seldom make more than one voyage on the bulk oil carriers, as the cargo causes among them a distemper which not only injures the lungs of the rats but also changes the color of their hair.

## NAPOLEON FOND OF HOMER.

### He Thought the Poet Was the Encyclopedia of His Time.

The emperor, says Figaro, admired Homer in every way, and thus expressed himself on the subject: "The Iliad, as much as Genesis and the Bible, is the sign and token of its time. Homer in his work is poet, orator, legislator, geographer and theologian; he is the encyclopedia of his time. Homer is imitable. Father Hardouin had the temerity to impugn this sacred monument of antiquity and to attribute it to a monk of the tenth century, an impertinent imbecility. Never have I been struck with his beauties as now (1816), and the sensations which he aroused in me confirm the justice of the approbation accorded to him by the whole world. What strikes me especially in reading the pages of his work is the grossness of the customs as compared with the elevation of the thought of the epoch. We see heroes killing their own beef, preparing it with their own hands, and yet pronouncing discourses of rare eloquence and worthy of a high civilization. In the Odyssey I greatly disapprove of the combat of Ixus against Ulysses on the threshold of his own palace, both disguised as beggars. I consider this episode wretched, coarse, unbecoming and unworthy of a king. \* \* \* And then, after having eliminated everything that I find objectionable, I feel what still affects me. I put myself in his place, I am seized with the fear of being beaten by a common fellow. It is not given to every prince, to every general, to have the shoulders of his guards or of his grenadiers, to convert himself into a street porter at will."

"The good Homer remedies all this by making his heroes so much colossal; but this is not the case with us. Still lived in the happy days in which physical strength was the real secret? It would come to this, that Novarras, my valet, who waits upon us, would be king over us all. We must agree, then, that civilization does everything for the mind, and favors it exclusively at the expense of the body."

## ANNOUNCING A KING'S DEATH.

### How the News Was Spread That Victoria Was Queen.

Some quaint and delightful glimpses of "Old Windsor" are given by Lady Elvey in her "Life and Reminiscences of G. J. Elvey, Esq." Here, for instance, is an announcement of the death of King William, which probably is a unique delivery by one of the men to whose lot it has fallen "to tell sad stories of the death of kings":

Roach, the belfry keeper, says the Westminster Gazette, seems to have received a broad hint that the king was near his end, and waited about until he received the news that was over, when with haste he repaired to the deanery, arousing the inmates by ringing the bell at the cloister entrance with all his might and main. It was useless for the butler to ask him, "What do you want here at this time of night?" His business was this distinguished person, aroused from his slumbers and clad, not in his surplice, but in another garment which should be "always white," called from the top of the stairs: "What is the matter, Roach?" "Bilby be dead. Be I to ring the bell?" "What Bilby?" "The king, to be sure." "Oh, yes, Roach; you may toll the bell." Thus was the news spread that the king was dead, and that the young Princess Victoria was queen.

## STAIRS IN SAMOA.

### How a Little Islander Carried Water to a Second-Story Room.

In Samoa, where he makes his home, Robert Louis Stevenson has done much in the way of instructing the natives in European methods of work. He tells an amusing story in this connection. A new house boy had been engaged, and on his arrival was lost in awe and admiration of the magnificence of the mansion.

He was given a large bucket of water and told to take it to the bedroom up above. He looked up and, pointing, asked if it was there. On being answered in the affirmative, he seized the bucket in his teeth, and before anyone could remonstrate he had rushed up one of the posts of the veranda. The whole family ran up the staircase, and when they showed him that that was the usual method of getting to these rooms, he was overpowered with delight, and for two or three days could do absolutely nothing but race up and downstairs, chuckling and crowing in an ecstasy of joy. And when detachments of his friends came to visit him they were always taken to see the stairs the first thing.

## A Diverting Decision.

The mayor of Folkestone, England, is also a committing magistrate, and some years ago, when Mr. Baker occupied that responsible position, his decisions were always honest, but highly diverting. One day a boy was brought before his honor on the charge of stealing gooseberries. Baker turned over the pages of Burns' "Justice," but not being able to find the article he wanted in the book, which is alphabetically arranged, he lifted up his spectacles and addressed the culprit thus: "My lad, it's very lucky for you that, instead of stealing gooseberries, you were not brought here for stealing a goose. There is a statute against anything about geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in this book. So, let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offense." And so the culprit escaped to his joy and the extreme delight of the audience.

## Unmanned His Opponent.

Dramatic effects are hazardous agencies to use, as it is not impossible to spoil them by an anti-climax—as a member of the English parliament found when, at the close of a fiery adjuration to the government to declare war, he cried out: "Unsheath the sword!" and, drawing a dagger, threw it on the floor. "Ah!" coolly said his opponent: "There is the knife, but where is the fork?" A shout of laughter was the result.

## CHINESE WARRIORS.

### Practicing with Bows and Arrows—Bomb Shells Filled with Mud.

Rev. W. E. Crocker, who went from Louisville as a Chinese missionary, writes of the war in China as follows, says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "Just outside the city of Ching Chow Fu is a garrison of Tartar soldiers. As I walked on the wall one day I saw some bows and arrows! Just think, bows and arrows in this day of repeating rifles and Krupp guns!

"The government of China is not Chinese, but Tartar. Over three hundred years ago a Chinaman by the name of Li drove the last emperor of the Ming dynasty from his throne in Peking. This emperor was sent beyond the great Chinese wall to the nation of fierce Tartars, who lived in tents and engaged in much war. The Tartar king came down and drove out Mr. Li, and instead of reinstating the rightful emperor, took the throne himself. He ordered the Chinese men to shave their front part of their heads and plait their hair into a cue, and the women to bind their feet, and the court ladies and most of the soldiers' wives are Tartars. So really China is a subject nation to an outside power. There is very little connection between the government and the people. The present emperor has just recently come of age and some think that he will be favorable to many reforms in China. He is studying English, and has intercourse with the representatives from foreign governments. China has no conscience, and until the name of Jesus shall teach them to have a conscience no kind of reform or advance in science can help them. They have fine silver mines, fine gold mines, fine old wells, fine resources as yet untouched, and it is impossible to utilize them until China can depend on a Chinaman to do his duty conscientiously."

"Dr. Crawford was telling how, in the war with France several years ago, a shell was shot from a Chinese gun into a French ship, and they expected an explosion which would seriously injure the vessel. It did not explode. They got skilled men to extract the dangerous shell from the timbers of the ship, and, after much care, the shell was taken out and carefully opened, to be found filled with mud! The wily Chinamen, having no conscience, extracted the powder, sold it and put in the mud."

## VILLAGE LIFE IN MEXICO.

### A Humdrum Existence with But Few Attractions.

A glance about the streets reveals a great monotony of color and outline, writes T. J. Hughes, in the Chautauquan. Unbroken lines of one-story houses form narrow, dirty, gutterlike streets. The yards and gardens which make, with their semitropical trees and plants, delightful interior courts, whose abundant foliage hides the houses of the village at a distance, are now themselves concealed and everything looks barren and dead. The only relief is the plaza, a cool and delightful shade of planted orange, banana and palm trees.

The ancient appearance of houses and streets is more like what one would expect to find in Jerusalem than in a nineteenth century republic. Oriental features are everywhere common—women carrying immense water jars, passing to and fro; sleepy-eyed, lazy donkeys loaded with cane until nothing but their ears are in sight, prodded along by the sharp-pointed sticks of merciless masters; dirty, ragged and often naked children wallowing in the dust; and great-wheeled, ancient-looking ox-carts, with immense loads, women, burros, children, cats, straggling along in the middle of the street. The muddy waters of the Rio Grande separates us from a people more different from ourselves than many across the waters.

Life among the young folks is of but few attractions to one who has experienced its enjoyments in the United States. All innocent amusements practiced by us are unknown. There are no parties, no reading circles, no public gatherings of young people. No means are employed to bring the sexes together to enjoy each other's society, the young man not even being permitted to visit his sweetheart at her home.

## Where Do Looking-Glasses Go?

What becomes of the looking-glasses? The annual manufactures in Europe at the present time is about eighteen hundred and fifty square yards of looking-glass. Can it be that to their destruction much of the ill-luck of the race is due? Glass mirrors are supposed to have been first used in Spain, and were very expensive for a long time after their introduction. A letter written in 1673 says that even if mirrors had been manufactured in France at that time only the king would have been rich enough to have one. In ancient times polished metals were used, and grand ladies gave their mirrors in charge of slaves to be kept bright enough to faithfully reproduce the charms of their owners.

## Her Face Her Fortune.

Queen Victoria's newest maid of honor, Miss Majendie, owes her entrance to royal favor to a curious bit of chance. She happened to be singing in a church choir one day when the queen was present at Divine services and her majesty was so greatly pleased with the fresh sweetness of the girl's face and voice that she invited her to fill the place coveted by the young girls of the English aristocracy. The offer was the last thing Miss Majendie herself expected.

## Literary Snakes in the Wine.

Snakes and lizards have hitherto been generally regarded as the effect rather than the cause of stimulants. According, however, to the official report drawn up by the British consul Pakhoi and submitted to the English parliament, an immense quantity of dried lizards have, during the last two years, been shipped from that Chinese port for use in the adulteration of wines in Europe and America.



Mrs. Judge Peck

## Dyspepsia

### Mrs. Judge Peck Tells How She Was Cured

Sufferers from Dyspepsia should read the following letter from Mrs. H. M. Peck, a wife of Judge Peck, a justice at Tracy, Cal., and a writer connected with the Associated Press:

"By a deep sense of gratitude for the great benefit I have received from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have been led to write the following statement for the benefit of sufferers who may be similarly afflicted. For 15 years I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia and

**Heart Trouble.**  
Almost everything I ate would distress me. I tried different treatments and medicines, but failed to realize relief. Two years ago a friend prevailed upon me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle I noticed helped me, so I continued taking it. It did me so much good that my friends spoke of the improvement. I have received such great benefit from it that

**Gladly Recommend It.**  
I now have an excellent appetite and nothing I eat ever distresses me. It also keeps up my

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**  
fresh and strength. I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla too much. Mrs. H. M. Peck, Tracy, California. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. a box.

**CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE**

25cts. 50cts. and \$1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival. It has cured thousands, and will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER, 25c.

**SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

For Sale by O. A. Wilson

**ADIRONDA**

TRADE MARK

**Heart Cure**

Positively Cures

**HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.**

Sleeplessness and all derangements of the Nervous System.

**Unexcelled for Restless Babies.**

Purely Vegetable, guaranteed free from opiates, 100 full sized doses, 50c.

M. D. Bailey, Receiving Teller Grand Rapids (Mich.) Savings Bank, says he cannot say too much in favor of "Adironda," Wheeler's Heart and Nerve Cure.

Prepared by Wheeler & Fuller Medicines Co. Cedar Springs Mich. Sold by

**C. A. WILSON, Druggist,**

Holly, Mich.

**Goodrich Line For Chicago**

The Magnificent New Fast Steamships.

**"ATLANTA"**

—AND—

**"CITY OF RACINE"**

(BUILT EXPRESSLY FOR THIS ROUTE)

These Steamships have immense reserve power, which enables them to make their regular schedules in the most unfavorable weather.

Each 1,200 tons burthen with sleeping accommodations for 300 passengers.

GRAND HAVEN for CHICAGO daily, except Saturday, at 9:30 p. m.

EXTRA SATURDAY TRIPS TO CHICAGO, COMMENCING MAY 26TH AND ENDING SEPT. 8TH BOTH DAYS INCLUSIVE.

Arriving in CHICAGO the following morning in time for the outgoing trains.

FARE, berth included, \$3.00.

ROUND TRIP, good for season, \$5.00.

Returning, leave CHICAGO daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 p. m., arriving at GRAND HAVEN early next morning in time for the DAILY 5:40 a. m. Limited Express train on D. G. H. & M. R. for all points East and North.

EXTRA SUNDAY TRIPS TO GRAND HAVEN, COMMENCING MAY 27TH AND ENDING SEPT. 9TH BOTH DAYS INCLUSIVE.

This is the Short Line to CHICAGO. Passengers should see that their tickets read via GRAND HAVEN and this Popular Line.

THROUGH TICKETS to All Points via CHICAGO, can be had of all Railroad Ticket Agents.

A. W. GOODRICH, Pres't, CHICAGO.

G. HURON, Gen'l Traffic M'gr, MILWAUKEE.

J. W. GILLMAN, Sup't, CHICAGO.

J. W. SINGLETON, Gen'l Pass. Agt., CHICAGO.

FOR SALE.—We have the Mrs. S. A. Narrin residence on College street, for sale at a bargain, anyone desiring a good house and lot cannot do better than to buy this. For further particulars enquire at this office.

## ADVERTISER

## Real Estate AGENCY.

### Property Sold on Commission.

HOUSE AND LOT.—If you want to buy a house and lot in Holly don't invest a cent until we have shown you the W. H. Hurd house at Clarence street. \$1,000 takes it less than half its cost. For further particulars enquire of JAMES SLOCUM.

STORE.—I have for sale a fine brick store in Fenton that rents for \$300 per year monthly in advance, up to date with all the modern improvements, electric lights, water, etc., that I promote. Fair offered. This farm must be sold on account of failing health of owner and \$2,500 will buy it. Enquire at this office for particulars.

FARM.—I will sell the Forty-five farm of 112 acres, in Rose at a bargain; will sell 80 acres of 33 or both. Call at this office for particulars. JAMES SLOCUM.

FOR SALE.—80 acres one mile from Vanderbilt, Otsego Co., all heavy timber, maple, elm, birch and hemlock. Will trade for 40 acres of property near Holly or Fenton or village property. Enquire at this office.

FARM FOR SALE.—A farm of 10 acres, over 100 acres of improved, six miles northeast of Holly; new house, not entirely finished. No barn, but a small stable for four horses and seven cows also a granary. Fair offered. This farm must be sold on account of failing health of owner and \$2,500 will buy it. Enquire at this office for particulars.

## TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT

MAY 6, 1894.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 14	No. 13	No. 15	No. 17	No. 18
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Detroit	8:00	8:00	4:00	8:00	10:45
Milwaukee	9:00	10:55	4:25	9:00	11:05
Pontiac	7:45	11:45	5:07	9:50	12:15
HOLLY	8:28	12:30	5:51	10:33	1:00
Durand	9:35	1:32	6:58	11:10	2:13
Owosso	10:15	2:15	7:30	11:50	2:50
Owosso Jct.	11:49	3:51	8:55	12:25	3:09
Lowell	12:17	4:00	9:10	1:00	3:38
Grand Rapids	1:04	4:55	10:00	1:40	4:09
G. R. & J. Jct.	1:05	5:00	10:10	1:40	4:10
Ferryburg	2:07	5:55	11:00	2:40	5:00
Grand Haven	2:40	6:30	11:05	3:10	5:30
Chicago (Str.)	3:25	6:00	11:50	3:55	6:00
Milwaukee (Str.)			6:00	6:00	

## EASTWARD

STATIONS.	No. 12	No. 14	No. 16	No. 18	No. 20
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Grand Haven	5:40	9:00	2:10	9:10	9:12
Ferryburg	5:44	9:05	2:15	9:15	9:17
G. R. & J. Jct.	6:37	10:05	3:12	10:45	10:47
Grand Rapids	6:45	10:30	3:18	11:00	11:02
Lowell	7:15	10:55	3:48	11:53	11:55
Durand	7:40	11:25	4:27	12:33	12:35
Owosso	8:57	12:55	5:55	2:38	2:40
Owosso Jct.	5:10	9:35	1:47	9:40	9:42
HOLLY	5:55	10:14	2:29	7:40	4:47
Pontiac	6:35	10:53	3:03	8:25	5:27
Milwaukee Jct.	7:20	11:32	3:43	9:10	6:10
Detroit	7:40	11:50	4:05	9:30	7:00

EASTWARD.—No. 82 has Sleeper from Grand Rapids to Detroit.

WESTWARD.—No. 81 has Sleeper from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

No. 16 suburban train leaves Detroit at 4:55 p. m. Milwaukee Junction 6:35, arrives in Pontiac at 6:35 p. m.

No. 21 suburban leaves Pontiac at 7:15 and arrives in Detroit at 8:15 a. m.

Chair car and Sleeping Car Service.

Except Sunday. Others daily.

Eastward No. 12 has Pullman Sleeper, Chicago and Detroit.

Eastward No. 14 has Wagner Chair Car from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Westward No. 16 has Chair Car, Detroit to Grand Haven to Detroit.

Westward No. 18 has Chair Car, Detroit to Grand Haven to Detroit.

Westward No. 17 has Pullman Sleeper, Detroit to Chicago.

J. W. LOUD, BEN FLETCHER, Traffic Manager. Trav. Pass. Agent.

## CHICAGO AND GRAND TRUNK.

FROM DURAND, WESTWARD.

	9:05am	11:25pm	1:55pm
Ly Durand	9:05am	11:25pm	1:55pm
Lansing	10:02am	12:30pm	3:07pm
Battle Ck	6:15am	11:20pm	7:35pm
S. Bend	1:20pm	3:35am	6:20pm
Arr. Chicago	4:50pm	8:00am	8:00pm

Trains also leave for Battle Creek at 6:50 p. m. daily except Sunday.

## FROM DURAND, EASTWARD

	9:05am	10:00pm	6:55pm	10:50pm
Durand	9:05am	10:00pm	6:55pm	10:50pm
Ly Durand	9:05am	10:00pm	6:55pm	10:50pm
Lansing	6:15am	11:20pm	7:35pm	8:15pm
Battle Ck	7:30am	12:30am	8:40pm	9:50pm
P. Huron	4:12pm	7:25am	3:00am	6:00pm
N. York	7:30am	8:00pm	4:52pm	7:40pm
Toronto	7:50am	8:30am	5:10pm	7:40pm
Montreal	8:50am	9:15am	6:10pm	7:30pm
Boston				

## FROM DURAND, NORTH.

	9:40am	10:50am	10:50pm
Ly Durand	9:40am	10:50am	10:50pm
Ar Saginaw	10:50am	11:50am	8:30pm
Bay City		11:50am	

Daily. Except Sunday.

THOS. ROCHE, Agent, Holly.

## Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitutes. Or, inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed by return mail, Full sized and small envelopes, to ladies only, 5 cents each. Address Pond Lilly Company, stamps. No. 3 Fisher Block, Detroit, Mich.

## RHEUMATISM.

Thompson's Rheumatism Cure is the greatest discovery of the age for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Gout. It cures when all other remedies fail. It is taken internally, and works directly on the Blood, Liver and Kidneys; tones up the System, and removes Uric acids from the Blood, and is a positive cure. Testimonials everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. C. E. Thompson & Co., Toledo, Ohio. For sale by J. T. CROSBY, HOLLY.

## THE

## First State & Savings Bank

HOLLY, MICHIGAN.

4 PER CENT INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

WE LOAN MONEY ON FARM PROPERTY

WE ALWAYS BUY GOOD NOTES.

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C. A. WILSON, D. D. HADLEY,

MARK S. BREWER.

## WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE.

### The Great English Remedy.



terness of defeat has passed away, this fact alone will unite the north and south as never before, simply through the deep sympathy and admiration which the women of each section must cherish for those of the other."

"Not to mention another extremely probable fact," mischievously observed Col. Temple, "that the mutual admiration society will naturally include the men."

"That is a foregone conclusion," said Capt. Leslie. "No doubt the ex-warriors of both sides will continue to raid their late enemies' territory and carry off lots of prisoners, but never of their own sex."

And so, in the exercise of polite forbearance and mutual respect, hosts and guests were soon on terms of pleasant intercourse.

Most of the servants at Claremont were colored people or the children of such, manumitted by the late Judge Temple on the birth of his son, and although each and everyone of them had faithfully assisted their mistress in ministering to the needs of distressed confederate soldiers, nothing could exceed the loving assiduity with which all now waited upon the household guests—who had been battling, as they well knew, in the interests of their own race.

"Mammy" Rose, the old family nurse, aptly voiced the sentiments of the whole staff when she said to Sylvia, that first night: "Oh, bress de Lawd, honey, dot I'se libed ter see dis day! I'se real sorry fur de souf, but, same time, I'se mighty proud ob de norf", an' ole marse he's jes gloryin' in Hebben dis minit 'cause ob de 'manicipation what he allus prayed mought cum ter de poo' culled folks sum day. An', Miss Sylvy, we'se all a goin' ter treat dese lubly young gempemens, what young marse haz brought home, jes bu'full!"

"That is right, mammy," Miss Temple replied; "they are brave men, who have fought gallantly for their own cause as we did for ours. The God of battles has decided, and, however much our pride is humbled, we must believe that all is for the best."

For one whole week the young northerners enjoyed the hospitality of their southern friends, and during these happy days it might have been noticed that while Herbert generally paired off with Sydney or Mrs. Temple in their walks and boating excursions, Fred Ainslie was invariably found by the side of Sylvia—and, to judge by the bearing of the singularly attractive pair, no one could have guessed that they had so lately been sworn enemies.

May 22 and 23, there was held at Washington a grand review of the two principal armies of the republic, and very shortly thereafter "the boys in blue" were mustered out and dismissed to their homes, amid the grateful plaudits of their countrymen.

According to promise, Sydney Temple accompanied his old schoolfellows on their homeward journey, which took them first to Philadelphia, Herbert Leslie, for some reason or other, being quite as anxious to visit Mrs. Ainslie as was Fred himself. From an equally unaccountable motive, the goal of Col. Temple's desires seemed to be New York, but he cheerfully stayed for a few days at Fred's home and made the acquaintance of his mother and sister, who returned his own hospitality with interest.

Then he and Herbert, leaving their friend to follow and resume his mercantile life at leisure, went on to Gotham and were received with rapturous delight by Mrs. Leslie, who insisted upon her son's friend making her elegant mansion his present home.

It very strangely happened that when the two young men arrived Miss Jennie Glynn was spending the evening with Mrs. Leslie—a circumstance with which both, and especially Sydney, seemed rather pleased than otherwise, but, of course, only because it gave him an opportunity to see her safely home that night and renew his acquaintance with her mother!

Being thoroughly in earnest, it did not take long for young Temple to make arrangements for entering the law office of Sharp & Pierson along with Herbert, and in the course of a few months both Mrs. Ainslie and Mrs. Temple removed to New York for good; and Fred once more engaged with the great firm of Draper & Moore in his favorite pursuit of selling dry goods.

Twenty-six years of blessed peace have succeeded those awful four of civil war. The warm-hearted, impulsive citizens of the south have joined hands with the cool, determined men of the north in all enterprises which go to make a people great; and their united progress in this one quarter of a century has justly dazzled, by its transcendent magnitude and glory, the eyes of a wondering world.

Our three friends, only now in the prime of vigorous manhood, have succeeded as pluck and energy ever do succeed.

The famous law firm of "Temple and Leslie" is known all over the union, while the ships of the great mercantile house of "Ainslie and Moore, Jr." sail every sea. The three old-time schoolmates reside side by side in "brown stone fronts" far up town. All have been married for more than fifteen years and all have families of bright, capable children, who, however, still insist upon getting perpetually "mixed up" on the question of relationship—the young Temples claiming that because Mrs. Fred Ainslie is "Aunt Sylvia," Mrs. Herbert Leslie must necessarily be "Aunt Miriam," and the juvenile Leslies as strenuously asserting that Mrs. Sydney Temple is as much their own "Aunt Jessie" as that of the little Ainslies. As a matter of course, the youngsters are in the same muddle in regard to the three lovely old ladies, each one of whom is claimed by every child of the several crowds as "grand-mamma!"

THE END.

Gus De Smith's Great Want.

Gus De Smith is something of a snob, but he is very well off, financially speaking. The other day he said to Gilhooly:

"I'm well fixed; I don't need nothing more."

"Except an English grammar," replied Gilhooly.—Texas Siftings.

## ITALY'S POPULAR WAR SONG.

Originating in a Dance Hall, It Comes to Stand for National Protection.

The popular "Daghela Avanti un Passo" is a striking illustration of the fortuitous manner in which some airs acquire a national renown. In 1853 Milan was a hotbed of Italian conspiracy and intrigue against the Austrian rule in Lombardy, says Laura A. Smith in Lippincott's. At the teatro della Cannobiana a ballet dancer was received by the spectators with mingled applause and hisses. This gave rise to disorder; the police interfered and took the part of the majority, who were adverse to the danseuse. At once the popular sympathies were enlisted in her favor, and her cause was henceforth identified with patriotic aspirations. Further disturbances followed, and the run of the ballet was stopped; but the tune to which the ballet girl danced her passo a solo passed into the streets of Milan and was heard everywhere. The words, partly Italian, partly Milanese, were a hybrid mélange of love and war, with the refrain: "Daghela avanti un passo," meaning "Move a step forward." And this was received by the public as an exhortation to patriotic action, while by the Austrians both tune and words were deemed an insolent challenge and were not forgotten a few months later when war was declared between Austria and the kingdom of Piedmont. "Daghela avanti" was then played in derision by the Austrian military bands as they advanced into Piedmont, but Austria was soon obliged to evacuate this district, and her retreating armies heard the same strains sung by the advancing soldiers of Italy. Province after province was annexed to Piedmont, and with each successive annexation the popularity of this strange song increased until it was heard all over Italy.

## SOURCES OF THE MISSOURI.

Half a Dozen Streams Combine to Form the Waters of the Big Muddy.

Since the time when Lewis and Clarke ascended the Missouri river in a row-boat, occupying the better part of the years 1801-2-3, equipped by the United States government for the purpose of exploring the country along and at the source of the Missouri river, the stream has become familiar as far as the head of navigation, Fort Benton, Mont. Beyond that point says the New York Evening Post, it is yet comparatively unknown. The actual headwater of the Missouri, or what should be known as such had it been intelligently named, is De Lacys' or Shoshone lake, in the National park. This lake, a considerable body of water, is the source of the Madison river and forms with the river the drainage outlet for most of the waters of that portion of the National park. The Gallatin, or left source of the Missouri, is formed by two streams, the East and West Gallatin, which unite about a mile above its junction with the Missouri. The Madison and the Gallatin are both somewhat smaller than the Jefferson. Had Lewis and Clarke ascended the Madison instead of the Jefferson, which, being the larger stream, they naturally mistook for the continuation of the Missouri, they would have discovered the famous geysers in Firehole basin, Shoshone lake, and all the country which is now incorporated within the limits of the National park. The Big Hole and the Beaverhead rivers flow into the Jefferson at Twin Bridges, a few miles from the confluence of the Jefferson with the Missouri, so that in reality there are six considerable rivers, all joining one another within a radius of a few miles, which unite to form the longest river in the world, measured from the gulf to the heart of the Rocky mountains.

## Transparent Bricks.

A new departure has been made in France in the employment of glass bricks for building purposes. The bricks are hollow, being blown like bottles, and are given the shape that is most readily laid, cubic, hexagonal or otherwise, in the particular style of building for which they are intended. They are made secure by the use of a bituminous cement, with a base of asphalt. A singular feature of these bricks is that they do away with the necessity of windows. They are good insulators of humidity and noise, giving protection against both cold and heat, and by the modification of their form and color they can be made to harmonize readily with the decorations of any building. They are used largely in meat markets in preference to marble, and they are found specially adapted for bath halls, hothouses, hospitals, refrigerating establishments, and, in fact, all buildings in which the absence of windows would be an advantage.

## Novel Suggestions.

Since Turpin's invention for destroying an army wholesale the professor of one of the principal colleges in Paris has proposed to the French minister of war that large blowflies should be bred and kept in large cages, being fed upon blood placed between the artificial skin of lay figures dressed up in the German uniform. When war was declared these flies would be rendered venomous by feeding them on the sap of tropical plants and taken to the front in their cages, from which they would be released, and make short work of the enemy. Another patriot suggests that dogs should be trained to bite lay figures wearing the German uniform, and that each soldier should be accompanied by a dog in time of war.

## Elephants in Africa.

The elephant of Africa is still a tolerably abundant animal. Its numbers, though doubtless diminished by more than one-half within this century, are probably to be counted by the hundred thousand. Nevertheless, in less than one hundred years the field which is occupied has been greatly reduced, and between the ivory hunter and the sportsman, armed with guns of ever-increasing deadliness, it will certainly not require another century of free shooting to annihilate the African species.

## AUSTRALIA'S GOLD MINES.

Two Young Adventurers Who Struck a Great Bonanza in That Country.

Some big stories are current of the richness of the Coolgardie gold fields in western Australia, and particularly, says the Scientific American, of one mine in the district discovered by two young adventurers named Bailey and Ford. The former, while prospecting, found a forty-five ounce nugget sticking out from a reef in a big mountain of quartz. As quickly as possible a claim was staked out, but in spite of all precautions much valuable surface ore was stolen before a proper guard could be established.

The monthly output from the mine now amounts to 2,000 ounces. From thirty tons of ore picked from a bulk of 1,400 tons 18,000 ounces of gold were obtained, and the remainder of the stone is expected to yield from five to six ounces to the ton. Out of 650 tons raised from a depth of fifteen feet twelve tons were picked, giving 8,500 ounces of smelted gold. From another part of the mine four tons selected out of 100 tons of ore yielded 1,000 ounces of gold. Some of the other returns of picked stone were: Five tons from 250 tons for 2,000 ounces, two tons from seventy tons for 900 ounces, four tons for 1,000 ounces and thirty-five hundred-weight for 800 ounces. Some of the surface "is so rich in gold that ounces can sometimes be picked out in a few minutes." Down to the fifty-foot level only it is estimated that gold to the amount of 40,000 ounces is now in sight. It is as yet too soon to speak about the prospects of other claims which have been pegged out in and around Coolgardie. Very few of them have got beyond the rudimentary stage of prospecting claims, although reports have been received of some valuable finds, among which may be cited a reef carrying ten ounces to the ton, and the discovery of nuggets of fifty-two ounce weight on a field forty-five miles distant. The population of the place amounted to about 1,500 some weeks ago, but since then has diminished in consequence of the terrible hardships which must be encountered there, owing to the climate.

## RIDING IN A RICKISHA.

Experience of an American Traveler with the Human Horses of Japan.

The most novel, and withal natural, sensation I ever experienced regarding rickshas and their human horses was on a certain occasion when driving, or rather being pulled, in Tokyo, writes Walter Rogers Furness in September Lippincott's. I was idly watching a rickisha ahead of me, which was bowling along at a goodly rate and contained two young Japanese girls most elaborately dressed. All of a sudden, to my horror and alarm, the hub of the rickisha struck sharply against the hub of another rickish going in the opposite direction with so severe a shock that their collie pitched forward on his head, breaking both shafts, and the two girls rolled out on top of him. Were it not for the mud the tumble was in reality no more severe nor dangerous than that of falling off a chair. Nevertheless, without stopping to reason, I took an instantaneous flying leap over my collie's shoulders, landing close to the overturned rickisha, seized a girl in each hand and dragged them clear of the wreck and the cast steed. Of course without the greatest promptitude on the part of the collie on the ground, entangled in the harness, would in his struggles kick the girls' brains out or else get up snorting and terrified and trample them to death before he bolted up the street with the broken shaft dangling at his heels.

I have a recollection of even thinking, as soon as the two girls were in a place of safety, that I ought to dart back and sit on the collie's head while some one got the harness off. Ah, but the two poor Japanese maidens! What could have been their sensations when they were suddenly and rudely grabbed by a wild-looking foreigner, dragged through the mud and bundled up against a wall? All, forsooth, because that big, ugly foreigner was afraid of a very timid, apologetic and bruised little collie.

## CHINA'S FLAG.

A Tradition Concerning the Origin of the Dragon and the Ball.

A Japanese merchant in the city repeated this tradition of the origin of the Chinese flag one day recently, says the New York Sun: "The flag of China is one of the gayest among ensigns. The body of the flag is a pale yellow. In the upper left-hand corner is a small red sun. Looking intently at the sun is a fierce Chinese dragon. The dragon's belly is a brilliant red and white. His green body is covered with stiff knobs. He is standing on his two hind paws and the left fore foot. The feet are five-toed and slightly hooked. His long five-forked tail stretches away in the rear. The dragon's neck is arched back. His mouth is wide open, and he looks as if he were about to swallow the red sun."

"That is just what he is trying to do, and that is the symbolism of the flag," the Japanese merchant said.

Then he explained that the Japanese flag has a white body and in the center is a large red sun with rays radiating in all directions. About a thousand years ago the Chinese made war on Japan and prepared a grand invasion. To symbolize their anticipated victory they adopted their flag of today. They took the sun of Japan and made it small and put it in front of the dragon's mouth to express the idea that the Chinese dragon would devour the Japanese. It happened, however, that the Chinese fleet conveying an army of one hundred thousand men was wrecked on its way to Japan by a great storm and all but three of the one hundred thousand perished. Despite that unlucky beginning in the use of the flag the Chinese retained it.

## From Lockjaw.

Death from tetanus was infrequent during the civil war, only two wounded soldiers in one thousand dying from it. In the Crimean war the ration was fifty-seven to one thousand.

## GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Terrible Catastrophe Averted By a Public Speaker's Self-Control.

One of the "sights" of Philadelphia, fifty years ago, was a magnificent Chinese museum, whose treasures, collected by Mr. Dunn, a munificent merchant, were displayed in a building erected on the site on which now stands the Continental hotel. Over the museum was a long, narrow upper room, about thirty-five feet high. It was a public hall, used for lectures and concerts, and with it was associated a most remarkable instance of presence of mind. A correspondent of the London Spectator tells the thrilling story.

In the central part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about three thousand persons. At about nine o'clock, the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with affright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tenons of the joists might be out of their sockets.

The floor would then fall through onto the Chinese museum, and the walls, sixty feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the rest upon the assembly.

The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear, that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall, he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people.

The reply to this was that his own family was in the audience, and that he must get them out first. "You shall not!" said the leader: "a hint of danger, a rush, and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."

As a boy in the audience I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room, and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ-loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front, the flooring rose six inches.

The people were entertained partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed.

Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man.

I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now.

The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level, was such, that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for forty years afterward.

## GAMBLING IN EUROPE.

The Net Profits Estimated to Exceed 25,000,000 Francs a Year.

Most persons associate all mention of gambling in Europe with Monte Carlo. Since a great gambling syndicate has been trying to get a hold in the little neutralized Duchy of Luxembourg, however, an interesting list of continental casinos and their winnings has been published by the German newspapers. This list, says the New York Sun, is intended to show that the continent has already too many gambling hells and that the grand duke of Luxembourg should persist in declining the syndicate's offer to pay most of the government's expenses in exchange for the privilege of operating their roulette wheels in the shadow of his throne.

Here is the list: Dunkirk casino, winnings in 1893, 300,000 francs; Boulogne casino, 800,000 francs; Trouville casino, 450,000 francs; Trouville, Hotel Eden, 150,000 francs; Dieppe casino, 200,000 francs; Coburg casino, 350,000 francs; Fecamp casino, 100,000 francs; Havre casino, 200,000 francs; Havre, Hotel Frascati, 150,000 francs; Treport City casino, 50,000 francs; Berck casino, 150,000 francs; Olonne casino, 100,000 francs; Rozan casino, 100,000 francs; several Arcachon houses, 100,000 francs; Biarritz casino, 1,000,000 francs; Castle Biarritz, 150,000 francs; Muchon casino, 400,000 francs; Palavaz casino, 200,000 francs; Aix les Bains casino, 120,000 francs; Vichy casino, 50,000 francs; Vichy International hotel, 600,000 francs; Vichy Eden, 350,000 francs; Vichy alcazar, 50,000 francs; Vichy restaurant, 30,000 francs; Rogat casino, 600,000 francs.

Outside of Monaco the gambling hells on the continent are known to profit some 10,000,000 francs annually, exclusive of all expenses. With the Monaco casino, the gambling syndicates of the continent make a net profit of 25,000,000 francs or more every year.

## A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

It Is a Veritable Marvel in Mechanical Execution.

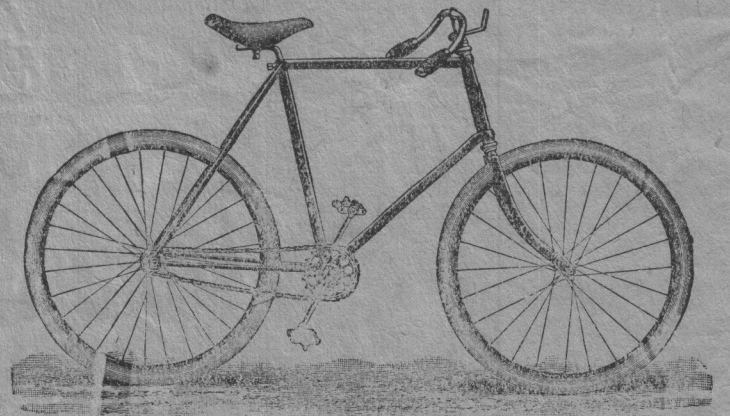
A most marvelous clock has been made by a Black Forest maker and sold for four thousand dollars. Besides doing everything that most clocks do in the matter of time and calendar, says the Jeweler's Weekly, it shows the time in Berlin; St. Petersburg, Madeira, Shanghai, Calcutta, Montreal, San Francisco, Melbourne and Greenwich. Every evening at eight a young man invites the company to vespers in an electrically illuminated chapel, where a young woman plays the "Maiden's Prayer."

On New Year's eve two trumpeters announce the flight of the old year and the advent of the new. In May a cuckoo comes out, in June a quail, in October a pheasant appears to be shot down by a typical British sportsman, who proceeds to bag his game. At day-break the sun rises and some bells play a German air, entitled "Phœbus, Awake." On the night of the full moon they play another air, entitled "Sweet and Tranquil Luna." There are other features too numerous to mention.



Are the outcome of 30 years' experience in designing, constructing and testing of stoves. In them are combined all the best devices known to the stove maker. They are built upon right lines to give the greatest degree of heat at the least expense of fuel, of the right material to give the longest service at the least cost for repairs. They are of the latest patterns, finished in the handsomest manner. Ask to see them at the dealers. *The Trade Mark will identify the genuine.*

## VICTORS are Standard Value.



The standard price of Victor Bicycles is \$25.00. No deviation, and Victor riders are guaranteed against cut rates during the current year.

## OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

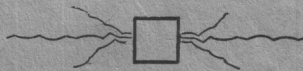
BOSTON.  
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PHILADELPHIA.  
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SAN FRANCISCO.

DETROIT.  
DENVER.

# BARGAINS!

# BARGAINS!



We have several bargains to offer for the next few weeks. A few Gasoline Stoves at cut prices to close. We have also several Plows, Harrows and Cultivators which we will let go at very low prices. Carriages and Road Wagons away down low. If you need a Hammock, we have a few left, very cheap. Everything in the Hardware line we will sell as low as the lowest.

Farmers bring your produce here, where you will find a market at all times.

WRIGHT BROS.,

Davisburgh.

# STILL AT THE FRONT.

When in need of Pure Drugs, Medicines and Toilet articles, always go to Wilson's.

## WE HAVE THE LARGEST LINE

of Pure Drugs and Chemicals for Compounding Prescriptions in Oakland county.

## WE TAKE SPECIAL CARE

in compounding Receipts, i.e. Horse Powders, Liniments etc., and only use Drugs of known Purity, at

Wilson's Drug Store.

## CLOTHING CHEAP!

For the next thirty days I intend selling suits at the lowest possible prices. Now is the time to buy, as I am better prepared than ever before to give you low prices. You can get an elegant suit for \$14 \$16 or \$18, and a fine pair of pants for \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

W. G. HUMPHRIES,

Holly, Mich.

Merchant Tailor.



## HORSES FOR UNCLE SAM.

Animals for Cavalry Service Obtained Very Cheaply.

The government has been picking up horses for the cavalry and artillery service very cheap in Washington and Oregon this summer. The average price paid was seventy-five dollars for each animal, which is uncommonly low when the style of animal required for the army is considered. A government purchasing agent says: "We inspected recently at The Dalles, Pendleton, Walla Walla, Ellensburg and North Yakima, and at each place found about one hundred awaiting examination. I selected such as met the requirements, which are that they must be bays and grays, fifteen hands high and upward, and from four to eight years old. These were passed upon by the government officials, and, if found satisfactory, were accepted. They were purchased at a very low price, as the sellers had but little money, and were anxious to dispose of their stock. The animals bought are of fine class, and especially suited for cavalry purposes. The lowness of the cost of horses this year may be attributed to the small demand, which is insignificant when compared with the supply. Never before during the fifteen years or so that I have been inspecting horses for the government have I seen times so dull in the stock regions, or the stock dealers so anxious to sell their animals at a small price. The small demand is, of course, due to the supplanting of horse cars by electric and cable railways, the shutting down of logging camps and lumber industries on Puget sound, and the general dullness of trade. In Portland cars which would require thirty-five hundred horses are operated by cable and electricity. Then the freight cars operated on these steel railways have shut out trucks and delivery wagons on which a large number of horses were used."

## SONGS OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

What Peculiar Associations Produce These Powerful Auxiliaries.

Association, which has so large a share in the operations of the human mind, often contributes much to the effect of music, says Laura A. Smith in Lippincott's. Some airs possessing no intrinsic merit owe their influence on the destinies of nations almost entirely to this principle. The making of a national song is one of the things to be attributed to happy accident; it cannot be accomplished by taking thought or by any amount of burning of the midnight oil. Monarchs have no power to command it, and often the greatest poets and musicians are most incapable of producing a truly national hymn. No, the great popular lyrics of the world have been the result of accident and the vent-hold of fiery feeling long confined. What but accident caused the song of "My Maryland" to prove the chant to which thousands of the soldiers of the confederacy kept time during 1861-65? And could anything be more fitly credited to chance than the extraordinary popularity of the "Mallbrong's s'en va-t-en guerre," which was due to the fact of a provincial nurse having lulled to rest the little dauphin, the son of Louis XVI, with this air? Had he not written his one undying lyric, the "Marseillaise," probably Rouget de Lisle had never been heard of. And who speak of Max Schneckensburger when they talk of "Die Wacht am Rhein"? Verily, the making of a war song is a deed of arms, not a mere effort of the pen.

## OUR LEGS TO VANISH.

In the Course of Another One Thousand Years Men May Cease Walking.

Dr. Emil Young, professor of physiology at the University of Geneva, is in great distress concerning the future of our legs. He suggests, in an essay in the Semaine Littéraire, says the Westminster Gazette, that in the course of one thousand years the human race may have lost the necessity of the use of legs, and retain those members of the body solely as ornamental survivals. Men refuse more and more to walk, though walking is the wholesomest of physical exercises. Steam, electricity, the rope railways, tricycles, and bicycles have changed the whole aspect of Swiss touring, as he says, in his own generation. "Everybody seems anxious to get everywhere any way except by the use of his legs." In another generation, he supposes, our traveling balloons will bang outside our windows, or our electrical coaches stand outside our doors. They will be produced so cheaply that every man will have his own chariot. Hence our legs will become superfluous, then they will be crippled, and shrunk to hideously small dimensions, until at last they will finally disappear. Our arms, on the contrary, will correspondingly strengthen and lengthen. "While our legs remain," says Dr. Young, "let us march all we can."

## SCIENCE IN COREA.

It Explains Phenomena in a Way Peculiarly Its Own.

Education in Corea is of the Chinese order—the committal of whole books to memory. On all other subjects than knowledge of Chinese, says the Boston Transcript, ignorance is the fashion when it is not a reality. Philosophical speculation is stated to be common, but Corean notions of natural science are indeed very chaotic; if the following story may be accepted: "A well-known merchant of Chemulpo was asked by one of his native employes—a man of some education—whether or not he had ever seen a sparrow which had died a natural death. The person questioned did not remember that he had. He was then asked how the foreign servants accounted for such a phenomenon, for such it was, considering the vast number of sparrows in the world and the huge families they raise every year. The answer to this query being unsatisfactory, the Corean gave his explanation, which was a popular one. He said that dying sparrows betook themselves to the sea shore, dived into the mud and became clams. 'How else,' he triumphantly added, 'could you account for the number of clams along the coast?'

## TIPS FOR THE QUEEN.

They Are Called Perquisites, But She Gets Them Just the Same.

Queen Victoria gets more tips than any other functionary in Great Britain, and, what is more, she insists on getting them. Of course they are not called tips. They are called perquisites, but it is all the same. An ex-at-tache, writing in the New York Tribune, says that among the most curious of them is her right to every whale or sturgeon captured on the coast of the united kingdom and brought to land. Both of these perquisites date back to the days of the Norman kings and it appears that in the case of the whale the monsters were divided between the sovereign and his consort, the queen taking the head in order that her wardrobe might be replenished with the whalebone needed for the stiffening of her royal garments.

Another of the queen's backsheesh is a certain number of magnificent Cashmere shawls, which are dispatched to her every year from the kingdom of Cashmere. They vary in value, as a rule, from three hundred to twelve hundred dollars apiece and the queen is accustomed to present one of them as a wedding present to every young girl of the aristocracy or in whose future she is in any way interested. Every tailor holding a patent of "Purveyor to her Majesty," if he conforms to ancient tradition and usage, should present her with a silver needle each year.

Another class of royal purveyors is called upon to present annually to her a table cloth, while from other sources she is entitled to an annual contribution of such varied tips as white doves, whitehares, currys, combs, fire tongs, scarlet hosiery, nightgowns, knives, lances and crossbows. Moreover, at the coronation the lord of the manor of Addington must present to the sovereign a "dish of pottage" composed of "almond milk, brown of capons, sugar, spices, chickens parpoiled and chopped." At the same ceremony the lord of the manor of Haydon is obliged by virtue of his tenure from the crown to present the monarch with a towel, the lord of the manor of Workshop giving the sovereign a "right-handed glove." These are only a few of the various backsheesh to which Queen Victoria is entitled by tradition and usage.

## MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Sixteen Hungry Boys Filled with Veal Pie in Dickens' Pieshop.

An exchange tells the following story of the pieshop in London before which Charles Dickens used to stand when, as a child, he trudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on the way to and from his work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes he pressed his tongue to the window-pane, as if by so doing he got a taste of the good things which were "so near and yet so far."

An American railroad man who admires Dickens hunted up his pieshop when in London in order to gratify his curiosity and his sentiment. It proved to be a mere box of a place in a poor quarter of the city, but the original business was still carried on there. As the traveler peered into the shadowy interior, a voice was heard at his elbow:

"Please, sir, will you buy me a veal pie?"

The owner of the voice was a small, disheveled person, with whom a pie of veal, or anything else of a "heartly" nature, would have agreed right well.

"How many boys do you think this shop will hold?" asked the American.

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, go and get fifteen boys, and bring them back here."

The boy studied the man's face for a moment, as if to make sure that he was in the enjoyment of his senses, and then with a yell hurried into a side street. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned at the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, of assorted sizes, unanimous in appetite and hope.

This ragged battalion assembled close behind its benefactor and followed him into the shop, where he announced that he was going to give all the boys all the pie they wanted. They wanted a great deal, as it proved; their capacity for "veal pie" was something marvelous. But their benefactor was as good as his word, and sixteen happy and satisfied boys left the shop singing his praise.

## Whistling on Shipboard.

Whistling—and let us honor this sweet tradition—is very much against the proprieties of sea life, writes Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, in an article on "Superstitions of the Sea," in Century. You may, in a calm, if not a landsman, woo with soothing whistle San Antonio or St. Nicholas, and a lagging wind may be spurred in consequence by these patron saints of the mariner; but once the ship is going, never, wise and wary passenger, whistle if you fear keel-hauling, for like the padrone in the Golden Legend you may find

Only a little while ago,  
I was whistling to St. Antonio  
For a cap-full of wind to fill our sail,  
And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.

## A Human Songbird.

It is said of Albani that she "warbled like a bird all day long." She used to sit in her garden and sing as she worked at lace making or some other feminine occupation, and the rent of the house adjoining her villa was raised a thousand francs because of the free musical entertainments thus furnished. In regard to her great size, her body became so unwieldy in her last years that she rose with difficulty from her chair, and usually had to be helped to rise. The great singer was so fond of the homely art of darning stockings that it was said she "would have darned stockings for the universe" if she had had time.

## Napoleon's Piano.

A piano made for Napoleon in 1810 has been unearthed in London. In shape it is a grand with silver keys, and, curiously enough, there are five pedals. Two of these work a drum and cymbals, and were presumably added in compliment to the military tastes of the emperor.

## TOOK HALF IN RATS.

How China's Dowager Empress Mitigated the Force of the Pestilence.

A recent number of the North China Herald, just received in this city, tells this story of the Empress Dowager of China:

"A rather good story is told among the Chinese about the empress dowager and the plague. The empress keeps constantly burning, day and night, in her palace, eighteen lamps, which represent the eighteen provinces of China. Not long ago one of the lamps, although it received precisely the same attention as all the others, was burning very badly, and the empress sent for the chief imperial astronomer to learn the reason. The chief astronomer having carefully considered the matter and consulted the archives, told the empress that the lamp which was burning so badly represented the province of Canton, which was about to be afflicted with a serious epidemic, in which the god of pestilence had determined to take off eight-tenths of the people.

"The empress was very much concerned at being told this, and asked the chief astronomer how such a dreadful doom might be averted from eight-tenths of her people in the province. The chief astronomer said that the god might perhaps be moved by prayer and offerings, and everything was done to placate him by the empress dowager's orders. After this the chief astronomer was asked what success had been achieved, and, after much consideration and consultation, he replied that the god of pestilence had consented to compromise—but this was absolutely the best he could do—for four-tenths human beings and four-tenths rats. Thus the frightful mortality of rats and human beings at Canton this spring is explained."

## HAVE THEIR OWN METHODS.

The Cassowaries Pursue a Plan of Their Own for Catching Fish.

The methods employed by the cassowary in catching fish differ materially from those of the common fish-hawk. The fish-hawk employs very much the same methods as the birds of prey, while the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own and uses a good deal of strategy. A number of years ago I was standing near the bank of a river when I saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes, apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about two feet deep, and, squatting down, spread its wings out, submerged them, the feathers being spread and ruffled. The bird remained perfectly motionless and kept its eye closed, as if in sleep. It remained in this position at least half an hour, when it suddenly closed its wings, and, straightening its feathers, stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a number of small fishes fell out of its wings from amid its feathers, which the bird immediately picked up and swallowed. The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows along the river bank and which imitates the feathers of the cassowary. The smaller fishes often seek a hiding place in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey upon them.

## TIME AT THE NORTH POLE.

The Man Who First Reaches That Point Will Meet with Surprises.

If ever the north pole is reached the adventurous spirits who get there will find that they have actually outstripped Father Time altogether; in fact, he will have given up the rate entirely, for at the northern and southern extremities of the earth's axis there is no fixed time at all, says the London Globe. At any moment it can be noon or midnight, breakfast time or supper time, work time or play time, whichever one likes. Clocks will be a fraud and delusion, for at the pole all degrees of longitude converge into one, and therefore all times. The possibilities of such a position are endless. Not only, too, will the clocks be out, but the calendars as well. It can be, at will, either yesterday or to-day, or to-morrow. We have heard a lot of foolish people ask what the use and pleasure can be of getting to the north pole, but a little reflection will show us advantages that can be gained there which cannot be found in any other part of the globe. There, at any rate, instead of being like the poor inhabitants of lower latitudes, the slaves of time, we can turn the tables and be its masters.

## THE GERMAN'S JOKE.

The Cute Smoker Plays His Game and Has It Returned.

The following "Fraud Upon an Insurance Company," in the Deutsche Tak-Zeitung, is certainly just a little too good to be true: A cunning fellow, who wanted to smoke the best cigars at the cheapest possible cost, bought one thousand cigars of the highest quality and corresponding price, and immediately insured the whole stock. When he had smoked the last of them he demanded seven hundred and fifty marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of his insured stock, ten boxes of cigars, had been consumed by fire! The Solomon court decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company then brought an action of conspiracy against the smoker, accusing him of having intentionally put fire to his own cigars and deliberately destroyed his property. Hereupon the same wise court condemned the insured smoker to three months' imprisonment.

## Origin of the Walking Stick.

Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking stick and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak sticks. Before many years vanished and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use and in one form or another have held their own in public popularity.

## MONEY CAUSES TROUBLE.

Many Fierce Hatreds Begin at the Reading of the Will.

Of all things, after jealousy—of which, indeed, it is part and parcel, the visible substance of the unseen feeling—money is the most potent factor in the creation of domestic rows. To see a set of expectant heirs all waiting on the reading of the will, and to note the disappointment of those who have not been well endowed, and their frantic jealousy of and fiery anger against those who have, is to see an object lesson in human nature among the most saddening and degrading that exist.

By reason of those legacies all the former love is forgotten, and a hatred like to nothing so much as the fire of hell takes its place. Brothers and sisters glower at one another over the lump sum given to one and the small annuity doled out to another, with the thundering residuum that goes to perhaps the already richest member of the family, or the portion which creates the head out of one of the minor joints of the tail. How many affections have received their death blow by the side of that divided heap of money—where each legatee thought himself defrauded by all that the others had received, and where there were disappointed heads by as many as there were joints in the tail left in their natural condition.

It is an exceptional nature that can take coolly the disappointed expectation formed by vanity or cupidity of the legacy to come after such and such a death, writes Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the Queen. For, indeed, money is the touchstone par excellence of character, and baser hopes do sometimes so often mingle in even with love where the lover is poor and the beloved is wealthy. Then comes the crash, and then follows the row; and flames burst out where the flowers once bloomed and the sweet waters once flowed.

## HE WAS MOVING.

And for a Wonder His Belongings Did Not Crowd the Van.

A young man on the South side had two rooms in a flat building and had furnished them himself. He had all the comforts of a home—such as a folding bed, a dresser and a set of boxing gloves. His lease expired on May 1, and he had some other rooms engaged, but he required two weeks in which to screw up his courage to the moving point, says the Chicago Record.

He hired a brawny man to do the packing. The carpets, the bookcase and the other traps, including two trunks, made a formidable showing, and when he telephoned the transfer company he said: "Send one of your largest wagons." Next morning early there was a rap at his door and the brawny man said: "The wagon is here."

Before anything was carried downstairs he went out in front just to assure himself that the wagon was large enough. He found that it was. It resembled a storage warehouse on wheels. It was as large as the Barnum page in which travel the two hippopotami. The driver sat on the roof, away up in the air, and the horses were dwarfed into ponies. When the back doors were opened there yawned a cavernous interior in which two sets could have danced a quadrille. There was no doubt about it being large enough. After all the earthly possessions of the young man had been pushed into one corner, the captain of the van asked where the rest of the stuff was to be found.

"That's all," said the young man.

"All! That's not enough for ballast. Why didn't you get a wheelbarrow?"

"I didn't know they had any wagons so big," stammered the humiliated young man. His property did make a paltry showing. When he paid the bill he was sorry that he hadn't used a wheelbarrow.

## BEAVERS NOT EXTINCT.

Traces of the Busy Little Animals Found in the Adirondacks.

It has been supposed that beavers were long extinct in the Adirondacks, but fresh work by them has been found on the outlet of Lake Meacham, twenty-five miles south of Malone. This discovery has attracted a good deal of attention from the guides and hunters. Beavers feed on the bark of the birch, willow, alder and poplar, and it is their habit to lay by stores of food in the summer.

Guides who were fishing on Meacham outlet recently found sticks of poplar of varying length and diameter, from half an inch to an inch, cut almost as neatly at each end as if the work could have been done with the knife. It was unmistakably the work of beavers. It would add largely to the charm of the Adirondacks if beavers were again to establish themselves there and erect their strange habitations. The game laws now forbid the trapping or killing of these animals at any time of the year.

## Original Phrasing.

There are many wonderful dialects in existence, says Harper's Magazine. One of these is what might be called the suburban domestic dialect; that used by servants in the rural communities in the daily routine of household work. Several examples have come to hand. A suburbanite was greeted, one morning, as he entered his dining-room, with this choice specimen: "Mr. J., the colt has friz the pipes. They've bust, and the cellar's all afloat!" The same domestic, while at work in the hall adjoining the library where her employer was writing, thinking he might prefer not to witness the operation of polishing the floor, entered the room, and said: "Mr. J., do you want the door cluz, or the curtains drew?"

## A Superior People.

In China Tsaichow men are a superior race. They are the Chinese four hundred and native anatomy distinguishes them in an altogether unusual way. The surgeons say that while all other Chinamen have eight pieces of bone from the neck to the top of the head Tsaichow men are the proud possessors of nine.

## DRAWBACKS OF FREE LIBRARIES.

The Particular Book You Want Is Always Out and the System of Fines Annoying.

Here is one man's experience of a free circulating library: "I gave my reference and took out my first book. It was good to scan the library list and see the amount of literature I could read free. The second time I wrote, according to the rule, the list of cabalistic figures which index the book, and after nearly a half hour's delay I was told that the one I wanted was 'out.' Then I put down fresh sets of figures and wasted more half hours, but they were all 'out,' until I finally took in desperation a book recommended me by the young woman who disappears for such an age to make the searches. This book proved so uninteresting that I brought it back next day and again went through the figure list business and the half hours of waiting, until I wound up by repeating my previous experience and taking a book by recommendation.

"I threw it aside on reaching home and forgot I had it until a postal warning me of the due of one cent for every day over two weeks in which I had it had now set in. I turned up with it when eight cents were due, took out another I didn't want and forgot it until eleven cents were due, kept up the business of figure lists, waitings, books I didn't call for and fines afterward throughout a year until I might far better have bought straightout the books I wanted, but never got.

"At last one time with a book in my possession I left town. A siege of postals and of visits from a mysterious-looking man kept my servant busy. I had forgotten all about the book, and my friends were indignant over the dunning of this individual. On my return to town I found that my reference had been called upon to pay for the book which I was in the position of having stolen from the library, and that my reputation was in an unpleasant fix. I now pay for my books."

## TORTURING TURTLES.

How the Poor Reptiles Are Deprived of Their Shells.

"I never see any of the pretty articles made out of tortoise shell," said a citizen of Oakland, Cal., recently, "without thinking of the probable torture the poor turtles had been subjected to in order to procure the material for their manufacture. The natives in the West Indies lie in wait for the turtles as they come to the shore to deposit their eggs, then they catch them and turn them over on their backs, so that they are absolutely helpless. The operation of divesting these creatures of their shells is cruel in the extreme. The tortoise shell that we value is merely the scales that cover the bony shield of the turtle. These scales are thirteen in number, and a large turtle will furnish about eight pounds. In order to detach this shell from the living animal (for they don't want to kill them, as in that case they would be exterminated in a few years) they fasten him down, and then put dry leaves and grass under his back, to which they set fire. The heat causes the scales to separate at the joints. They then insert a large knife beneath them and lift the shell from the back. Many turtles die under the operation, but they have been known to be caught a second time with an outer coating reproduced, but in such cases there was only one piece, instead of thirteen.

## AUSTRALIA'S CLIMATES.

It Has a More Varied Assortment Than Almost Any Other Land.

What is our idea of the Australian climate? It is most probably news to us to be told—perhaps we have never even thought of it—that in one colony of New South Wales, in parts, the inhabitants experience a winter like Canada, and a summer like Jamaica. In Kiandra, says All the Year Round, a mining town on the borderland between New South Wales and Victoria, there is no communication with the outside world for four months in the year except by the use of snowshoes. Snowshoe races are organized, and the mail man has to use these means of locomotion.

At the same time in Queensland the sun will be pouring down in overpowering strength, drying all before him and making water dearer than wine. To continue the tale of this diversity of climate, in part of northern Queensland the rainfall and vegetation are not unlike those of Ceylon; in the northern rivers of New South Wales canebrakes flourish as moist and luxuriant as in Jamaica; in the west of the same colony a long file of camels laden with merchandise has become a common object. And in Tasmania Assam hybrid tea plants grow side by side with barley, maize and potatoes.

## Surplus of Lawyers.

In 1850 the proportion of lawyers to the male population in this country was one in 494 and in 1880 it was one in 398. The number of lawyers in legislatures has always been greater than their proportion of the population would warrant. In Maine there has been on the average one lawyer for each ten members; in Vermont and Rhode Island, one for each twelve; in Connecticut and in New Hampshire, one in sixteen, and in Massachusetts, one in nine. Of the entire number of United States senators since 1787, 2,068 out of 3,122 have been lawyers. Of the twenty-four presidents of the United States nineteen have been lawyers. Seventeen of the twenty-three vice presidents and 218 of the 232 cabinet officers have been members of the bar.

## The Fish's Power.

A fish exerts its great propulsive power with its tail, not its fins. The paddle wheel was made on the fin theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades, and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional action of the tail to give it power.

## TIMEPIECE IN A SHIRT STUD.

Wonderful Bit of Mechanism Turned Out by a Pennsylvania Genius.

Theodore C. Rohrer, of Newcastle, Pa., who constructed a wonderful automatic clock a number of years ago, containing many figures, and which attracted great attention all over the country when placed on exhibition, has nearly completed another timepiece which displays marvelous mechanism. This clock exhibits scenes in the revolutionary war, and Mr. Rohrer considers it even a more remarkable piece of work than his former effort. In addition to these clocks Mr. Rohrer, a number of years ago, constructed one of the most ingenious pieces of miniature mechanism to be found in the world. This consists of three gold studs, in one of which is a diminutive watch which keeps most excellent time. The combined weight of the three studs—which are all connected together by a strip of silver metal which passes on the inside of the shirt bosom—is only one ounce and a half. The stud in which is contained the watch has a base about as large as a three-cent piece, and, with its surroundings of gold, presents much the appearance of a very diminutive mariner's compass. When the studs are on the shirt bosom they are about two inches apart. By revolving the upper one—in much the same manner as a stem-winding watch is wound—the little timepiece is wound up for action. In setting the hands the lower stud is revolved.

## ANTHONY THE WANDERER.

A Weighted Enthusiast Who Is Traveling Through the Russian Empire.

Insight into the strange condition of the popular mind of Russia at the close of this nineteenth century is afforded by the immense renown and influence enjoyed at present by a peripatetic saint who goes by the name of "Anthony the Wanderer," and who for more than forty years has been perpetually on the move, his peregrinations extending all over Siberia, Central Asia and European Russia. In the depth of winter, just as in the height of summer, he marches barefoot and almost entirely devoid of clothing.

Fifty pound's weight of iron chains are welded about his shoulders and body, while his waist is encircled by an iron belt weighing thirty pounds more, closed with a lock, the key of which was cast into the Arctic ocean. Thus equipped, Anthony the Wanderer has spent two score years in tramping all over the Russian empire collecting enormous sums of money for the building of churches and schools in places where they are needed, and without keeping a single kopek for himself. He is venerated we are told, not alone by the ignorant peasantry, but also by the most highly educated and affluent classes, and men and women of all sorts and conditions of life are described as applying to him for advice in matters spiritual, worldly and even hygienic.

## he Poetry of It.

She—I'd rather be a poet than anything in the world.

Poet—You might be the next thing to one.

She—Oh, tell me how.

The Poet—By becoming Mrs. Poet. (He got her.)

## SAW A CLAIRVOYANT.

It Cost Her Five Dollars and Now She Knows Better.

"Yes, I went to a clairvoyant once," she was saying to a friend as they waited for a car, "it was when my husband's overcoat was stolen from the hall of our boardinghouse."

"And did he recover it?"

"He did."

"Wonderful! What did the woman tell you?"

"She saw a black cloth overcoat in a trunk. It had been stolen and hidden there."

"Dear, dear!"

"And the trunk was on a moving train going west. The owner of the trunk, she said, was a young man with red hair and blue eyes."

"How very strange."

"She charged me to tell this to the police, who were on a wrong clue, and that it would be some months before my husband would get his overcoat, but get it he certainly would."

"And he did?"

"Yes. He had found the overcoat, and was wearing it when I got home. It was a light tan color, and he saw a man wearing it, took the coat from him and let him go. He was a sneak thief and had taken the coat from the hall."

"And the clairvoyant didn't have anything to do with it?"

"Oh, yes she did. She made a dollar out of my foolishness; but don't you ever tell my husband; he would think it such a joke on me."

## Large Heads With Small Brains.

Dr. Crochley Clapham, who has made measurements on 4,000 inmates of asylums, says that insane heads are larger on the average than sane heads, though insane brains are smaller. According to Dr. Clapham the form of the insane head is usually cuneiform or arrow-shaped, with the greatest diameter posterior to the central point of the head.

## Sells on Sight.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum? Housekeeper—Sir! "Please, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling resonators." "What are they?" "You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a good-night kiss sounds like a cannon shot." "Give me three."—New York Weekly.



CORRESPONDENCE.

We reserve the right to reject any item which we may suspect of bearing an offensive personal reference. We shall consider this right to reject as accepted as one of the conditions of your correspondence.

ORTONVILLE.

Will Butz is home again.  
Etta Marks has left for school near Detroit.

Andrew Smith and wife visited friends in Pontiac last week.

Rev. H. E. Wolfe of Saginaw, visited friends here last week.

Mrs. Emma is spending a few weeks in Mt. Clemens, with her son.

Dell Carr has been drawn as a jurymen and has gone to Pontiac for this term.

Bob Cassidy and Henry Jones made a business trip to Pontiac one day last week.

The Free Methodists had a big time at Austin Corners Sunday and a number of our people attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kniffen will take possession of their new home, the Chas. Decker house, in a few weeks. Mrs. Kniffen's father presented them with the place.

The Ortonville nine profess to be willing to play any nine within twenty miles if they can agree on conditions. This is healthful sport and we hope our boys will have plenty of opportunities to test their skill.

Ortonville nine and Clarkston nine played at Clarkston last Wednesday. A close game was played, resulting in a score of 11 to 12 in favor of Clarkston. Our boys are not discouraged for that was a small defeat.

The Town Hall is being converted into an Opera House. New scenery is being painted and seats put in. An opening will be given Saturday evening by a drama, entitled, "A Secret Marriage." Home talent largely. We hope to see this show well patronized by all for we really need (?) an Opera House here.

There is a doctor here who professes to extract teeth free of charge and without pain and gives a free entertainment each night in the Hotel Hall. He has a good musician and singer with him and his entertainments are reported to be very good. We need a dentist in our town and hope this will prove to be a good one. At least let us give him a fair trial.

I. McNulty made a business trip to Holly Saturday.

C. Flagler is slowly recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Webster and daughters have gone to Indiana for the fall and winter.

Mrs. J. McCauley is in Orion nursing her father who is being treated for a cancer.

Miss May Caeley, who has been spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. S. Rodenbo, left Monday for Oxford.

A party of little people gathered at the home of Edith Welch to celebrate her tenth birthday last Friday. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

DAVISBURGH.

Chas. Skinner has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mrs. Lou Gillis is spending the week in Detroit visiting friends.

Miss Mabel Voorheis is teaching school in the Brondige district.

Mrs. Smith and daughter, of Pontiac, were guests of Miss Alice Adams the first of the week.

Olive Pepper and Bert Newman are attending school in Pontiac and Mabel Powell and Aden Manly in Holly.

Thomas Garner of Carson City, is visiting among relatives in the vicinity.

Republican caucus will be held in Harmony Hall next Monday evening, Sept. 10th.

Miss Mattie Davis will have charge of our school during the fall term, which begins next Monday.

Mrs. Jackson Voorheis who has been visiting friends in Pontiac for a week returned home last Tuesday.

Our merchants report having an unusually large trade for this time of year. It is because they made prices low.

Rev. D. B. Miller is attending conference and Rev. G. M. Lyon will supply his appointment next Sunday morning.

Charlie VanHorn recently caught a nice white fish from Long lake. The first one secured from waters here, we understand.

The Alpha society and the band will give a social at Mrs. E. Bradley's to-morrow evening. Peaches and cream will be served.

The Springfield Champions have put a chip on the shoulders of our ball players, but the boys haven't had the courage to knock it off yet.

The Clarkston Advertiser made its appearance here last week, and contained a surprisingly large amount of readable news for that territory.

Thos. J. Tamania, a Japanese student of Albion College, gave an interesting lecture on the customs of his country at the M. E. church last Tuesday evening.

The ice cream stand has been removed for the season in consequence of which there is a sigh of regret from the young ladies and one of relief from the young men.

Mrs. O. Greenslade of Geneva, Ohio, a passenger on the morning train west last Saturday, was obliged to stop here and procure medical aid for her child, which was in a condition accompanying cholera infantum, and from which it was thought to be dying. The child recovered sufficiently for them to go St. Johns, their destination, on the evening train however, and the mother left grateful and happy for the kind and efficient aid of strangers here. Dr. Ely attended the child.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

ROSE CENTRE.

Miss Effie Bowman spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Dewitt Caster and family of Holly, Sundayed at B. Kenaga's.

Darwin East has a record of being the "champion" bean puller in the country.

Miss Fannie Andrews of Tyrone commenced her fall term of school at Pioneer Monday.

D. Bates, who has been visiting in Rochester, N. Y., for several weeks returned home last Friday.

Ben Kenaga picked from his orchard last Friday a peach that measured 10 1/2 inches in circumference.

G. W. Davis returned to his home at Goodrich, Saturday, accompanied by his cousin, F. M. Gale of Saginaw.

The Clyde base ball nine who claim to be the strongest armature base ball team in the country, will cross bats with the "Hiawathas" in a return game, at Rose Friday afternoon.

Our local bass ball team defeated the White Lake nine "by one run" on Chas. Ellenwood's "diamond" last Saturday. The game was close and interesting but the base hits and errors were too numerous to mention. Both teams have won one game, so watch the items for the final contest which will take place soon.

ORTONVILLE SCHOOL NOTES.

Several pupils from adjoining districts have entered school.

The annual election of officers of the School Library society will occur next Friday.

Pupils and teachers agree that last Monday was a very warm day to commence school.

Judging by the presents of bouquets, fruits, etc., with which Miss Lepard was presented last Monday, we think that she is assured of the pupils.

The following is the annual report of the treasurer of the Ortonville School Library society: Cash on hand at commencement of the year, \$10.70; received by subscriptions, \$16.00; proceeds of social at Mrs. Len Guile's, \$5.00; proceeds of first concert, \$12.10; library money of '93, \$6.50; from social at Mrs. Frank Guile's, \$3.90; from second concert, \$8.35; from social at Mrs. L. J. Walter's, \$4.60; from junior services performed by pupils, \$25.00; balance from collection at the junior exhibition, \$9.41; from fines, \$3.83; library money of '94, \$8.80; total cash receipts amounted to \$105.72. Paid Albert Wilder for books for first order, \$25.06; second order, \$19.76; paid L. J. Walter for books, \$2.92; paid Ginn & Co., \$4.85; paid for sundry books, periodicals, etc., \$20.57; cash on hand, \$5.56.

ECONOMY AND STRENGTH

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medicinal value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength and is the only remedy of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

Do you have headache, dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite and other symptoms of biliousness? Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

The Great Exhibition Opens on Monday, September 10.

The forty-fifth annual fair of the Michigan State Agricultural Society will open on Monday, Sept. 10, on the grounds of the Detroit Exposition Company, and will continue until Friday, Sept. 21. This is the only general fair or exposition to be held in the state this year, and every effort is being made to have it excel all previous exhibitions in the history of the Society. The premiums aggregate \$13,000, and this amount of money will undoubtedly draw together the finest display representing the agricultural, horticultural, manufacturing, mining household interests of Michigan that has been seen in years. Detroit manufacturers and merchants will make large and attractive exhibits. The live stock premiums have been greatly increased, and a magnificent display is assured. The races occur on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the first week, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the second. There are three events on each day's racing card, and the purses aggregate \$4,500. Bicycle races will take place on two days of the fair. It will be the greatest exhibition Michigan people have seen in years. All the railroads will give half rates to Detroit during the fair, with still lower special excursion rates on certain days. Steamboat excursions will also be run from various lake and river points.

HAVE YOU A FRIEND LIVING A LONG DISTANCE AWAY?

Have you a friend who lives far away whom you believe would like to get the news from this place? If so, send us the name and address and we will send a sample copy free of charge. By complying with this request you will do us a great favor as well as the distant friend.

HAZARDOUS HAYING.

On Alpine Heights Where Goats and Sheep Fear to Tread.

Bravny Swiss Maids—Compelled to Mow Grass in Masculine Attire—Weird, Rocky Region and Flaccid Folk. Who Inspired Schiller.

The hay makers on our western prairies, and for that matter on the hilly and mountainous meadows of America, can form no conception of the hardships that the Alpine wildheuer of Switzerland have to brave in order to gather the winter's provender for their cattle.

Wildheuer, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, is the name given to small peasants—men and women—who climb the rocky peaks of the alps during the months of August and September and gather the wild hay that grows on almost perpendicular, isolated grass plots, over yawning precipices and near threatening glaciers. The reader is reminded of Schiller's graphic description of this fraternity in William Tell. It occurs in the third scene of the fourth act. Gessler, the governor of Switz and Uri, approaches down the sloping Kuesnacht pass with rocks on either side. Before him is a projecting cliff overgrown with brushwood. Armgard, the poor wife of a wildheuer, falls with her children in front of the governor's horse and begs for the release of her husband, who is perishing behind prison bars, and when Rudolph der Harms, the adjutant, asks her: "Who are you, woman, and who is your husband?" he receives the following words in reply:

A poor wild-hay man of the Righern. Kind sir, who on the brow of the abyss Mows down the grass from steep and rocky shelves To which the very cattle dare not climb.

Harras, the horseman, is conscience-stricken, and thus intercedes for the petitioner:

By Heaven! A sad and miserable life! I pithee, give the wretched man his freedom: How great soever his offense may be His horrid trade is punishment enough.

To the woman: You shall have justice: to the castle bring Your suit: this is no place to deal with it.

And, indeed, no more dangerous occupation can be imagined. The work is laborious and the harvest poor. The mowers and rakers ascend with ropes and Alpine shoes the dizzy steepnesses, where goats and sheep do not venture to graze, much less the larger cattle. The mountaineers here are, of course, never assailed by vertigo and kindred troubles, which must be accounted for by heredity and constant climbing of perilous heights. But for this work only such men and women can be hired who can find no other means wherewith to keep the wolf from the door. These are the folks who work during the balance of the year at ridiculously low wages by day in villages and inns, or as wood-choppers and weavers during the winter. Hundreds of households in this vicinity rely for their whole year's supply of milk, butter and cheese on a single cow, and must make hay on the mountains while the sun shines—during August and September. Every canton in Switzerland has its hay laws which set apart two months during the year for hay gathering and which appoint the very day on which the work may be commenced, besides imposing many other oppressive ordinances and regulations. As soon as the hay day has come these complacent, easily contented, semi-Roman Teutons gather in convivial companies and begin their climbing marches amid the yodling of popular ditties and the singing of religious hymns. All carry alpenstocks, scythes, rakes and ropes and a small knapsack of food and drink, sufficient for several days.

Often places are encountered where the grass is especially rich and luxuriant, but which can only be reached by dangling a mower down over the rocks and thus enabling him to gather a few handfuls of hay at a time, when another man is let down to finish the plot. It is generally found most expedient to select some accessible spot near the mountain road and then to throw the hay bundles from the various little meadows along the paths. And it is marvelous with what dexterity the rakers have learned to throw their bundles.

Sometimes, however, no such convenient place can be found; then the poor people are compelled to carry their heavy, compact bundles on their shoulders down the steep, dangerous mountain path or to let them down with ropes from one to another somewhat like the water carriers of ancient Egypt.

In the Canton Switz many young women are employed for this work. They are usually robust, bravny young maids, full of courage, every movement betraying power and agility. Necessity compels them to wear masculine attire during these labors. As in the case of the Tyrolean shepherdesses, skirts would prove a great impediment in their work.

A Well Disciplined Man.

Army discipline is supposed to be very strict indeed, and orders must be obeyed swiftly and silently. The best disciplined soldier ever in the Russian army lived in 1777. He was stationed before the door of the palace during a heavy food, when the empress, seeing from her balcony that the water had reached the sentinel, called to him to retire. This the soldier refused to do; and when the empress asked if he knew who she was, the man replied affirmatively. Although he knew her majesty he would not leave his post until his corporal relieved him. The water increased until it reached the sentinel's knees. The empress sent several messages to him, but he refused to obey her. Finally she was compelled to summon the corporal, who was found asleep, and he was obliged to swim to relieve the honest private, who by that time had only his head above water, and would composedly have suffered himself to be drowned rather than disobey orders while obeying his sovereign.

TWO STUPID BOYS.

Incidents of the Boyhood of Dean Stanley and William E. Gladstone.

Dean Stanley once said to a little boy: "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1813, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips. When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he couldn't learn arithmetic. Dr. Poyd writes in Longman's Magazine that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honors must be proficient. He would not have done as well at Cambridge, whose senior wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician. On the contrary, that other stupid boy, "more hopeless" than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length and full of figures, which so interested the members of the house of commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight. The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is, and it is most important, that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it.

FIRST RIDE ON THE ELEVATED.

It Impresses Strangers Now as It Did New Yorkers Twenty Years Ago.

Every day there are among the passengers on the elevated roads considerable numbers of persons who are riding there for the first time—visitors from out of town. To the stranger unaccustomed to such structures, says the New York Herald, the elevated road must be one of the sights and sensations of the metropolis. Here on the platform of an elevated station, waiting for a train, stood a little party of people from out of town, whose bags and traps indicated that they had come from a distance. A train approached rapidly.

"Now," said a lady in the party to the boy whom she held by the hand, "you are going to ride on the elevated railroad."

At the same time it was clear that the lady was herself much interested, as indeed she might well be, for it is certainly a striking experience, the first ride through the varying scenes of a great city upon an elevated track, with the endless traffic of the streets weaving in and out below, looking down upon the heads of the throngs upon the sidewalks and in upon the varied occupations or upon the home life of workers and dwellers on floors above the level of the streets. It may be remembered that all these things seemed very interesting to the people in the city when the roads were opened.

STONE THAT BENDS.

Peculiar Formation of Itacolumite or Flexile Sandstone.

Geologists tell us that "one of the most marked and well-known characteristics of stones and rocks in general is their extreme rigidity," but there are really some specimens that are more flexible than wood, bending under the slightest pressure without breaking. The best known and most abundant of these flexible stones, says the St. Louis Republic, is itacolumite, an elastic sedimentary deposit found chiefly in South America, but not unknown in the United States, being frequently found in large quantities in the mountains of North and South Carolina, and occasionally in Georgia. The flexibility of itacolumite is readily understood when the stone is subjected to a microscopic examination. All ordinary sandstones are rigid and brittle, but in itacolumite the grains are cemented by mica and sericite, which confer the flexible property to the stone as a whole. Viewed by a strong polarized light it is plain to be seen that each separate grain of sand in a slab of itacolumite is surrounded by a cement of the flexile mica and sericite, and that veins of the same cement ramify in every direction, imparting to it a peculiar elasticity, a flake of such stone two feet in length and two inches thick "sagging" five inches in the middle when both ends are held up by some support.

Origin of the Menhaden Industry.

Mr. Robert F. Walsh, in the Popular Science Monthly, thus recalls the origin of the present menhaden industry: It was in 1850 when an old lady, Mrs. John Bartlett, of Bluehill, Me., boiling some fish for her chickens, observed a thin seam of oil upon the surface of the water. Some of this she bottled, and when on a visit to Boston soon after, carried samples to a leading oil merchant, who encouraged her to bring more. The following year the Bartlett family industriously applied their gill nets and sent to market thirteen barrels of oil, for which they were paid at the rate of eleven dollars per barrel. In the following year this family made one hundred barrels. Then the value of menhaden oil having become recognized, many oil presses—of a more or less imperfect construction—were established along the coast, and the industry developed so rapidly that within twenty years the yield of menhaden oil exceeded that of the whale from the American fisheries.

Australian Natives Dying.

The aborigines of Australia are steadily dying out, although the colonial government spends a considerable sum on their support. Victoria and New South Wales have very few blacks left at all, and the number lessens every year.

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# Three Schoolmates

## Three Stories of the Civil War

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"How in the world, Sydney, did you ever manage to get down south?" inquired Herbert, in the course of their conversation.

"By a very simple, though rather expensive, process," laughingly replied Temple. "Early last March I took passage on a Cunarder to Liverpool and there got on board an English blockade runner, was duly landed near Charleston, at once made my way home, in a few days thereafter received a lieutenant's commission and joined the confederate army—about the same time you enlisted in that of the north."

"And your people, Sydney?"

"Well, Herbert, you know that my father died years ago and only my mother and sister Sylvia, whom you once saw at the old school, are left. They have removed from Charleston and are now residing in a large country house, which we have lately bought, a few miles south of Richmond. Little Sylvia has grown into a tall and really beautiful girl—" "I am sure she has," interjected the listener—"and is a great comfort to my mother, who fortunately, has an ample income from funds safely invested in Paris, but she spends nearly all of it in assisting our soldiers, her whole time and my sister's also being devoted to that work, and since thousands of other southern ladies are doing the same, you can hardly wonder, Herbert, that we fight so well."

"You do indeed fight well, Sydney. One of our troopers remarked to-day, with more force than elegance: 'Them lean-lookin' rebs fights like ravin', double distilled, ring-tailed hell-cats; but we won't touch on these questions. Each of us is firmly fixed in his principles, and perhaps in after years we shall meet simply as Americans only to recall this terrible war as a huge blunder on the part of some one.'

"All right, my boy, but meantime what has become of Fred Ainslie? You say he 'joined' with you. I did not think that Fred, though he was a dear, good fellow, would ever have voluntarily run into danger."

"Nevertheless he fought well in his very first battle. I have told you how he hunted me up after the Wilderness fight. I have not seen him since then, but hear that he has never yet been wounded and is making a good record in his regiment."

"I am very glad to know it. I should like to see Fred, and, after meeting you so strangely to-day, I should not be surprised to run against him, too, sometime. His sister must be a brick—don't blush, old fellow, it was through no fault of yours that you happened to be placed in her ward. Just imagine that pretty little butterfly, Jessie Glynn, we boys used to admire so much, going into a hospital as nurse!"

"Yet she has done that very thing, Syd! I was never so astonished in my life as when on furlough in New York I went to look her up one day and found that she had entered the service of the sanitary association. She is at this moment in Fredericksburg hospital with Miss Ainslie, and all those other blessed angels. We cannot always exactly guess what a merry little whole-souled American girl will do when the pinch comes."

"Bravol for Jessie, the flower of Dumbland, as we used to call her. She ought to have been a south—" but I'm getting upon dangerous ground again. Anyway, it's a grand thing, Herbert, that both sides can honestly glory in their womankind. Everything must come right in the end, if only for their sakes."

"God grant it!" reverently replied the soldier of the north.

"And do you know, Leslie, where that hulking tyrant, Tom White, is now—you remember him?"

"Rather! and I fancy that he is not likely to forget you in a hurry. Tom turned out as a bullies generally do. About a year ago he used to strut around among his cronies bragging what he would do when he volunteered, which was always to be 'next week,' and then when matters began to look serious he skipped over to Canada to avoid the draft! His father was so cut up about it that he actually joined the Fifty-ninth New York himself, and the last time I heard of Tom he was following the peaceful calling of a billiard-marker in Montreal."

"A quite congenial occupation, I should say," returned Sydney, and so the friends were away the hours until, all too soon, the time of parting came and they went their several ways to what each religiously deemed his duty. Then, in quick succession, September 19 and 22, followed the sanguinary battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, both converted—the first from seeming defeat into glorious victories by the genius of Sheridan and his able lieutenants and resulting in driving Gen. Early to the mountains, where cavalry could not well operate.

In every skirmish, raid and battle in which Private Leslie took part he won golden opinions from his officers and comrades, and it was rather curious that on two occasions he owed his own escape from death or capture, and once the life of his captain, to his skill as a swordsman—an accomplishment acquired from the teachings of Sydney Temple in their college gymnasium!

Of the first two incidents we need not speak, but the last will bear telling. 'Twas at the battle of Winchester, when the union forces were being driven in confusion from the field, under the erroneous impression that they were beaten. In the melee, the commander of Her-

bert's troop had become separated from his men and was closely beset in the angle of an old stone wall by five mounted confederates, who, as it happened, had already fired away their scant supply of ammunition, and now, with drawn sabers, rode down upon their expected prize, summoning him to surrender. But Captain Vincent's blood was up, and his chagrin at the unlooked-for rout of his men was so great that he forgot all prudence and tauntingly challenged the fellows to come on.

Still more rashly, having two cartridges left in his revolver, he dropped a man with each one, and then defiantly sat in his saddle, his horse backed into the sharp corner of the partial inclosure, and, with his single blade against three, awaited the assault. The men, furious at the fall of their comrades, and crying out to "give no quarter," charged all together; but the space was rather narrow for three horses abreast, and the riders, when so placed, could not well use their sword-arms. Hence, one of them naturally was forced to the front, and as he dashed in with uplifted saber, the captain, lunging straight forward, drove his own blade clear through his body. The trooper dropped his sword, reeled and would have fallen to the ground, but was, for the moment, upheld by Capt. Vincent's heavy pull in attempting to withdraw his weapon. It stuck fast, however, and, to save him-



A DEADLY THRUST EN TERCE.

self from being dragged down with his slain enemy, he was obliged to let go the hilt, and was then quite defenseless. Another moment, and the brave fellow would have been hacked to pieces; but ere the maddened assailants could collect themselves to strike a short, sharp cheer rang out behind them, and they turned to see Herbert Leslie bearing down at full speed and already within thirty feet.

Supposing that they had only a boy to deal with, the half-trained soldiers nonchalantly awaited the onset of this new enemy, but were woefully undeceived when, with an easy motion, he parried their downright, skillless strokes, then sent the sword of one flying from his grasp, transfixing the right wrist of the other and, with a deadly thrust en tierce, whirled the first disarmed man to the earth—finally riding off with his captain, both unhurt, and taking the wounded confederate along as prisoner. The two unionists then busied themselves in aiding to rally the demoralized battalions, in anticipation of the coming of Sheridan, who, upon being told of the affair after his brilliant victory that night, gave one of those peculiar smiles, which we boys learned to know so well, and taking a

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small notebook from his pocket made a short memorandum therein.

"Be jabers," said old Sergeant Boyle, a "naturalized" citizen, who fought for the pure fun of the thing, "Little Phil's got that down in black an' white, sorta a fear; and for a gosssoon phwat was picked up for dead at the Wilderness pliantry, that bly, Leslie's, got a mighty strong arrum intirely!"

"True for you, Pat," replied a stalwart Wolverine, "and if he studied his books at school half as much as he did his fencing lessons, Private Leslie must be a pretty good scholar, too."

The future—provided he could live to see it—did indeed appear to be full of promise for our young New Yorker and for one piece of especially brilliant service, following upon his former record, he was promoted, at one jump, to the rank of second lieutenant.

This service consisted in carrying an important dispatch from Gen. Torbert to Gen. Crook across a line of country where all the telegraph wires were cut and which was at the time thoroughly patrolled by the enemy.

So desperate seemed the enterprise, that volunteers were called for. From among the crowd of brave fellows, who stepped forward, Herbert Leslie was selected, and, having received detailed instructions, he set out at once on his perilous mission.

For several hours, with singular address, he avoided the outlying hostile pickets and having at length reached the great military road leading through the Shenandoah valley, felt secure of accomplishing his purpose.

Everywhere, as he rode along, the fearful ravages of war were apparent; smoking ruins, deserted dwellings, slaughtered cattle and burning crops were to be seen on all sides, and the very soil itself seemed to smell of blood!

By and by, in the heat of the day, the solitary rider turned into a short lane, at the further end of which stood an empty house, and in front of this house, near the door of a log stable, lay a trough of water, supplied by a tiny stream trickling through an old musket barrel.

All appeared quiet; not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere about; and the thirsty trooper, without dismounting, dipped up in his canteen a copious draught and imbibed it leisurely, while his good horse drank deeply from the trough. Just as the unsuspicious young man had thrown back his head to drain the last drop of the refreshing fluid he heard a slight shuffling noise and simultaneously an ominous click. Half turning in his saddle he saw within a few yards of him two barefooted "bush-whackers," who had evidently up till now been concealed in the stable.

One of these dangerous tramps carried a long ducking-gun, already steadily covering Herbert's breast, and the other a lockless rifle and bayonet.

"Up with yer hands, ye d—d Yank!" yelled the fellow with the gun. But Private Leslie was not that kind of a "Yank." He had been carefully coached for just such an emergency as this, and instead of leaving his revolver in the holsters had one of them lying on the pommel of his saddle. Quick as thought he dropped his hand to the weapon, but swift as his motion was, his fingers had barely touched its butt when the menacing ruffian pulled the trigger of his smoothbore.

If the clumsy piece had exploded its three-ounce load of slugs and buckshot would have torn the bold unionist's body to shreds, but fortunately for him the hammer fell upon a spoiled cap, and seeing there was no time to replace it the guerrillas rushed forward with frightful oaths.

One took two steps, the other three, and then both lay weltering in their gore—shot down by the deadly, rapid fire of their boyish foe.

Not knowing how many more of these vagabond, no-nation stragglers might be ambushed within hearing, Herbert dared not wait to ascertain the condition of his assailants, but, wheeling his horse, rode off at speed, little imagining what was next to befall.

He had arrived, with no further molestation, within six miles of the outer line of Crook's videttes and was riding, now more slowly, along the edge of a wooded tract, when he heard a low, moaning cry which appeared to come from an adjoining thicket.

"Some poor, wounded 'reb' needs help," the humane young fellow muttered, and, promptly dismounting, he proceeded to make a search, having first, for fear of treachery, placed a revolver in his belt. Creeping on hands and knees through the dense underbrush and guided by the still-continued plaint, he came presently to a prostrate, blood-stained form clad in a torn uniform—not of gray, but of blue!

"Ah! one of our own brave boys," thought he, and, kneeling by the side of the helpless man, he gently raised his head. The wan, pinched, hunger-stricken face, covered with mud, seemed that of a stranger, but no sooner had the sunken eyes turned upon Leslie than the wounded soldier gasped:

"Oh—Herbert—don't—you—know me?"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the astounded rescuer, "it is Fred Ainslie!" and, throwing his arms around his so strangely found friend, he burst into very unsoldierlike tears.

"Why, my dear Fred!" he began, but the wornout boy had fainted and now lay senseless upon his old schoolmate's breast.

Owing to the hasty manner in which Herbert had been obliged to leave the water he had not refilled his canteen, and now he had not so much as a drop to force between the swollen lips of his unconscious comrade. Yet no moment must be lost! He saw that Fred's right leg was shot through above the knee, that he was utterly exhausted by loss of blood and might die before other help could be brought, and, besides, his own business would not admit of delay. So, with infinite care and tenderness, he drew the motionless form out to the road and placed it across his saddle. Then, remounting, he held the light weight fairly in his arms and, putting his well-trained charger to easy canter, carried poor Fred safely, and

without a jolt, to Crook's headquarters, where, by the aid of cautiously administered stimulants, he quickly revived. The shattered limb was then properly attended to and in the course of the next twenty-four hours Herbert heard his friend's story from his own lips.

It seems that, three days before, Sergeant Ainslie (for Fred had been promoted) had been sent out in charge of a foraging party, which, being waylaid by a greatly superior number of confederates, was obliged, after receiving a volley or two, to beat a hasty retreat, leaving the sergeant and several privates, supposedly dead, upon the field.

Fred, however, who happened to fall close to the thicket where he was found, had presence of mind enough to crawl into its shelter and in the confusion was not noticed by the enemy—thus escaping capture and saving his uniform. For seventy-two hours he had lain there without food or drink, except one ration of biscuit and a single quart of water which he had brought with him, and but for Leslie's opportune arrival he must have perished before the dawn of another day.

A single remark made by Fred after he had told Herbert of the various battles he had been in while the latter was laid up in New York, will serve to show how greatly a man's nature may be



"IT IS FRED AINSLIE."

changed by habit and discipline and a realizing sense of responsibility and duty. "You remember, Herbert," said he, "how terribly scared I was at the very idea of being obliged to fight, and how, but for you, I would have wrecked, perhaps lost, my life in that vile attempt at desertion you so nobly frustrated and even after so generously concealed. You remember, too, how, when we came under fire at the Wilderness, I was utterly paralyzed by terror until you cheered me up. To you, not to me, should have fallen all the luck, but you were shot down at once and thus missed all the glorious opportunities I have had to serve our country; and I grieve over my present wound, only because it will keep me out of the field for awhile."

"God bless you Fred, you have made me very happy," replied Herbert, and he stooped down and actually kissed the boy as if he had been indeed a very own brother.

Trooper Leslie went back next day to his own squadron, and Sergeant Ainslie was sent to the hospital at Fredericksburg where he was nursed back to health by his mother and sister, assisted quite often by Miss Jessie Glynn, whom no one would now have thought a "butterfly," though she was, notwithstanding her serious and thoroughly discharged duties, the brightest, most cheery and happiest little soul in the place.

About two weeks after Fred was brought in Miriam, one morning, announced that an officer of Wilson's cavalry brigade had called to see him. Fred tidied himself up as well as he could to receive the unexpected visitor, and presently a handsome young fellow, in a brand new, full-dress uniform, was ushered to his bedside and roughly introduced by Jessie Glynn as "Lieut. Herbert Leslie."

Fred, however, got even with the girls by solemnly affirming, then and ever afterwards, that this joyful surprise did him more good, and more greatly hastened his recovery, than all their coddling and nursing put together! And perhaps it really was so; for certain it is that in less than four months the young man was again on duty; but this time as a sergeant in his friend's troop, and the whole army could boast of no better soldier than was he.

When (January 31, 1865) the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was passed, all men saw that the end of the fratricidal strife was near; and already the matrons and maids of our war-worn land indulged in fond hopes of speedily welcoming to peaceful homes those of their dear ones who still survived—though, alas! many brave men, on both sides, were yet to fall.

In several of the greater or less important battles occurring in the following month of March, our young heroes took part, and at that of Five Forks, fought on April 1, both won promotion by conspicuous gallantry in the field.

In this battle, as everyone knows, the cavalry in great force assaulted the enemy full in front, while the infantry attacked the rear, the result being that the federals took five thousand prisoners at a loss to themselves of about one thousand men.

As the cavalry, en echelon, moved up to the attack, the regiment, in which served Herbert and Fred, found itself confronted by a vastly superior number of confederate horsemen, and, despite a stubborn resistance, was in imminent danger of being routed, when Lieut. Leslie, whose captain had fallen, called Sergeants Ainslie and Boyle to his side, dashed with them to the head of his own troop, charged furiously into a dense mass of yelling foes and, cutting down or riding over all who opposed his progress, made an opening for his closely-following men, who spurred in with reckless abandon and quickly redeemed the fight, Leslie himself bearing off a guidon, fairly won in single combat, from the enemy's standard-bearer, while Ainslie, whose horse had been shot under him, actually, when

thus on foot, struck a confederate officer from the saddle and, mounting in his place, rode off with his victorious comrades.

Jolly Sergt. Boyle received an ugly slash on the cheek during the scrimmage, but was, nevertheless, lively as a cricket and brimful of fun, as his squad gathered around their little camp-fire that night.

"Begorra, bhyes," said he, when speaking of the day's doings, "yez may say phwat yez loike of veterans an' all that, but do yez moind now, that smooth-faced spalpeen the liftinant calls his fl-fl-fl—" ("Fidus Achates," prompted some one)—"yis, yis, his fidus achates, bates the divil himself. Whin his baste rowled over to-day I giv the bly up for a goner, an' I wint outtin' away right an' left to make a kind of divarshun in his favor, whin phwat does he do but pulls himself from under the dead crathur an' quick as lightnin' runs that tall Johnnie through the gizzard, hops into his saddle an' was in the thick of the fun agin in no time. Faix, the liftinant'll have to translate his farrin name into plain English an' call him *fightes an takeses*, I'm thinkin'." It's himself that's made this no April fool day at all, at all!"

A few days after this the long siege of Petersburg and Richmond ended in the capture of both, and when, April 9-12, our schoolboy friends, then but little over nineteen years of age, were drawn up with the conquering legions of the north to witness that most joyful yet pathetic event, the surrender of Lee's army, they were saluted by their troopers, one as *Capt. Leslie* and the other as *Lieut. Ainslie*, though neither had had time to get, and, in fact, never did get, the uniform of his rank.

Gen. Lee's army had been by this time more than decimated by desertions—if, indeed, that may be called desertion which was a simple returning to their desolated homes of men who, worn out by war and suffering, saw, even sooner than did their commander, that the cause, for which they had so bravely fought, was hopelessly lost—little knowing then that from its ruins should arise a re-united and regenerated nation, the wonder and glory of mankind!

All the formalities had been complied with; the exhausted, yet, doubtless, secretly rejoicing, private soldiers of the moribund confederacy had marched out in funeral-like procession and piled their arms; their dejected officers had individually signed that historic parole which assured the peace of the country, and by no word, look, taunt or gibe, during all these solemn proceedings, was either rank or file once insulted or further humiliated by their generous conquerors—the citizen-soldiers of that great union their own valor had preserved.

Herbert Leslie and Fred Ainslie, their hearts filled with devout gratitude, sat quietly talking in a small tent, which, being now both officers, they once more occupied together, when an orderly entered and, saluting, said: "Captain, a confederate colonel desires admittance, but gives no name."

"Well, orderly, ask the gentleman to come in without ceremony," replied Herbert, and, stooping his lofty crest, Sydney Temple walked into the tent!

With a simultaneous shout of joy the young men sprang up and fairly hugged their old friend, while, in the first exuberance of their delight, they could only say, over and over again: "Oh, Syd, dear old Syd!"

The youthful colonel (he was not yet twenty-one years of age) was profoundly affected, and his pale, high-bred face, though sweetly grave and tender, showed deep traces of care and suffering, as he gently said: "Well, dear boys, we meet once more in our old-time fashion, and with no dread before us to mar our friendship. Our



"OH, SYD, DEAR OLD SYD!"

cause is lost and yours won; but who knows that in winning it you have not assured our future good as well as your own?"

The union officers glanced at each other in swift comprehension, and Herbert rejoined: "You are not heartbroken then, at the result, Sydney?"

"No, my dear fellow, I now believe it is all for the best. Of course, my sectional pride is greatly humbled, and my grief over the myriad noble lives sacrificed will, I think, remain with me forever. Still, I cannot help feeling a wider national pride in the achievement of the federal arms."

"We have been beaten, not by a foreign foe, but by our own countrymen, Americans true as ourselves. We took different views of duty. That is all. Each section has so grandly fought for its own ideas as to gain the lasting respect of the other, and when the natural bitterness and humiliation of defeat are past, the south, after a greater or less period of depression, will rise, under a system of free labor, to a state of higher prosperity and civilization than she has ever yet known."

Nothing could exceed the surprise and joy with which the loyalist soldiers listened to these sentiments of their noble friend, and each again grasped one of his hands, as Fred almost reverently asked: "And how long, Sydney, have you held these views?"

"Well, boys, you know that, despite

my exaggerated ideas of 'state rights,' I was always an abolitionist. Our family has not owned a slave since I was born, and I may say that my conversion dates from the passing of the constitutional amendment. I, yes, and thousands of the southerners, then saw what the real issue was, and, although I could not desert my countrymen in the hour of their despair, I dared no longer honestly pray for the success of our arms."

"But, Syd," said Herbert, "we have quite forgotten to congratulate you on your promotion. You have climbed up pretty fast since we parted at Opequan creek—a colonel at twenty-one!"

"Yes, Leslie," replied Col. Temple, with a sad smile, "so many older and better men were killed off that I was, of necessity, shoved ahead in advance of my merits; but, seeing that I now address a captain and a lieutenant, I think I may return your compliment with interest."

"Oh! in our case it was all pure, blind good luck," laughed Herbert. "Yes, yes, no doubt, good luck well improved; but, boys, I have a proposition to make. I am going out home this evening and I want you to come along and stay a few days. You can easily get leave now, as there is not much to do. My mother and sisters remember you both perfectly and have heard so much about you lately that they will be delighted to see you. When you are mustered out, and after the fair hospital nurses have returned to their homes, I will reciprocate by going with you to Philadelphia and New York. I have several things to do in the latter city and shall probably remove to with it my mother and Sylvia, drop the study of medicine and take up that of law."

"Good! Capital!" exclaimed the two young fellows in a breath, and so the visit was arranged.

There were several carriages at Col. Temple's home, but not a single horse nor mule about the place, his mother having long since given all, even her daughter's saddle horse, to "the cause," nor—to such a state was the confeder-



"I HAVE TAKEN TWO PRISONERS."

ate army now reduced—had Sydney a charger of his own, though by his rank entitled to three.

He, like many other field officers of infantry, had lately served on foot—everything in the shape of a mount being required for the cavalry. So it happened that when the three friends, all in *muffs*, rode out to Claremont that night, Sydney Temple, ex-rebel and whilom enemy, bestrode one of Uncle Sam's troop horses, which, however, being quite unaware of his antecedents, carried him peacefully and well.

On arriving at the grand old mansion, his mother's home, the little party dismounted, and Sydney, after bidding his guests a hearty welcome, led them, unobserved, into a dimly lighted parlor and sent a servant to call the ladies.

Presently, the door softly opened; two elegant women, looking more like sisters than mother and daughter, glided in and, not at once in the partial obscurity noticing the presence of visitors, both clasped son and brother in their arms.

Affectionately returning their embraces, Sydney, after a moment or two, gently disengaged himself and, at the same time turning up the lights, archly said: "Mother, you know the war is over, but yet I have taken two prisoners, whom I will trust to your tender mercies. In case you may have forgotten them, allow me to present Capt. Leslie and Lieut. Ainslie. Sylvia, you must remember your old schoolboy acquaintances, I know."

"Ah, Sydney, this is too bad of you!" said Mrs. Temple, as the lovely woman greeted the blushing young officers with cordial warmth, "how could you even imagine that we had forgotten your dear friends? Let me welcome you to Claremont with all my heart, gentlemen. And, Capt. Leslie, accept now the deep gratitude we owe for the life of a son and brother so gallantly saved by you."

"Oh, madam," stammered poor Herbert, "you overwhelm me. The merest stranger could have done no less that day at Opequan."

"We must suppose that every true soldier would have felt the impulse, captain," rejoined the lady, "but how many would have acted with sufficient promptitude, when the delay of an instant meant death?"

Then, turning to Fred, she graciously added: "And you, too, I must congratulate. Mr. Ainslie, not only upon your own honorable record, but also upon the noble conduct of your sister, of both which subjects I have heard more than you, perhaps, imagine."

It was now the young lieutenant's turn to feel embarrassed and he blushed furiously under the kindly regard of the ladies, while ingenuously replying: "My sister has indeed acted nobly, Mrs. Temple, as have thousands of other northern women, but yet I may venture to say that their devotion has been fully equaled by that of their southern sisters. I, too, (with a low bow) have heard something of sacrifices made and loving labors performed by even the fairest and most tenderly nurtured of your countrywomen."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Ainslie," modestly said the beautiful Sylvia, "all have done their duty, and, when the present bit-



A UNIQUE FACTORY.

Where Medicine and Food is Manufactured for Dogs.

One of the two factories of this country for the making of patent food and patent medicine for dogs has been described in the New York News. The founder of this novel establishment was a Scotchman. He was employed in London kennels, studied the needs of dogs, thought out special treatment for them, and finally took out patents on food and medicines, and in his unique business amassed a fortune.

On the second floor the visitor enters the receiving room of the raw materials. Thousands of pounds of butchers' scraps are brought here in the course of a month. Oatmeal in wholesale quantities and tons of herbs are used. The old-fashioned dog's bone, bonnet, catnip and beet root, under various scientific names, find a use as food or as medicine.

The second floor is occupied by four curious machines with great cylinder attachments. After the fat and the meat have been sorted, they are ground separately in these machines, and then placed in great wooden tubs where various mixtures are added.

The next process seems so much like the ordinary baker's work that one is quite disposed to taste things, and when the round and square cakes of a tempting brown have been taken from the brick ovens, one really envies the aristocratic dog. After cooling, the biscuits are packed in neat pasteboard boxes.

According to size these boxes are labelled for pet dogs, for greyhounds and for St. Bernards. There are specially prepared dishes for cats. Sufficient food to keep pussy for two days may be had for five cents. But it costs a pretty penny to keep a dog. A large dog must have six or eight cakes beside a quantity of meat. The meat costs probably about ten cents and the cakes are four cents apiece.

The most interesting department is that of the patent medicines at the top of the building. The mixture of herbs and chemicals are boiled in great kettles, and the liquid is brought up to this floor to be put in bottles of various sizes and labelled "cure for mange," "liniment for sprains," and "to prevent baldness." Sure cures for seventeen diseases, and pills as well as liquid medicines are made.

This curious establishment also makes dog collars, dog soaps, crates for carrying or shipping dogs, dog brushes and combs, blankets and mackintosh waterproofs with hoods, for greyhounds.

A RUSSIAN EMPEROR'S METHOD.

How He Replenished and Maintained the Imperial Treasury.

Among other expedients to raise money, Ivan resigned the crown in favor of a Tartar khan, who was baptized under the name of Simeon, says the Gentleman's Magazine. Ivan feigned to withdraw himself from public affairs, but in reality he held on to them, and made the new czar call in all the charters formerly granted to the monasteries and bishoprics and all the charters were canceled. The curious interregnum, or by what other name it should be designated, lasted nearly a year, and then Ivan declared he did not like the new regime, and dismissing the baptized heathen, again took up the scepter which, as a matter of fact, he had never really discarded.

He issued fresh charters to the monasteries, but was careful to keep back several fine slices of the revenues, extorting from some of them fifty thousand and from some others one hundred thousand rubles annually. We shall see, as Ivan character is unfolded, that this spoliation of the monasteries was not the only thing in which he resembled our own merry monarch, Henry VIII. He would send his agents into the various provinces, there to buy up at low prices the whole of some particular commodity for which the province was noted.

After retaining the monopoly for awhile he would sell for a high rate and even compel merchants to buy at the prices he named. He followed a similar course with foreign imports, creating a monopoly and forbidding others to sell their stock until he had disposed of his own. By these means he cleared two hundred thousand rubles in a year.

A Yankee Skipper's Cordwood.

Capt. Robbins had an experience with the peculiar taxes in Sicily, says the Portland (Me.) Press. He took over a cargo of oil from Philadelphia to Marseilles and had thirty cords of ordinary four foot firewood to pack the oil barrels with to prevent their rolling. It is called by the sailors "oil wood." He paid for this wood one hundred and fifty dollar in Philadelphia. He did not sell in Marseilles because he expected to get more for it in Trapani. But the dealers there offered him only fifteen dollars for the whole of it, saying that the enormous tax upon it would not allow them to offer more. He declared that he'd bring it back to America before he'd sell it at that price, and so he did, and it is here in Portland now, after traveling eight thousand miles over the ocean, and it may go three thousand more, because if he can't get a decent price for it here he will take it back to England, where he is going from here with spool wood. There he can get about one hundred dollars for it. England doesn't want cordwood. She has got enough coal, and less is paid for cordwood there than here.

Supreme Courtesy.

A Bengalese magistrate, having been informed of the whereabouts of a mad dog, armed himself and went to the place where the rabid animal lay by a house door. He learned upon inquiry that two women were in the house and sent word to them that he was about to shoot the dog, and, therefore, they should not be alarmed by the report, and that as he might not inflict a fatal wound at the first fire, and, in fact, might miss, they should remain within until notified. Such a supreme courtesy is in marked contrast with that of western civilization.

PINK MINK JUSTICE.

Stories from the Marsh Country Round About Winamac, Ind.

Comfort A. Freemaen's Unique Manner of Disposing of His Cases—Some Stories That Are Told To-Day of the Verdicts Rendered.

When Pulaski county was first settled, in 1838, a class of Indian traders and stock thieves overran the county and terrorized the law-abiding pioneers till forbearance ceased to be a virtue with them, and they met in a mass convention and nominated and elected Comfort A. Freemaen their justice of the peace. 'Squire Freemaen, says a Chicago Tribune correspondent, possessed but a slight idea of what the state statutes contained, therefore his justice court was run upon the appearance and character of the charges preferred; as the 'squire termed it: "Common horse sense and general principles in evidence." He held his court under a cluster of plum trees that was thickly covered with grapevines. A stump of a tree he used as a table. The jury used a hewed log for their seats; the spectators used the most convenient spots on the ground. Early reminiscences, as told by the old settlers, say that in the early part of 1840 Wilhelm Restrux's cow wandered far away from her pasture field of water lilies and cattails and no trace of her whereabouts was to be found until the following spring, when a worthless character and land squatter by the name of McCurtle had the cow in his possession and refused to give her up. Mr. Restrux replevied the cow, and evidence during the trial was in favor of Mr. Restrux, and the court so decided. The justice of the peace, while in the act of entering his verdict upon his docket, overheard McCurtle remarking: "Nothing been said 'bout that calf." His honor was egotistical, and, walking up to him, seized him by the throat. "Say, you cow thief, give up that calf or I'll pound niggerheads out of you." The calf was given up.

Charles Blackstone, being charged with stealing a slab-sided, razor-back hog, the evidence was against him, and the court instructed his bailiff to apply fifty lashes to the convicted man's back. Upon adjournment of the court the bailiff went out to find a good ox gad, and during his absence the attorney for Blackstone filed a hearing for a new trial. The court agreed to hear the argument and adjourned for dinner. In the meantime the bailiff returned and escorted the prisoner into the timber and carried out the court's instructions, and Blackstone, not understanding a motion for a new trial was to be heard, entered not a word of protest against the whipping received and went back to the court, which was then in session. His attorney was pleading for a new trial. Blackstone did not understand this, and exclaimed: "Great snakes, squire, I have had one whaling." The court was astonished, and said: "Yank that drunken cuss out of here and pound a bucket of grease out of him." His attorney protested, and the court threatened them to tar and feather the attorney if he "didn't shet up." In the meantime Mr. Blackstone received the second whipping, and was returned to the court. He found his attorney in a heated controversy with the court. Mr. Blackstone fell upon his knees and pleaded the court to make that lawyer "shet up" or he "would be hanged for that hog yet, and the wild fern would wave over his grave by the Pink Mink." The court awakened to the fact that something was wrong, and proceeded to kick the bailiff out of the room.

The squire's wife notified him one day they were out of meal and he at once filled a sack with shelled corn and started to what is known as the "Niggerhead Flutter mill." Upon his arrival he found the mill owner was absent, and as the squire did not want to make the second trip he filled the hopper and started the burrs to grinding. It being a slow and tedious job he concluded to take a nap, which he did, and in an hour or so he woke up and went to the meal-catch bin and discovered several dogs lapping up the meal as it came from the grinding burrs. The squire went home roaring mad and issued a warrant for the mill owner and sat in judgment upon the trial and fined the mill owner five bushels of meal.

Wilson Cornell was charged with selling whisky to the Indians. During a heated controversy between the opposing counsel the squire and Cornell slipped out the courtroom and they were soon seen rolling a ten-gallon keg into the squire's cabin. The court then decided that the act upon which this charge was founded had expired when Indiana became a state and that an Indian's evidence was no good until he became a citizen.

As time progressed 'Squire Freemaen blossomed as an attorney at law. His shingle read as follows:

FREEMAEN, EBERY AND LAW SQUIRE.

Yet to-day, in consequence of this trivial error in orthography, he is an honored citizen of the Pink Mink regions.

Kelly and Lane became involved in a heated controversy over a "yaller hound," and Kelly had Lane arrested to keep the peace. 'Squire Freemaen was in trouble how he should draw up the papers. After a thorough search a form was found in the statute under the head "Vagrant Act." The words appeared in brackets. (John Doe and Richard Roe.) The squire was in a quandry what to do, and called in his next best friend to help him out. His friend insisted that "William Kelly and George Lane" was proper, but the squire stuck to it that "John Doe and Richard Roe" was proper, and no argument would convince him otherwise, and his docket reads: "(John Doe and Richard Roe) are vagrants and stand committed to jail until fines and costs are paid. Kelly vs. Lane paid their fines."

ENGLISH LIFE.

As It Is Viewed By an Educated Native of the Orient.

Behvamji Malabari, of India, who visited England in 1890, considered the English climate as the most remarkable of all the things that came under his notice. He thinks a race that could conquer such a climate and carve the comforts of life out of it, deserves dominion over all the elements of nature. He says, in "The Indian Eye On English Life," that it makes one laugh to hear the English talk of their "fine day."

One may speak of a fine five minutes, a fine half hour or hour—nothing beyond that, so far as I could see.

The climate of a country reflects itself pretty clearly in the temper, habits and general surroundings of the people. It is mainly the climate, and the peculiar mode of life which the people have to live in obedience to climatic influences, that make them so keen about everything.

The quantity and the manner of their eating puzzled and sometimes frightened me. Men and women eat freely at shops, in the streets, train, bus, or railway carriage. There is an absence of delicacy and deliberation about the matter, at which the grave oriental may well lift his eyebrows.

In no respect, perhaps, does the average Englishman show himself so slow of imagination and wanting in taste as with respect to his daily food. He eats what his fathers ate before him. The cook knows nothing of proportion in seasoning his food; knows little of variety, and has a rough, slovenly touch. The English are heavy eaters, as a rule. I have never had a regular dinner with friends while in England, being unaccustomed both to their hours and their dishes. But I have had to put in an appearance at lunch or breakfast, to catch a friend about to leave town.

On one such occasion I saw a company of poets, philosophers and fanatics at table, presided over by a young lady, the daughter of the house. I sat there, wiping my forehead—they did the eating. I the perspiring—as I saw slices of beef disappearing, with vegetables, mustard, etc. I was pressed to join, but pretended to make a horrified protest.

The host then asked me slyly what I thought of the food and their mode of eating. I replied, instinctively: "It is horrible."

The reply set the gentlemen roaring, and my hostess blushing. But I could not help saying what I felt. How can a little stomach hold such an enormous lunch? The waste of vitality in their climate, and under their conditions of life, must be enormous; and it has, of course, to be replaced.

BURIAL OR CREMATION?

What the Noted French Authors Have to Say Concerning Them.

Some of the noted French authors have been giving a Paris editor their preferences in regard to burial or cremation. The Boston Herald summarizes their expressions: Alphonse Daudet says, as to being buried or cremated, that either would be exceedingly disagreeable to him, and when one remembers that Daudet is a great sufferer from an incurable disease his answer is a triumph of hope. Henri de Bornier frankly curses the editor for spoiling his dinner by such a query, and Armand Sylvester is very French and poetic, for his says: "To become a puff of smoke in the sky or a blade of grass over a grave, that is the choice given to us. Well, I prefer the ground, from which flowers spring for lovers." Sarcey, the great critic, replies: "Theoretically, cremation appears to me the favorable method of disposing of the rubbish, the body, but I am not intolerant or exclusive in anything." "Burned! burned!" writes Sardou. "It will afford me great pleasure to be burned. Warmly yours." Another author says: "You ask me which I prefer, to be burned or buried? After mature reflection, I regret to say that I desire neither the one nor the other." Emile Zola signs his name to the most sensible "preference" of the lot. He writes: "My personal choice in the matter I have not yet considered, and I believe it is best to leave the thing to the decision of the loving ones we leave behind us. They alone can have pain or pleasure in it."

NAMED AFTER THE PRESIDENTS

Philadelphia Maintains Her Record for Patriotism in Her Nomenclature.

Of the twenty-three presidents of the United States John Adams has the largest number of namesakes, twenty-three, in the Philadelphia directory. James Buchanan ranks next, twenty-one men of nearly as many vocations bearing the name of the only Pennsylvania president. There are fifteen Andrew Jacksons and fourteen Andrew Johnstons. The name of the father of his country is borne by eight day laborers, one caterer, two waiters, one janitor, and one real estate dealer, or thirteen men in all, says the Record.

The grandfather of Benjamin Harrison has three namesakes, while one laborer and one upholsterer have the name of Tippecanoe's grandson. There are four James Monroes and the same number called John Quincy Adams. One hostler, one puddler, and a weaver are known as James Madison, and a bartender, a clerk, and a superintendent answer to the name of Zachary Taylor. There is but one Thomas Jefferson, whose occupation is not given, and the only John Tyler is a weaver. A brakeman and a minister of the Gospel are Franklin Pierces, but there is nobody with the name of Presidents Van Buren, Polk, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, or Cleveland, except as a handle to the surname.

Articles of Aluminum.

Novel uses said to have been found for aluminum are for a folding pocket scale one meter long; a necktie made of metal, frosted or otherwise ornamented, in various shapes, imitating the ordinary silk or satin article, which is recommended for summer wear; and military helmets.

Do You Use Salt?

It will pay you in numerous ways to use the salt that's all salt. This is especially true as to the butter maker. You recognize a difference in butter. We can point you out a difference in salt. You strive for the best milk, why not search for the best salt? Test, compare, ask questions. Investigate what.

Diamond Crystal Dairy Salt

has done for others. There's no secret about it. Write and get particulars. We grant that salt is cheap, but is that a good reason why you should not have the best? Look fairly and fully into the salt question, and you'll find the way to better flavored butter, and better prices through our Dairy Salt. Irresponsible for cooking and table use also. Write us about it.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., St. Clair, Mich.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan county of Oakland, ss. At a session of the Probate court for the county of Oakland, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac, on the 25th day of July in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

Present Thomas L. Patterson Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Isaac Friday, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Clarence J. Friday, praying for the probate of an instrument in writing, heretofore filed in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and that administration of said estate be granted to Edward L. Taylor.

It is ordered that Monday the 27th day of August next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition; and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Oakland County Advertiser, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

[A True Copy]

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan, County of Oakland. At a session of the Probate court for the county of Oakland held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac, on the 10th day of August, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

Present Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John H. Morrison, deceased.

On application of Lucetta L. Morrison, executrix of said estate for the examination and allowance of her final report and the settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Thursday the 30th day of August next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said application and the examination and allowance of said report; and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Oakland County Advertiser, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Oakland.

THOMAS L. PATTERSON, Judge of Probate.

ADMINISTRATOR SALE.—In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Stiles deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license to me granted on the 20th day of August, 1894, by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Oakland, I will sell at auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises, in the village of Holly, on Monday, the 15th day of October, 1894, at 10 o'clock a.m., all the right, title and interest, of which the said Mary E. Stiles seized, in and to the following real estate, situate and being in the village of Holly, Oakland county, Michigan, and more particularly specified and described as follows: Commencing twenty (20) rods east and seventeen (17) rods and one half (3 1/2) feet north of the southwest corner of the northwest quarter of the south west quarter of section thirty four (34) in town five (5) north range seven (7) east, thence east ten (10) rods, thence north forty four (44) feet, thence south ten (10) rods thence south forty four (44) but to the place of beginning situated on the east side of Broad Street in the village of Holly.

THALIA S. WILKINSON, Administrator of the estate, MARY E. STILES, deceased.

C. E. COLLIER, Attorney for Administrator.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SEPT. 2, 1894.

Trains leave Holly as follows: (Standard)

GOING EAST GOING WEST

Train No. 6 9 00 am Train No. 1 4 52 am

Train No. 6 1 25 pm Train No. 3 10 15 am

Train No. 8 7 40 pm Train No. 5 3 15 pm

Train No. 10 5 30 pm Train No. 9 8 03 pm

Train No 5 connects at Lndington with Steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest.

Sleeping and Parlor Cars between Bay City Saginaw and Detroit.

Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit in Union Depot for all points South, Canada and the East.

W. H. SMITH, AGENT, Holly, Mich

FOR SALE.—We have a house and large lot, well located in Holly, that we can sell for \$1000. It is one of the best bargains ever offered. For particulars enquire of

JAMES SLOCUM.

TWO LOTS and barn for sale cheap. Well located and near the race track. A bargain for some one. Enquire of

JAMES SLOCUM.

ELEGANT HOME.—We have an elegant large house and lot in Holly, well located, that we can sell at a bargain. House has bath room, water in house, large lot, only built a short time. For particulars enquire of JAMES SLOCUM.

WE HAVE a house and lot in Holly, well located, with waterworks, well and cistern, that we will sell reasonable. For further particulars, enquire at this office.

WANTED

Eight or ten men to solicit orders for Hardy Nursery Stock, Fruit and Ornamentals; also new and valuable varieties of Seed Potatoes. Permanent positions; good salary, ranging from \$75 to \$125 per month. Apply quickly with references.

L. L. MAY & CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

NURSERYMEN, FLORISTS AND BEDSMEN.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 123th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WHOLESALE

Dealers in House Furniture are sometimes compelled to sell their stock at a sacrifice in order to obtain ready cash. A prominent firm had to do this recently, and offered inducements enough to

ARREST

the attention of the retail trade. We were on hand and bought largely for cash. Consequently we have wonderful bargains in all kinds of Household Furniture. For the particular benefit

OF OUR

customers these are now on exhibition in our ware-rooms, and an invitation to inspect these remarkably cheap goods is freely extended to all

CITIZENS.

C. E. LOCKWOOD.

WEAK, NERVOUS & DISEASED MEN:

Thousands of Young and Middle Aged Men are annually swept to a premature grave through early indiscretion and later excesses. Self abuse and Constitutional Blood Diseases have ruined and wrecked the life of many a promising young man. Have you any of the following Symptoms: Nervous and Despondent; Tired in Morning; No Ambition; Memory Poor; Easily Fatigued; Excitable and Irritable; Eyes Hurt; Pimples on the Face; Dreams and Drains at Night; Restless; Haggard Looking; Blisters; Sore Throat; Hair Loose; Pains in Body; Sunken Eyes; Lifeless; Distrustful and Lack of Energy and Strength. Our New Method Treatment will build you up mentally, physically and sexually.

Chas. Patterson.



Cured in one month Dr. Moulton.



Cured 5 years ago.



Cured in time.

Read What DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN Have Done.

"At 14 years of age I learned a bad habit which almost ruined me. I became nervous and weak. My back troubled me. I could stand no exertion. Head and eyes became dull. Dreams and drains at night weakened me. I tried seven Medical Firms, Electric Belts, Patent Medicines and Family Doctors. They gave me no help. A friend advised me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They sent me one month's treatment and it cured me. I could feel myself gaining every day. Their New Method Treatment cures when all else fails." They have cured many of my friends."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

"Some 8 years ago I contracted a serious constitutional blood disease. I went to Hot Springs to treat for syphilis. Mercury almost killed me. After a while the symptoms again appeared. Throat became sore, pains in limbs, pimples on face, blotches, eyes red, loss of hair, glands enlarged, etc. A medical friend advised Drs. Kennedy & Kergan's New Method Treatment. It cured me, and I have had no symptoms for five years. I am married and happy. As a doctor, I heartily recommend it to all who have this terrible disease—syphilis." It will eradicate the poison from the blood."

15 YEARS IN DETROIT. 150,000 CURED.

"I am 35 years of age, and married. When young I led a gay life. Early indiscretions and later excesses made trouble for me. I became weak and nervous. My kidneys became affected and I feared Bright's disease. Married. Life was unsatisfactory and my home unhappy. I tried everything—all failed till I took treatment from Drs. Kennedy and Kergan. Their New Method built me up mentally, physically and sexually. I feel and act like a man in every respect. Try them."

No Names Used Without Written Consent of Patient.

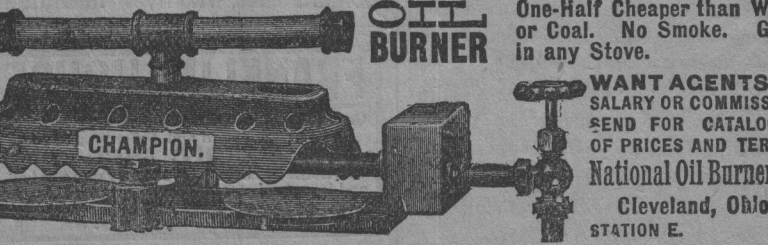
Our New Method Treatment never fails in curing Diseases of men. It strengthens the body, stops all drains and losses, purifies the blood, clears the brain, builds up the nervous and sexual systems and restores lost vitality to the body.

We Guarantee to Cure Nervous Debility, Failing Manhood, Syphilis, Varicocle, Stricture, Gleet, Unnatural Discharges, Weak Parts and All Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan are the leading specialists of America. They guarantee to cure or no pay. Their reputation and fifteen years of business are at stake. You run no risk. Write them for an honest opinion, no matter who they treat you. It may save you years of regret and suffering. Charges reasonable. Write for a

Question List and Book Free. Consultation Free.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN 148 Shelby St. Detroit, Mich.



One-Half Cheaper than Wood or Coal. No Smoke. Goes in any Stove.

WANT AGENTS ON SALARY OR COMMISSION SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF PRICES AND TERMS. National Oil Burner Co Cleveland, Ohio. STATION E.



Friday, September 7th, 1894.

KILBOURNE BREAKS SILENCE.

In a Lengthy Letter to Clarence Tinker He Declines the Nomination.

Samuel L. Kilbourne of Lansing, whom the Democrats of the sixth district surprised with the congressional nomination after offering it to several lesser lights in the district, has finally broken the silence, and in a lengthy letter to Clarence Tinker of Ponton, chairman of the Democratic congressional committee, he declines to make the canvass. After stating in his letter his surprise at his nomination he goes on to say that the adjournment of the convention at Holly without hearing from him greatly embarrassed him. He says no greater pleasure could be his than to make the canvass, but that personal business matters control his attention and it would be an impossibility for him to stand. The rest of the letter contained a reference to Congressman Aitken's vote on the silver question and a personal resume of the political field from a Democratic point of view.

A REMARKABLE CO-INCIDENT.

There are two estates in the probate court at present which are very likely to become confused and the only way to designate them is to write "Pontiac" after one and "Holly" after the other. A few weeks ago a petition was filed by Mary Webb of Pontiac asking for the appointment of an administrator for the estate of her late husband, James Webb, and a few days afterwards Mary Webb of Holly filed a petition asking for the probate of the will of her late husband, James Webb. It will be noticed that both men of the same name left widows of the same.—Pontiac Republican.

HE GOT SIXTY DAYS.

From the Holly Advertiser.

A fellow who gave his name as Chas. H. Quincy stopped at the Andrews House Tuesday night. He was caught in the act of stealing money from Wilbur Andrews' room and was afterward induced to give it up. He admitted the theft but when officer Algeo started after him, he ran east of the D. G. H. & M. track. As Mr. Algeo neared the fellow, he ran into a lot and on to an island near the upper end of the millpond and was there cornered and it was impossible for him to escape. Mr. Algeo brought him back to town and he was brought before Justice Waldo and was sent to the Detroit House of Correction for sixty days.

The D. G. H. & M. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Pittsburg and return to the G. A. R. National encampment, on Sept. 5th, 7th, 8th and 9th, valid to return up to and including Sept. 30th. Fare, \$7.65 for the round trip.

On Monday, Sept. 10th, the D. G. H. & M. R. R. will run a special excursion train in connection with Detroit & Cleveland steamers to Pittsburg to the G. A. R. encampment at that place. Train leaves Holly at 9:07 a. m. No transfer at Cleveland. Steamer leaves D. G. H. & M. dock, Detroit. Fare for round trip, \$7.65.

The D. G. H. & M. R. R. are advertising three popular excursions. One to Toronto on account of Canada's Industrial Fair, Sept. 3rd to 14th; one to Detroit on account of Michigan State Fair, Sept. 10th to 21st, one fare for round trip, also will sell excursion tickets Sept. 8th to 15th on account of National G. A. R. encampment at Pittsburg. On the latter, train leaves Holly at 9:07.

OAKLAND COUNTY SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

The time is drawing near for our county school exhibit. If you have not already contributed some work from your school, will you not do so at once? Are you not willing to put forth a little extra effort in order that the people of Oakland County may have an opportunity of seeing for themselves what the public schools can do?

Those who desire to compete in the oratorical contest for the scholarship of Wheaton College must send their manuscript to county commissioner Snowden at least two weeks before October 1st, 1894. These manuscripts will be submitted to a committee of competent judges who will select the ten most meritorious productions. The competition in delivery will be confined to the authors of the ten orations which the committee select as the best in point of composition. The contest is open to all young people of Oakland County between the ages of 16 to 24. For further particulars see Oakland County Manual.

Yours truly,  
Harry H. Snowden.

HOLLY.

From the Advertiser.

Friends of Mrs. Bird (nee Kate Waldo) here have advised stating that herself, husband and three children are in the pest house at St. Paul, Mr. Bird and one of the children having the small pox.

The Pioneer picnic held at Long Lake last Thursday was a success as usual. It was estimated that 6,000 people were in attendance. Dexter Horton was elected president and H. N. Jennings secretary.

The Pontiac Republican believes that the Davisburg band were not entitled to second money at the band contest at Orchard Lake recently. The Davisburgers are looking after Mr. Clark with a mean eye.

No marriage licenses have been issued this week up to time of going to press. The hard times and extreme drouth have had great effect on this business. We expect to see an increase soon.

The bonds of the Day Manufacturing Co. have been accepted by the village of Milford and a committee of ten men were appointed to raise the \$6000. They expect to locate there as soon as the funds are forthcoming.

R. D. Belt of Orion, for six years deputy sheriff and who filled that position with honor and trust, is now candidate for sheriff. He was in town Tuesday looking after his interests here and informs us that his prospects for the nomination are first class.

The jewelry business lately owned by C. H. S. Lowe has changed hands and will now be conducted by H. M. Moore, who at present is busy "fogging out" and preparing for an opening of which we have not learned the date but will be in the near future. Watch for his announcement.

The Pontiac Gazette last week noticed the names of the different persons who were candidates for the various offices on the republican ticket. Among them was the name of J. K. Tindall for county treasurer. Mr. Tindall is not a candidate for any office and has not been since he ran for representative in this district eight years ago. He would not accept the nomination under any consideration.

Rev. Halliday, who has so creditably filled the M. E. church pulpit for the year past, received an unanimous vote of his quarterly conference to return to this charge another year. Mr. Halliday has made a great many friends during his stay here and there is no doubt but that he will be retained as long as the rules of the conference will permit.

An exchange says there is wanted in almost every town in the country an editor who can read, write and argue politics and at the same time be religious, funny, scientific and historic at will; write to please all without asking or being told; always have some good thing to say about everyone else, live on the wind, and make more money than enemies. For such men good openings will be made—in the graveyard.

It is foolishness, the prediction that so many people going into the milk, cream, butter or cheese industry will bring down the price of those products. No industry has grown like dairy farming in the past few years, yet the price of butter is better today than it was ten years ago. Dairy products are the only ones that have not gone down in price during the present depression. Let dairy men and creamery men thank God and take courage.

In an exchange we find the obituary notice of a citizen of that town. We trust that we may not be called upon to publish anything similar of residents of our town, however there are three or four that it would apply to very properly: "George Blank is dead, and dying went as straight to hell as an arrow shot from a bow. For 74 years he has lived in this town. During this time he has opposed every enterprise that would tax him a copper; he opposed schools, he never gave a cent to churches or charity; his influence was always on the devil's side. He left an estate worth \$56,000 and a life that smells to heaven."

WATERFORD.

Dry weather continues with us.

Milton and Dewitt Huntoon have returned to Ann Arbor where they will resume their studies.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Windiate are spending this week at Flint visiting their son.

Mrs. S. S. Bradt has spent a few days with friends here.

A very pleasant entertainment was given at the Baptist church Saturday evening, by some young ladies of Holly.

Mr. Shotwell and family, who have been spending the summer in their pretty cottage at Windiate park, have returned to their city home.

Mrs. Chapman, who has been spending the summer with her daughter near Cleveland, has returned home accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Julia Manchester.

R. Elliott and Captain Benits spent Sunday with their families, who are stopping at Windiate park hotel.

Miss Jennie Maxam left for St. Johns last Friday, where she will resume her duties as teacher.

Dr. Rice of Detroit, is spending a few days at Ivy Lodge, Mr. Windiate's summer home.

Mrs. Matison Ganong, who had the misfortune of breaking her arm, is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jones entertained Miss Grace Jones of Holly, over Sunday.

Howard Dean of Detroit is visiting his cousin, Arch Dean, at Windiate park.

The boarders at W. P. Grow's have all returned home.

Mrs. Eva Grow is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed. Foster, who lives in Buffalo.

**FRANKLIN HOUSE**  
Corner Bates and Larned sts., only a block from Woodward and Jefferson aves.  
**DETROIT, MICH.**  
The house has been thoroughly renovated and is in the heart of the city, convenient to all car lines, depots and boat landings.  
Per Day, \$1.50. H. H. JAMES.

WIVES EASILY OBTAINED.

How Charity Girls Are Given in Marriage to Deserving Italian Peasants.

At the far end of Naples lies the little church of Santa Maria Annunziata, which, once a year, on the day of Our Lady, wakes up into a brief life and excitement. In a silent row before a high altar kneel thirty girls, all in black garments, with folded hands, and eyes fixed on the picture of the Madonna before them.

These are orphans from the neighboring foundling asylum, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, and once a year those who have reached the age of eighteen are brought here to the church and may be chosen in marriage by any honest man whose papers are in order and whose character is good. At the door leading to the sacristy leans a gray-haired priest, the head of the asylum. By and by a young man makes his way from the back of the church and hands him a packet of papers. These the priest reads carefully, and, being satisfied, he gives them back and leads the candidate toward the row of girls.

Their eyes are fixed more steadfastly than ever on the altar, their hands are clasped tighter together, their faces turn a shade paler, their hearts beat quicker as the young man walks slowly along the row. At last he stops; his choice is made. He stretches out his hand with a little smile.

The girl rises, casts a long look, half thanks, half entreaty, at the picture of the Madonna, puts her hand into that of the stranger, and together they disappear into the sacristy. The ice being thus broken, other suitors come forward.

VALUE OF ALFALFA.

The Wonderful Vitality of This Feeding Growth.

The desert wastes of New Mexico and Arizona may yet be broad fields of pasture covered with herds of fattening cattle if the hopes of the men who are deeply interested in certain experiments are realized. The expectations of these men, says the San Francisco Call, are based upon the wonderful vitality of alfalfa or Mexican clover, the growth of which is astonishingly rapid and a field of which will yield several crops in a season. Its roots are said to go far down in search of moisture, sometimes to a depth of eighteen to twenty feet, and its nutritious properties and the avidity with which stock eat it are well known. The large land and live stock investment companies which are now operating in New Mexico and Arizona have, as an essential part of their schemes of utilizing the desert lands, the growing of large tracts of alfalfa with which to feed their range cattle and other stock. At one ranch alone, the La Cueva, in Mora county, N. M., one thousand head of range cattle are now being fed and fattened for market on alfalfa. The Mexican clover is grown by aid of modern irrigation, and the lands laid down to it tend to improve in fertility. Stockmen down in that country have lost all faith in the prowess of modern rainmakers and their schemes, and they are running their efforts into more practicable channels.

INGENIOUS SMUGGLING.

False Bank Notes Carried Into Russia in Hollow Pencils.

"One of the most ingenious devices for smuggling was detected in Russia not long ago," said O. L. Ratovitch, of St. Petersburg, as recorded by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"A great number of false bank notes had been put into circulation within the dominions of the czar. They could only have been imported, and although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package, and the custom house officer, picking it up, cut it to a point and used it to sign the orders which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterward, because it needed a good point, he cut it again and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nested in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country."

The House of Hapsburg.

Rudolph von Hapsburg, riding to his Swiss home from hunting, came upon a priest carrying the sacrament to a sick man. The priest on foot was stopped by a river. Rudolph immediately dismounted, set the priest and sacrament on horseback and led the steed by the rein to the sick man's house. He declined to take the horse again to daily use, but gave it to the priest for the service of the church. Remembering this deed, Werner, archbishop of Mainz, in 1273, procured the election of Rudolph as king of the Romans and Kaiser. Hence we have the source and fount of the proud imperial house of Hapsburg. Schiller enhances the legend in one of the best of his ballads, "Der Graf von Hapsburg." It may be mentioned that the late heir to the imperial throne of Austria was named after his illustrious ancestor, Rudolph.

He Knew the Law.

A certain justice of the peace from the state of Iowa, having arrived previous to a trial at a conclusion upon a question of law highly satisfactory to himself, refused to entertain an argument by the opposing counsel. "If your honor pleases," counsel pleaded, "I should like to cite a few authorities upon the point." Here he was sharply interrupted by the justice who stated: "The court knows the law, and is thoroughly advised in the premises, and has given his opinion, and that settles it." "It was not," continued counsel, "with an idea of convincing your honor that you are wrong, but I should like to show you what a blamed fool Blackstone was."

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE TURKS.

They Are Not Contaminated by Western Civilization.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof, or an old shoe filled with garlic and beets (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against this illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passer-by will say: "Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are, of course, the most superstitious, because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever, and can neither read nor write. Stambul is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term signifying the whole outside world. An American missionary was once asked: "In what part of Paris is America?" Yet it can be said that that they are generally honest and always patient. They earn about six to eight cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The tax gatherer is their only grievance; they look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are contented and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant a Turk is the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power, and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization he deteriorates.

SHE HAD GROWN.

The Woman Paid the Street Car Fare for the Child.

Two women got in a street car, says the New York Sun, one with a long-legged little girl. She gave the conductor two fares.

"Five cents more. You'll have to pay for that child, ma'am."

"Pay for Laury? Well! well!"

She opened a leather purse to look for pennies. With difficulty they were fished out separately. Meanwhile she discoursed:

"D'ye see, Laury? I'm payin' for you. Ye can't sit on mammy's lap any more. She's always climbin' for my knee."

Addressing the car: "She's our only one. Laury, ye must tell your paw you're a little lad; now, ye've been paid for. Ye can't sit on mammy's knee no more. Dear me, how time flies." She took in the car with a comprehensive glance, then turned on her friend by her side. "It don't seem no time at all since Laury was born. Rebecca, you remember, or was you away from home? It was that warm. But Laury's a little lady, now. She's been paid for."

The long-legged girl leaned shyly against her mother, who put her arm around the child and pressed her to her side. The amused smile of the car changed to one of sympathy, and a lonely old fellow in the corner with speckled silk stockings had a tear in his eye.

RESPECT FOR WOMEN.

A Man's True Character Shown by This More Than by His Religion.

When a man habitually speaks slightly of any woman, or of women as a class, he betrays himself in attempting to injure woman. It is related, says the New York Advertiser, that at a public dinner recently, at which no women were present, a man of this ilk was called upon to respond to the toast: "Woman." He dwelt almost entirely upon the weakness of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the difference being in their surroundings. At the conclusion of his speech one of the guests rose and said: "I trust that the gentleman in the application of his remarks referred to his own mother and sisters and not to ours." This answer turned his weapon against himself with a vengeance. A celebrated author says: "The criterion of a man's character is not his creed, moral, intellectual or religious; it is the degree of respect that he has for women." An eminent clergyman pays this noble tribute: "I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in the world." Such golden memories color the book of life with the beauty of God.

"A great number of false bank notes had been put into circulation within the dominions of the czar. They could only have been imported, and although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package, and the custom house officer, picking it up, cut it to a point and used it to sign the orders which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterward, because it needed a good point, he cut it again and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nested in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country."

O'RAFFERTY'S LITTLE JOKE.

It Got Him a Good Threshing, and Landed Mr. Dolan in Jail.

"What have you to say to this charge of assaulting Michael Rafferty?" asked the Judge.

"Oi licked 'im," replied Mr. Dolan, looking the court in the eye. "An' wid no disrespect to anybody to whom respect is due, it's hopin' Oi am that Oi done it good."

"Was there any provocation?"

"They wor that same."

"What was it?"

"Oi hov a goat, yer 'anner; a foine animal, too. 'Does yer goat give milk?' says Rafferty to me. 'It does,' says Oi. 'Thin,' says he, 'it's butter-milk.' 'It's as swate an' foine as any ye iver saw,' says Oi. 'Certainly; but it is butter-milk,' says he, an' thin we came together. Though I mus' say, yer 'anner, thot whin Oi come to repate it over a few toimes an' consider the nature av the goat, Oi'm compelled to say Oi ver a bit hashty. Bedad, if the court'll give me lave, Oi'll pologize to Rafferty, so Oi will."

France Takes the Lead.

Some years ago Great Britain led the world in the consumption of alcoholic liquor. During the last twenty years, however, the rate, it is said, has fallen off one half in the British isles, while at the same time the use of strong drink has doubled in France.

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C. W. HORTON,

PONTIAC,

MICH.

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on every article purchased during the month of September. This means a great saving and enables you to buy from the largest stock of dry goods, carpets, cloaks, etc., in the county. Our prices are the lowest and quality of goods the highest standard. Nothing reserved, every article in the store is subject to a discount of 10 per cent.

Now is your chance to save money. We have made special prices on many lines of goods that bring them down to about half price. We still allow the 10 per cent discount from marked down goods and all new fall goods that are to arrive.

You are respectfully invited to make our store your headquarters while in the city whether you come to purchase or not.

Respectfully,

C. W. HORTON.

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For good goods and fair prices, call on E. A. Urch, dealer in general merchandise. Drugs carefully compounded.

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Remember the place and see the bargains I offer.

Yours truly,

A. R. CARRAN,

Clarkston, Mich.