

The Clarkston Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 4.

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\$1 PER YEAR.

CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Entered at the Post Office in Clarkston as Second Class Mail Matter.

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

MERE MENTION.

M. H. Jones of Ionia was in town this week.

John West was at Corunna last week on business.

W. C. Petty visited friends near Oxford Sunday.

Cora Kier spent Sunday with her parents here.

A case of measles is reported at Frank Wild's.

Jep. Linabury went to Detroit Tuesday on business.

M. H. Wendell of Holly was here on business Monday.

Leroy Gibbs of Groveland Sundayed with Harry Barry.

John Bird is visiting friends in Saginaw and Midland.

D. A. Green spent a few days at Birmingham this week.

Miss Letta Brown is spending a few days in Detroit this week.

Frank M. Smith called on his brother, O. A. Smith last Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Jepp of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Morley.

F. Hammond and Miss Grace Simpson spent Sunday at Orion.

Henry Edgar of Bay City was in town a few days this week.

Mrs. F. L. Whipple left Tuesday night for Lawrence, Kansas.

Dr. Atchison of Ortonville was calling on friends here Monday.

Mrs. E. W. Hammond made a business trip to Pontiac Tuesday.

Miss Cora Bailey was the guest of Miss Blanch Seeley last week.

Mrs. Belle Heywood is visiting F. E. Starker and family at Pontiac.

J. A. Jossman called on relatives and friends here one day this week.

Miss Grace Simpson returned to her home near Detroit Tuesday.

Jas. Van Atta was in town Saturday with a pair of fine driving horses.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vaughn spent several days in Lansing last week.

David Lewis and wife of Linden spent Sunday here with his parents.

Mrs. Ross Cooper of Oquwka, Ill., is visiting O. H. Cummins and family.

The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a church fair in the near future.

E. Lacy and A. Waterman of Holly were in town on business Wednesday.

The Misses Bird and Chamberlin of Waterford called on friends here Monday.

Miss Flo. Bromfield spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Kittie Clark of Pontiac.

Thomas Farley had the largest yield of wheat this year which was 43 bushels to the acre.

Harrison Walter and family were the guests of David Miller and family last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobb of Pontiac were the guests of Edwin G. Clark and wife Sunday.

D. Decker and Miss Ruth Lessiter of Mahopac were the guests of Miss Belle Lowrie Sunday.

A. G. Glasspie and wife of Oxford were the guests of John Bird and family Monday.

Mrs. Lillian Van Avery returned last Friday from a weeks visit with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. John West spent several days in Detroit last week visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. E. Clark.

Lee Truax and mother of Ortonville were visiting Wm. Casement and family over Sunday.

E. Clark and wife of Oxford spent Sunday and Monday with Dr. C. J. Sutherland and wife.

Misses L. Cecile Holdridge and Jennie Crawford of Holly called on friends here Wednesday.

Misses Della Crosby and Cora Kier, teachers in the Birmingham school were in Clarkston over Sunday.

Wm. Miller of Rose Centre and a former resident of Clarkston was calling on old friends last Saturday.

Mrs. N. B. Smith and daughter Zoea are visiting C. M. Smith and family of Detroit and also attending the State Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hirst of Fenton, former residents of Clarkston, were in town Sunday the guests of Mr. Kinsley and family.

Daniel H. Hathaway returned Tuesday from a ten days trip to Petoskey, Charlevoix and other places of interest up the lakes.

Rev. Townner of Ortonville occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church, Sunday last. Rev. G. H. Hudson also preached at Ortonville.

One of our sporting men went hunting for squirrels one day last week and he went to a tree where a fox squirrel had been treed last year with the intentions of killing it.

A GRAND LECTURE COURSE.

Will the people of Clarkston and vicinity sustain a first-class lecture course this winter?

At a meeting of the citizens of Clarkston held Tuesday evening, the 18th, it was decided, if properly supported, to give a course of entertainments in Clarkston during the season that will be a credit to the place as well as beneficial to the citizens. The object of these entertainments being for amusement and instruction, therefore no cheap talent will be placed upon the course. Among the talent selected is that renowned orator of national reputation, Jahu DeWitt Miller who has no superior and but few equals. As a popular lecturer he stands at the head and his name alone will insure success to our lecture course.

Hon. Elia S. Youtcheff the noted Bulgarian and the "Jas. G. Blaine of Bulgaria" has also been selected to give one lecture. A giant in intellect as well as in statue, educated in American colleges and Postmaster General in his own country. His lecture alone will be worth the price of a season ticket.

The third number will be filled by the brilliant young lecturer, Frederic C. Lee, who is one of the most popular orators of the present time. The management make no hesitancy in pronouncing him one of the best men on the platform and it is fortunate that his services could be secured. Those who fail to hear him will miss a rare treat. His voice, his style and his delivery are all excellent.

The Mozart Male Quartet Co., one of the best, whose members are all soloists with well trained voices and a company that is universally in demand will give the musical number of the course. This company is accompanied by Miss Winifreda Gale an accomplished pianist and reader who has made a tour with the Harvard quartet. She is recognized everywhere as an elocutionist of fine talent.

The Heberlein Concert Co., is also under consideration. This company can be secured if sufficient support is given by the people. The above company is considered the best now traveling and are filling engagements in Boston, New York and other large cities. Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, the great German pianist is the star of this company. She is so universally popular that Steinway & Sons furnished her a Concert Grand piano for her concerts at an expense of \$1500, besides paying all expense of carrying the piano throughout the country. This is the leading concert attraction on the American platform.

The fifth number of the course will be filled by Herbert A. Sprague the great impersonator, humorist and dramatic reader. He stands to day without a superior in the United States and he will be one of the most popular and successful men on the platform for many seasons to come. He furnishes more press comments than any other man in his line. The Plainwell Independent says of him "Mr. Sprague is a whole stage full of people and assumes the different characters and facial expressions with marvelous skill."

The sixth and last number of the course will be a grand concert by local talent assisted by musicians from abroad, consisting of choruses, quartets, duets, piano solos, etc. These concerts in the past have proven a success and the citizens can rest assured that everything will be done to make this entertainment first-class in every respect.

In addition to the talent here given, we are considering such speakers as Rev. E. E. Caster and Rev. Washington Gardner, both of whom are among the best orators in Michigan.

It is the intention of the Citizens Lecture association to offer the people six tickets for the low price of \$1.00, limiting the number sold to the seating capacity of the church. Local committees will call on the citizens of Clarkston for your support and we hope to see enough interest taken to secure the course. Let us have a series of entertainments in Clarkston that we shall have reason to feel proud of.

The above talent was secured from Mr. John Western, manager of the Star Lecture Course of Detroit, who was present at the meeting Tuesday

evening. He informs us that the same talent has been placed in contract for the course in Detroit this coming season and he guarantees satisfaction to our people. Shall we work together and sustain this course or shall we give it up and patronize the traveling attractions that drift in upon us and are dear at any price.

DEATH OF MRS. EDGAR.

Mrs. Wm. Edgar died at her home in Springfield, September 15th, aged 70 years, 1 month and 22 days. Her maiden name was Ann Kennedy, daughter of Andrew and Jane Kennedy. She was born in Inverness Shire, Scotland, July 24th, 1824. In 1831, she with her parents, two brothers and two sisters came to America and resided for two years opposite Amsterdam on the Mohawk river in Montgomery county, New York, then coming to Detroit where in 1835 the mother was stricken with cholera and died. Soon after this the father with two of the children came to Springfield, leaving the subject of this sketch in Detroit that she might attend school.

She united with the First Presbyterian church of Detroit in 1836. Upon the marriage of her sister in 1837 who kept house for her father, she came to Springfield and assumed her duties and remained with him until his death in 1862. She was married to Wm. Edgar, Oct. 19th, 1850 who died June 15th, 1891. The fruits of this union were five sons, and two daughters, William and Maggie now dead, George, Robert and Jenny who reside on the old homestead. Andrew lives two miles distant at Clarkston Station and Henry at Bay City. She will ever be remembered as a kind loving, faithful wife and mother, and a friend to all who knew her.

MORE WORK OF SNEAK THIEVES.

There seems to be a great deal of sneak thief work going on in this part of the county and William Holcomb is the latest one to suffer from the work of these contemptible sneaks. Mr. Holcomb had a fine flock of turkeys that were in the habit of roosting on the fence near the orchard and one night last week he had 17 fine ones stolen. Several other people have had several bushels of grain and large quantities of hay stolen.

This should be a warning to the farmers who should devise some method to catch those persons and bring them to justice.

OUR VILLAGE PRESIDENT HONORED.

It was a wise selection that the Democratic County Convention made last Saturday at Pontiac, when they placed on their ticket for prosecuting attorney, the name of Leroy N. Brown. He is a man of sterling qualities, and if elected, will be an honor to the party, and is sure to fill that office to the satisfaction of all. THE ADVERTISER extends congratulations.

VERY SPRY FOR HER AGE.

Mrs. Paul Miller, an old lady living about three miles from this place is considered quite spry for a person of her age. She is eighty-five years old, enjoying good eye-sight and as healthy as some people at forty.

One day recently she thought she would try her hand at cutting corn. She proceeded to the field and cut and bound about 30 shocks of corn which would make it a good day's work for one so far advanced in years and it is doubtful whether there is any person in this county of the same age that is any spryer than Mrs. Miller.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The republican electors of the township of Independence will meet in caucus in the village of Clarkston on Tuesday, Sept 25th, 1894 at 7 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing four delegates to the attend the Republican Representative Convention to be held at Milford, Sept. 27th.

By ORDER OF COMMITTEE.
Dated Sept. 18th, 1894.

GRAND GRAPHOPHONE CONCERT.

A grand graphophone concert under the auspices of the Epworth League will be given at the M. E. church on Tuesday evening, September 25th. This will be one of the most enjoyable as well as unique entertainments given here in a long time. The choice selections of recitations, vocal and instrumental music rendered by this wonderful instrument are simply marvelous. Be sure to hear this remarkable entertainment and see the grandest and greatest invention of the age. Two hours of solid enjoyment. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

CLARKSTON VS. ROSE.

A ballgame was played between the first nines of Clarkston and Rose last Saturday. The players did not play very hard and in consequence was not what might have been called a stiff game. Everyone that attended expected to see a hot game but they were very much deceived. It might be that the weather had something to do with it as rain threatened all the afternoon. As the Clarkston nine had their first bat, when it came to the last half of the sixth inning it began to rain and the game was called which made the Clarkston nine half an inning ahead of the Rose nine. The score now stands 12 to 15 in favor of the Rose team.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Clarkston school exhibit is now on exhibition at the high school room. It will be taken to Pontiac Saturday.

Chas. G. Bird, Miss Cora Bailey, Miss Blanch Seeley, H. H. Snowdon and Clarence Vliet were recent visitors at school.

Clarence Vliet, a former pupil of our high school and a graduate of the class of '92 is teaching the fall term of school at Ellizabeth Lake.

Chas. G. Bird and Gillman Green, members of the class of '94 are attending Business College this fall. The former at Detroit and the latter at Pontiac.

ORTONVILLE VS. CLARKSTON.

One of the best games of ball that has been played near here was that of last Saturday between the High School Nines of Ortonville and Clarkston. The game was played at Ortonville and as the score will show the nines were nearly evenly matched. Both nines played hard and it was hard to tell which would be the winning nine until the last half of the ninth inning when the Ortonville's made one more run than the Clarkston's which made the score four to five in favor of the Ortonville nine.

OUR POSITION.

OUR PAPER STANDS POLITICAL. Please Bear in Mind the Following During the Campaign.

The position of proprietor of an independent newspaper during the campaign is indeed not an enviable one, especially if he declares his politics as a citizen. Inasmuch as the various county officers have been nominated we believe at this time that we should let them as well as our readers know where we stand.

The proprietor of the newspaper is a republican, and as a citizen works for the success of that ticket, but right here we wish to say that this paper is not republican nor democratic, nor will it even lean towards either party. We get no support from either party that might be termed as political patronage. Our support is from both parties and we will favor neither. Our paper is the same to us as Mr. Jossman's dry goods store is to him—it is the medium which brings us our support. Would any merchant or business man use his stock to influence votes for any particular party or person? We believe not. Any candidate who wants advertising in this paper may have it by paying for same at the cents per line, spot cash—no trust. Here is where we stand—chalk it down.

Any person who expects free advertising from any newspaper will please omit THE ADVERTISER from their list. While it has been considered by many that a newspaper was a public servant to the extent of inserting advertising free, yet such presumption is wrong and without foundation.

We trust that this explanation will be all that is necessary to convince our readers that anything that may appear from this time as political articles are paid for at five cents per line.

EIGHT BUILDINGS BURNED.

Orion Visited by a \$5,000 Conflagration.

Orion, Mich., Sept. 18.—Fire started last night in O. H. Green's livery stable from unknown causes. Owing to meager facilities for fighting, the flames gained headway rapidly, burning eight business places. Loss about \$5,000, partially insured.

The losses are: O. S. Oxford, barn, \$500; N. R. Smith, barn and blacksmith shop, \$700; O. H. Green, hotel, barn and store, \$2,000; Hiram Moon, livery stables, \$700; E. Lawrence, furniture, \$200; I. Bradford, store, \$600.

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INDEPENDENCE

HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP AND CLARKSTON.

ONE OF THE BEST AGRICULTURAL TOWNSHIPS IN MICHIGAN.

Data that Will Prove Interesting to Our Readers.

Continued.

The first grave-yard in the western part of the town was in the eastern part of section 20. Among the first interments was a man named Singer, a Canadian, who froze to death in the winter of 1839. This was used for several years, but, not being deemed a good location, three acres of ground on section 29 were secured from the farm of William Van Syckle. This passed into the hands of an association organized July 20, 1850, and the burying-ground received the name of

Clarkston Union Cemetery.—In 1870 six acres of ground were added to the original three, and the whole has been well improved. A Mr. Greenleaf was first interred, in 1851. The original officers of the association were: President, James Bartlett; Secretary, Horatio Foster. President E. Stiff; Secretary, H. H. Howe; Treasurer, John Dresser.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE WAR OF 1812.

Jacob Petty was a Revolutionary soldier, and claimed to have been a member of Washington's body-guard. He died in 1838, and was buried on his farm, his grave being now unmarked.

Adam Drake was a soldier of 1812. He died in 1874, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years. The honor of his residence is claimed, in part, by Oxford township.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL-HOUSES.

The first school taught in the township was in a small board shanty built on section 26, in the spring of 1834. Here, the following summer, Eliza Holden endeavored to teach the younger members of the Beardslee, Riker, and other families of that neighborhood. A log building soon superseded this primitive temple of wisdom, which was, in turn, replaced by a frame school-house.

About 1837 the second school-house was erected, on section 29. It was a small frame, made by Horatio Foster, one of the pioneer carpenters. The early teachers were Frank W. Fifield and William Stokes. Among the children who attended were Wilson and William Freeman, Jesse Maybee, Elizabeth and Margaret Green. The place was known as the "pinery school-house."

A year or two later a frame school-house, of fair size, was built on section 29, near its centre. Clara C. Anderson was the first to assume the teacher's position at this place. Her pupils were the Holcomb, Vleit, and Wheeler children. Cynthia Tallot and Robert Thompson also wielded the pedagogical at an early day.

Independence has a number of fractional districts whose school buildings are located in adjoining towns. Some of these houses are remarkable for their architectural beauty and completeness of arrangement.

PIONEER PREACHERS AND CHURCHES.

The Methodist missionary was, perhaps, the first to preach the gospel in the present bounds of Independence, their ministers being the "circuit-riders" of all the country between Detroit and Saginaw. They were followed, in 1834, by Revs. Davidson and Cansar, who continued the work begun by their predecessors, and laid the foundation of the Methodist church at Clarkston.

At that time services were held in school-houses and in barns, while often the private house was thus used. Meetings were sometimes held at the houses of Adam Fisher and Peter D. Voorheis, and it mattered not what denominational name they bore, so that they were characterized by a Christian spirit, all were welcome. The Baptists looked after the interests of their church at an early day by sending Elders Martin, Keith, and Tupper among this people, and that faith found lodgment in the hearts of many, who afterwards aided in forming the society at Clarkston. The devoted pioneer minister of the Congregational church, Rev. J. W. Ruggles, also preached to the people of this region of the country, and was largely instrumental in building up one of the

oldest societies. In 1845 the eastern part of the town was the scene of a remarkable revival, held first in the school-house, and afterwards in Marcus Riker's barn. For the time being all denominational differences were forgotten, and men of every creed united in the effort to bring the "glad tidings" to the eager congregations assembled there day after day. Unlike the guests bidden to the "marriage feast" of old, the settlers excused themselves not, but came with eager haste, leaving the plow and the harvest-field to attend to their spiritual interests. As a result of this effort seventy persons professed conversion, and the moral tone of the community was entirely changed.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF INDEPENDENCE.

Following the missionary efforts of Rev. Ruggles was Rev. Philander Barber, who organized a society on the Congregational order in the northwestern part of Orion, near the Independence line, in 1840. Meetings were then held at the Block school-house and at the Sashabaw school-house, in the morning and afternoon of every Sabbath appointed for services. In 1841 the society called Rev. Albert Worthington to the pastoral office, which he filled several years. Rev. George Hornell succeeded him, and remained until 1845. It was at this period that there was so much diversity of opinion concerning the orthodoxy of the "Oberlin Profession" and other creeds, which were thought to be at variance with the doctrines enunciated in the Westminster Catechism. The discussion of these questions induced the withdrawal of Rev. Hornell, with a portion of the members, while the remainder made on expression in favor of Presbyterianism. The membership at that time was about fifty. The society now become known as the "Church of Orion and Independence," and selected an official board, composed of Thomas Beardslee, Phillip Losey, Peter Voorheis, and Asa Walters. Rev. Andrew Govan was chosen pastor, and served them faithfully until 1848. In 1849, Rev. S. A. Clayton was called as his successor, and came, rendering good service for two years. For several years the society was without a pastor and was served in connection with other charges. The Rev. Clayton returned in 1854, and urged the members to build a house of worship.

The proposition met with favor, and a church building society was organized, January, 1855, which chose the following as a board of trustees: Peter Voorheis, John C. Fisher, J. M. Fair, E. T. Beardslee, and George Beardslee. It also passed a resolution instructing the trustees "to use immediate and efficient measures to raise the requisite funds and build a suitable church, for the accomodation of the society." These instructions were carried out as expeditiously as possible, the trustees advancing the money to begin the work. A very fine location was secured on the northwest quarter of section 35, and in the summer of 1855 the work of building was begun, by Pratt and Tuttle, of Pontiac, who had taken the contract for this purpose. The church is a neat frame, surmounted by a spire, and has sittings for three hundred. It was built and furnished at a cost of about three thousand dollars. Rev. S. A. Clayton, the pastor, dedicated it in June, 1856, and remained with the society until 1859. The Michigan presbytery had been in the meantime petitioned to change the society's name to that of "The First Presbyterian Church of Independence." This request was granted by that body in 1856, and the church thus recognized became independent of the connection it had in Orion township. In 1861, Rev. L. Leonard was called to the pastorate, and remained with the society two years, when, in 1833, Rev. J. W. McGregor became the pastor, remaining in this connection until 1865.

Another critical period in the history of the church followed. The question of accepting the doctrines of the school caused the withdrawal of some of the members who could not subscribe to those doctrines, and yield to the practices which the new school required. For several years the church was without a head, then Rev. Geo. Winters came, the latter part of 1866. He had served the society in its pioneer existence, walking many miles to keep his appointments. In 1871, Rev. S. Lord became the pastor, and served three years. He was succeeded, in 1874, by Rev. E. G. Bryant, the present pastor.

A Sunday-school was organized soon after the church was built, and has been conducted, with some intermissions, ever since.

Continued Next Week.

SOUTHERN BLOODHOUNDS

The Clever Work Done by Them in Tracking Criminals.

An Instance of the Remarkable Sagacity of the Animals in Following the Trail of the Fleeing Negroes.

Bloodhounds are coming to be considered in the south as indispensable to the complete equipment of a good police department. Time was when such brutes were the terror of the negro slave, and the animal's deep-toned, dismal howl as it scented the trembling darky in the thicket was to the fleeing slave more ominous of evil and more dreaded than the sharp cry of the "patrole" in pursuit, or the crack of his pistol. To this day one of the favorite songs of the old-time darky as he moves about his work is:

Run, nigger, run,
Or the patrole will catch you.

But the patrole, or, in correct English, the patrol, has disappeared with slavery, to be replaced by the modern policeman, who, assisted by the bloodhound in another and more lawful and humane capacity, now chases criminals rather than slaves. The most celebrated and most valuable bloodhound in the south is owned by Patrolman Phipps, of the Chattanooga police department, and is used constantly by the department in chasing criminals and running them to earth. This animal has the unassuming name of Jude. Jude is only eighteen months old, but her record is incomparable. She is twenty-six inches high and weighs sixty-four pounds. As in all bloodhounds, the animal's ears are her most prominent characteristics. They are twenty-four inches long and flap about the head in a most remarkable manner. Jude has done some marvelous work. She will take a trail twenty-four hours old and follow it with ease. A few days ago the police department employed a negro to run through the woods and fields of Hill City, a suburb of Chattanooga, for the purpose of giving a public exhibition and demonstration of the dog's sagacity. A large crowd witnessed the run. After the negro had been given twenty minutes' start the dog was put on the trail. The negro had been instructed to take a route about a mile in length, which circled and doubled so that nearly every foot of the ground could be seen by the spectators, who were standing on a little knoll.

When the negro had been given half a mile start the dog was turned loose. The sagacious brute at once took the scent and away she went with her nose to the ground, yelping at every jump, closely followed by her owner and the Louisville Courier-Journal's correspondent. On went the dog until a fence was reached. On the other side was a broad pike. At that point the dog lost the trail for a moment, made a quick circuit and soon found it, starting out again at a more rapid pace than before. After running about one hundred yards across an old cornfield she suddenly turned to the left in an entirely different direction and made for the river.

but rather musical bark. Reaching the river, Jude ran along its bank for a quarter of a mile or more, and, without another loss of the trail or a moment's hesitation, brought up under a large sycamore tree, where, sitting down upon her haunches, she began to bay loudly in evident satisfaction. Seated securely among the branches of the tree was the negro, showing his teeth in a broad grin. He was told to come down and the dog wouldn't injure him, but he hadn't got his foot on the ground before Jude made a dash for him, and the way he shinned back up that tree was a caution.

After this very successful chase the negro was instructed to run across a common over which fully one thousand persons had passed during the day going to and from a shooting match. This was to show that the dog would not follow any trail except the one given her at the start. A short time after the start the negro jumped a wide ditch and it took Jude several minutes to find the trail on the other side, but she found it by persistent nosing, and despite the fact that the rest of the ground was covered with newly made tracks of hundreds of persons, the animal never wavered after that until she treed the negro again about a quarter of a mile away. In following this trail the dog passed several other negroes, but did not pay the slightest attention to them.

Italians in England.

A pamphlet has been issued by Prof. Litla, a Sicilian statistician, who states that twenty thousand Italians residing in England, "of whom the vast majority are not robust, independent bread-winners, but children scarcely emerged from infancy, hired from their parents, or, more truly, sold by them, to piourette and gambol through the European cities to the sound of tambourine or hurdy-gurdy, and by the compassion they excite to draw from the thoughtless alms-giver the dole from which their hard taskmasters earn a profitable livelihood." Of these undesirable residents America has its quota. With the rate of taxation in Italy at twenty-one dollars a head, small wonder that her careless, indolent people are so ready to receive the blood-money of the rapacious foreigner.

Street Singers in Paris.

A curious light has been thrown on the profits of street singers in Paris by a wild lark in which some amateur vocalists indulged lately. Disguised in dilapidated clothes, one posing as an Arab, they made the tour of the Grand boulevard, singing before the cafes, and in one day cleared one hundred and twenty-one francs (twenty-four dollars), to which they added another sixty-two francs (twelve dollars) the same night by taking in the Latin quarter. Their stock in trade was a Gascon song, which the public took for a native Arab air, and a sentimental French ballad.

FORETOLD NAPOLEON'S FALL.

Discovery of Old Manuscripts Written by a Danish Astrologer Centuries Ago.

Some old manuscripts have just been discovered in San Francisco of wonderful importance. These manuscripts are the production of one Peter Hansen, a noted Danish astrologer, who lived through the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. He was a contemporary and correspondent of Johann Kepler, the great German astronomer, Basil and other learned men of that time. He was also a nephew and pupil of the celebrated Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, and lived in Copenhagen in the years 1594 to 1612. The discovered Hansen manuscripts are in possession of a descendant, Olaf Linnberg, who, however, knew nothing of their nature, although believing them of great importance. Mr. Christian Andersen, an accomplished Danish scholar, has examined these old papers and found wonders in them.

Part of these manuscripts are of the greatest importance to the American people at the present time. But first it will be well to show the value of these calculations and predictions: The great plague of 1664-1665 is clearly foretold, with cumulative disaster on London, indicating the great fire more than half a century in advance. Lilly borrowed from this. The French revolution and the rise and fall of Napoleon are clearly predicted and with entire precision in the designation of years. These are accompanied by charts and diagrams, apparently of terrestrial and celestial combination. On one of these charts is a heavy line from the French frontier of Moscow. The fall of Napoleon is told with the force of language of a prophet. It says:

"The conqueror shall become haughty and despotic, drunken with ambition, leading his victorious hosts through fire and blood as a glutton revels at a feast. Then shall he penetrate the north for new conquests, passing beyond the lines of his auspicious star, and two stars of evil omen confront him. His victorious banner shall wither like dry twigs in a blast of fire. He shall stagger back before a hurricane of destruction, tattered, bleeding and torn, and fall prostrate to the earth. Yet shall he rise again, in the furious agony of a dying giant, to sink forever, as choking in a sea of blood."

Among the other predictions in these old documents are the destruction of Lisbon by earthquake, the extinction of the papal temporal power, the Franco-German conflict and other great natural and political convulsions.

UNFORTUNATE PERSIANS.

The Unhappy Lot of the Subjects of the Shah.

According to reports recently made by a British consul in that country the condition of the peasants of Persia seems to be peculiarly an unhappy one. He says: "They inhabit mere mud hovels, without windows and with a hole in the center of the roof to let out the smoke, and the filthy state of the villages is indescribable. At the end of the winter they generally find their stock either exhausted or dead. The great festival of Nauroz at hand. Formerly the peasant knew that if his stock failed, there was no hope of replenishing it. He would have to go without his Nauroz festivities. But now he knows that a week or two before the festival the Russian speculators will appear on the scene and offer the proprietor advances of money to sow cotton for them, the seed of which they provide, or buy up in advance the best part of his crop of wheat. The ignorant peasant is led to agree to bartering a part of his share, too, and when the harvest is over he finds that he has not enough corn to carry him through the winter. If the proprietors and peasants resist the temptations till the time of the actual harvest the result is the same. The wheat goes at half price, the peasant finds after a few weeks that he has not enough to carry him through the winter, and, worst of all, there is no corn left for towns like Meshed, with seventy thousand inhabitants. Last year the crop was a fair one, but so much wheat was exported that the price of bread was four times as high as after an abundant harvest when there was no exportation."

EXACTING PEOPLE.

There Is No Limit to What Some of Them Want.

A demure-looking little woman entered a drug store in the central part of the city the other evening, says the Courier-Journal, and asked the clerk if they kept postage stamps. When answered in the affirmative she pulled a small pocketbook from her pocket, and after looking through it, she said she wanted five cents' worth. The clerk smiled and said that he could not give her five cents' worth, as they kept only two-cent stamps. She picked up the nickel, which she had laid on the counter, and started toward the door. She stopped before she had reached it, and looked around at the clerk, and said:

"Well, you people in this store are the most unaccommodating persons I ever saw, and I will never buy another thing here as long as I live, and I will tell everybody in the neighborhood about you, too." With that she rushed out and slammed the screen door. The last seen of her she was walking rapidly up the street. When she had left the clerk said that was only an example of what took place every day. "Why," he said, "a woman came in to the store the other day and complained that we did not put enough mudilage on our stamps, and then got perfectly furious when I told her that we did not make them ourselves. I'll tell you," he continued, "such women are awfully hard to get along with."

One of the Old Families.

Japanese papers say that the oldest married couple in that country live in Sawada, in the province of Sado. The man is 133 years old and his wife 135. Of the family, numbering fourteen persons, the eldest daughter is 109 years old and the eldest son 105.

WESTERN FARM LANDS.

Owners Are Advised Not to Sell Them at Present.

Coming Years Will Witness a Strong Demand for Farms and Prices Will Rule Much Higher—The Present Situation.

During the last year a great many persons have come into possession of western farm properties through foreclosures, says the United States Investor. As the present owners, to a large degree, are residents of the east, their only desire is to rid themselves of these holdings as soon as possible. A word of caution to such persons may not be out of place. Real estate values in the west are greatly depressed as a result of last year's panic. In many localities it is difficult to find purchasers at any cost. Now there is reason to suppose that eastern holders of western lands may be deceived by sharpers, making use of this very state of affairs. These lands are worth something to-day, and later on they will be worth a great deal more. It all depends on the ability of the present holders to carry them until times improve. The danger is that certain parties with long purses and long heads will magnify the unfavorable side of the situation for the purpose of frightening timid investors into throwing over their western lands at merely nominal prices. A word of caution to holders of western farm lands is timely for a number of reasons. In the first place, there is every reason to believe that the worst that can be apprehended in connection with the western situation has been fully discounted in the drop in real estate prices which has already taken place. Owners of land should be on their guard against any and all attempts to convince them that prices will go lower. The chances are that values will enhance rather than depreciate. In some localities there is already reported to be a better demand for farm properties. Prices are bound to be low for several years, but, there is good reason to believe, with an upward tendency.

The financial depression in the United States will undoubtedly keep immigration down to a low point for a considerable period. The fact, however, must ever be kept in mind that this country is the center toward which the population of the whole world is tending. Coming years, therefore, must inevitably witness a strong demand for farm lands in the United States. In this connection it is well to bear in mind that about all the good government land has been disposed of, and that farms are not going to be obtained as cheap in the future as in the past, other things being equal.

A great deal is being said at this time regarding the sharp competition which the American farmer is going to encounter in the future as the result of the opening up of new agricultural regions in various parts of the world. It can be safely said, however, that in the long run this country will be able to hold its own. Temporarily, the American agriculturist may experience some

trouble, but he can count on the fact that prices of cereals will permanently remain on a low level. The situation will adjust itself in this, and if the farmer is obliged to take lower prices for his wheat and corn he will obtain whatever commodities and services he may require at correspondingly reduced rates. It is idle to attempt to demagogue that America is about to take a second place as the great food-producing country of the world. This fact should be kept in mind by holders of western farm lands. Whatever may be the status of their investments to-day, it can safely be asserted that five years hence will witness prices considerably in excess of those now obtainable.

UNEQUAL PUNISHMENT.

Different States Treat Criminals with Varying Degrees of Severity.

Probably few people are aware, says the Springfield (Mass.) Union, of the great difference in the severity of punishment for the same crime which exists in different states, but the matter has been fully discussed in a paper by Fred W. Wines, which was read at the meeting of the National Prison association at St. Paul. Mr. Wines claims that the existing penal system is unjust in some respect in almost every state, and the facts given in support of his statement are decidedly interesting. In some states there is no capital punishment for murder, while in others the death penalty is inflicted for what in comparison are minor crimes. If it is right to spare the life of a man who commits a brutal murder in Michigan, it is certainly wrong to hang a wretch who has been caught setting fire to a dwelling at night, as is done in Montana. Nearly all the southern states punish arson with death, and in some burglary is a capital crime. In Missouri the punishment for perjury is death, while in New Hampshire, Connecticut and Kentucky the maximum sentence for perjury is five years. In Maine, Mississippi and Iowa, however, the perjurer may be sent to prison for life, while in Delaware for the offense is justifiable by fine. The severest punishment is inflicted in Delaware for incest is a fine of one hundred dollars, in Virginia six months in jail, and in Louisiana the death penalty is exacted.

It is clear that when the punishment for a given crime varies from the execution of a small fine to hanging, great injustice is done somewhere, and it is well that men are studying the question with a view to correcting the evil.

Papers and Periodicals.

In the United States there are 1,855 daily newspapers, 81 papers published every other day, 227 published twice a week, and 14,017 weekly newspapers. Eighty-five newspapers are published every two weeks, 249 are published twice a month, 3,125 every month, and 307 published every two months and every three months. There are 20,006 papers and periodicals in the United States.

CURE THAT COUGHS WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts. and 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, Asthma, For Consumption it has no rival; 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 35c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This is a guaranteed cure. Price 50cts. Infectious. For Sale by C. A. Wilson

ADIRONDA TRADE MARK

Wheeler's Heart Cure

Positively Cures

HEART DISEASE, EPILEPSY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Sleeplessness and all derangements of the Nervous System.

Unexcelled for Resless 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 Medicine Co. Cedar Springs Mich. Sold by

C. A. WILSON, Druggist, 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 track. A bargain for some one. Enquire of

JAMES SLOCUM.

ELEGANT HOME.—We have an elegant 1 1/2 story house and lot in Holly, well located, that we can sell at a bargain. House has bath room, water in house, large and 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.

JAMES SLOCUM.

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 quick with references.

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

NURSEYMEN, FLORISTS AND SEEDSMEN.

F. & P. M. R. R.

IN EFFECT SEPT. 2, 1894.

Trains leave Holly as follows: (Standard)

GOING EAST

Train No. 4 9:00 am

Train No. 6 1:25 pm

Train No. 8 7:40 pm

Train No. 10 5:30 am

Train No. 1 4:52 am

Train No. 3 10:15 am

Train No. 5 3:15 pm

Train No. 9 8:03 pm

Train No. 5 connects at Lindington 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.

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, will leave GRAND HAVEN for CHICAGO daily, except Saturday, at 9:30 a. m.

EXTRA SUNDAY TRIPS TO GRAND HAVEN, COMMENCING MAY 27TH AND ENDING SEP. 8TH BOTH DATES 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 SUNDAY, m. Limited Express train on D. & M. R. for all points East and North.

EXTRA SUNDAY TRIPS TO GRAND HAVEN, COMMENCING MAY 27TH AND ENDING SEP. 8TH BOTH DATES 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. HURSON, Gen'l Traffic M'r, MILWAUKEE.

JNO. W. GILLMAN, Supt., CHICAGO.

JNO. SINGLETON, Gen'l Pass. Agt., CHICAGO.

FOR SALE.—We have the Mrs. S. A. Nardin 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. Huron house on Clarence street. \$1000 takes it less than half its cost. For further particulars enquire of

JAMES SLOCUM.

STONE—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 will sell for \$3,300. It is a bargain. Address, JAMES SLOCUM, Holly.

FARM—I will sell the Forsyth farm of 112 acres, in Rose at a bargain; will sell 50 acres of 10 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 improved land near Holly or Fenton or village property. Enquire at this office.

FARM FOR SALE.—A farm of 120 acres, over 10 acres of it improved, six miles northeast of Holly; new house, not entirely finished. No barn, but small stable for four horses and seven cows also a granary. Fair crop of wheat, corn, etc., and \$2,000 will buy it. Require at this office for particulars.

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfect safe and reliable medicine for women.

Beware of cheap imitations in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute.

For interior medicine in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute.

For exterior medicine in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute.

For all diseases of the female system, ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute.

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IN THE APPALACHIAN RANGE.

A Country Where the People Go About on Horseback.

The Mountain Roads Have a Queer Way of Going Into Partnership with the Streams and the Wagons Have to Float.

The scenery is the same from the middle of Pennsylvania to Georgia—the same rounded, wooded mountains; the same green, often fertile, valleys, checkerboarded with farms; the same stone-strewn watercourses brawling down the hill sides; the same frequent, almost general, forests; the same few roads and many trails; the same log cabins; the same clearings. Everywhere the same deep blue hangs overhead, and the mountains turn from near-by green to distant purple. The wood fires everywhere send up thin blue veils of smoke above the cabins, and the scenes in which humanity figures are played by characters that are everywhere very much alike. Perhaps in the north there are more covered bridges, but the rule, over the entire mountain system, is for the horses and wagons to cross the streams by means of fords over "branches" and creeks that are floored with great thicknesses of shaly, flat, smooth stones. The pedestrians get over the streams by means of foot-bridges, some of which are mere tree trunks resting on cross-bucks, and some of which are quite ornamental though simple suspension bridges, with certainly one hand-rail, if not two, beside the planking.

It's a horseback country, writes Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine. There are main roads and there are wagon-roads to use upon them, but they are both "valley improvements," the products of the greater fertility of the lowlands, where the "quality" lived as planters before the war and worked large tracts with slaves, or where the small farms of the poor whites begat a prosperous middle class between the quality folk and the mountaineers. But a great population lives on the mountain-sides and mountain-tops, along bridle paths that are mere trails, and these are not at all fit for wagon-riding.

It has never occurred to anyone to clear most of these trails. They run up and down the steepest inclines that a horse can climb, and they wind through forests and jungles of low growth so dense that I had to buy canvas "chaps" or leggings to ward off the thorns. Nevertheless, I met men, and even women, on these trails who were dressed just as they would be at home, and who got through without tatters—how, I don't know. Often the vegetation was so thick that if my companions or I halted for even less than a minute, those who kept on were totally lost to view. This wilderness is on the steep hill-sides. Wherever there is a bench or a plateau one comes upon a clearing here and there, with fields sown in oats, potatoes and buckwheat, and, perhaps, a little tobacco, to be rolled into twists for home consumption and for barter with the "neighborhood men."

It is on the wagon roads that one meets the greater number of people, but the roads are not exactly Parisian boulevards. Those roads that cross the mountains have a queer way of going into partnership with the streams. Sometimes they run up the streams, so that at high water a farmer fording his way looks like a human Neptune floating in his wagon, while his horses, up to their bellies in the crystal water, show neither legs nor flippers. Sometimes the stream abandons its bed and takes to the road-way for a piece, each such interchange by the one or the other being made to get a clear right of way through the tree-cluttered, boulder-strewn region. Down in the valleys the roads are latticed in by the very tallest fences that are anywhere used by farmers. They are called snake-and-rider fences, and the snake part is made of from seven to eleven rails laid zigzag, one pile of bars set this way and the next pile set the other way, with at least one "rider," and sometimes two, perched on tall crossed poles above the snake-work. Thus does West Virginia pay generous tribute to the agility of her mountain-bred cattle, poor and thin to look at or get milk or beef from, yet able to bound about like self-propelling rubber balls.

A Historic Stone.

At the foot of Ward's heroic statue of Washington, on the high steps of the subterranean building, says a New York contemporary, is a broad piece of stone carefully covered with a wire grating. It is so placed that should the image of the immortal father of his country come to life and step down from his lofty pedestal he would stand on the same spot where occurred the crowning triumph of his career. Through the protecting railing can be read the following dim inscription: "Standing on this stone in the balcony of Federal hall, April 30, 1789, George Washington took the oath as the first president of the United States of America." When old Federal hall was demolished the sacred stone was carefully preserved, and it now occupies as nearly as possible the same position as before. Very few people have ever noticed it on the high base of the statue, where it is fittingly placed as one of the relics of the nation's birth.

Loud in Profession.

There is no country in the world where practice and profession are more widely separated than in China, says R. K. Douglas, of the British museum. The empire is preeminently one of make-believe. From the emperor to the meanest of his subjects a system of high-sounding pretension to lofty principles of morality holds sway, while the life of the nation is in direct contradiction to these assumptions. No imperial edict is complete and no official proclamation finds currency without protestations in favor of all the virtues.

COLOR AT THE FAR NORTH.

Intense and Brilliant Color and Sides of Surpassing Loveliness.

Frederick Wilbert Stokes, who was a member of the first Peary Relief expedition, gives a new idea of the charms of arctic landscapes in a paper on "Color at the Far North," which he has written for the Century. Despite the desolation, he found, from an artistic standpoint, a land of beauty, with seas and skies of surpassing loveliness. The intensity and brilliance of color impress the beholder as something supernatural. Our sojourn was from the middle of July, through August, and a few days of September—a period when the polar latitudes are teeming with animal, insect and plant life. Of this brief period only am I qualified to speak; but from the accounts given by those who have passed through the long, dreaded night season, the phenomena occurring in the heavens are most beautiful. The chief peculiarity of color at the north, so far as my short experience tells me, is that there are no semitones, the general effect being either very black or just the opposite, intensely brilliant and rich in color. In fact, a summer's midnight at the north has all the brilliance of our brightest noon; with the added intensity and richness of our most vivid sunsets, while noon, when the sun is obscured by threatening masses of storm-clouds, is black. Indeed, it is the true land of "impressionism."

I remember one brilliant morning when the measureless ether overhead, a hue of exquisite blue, repeated itself in a perfect mirror of the sea. Far away on the otherwise clear-cut horizon a line of pure white ice shimmered its light up through a pinkish yellow stratum of mist, which bathed in delicate greenish blue an enormous iceberg that strongly resembled an ancient cathedral. In the afternoon the sky, a threatening black, overhung a vast contorted sheet of white and pink, composed of ice-floe and colossal bergs looming up above its mass at intervals, with deep black patches of water, the whole carrying the eye to the horizon—a tapering band of deep rich blue merging into the sky. In the immediate foreground of the ice-floe, near the water's edge, were shallow pools of delicate blues, purples and greens.

Of the wealth of color in flower, lichen and moss; of its curious riches as manifested in insect, shell and animal life, and of its wonderful limning skill as shown on the great inland ice, ice cap and glacier, I have neither purpose nor pen to write. This new world of color awaits the one who can truly describe it. In all these color effects at the north there lies a wizard-like power of enchantment—a distinctive uncanniness that, basilisk-like, both attracts and repels. Great nature's pitilessness broods over it with a force and penetration possibly not equaled, and surely not surpassed, in any other quarter of our globe. It is a land of beautiful and awesome dreams.

THE "CHILTERN HUNDREDS."

A Singular Provision in the British Parliament.

Government is full of "make-believes." One of the fictions in the English system is that a member of parliament cannot resign his seat. But although he is not allowed to resign he may nevertheless retire from parliament at his pleasure. He asks to be appointed steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. It is the theory of the British constitution that when a member of parliament accepts office under the crown, he must obtain the consent of his constituents. Thus his seat is vacated; and he must be elected again after his appointment if he wishes to accept the new office.

A member who wishes to retire from parliament applies for his nominal office of stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds; is appointed, thereby vacates his seat, and then immediately resigns his stewardship, so that the situation is vacant for the next member who wishes to retire. How the custom grew up is explained in the Quarterly Review.

A crown steward is custodian of one of the Manors, Hundreds or Honors belonging to the royal demesne. The manors were Anglo-Saxon townships, and "Hundreds" were collections of townships within a given shire. The abuses perpetrated by these stewards led to the reduction of their numbers, until finally, under Charles II., nearly all the stewardships were abolished. One of the few crown stewardships which survived was that of the three Hundreds of Chiltern, in the county of Bucks. Through this region pass the Chiltern hills. From the earliest Norman times this property has been "in the hand of the lord and king."

In 1750 the "ingenious constitutional fiction" which is noted above came into practice. In that year the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds was conferred upon Mr. John Pitt, M. P., solely that he might vacate his seat. It has been constantly in use for that purpose ever since, and the stewardships of the other crown manors have been applied in the same way at various times. It is a disputed question whether the stewardship can be refused to any applicant, although it was refused to one member half a century ago. Perhaps the right to resign will soon be granted without resort to this ancient fiction.

The Earth Rocked for Ten Days.

The greatest earthquake that has ever occurred within the limits of the United States since the discovery of America began in California at 2:30 o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1872, and continued until the 4th of April, during which time the surface of the earth was continually agitated, not being perfectly quiet for as much as a single moment. The most remarkable thing in connection with the whole affair (especially when we consider that Mount Loa, Sandwich islands, and Mount Hood, Ore., were simultaneously agitated) is the fact that the region around San Francisco did not receive a single vibration. The entire face of Inyo county, Cal., was changed, and thirty-four persons killed.

MENTAL EFFECTS OF WEATHER.

A Phil. Dark Day Shows a Falling Off Generally.

A writer in the "American Journal of Psychology" for this year discusses the subject from the view of common experience, and presents some facts that are interesting as well as leading in their directness. He says: "The head of a factory employing three thousand workmen said: 'We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about ten per cent. less work than a delightful day, and we have thus to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account.' Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days. A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous, and open to consider new problems favorably. Some say that opinions reached in best weather states are safest to invest on. Other facts are mentioned in the psychological and physiological relation, as 'Weather often affects logic, and many men's most syllogistic conclusions are varied by heat and cold.' * * * The knee jerk seems proved to have another factor. It is not strange if the eye, e. g., which wants the normal stimulus in long, dark weather, causes other changes."

Temperament is a fundamental factor in sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, that type of it called the mental being the more intensely affected, while the bilious type may exhibit by comparison the more capricious, or morbid impressions, says the Psychological Journal. The mental manifestations, as a rule, however, depend upon the organism primarily. If the culture is good, i. e., the faculties have been trained to co-ordinate, harmonious action and the elements that contribute to serenity and self-control have been well developed, weather conditions will not operate like other parts of the environment, and self-training will show adaptation and self-repression. The "nervous," excitable, irascible person is he who has not learned to control feeling and expression, and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings and imputes unbecomingly to them. That there are functional states of the body that predispose one to mental depression or exhilaration we are ready to admit. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint, and even an old corn may render one susceptible to weather changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve reaction that is keenly felt at the spinal centers and may test the spirit. Mind, however, is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit that superiority by its pose and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical sense.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Young Lady Who Had a Narrow Escape from Conviction.

"Stories of conviction on circumstantial evidence are rife in the law books, and have afforded the plot of many a novel," said a New York man, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "A very sad case, not of conviction, but almost as bad in its way, occurred in New York recently. A young lady, refinement, a stranger in the city, obtained employment as governess in a gentleman's family. One of her pupils, a girl fifteen years old, lost a diamond ring. It was found in the desk of the governess. She declared she had not seen it since it was last on the girl's finger, and, unable to give bonds, was kept there several days, exposed to the companionship of the most depraved of her sex. She was taken to court in the Black Maria with a negro and a white woman, both convicted felons, going to be sentenced. She was kept in the pen waiting for her case to be called, exposed to the imprudent gaze of the horde of courtroom loafers.

"When the case was called the court appointed a lawyer to defend her, as she was penniless. The prosecuting witness and her father told the story of the finding of the missing ring. The presumption that the accused had placed it there was more or less strong until the lawyer began to cross-examine the owner of the ring. Guessing at the truth, by adroit questioning he drew from the unwilling witness the fact that she had often pried into the desk and dressing-case drawers of the governess, and that she had been so engaged an hour or so before she missed the ring, and the further fact that the ring fitted loosely. The judge dismissed the case promptly and the accused's father apologized, but the young woman being of a highly-strung temperament, was completely prostrated by her terrible experiences in the Tombs, and the ill effects will, it is feared, be permanent."

EYESIGHT IN SCHOOLS.

According to This Report It Is Growing Poorer All Over the World.

Shortsightedness among scholars in public schools in this country and Europe has increased alarmingly in late years, and in the majority of cases it shows no signs of abatement. It is, however, satisfactory to know that a clew has been obtained to account for its frequent occurrence, and the supposed remedy is easy of application. In the French public schools 24.2 per cent. of the scholars are shortsighted; in the German, 25 per cent.; in the English, only 20 per cent. From investigations by M. Martin into the annals of the French schools it appears that the percentage is highest in the rhetoric and philosophy classes. The hygienic condition of the school does not seem to affect the percentage, and M. Martin thinks that want of physical exercise is the cause of the trouble. By modifying the work of the classes the proportion of shortsighted scholars at the college of Ghent has fallen from 26.6 to 17 per cent. in five years. M. Martin recommends reasonable periods of physical exercise between the hours of study. Where these periods of recreation have been allowed, while shortsightedness has decreased, there has been no diminution of general proficiency on the part of the scholars.

BOYS OF POVERTY GAP.

Now They Use Mud for Pies Instead of for Missiles.

Jacob A. Riis, whose studies of the poor in the great cities have attracted much attention, writes an article on "Playgrounds for City Schools" for the Century. While this has particular reference to New York city, it is applicable in a measure to all large cities. Mr. Riis says there is only one public school in New York city that has a regular playground, and that was not acquired for that purpose. It is in the heart of the tenement district, and was an old graveyard which had to be purchased by the authorities to prevent the shutting out of light from the school. It may have been a mere coincidence that the rough gang of boys which used to disgrace that block on Second avenue, and occasionally did much mischief, has not been heard from since the old graveyard became a playground, writes Mr. Riis. It is a fact, anyhow, and my experience with Poverty Gap makes me feel quite certain that there is a connection between the two things. Over there it used to be next to impossible to go through the block without being pelted with mud by the ragged fellows who very early developed into toughs of a peculiarly vicious stamp. They half killed two policemen, and, out of sheer malice, beat to death the one boy in the block with a good reputation. The neighborhood was as desolate as it was desperate; but when the wicked old tenements were torn down, and a public playground was opened on the sight of them, with swings and sandheaps and wheelbarrows and shovels, the whole neighborhood changed as if by magic. There were no more outrages. I don't believe I heard once from Poverty Gap that year through the police. Even a man with spectacles might go undisturbed through the block. The boys had found other use for the mud. As an ingredient of pies it was a great persuader to peace, whereas in the gutter it had been a standing challenge to combat with society at large. All the wickedness that remained in Poverty Gap spent itself in the name it gave to the playground, "Holy Terror Park." But it was harmless. Unfortunately, the park is gone. The building of the Wayfarers' Lodge wiped it out in part. There is room yet, however, and a rare chance for some public-spirited citizen to do his day and his generation (all but the police reporter) a good turn.

ON TOP OF BEN NEVIS.

During Thunderstorms Even Men's Mustaches Become Electrified.

Thunderstorms are most frequent in winter, taking place during the passage of deep cyclonic systems, and are not only unpleasant, but sometimes dangerous phenomena, says Chamber's Journal. In a severe storm, the rattling of torrents of hail, mingled with the incessant rolling of the thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning, is enough to make the stoutest heart quail; while the close proximity of a well-known Mephistophelian celebrity is suggested by the sulphurous odor emanating from the lightning arrester on the telegraph connections. On one occasion a so-called bolt of lightning came down the office chimney, emerging from the stove with the report as of a rifle, a ball of fire leaping across the room giving a severe shock to one of the inmates who was sitting writing at an adjoining table. Sometimes the accumulated electrical energy is dissipated in the form of St. Elmo's fire, this making its appearance as little conceptions in the shape of inverted cones of violet-colored flame about the thickness of a lead pencil. A peculiar "singing noise," not unlike the humming of bees, accompanied it, by which characteristic sound it has been recognized in the daytime, when the light was too strong for the meteor itself to be visible. In brilliant displays the anemometer cups, revolving rapidly, appear as a solid ring of fire, while the wind vane resembles a flaming arrow.

The appearance of the observer is equally striking; his coat, gloves and hat are aglow with the "fire," while his mustache becomes electrified, so as to make a veritable lantern of his face. A smart, stinging sensation on the temples and scalp is frequently experienced, so that it is no matter for surprise that the apparition usually beats a hasty, although "brilliant" retreat into the tower, there to enjoy, without personal discomfort, a scene highly suggestive of the realms of Pluto or the Stygian creek. The phenomenon is simply a slow ejection of electricity analogous to the "brush" discharge of an ordinary electrical machine.

Chinese and the Camera.

Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, the young American students who made a bicycle tour across Asia, dispelled one illusion concerning the ignorant Chinese. Writing in the Century of their arrival at the city of Lan-chou-foo, they say: "On the commanding heights across the river we stopped to photograph the picturesque scene. As usual the crowd swarmed in front of the camera to gaze into the mysterious lens. All the missionaries we had met cautioned us against taking photographs in China lest we should do violence to the many popular superstitions, but the only trouble we ever experienced in this respect was in arousing popular curiosity. We soon learned that in order to get something besides Chinese heads in our pictures it was necessary first to point the camera in the opposite direction, and then wheel suddenly round to the scene we wished to take."

American Wood Pulp.

English paper manufacturers now acknowledge the superiority of American ground wood pulp over that produced in Scandinavia. One prominent manufacturer is quoted by an English exchange as saying that the American article is the better because the wood is ground longitudinally, instead of across the log, as is the case with most Swedish pulp, and because nothing but spruce wood is used in the manufacture.

Are you thinking of buying a new Stove or Range—one that will burn the least fuel, cause the least trouble, give the greatest degree of heat, last the longest and look the best? Then Jewel Stoves and Ranges will interest you.



There's No Choice in Bicycles.

The Victor Pneumatic tire has no rival. It is more durable than any other and the inner tube can be removed in case of puncture in less than five minutes.

The only inner tube removable through the rim.

All Victor improvements are abreast with the times and meet every requirement.

Victors are BEST.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA.
CHICAGO.
SAN FRANCISCO.

DETROIT.
DENVER.

TREMENDOUS CRASH.

Some time during Saturday night after our store was closed and we were safely embraced in the arms of Morpheus, the entire shelving in one side of our store came down with a crash, carrying destruction to many things, but fortunately some of the goods were uninjured while others were more or less damaged, including such goods as Wringers, Wash-boilers and other Tinware, and in order to dispose of them we will offer some extraordinary inducements for the people to lay in a supply of such goods as they may need.

A lot of Paint where the cans are bent in all shapes to close out cheap. At the same time all other goods as cheap as the cheapest. A large reduction in prices of both new and second hand coal and wood heating stoves as well as cook stoves and ranges.

Come and see what we have as we are bound to sell.

WRIGHT BROS.,
DAVISBURG.

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.

WENT FOR A SONG.

How a Murdered Detroiter's Heir Disposed of His Birthright.

A Nephew of the Late Charles B. Chauvin Said to Have Sold His Interest in the Estate, Worth \$125,000, for \$2,000.

DISPOSED OF A FORTUNE.

DETROIT, Sept. 11.—What is regarded as a singular event in connection with the death of Charles B. Chauvin, the wealthy Grosse Pointe hermit who was murdered last Sunday, transpired Thursday when a deed was placed upon record, conveying a half interest in the Chauvin real estate from William Trombley to John H. Seitz, of this city. The property is worth probably \$125,000 and the stated consideration is \$2,000. Trombley is a nephew of the deceased and one of his two natural heirs, there being no will in sight.

The story is that four years ago Trombley, who was then a waiter in a New York hotel and who still resides there, was anxious to borrow some money, and, meeting Seitz, who is something of a speculator, arranged that Seitz should pay him a stipulated sum per year, in return for which Trombley executed to Seitz the deed which was filed Thursday, and which by the terms of their agreement became valid on the death of Mr. Chauvin. It is asserted that Seitz carried out his part of the bargain up to the present year, but the later payments have not been made. Mr. Seitz has gone to New York, but his son said that the transaction was a legitimate speculation; that the real consideration exceeded \$2,000, and declared that little would have been thought of the matter had it not been for Chauvin's murder.

DETROIT, Sept. 18.—The police have not yet sufficiently investigated the murder of Charles B. Chauvin, and the inquest has been adjourned until September 29. There seems to be no doubt that William and Barnaby Trombley, Chauvin's nephews, will inherit his \$250,000 estate, as no will can be found. Barnaby, who was supposed to be dead, suddenly appeared Saturday. He is now living at Roby, Ind., where he has been for several years. The trouble now is to locate William, who was supposed to be within easy reach in New York city. Barnaby went back to Roby Saturday night. He says he has not heard directly from his brother for seventeen years.

MICHIGAN BANKERS MEET.

They Discuss Silver and Financial Methods at Bay City.

BAY CITY, Sept. 14.—The annual convention of the State Bankers' association opened in the Grand opera house Wednesday afternoon. After the address of welcome by Thomas Cranage, of Bay City, and the response by George H. Russel, of Detroit, the president, Spencer O. Fisher, democratic candidate for governor, gave his annual address. Detroit was chosen as the next place of meeting. On Thursday Comptroller of the Currency Eckels addressed the association on the subject of the currency and the financial upheavals of 1893. He congratulated the citizens of Michigan upon the fact that despite the panic of the last year, the unprecedented withdrawal of deposits, the continued depression of business and the almost complete cessation of manufacturing industries, but four of their state banking institutions had proved unable to maintain their solvency, which was a striking testimony to the wisdom of conducting banking operations upon safe principles and along legitimate lines.

Ex-Postmaster General Don M. Dickinson addressed the convention, and papers on important topics of especial interest to the bankers were read by Frederick B. Hayes, president of the Preston national bank of Detroit; George B. Caldwell, national bank examiner; Charles D. Stewart, of Owosso; W. R. Burt, of Saginaw; State Superintendent of Banks, T. C. Sherwood, and others.

The following officers were elected, after which the convention adjourned sine die:

President, S. M. Hutchinson, Detroit; first vice president, L. H. Withey, Grand Rapids; second vice president, W. H. Withington, Grand Rapids; secretary, Frederick Bates, Detroit; treasurer, W. T. De Graff, Detroit.

GRAND RAPIDS, Sept. 15.—The bankers in this city entertained Comptroller of the Currency James H. Eckels and State Bank Commissioner T. C. Sherwood Thursday with a banquet.

Bringing Lindholm Back.

LANSING, Sept. 18.—A cablegram has been received by Prosecuting Attorney Gardner from Deputy Sheriff Wright, who was sent to Sweden to bring back ex-Deputy Secretary of State Lindholm, who is charged with embezzling state funds, stating that he would leave Southampton with his prisoner next Saturday.

Railway Station Robbed.

SOUTH BEND, Sept. 18.—Three men entered the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad station at Bronson, Mich., and bound and gagged T. L. Warne, the agent. The safe was then pillaged, but it is believed the robbers secured but little. Warne lost all his money and a gold watch. The robbers did not molest the ticket case.

To Be Tried in October.

LANSING, Sept. 18.—Prosecutor Gardner has notified for trial at the term of the circuit court to commence here on the 24th inst. all cases growing out of the salary amendment frauds. The prosecutor says he is ready for trial in any or all of them. The jury will not report until October 1.

Fatally Hurt.

TRAVERSE CITY, Sept. 15.—While Mrs. Edith Ham was riding with another woman and two men in a single buggy the rig collided with a log, the horse ran away and Mrs. Ham was thrown across a log, the others falling upon her. She cannot live.

MACCABEES MEET.

Proceedings of the Session of the Great Camp at Lansing.

LANSING, Sept. 13.—The great camp of the Knights of the Maccabees opened here Wednesday with 828 delegates present. Congressman D. D. Aitken, great commander, in his opening address, urged upon the delegates the necessity of adopting the district plan of representation, which will materially decrease the number of delegates to the great camp and allow its business to be transacted with much less friction. The magnitude of the Maccabees order was demonstrated by the report of Great Record Keeper Boyndon. The ladies of the Maccabees number 19,000, which, allied to the Knights of the Maccabees, gives a total membership in the state of Michigan of 75,499. The total membership of the order in the country at large is 157,049, making the Maccabees the second largest organization in the country.

The Saginaw division won the first prize in the competitive drill, securing the challenge cup, valued at \$350, and \$75 cash. The second prize of \$75 was won by the Adrian division.

LANSING, Sept. 14.—At Thursday's session of the great camp of Maccabees the constitution was amended so that hereafter the meetings will be held biennially instead of annually and in June instead of September. The amendment making the county instead of the subordinate tent the unit of representation in the great camp was defeated. Officers were elected as follows:

Great commander, N. S. Boynton, Port Huron; lieutenant commander, Thomas Watson, Roscomon; record keeper, Joseph Boughton, Grand Rapids; finance keeper, R. J. Whaley, Flint; medical examiner, Dr. Edward Eason, Hudson; chaplain, Henry W. Carey, Manistee; sergeant, Ashley Nobley, Detroit; master-at-arms, W. K. Gustin, Alpena; first master of the guard, W. S. Kinsel, Alpena; second master of the guard, Edwin Boyce, Sault Ste. Marie; sentinel, A. H. Lowrie, St. Louis; picket, George C. Ray, Bay City.

LANSING, Sept. 15.—The three days' session of the Knights and Ladies of Maccabees of Michigan ended Friday evening. The next meeting will be held in Saginaw in June, 1896. It was decided to print the ritual in the French language. Mrs. Lillian M. Hollister, of Detroit, was elected great commander of the ladies' branch of the organization.

ON THE INCREASE.

Unsatisfactory Annals of Crime Shown by Attorney General Ellis' Report.

LANSING, Sept. 17.—Advance sheets from Attorney General Ellis' forthcoming annual report shows a considerable increase of crime in Michigan. As a matter of fact, the reports of the several prosecuting attorneys show 8,375 more prosecutions during the fiscal year ending June 30 last than during the preceding fiscal year, with 2.27 per cent. more convictions.

The total number of cases prosecuted during the year covered by the report was 22,340, of which 17,349 resulted in conviction, 1,738 in acquittal, 972 were dismissed on payment of costs, 992 were nolle prossed, 915 persons arrested were discharged on examination and 883 either settled the cases against them, escaped or secured their release by other means.

In the number of prosecutions the lesser crimes rank first. The number of persons prosecuted under the general head of disorderly were 10,929, or nearly one-half of the total number of prosecutions.

Of the total number of cases prosecuted Wayne county furnished 7,570; Ingham, 954; St. Clair, 749; Saginaw, 791; Gogebie, 683; Eaton, 638; Jackson, 632; Kent, 620, and Bay, 624.

FARMERS FIGHT AT LINWOOD.

Myron Stevens Shoots Amos Gardner—Murder Prevented by a Woman.

BAY CITY, Sept. 18.—Myron Stevens, a farmer living in Linwood, a village 18 miles from Bay City, had a quarrel with Amos Gardner, who runs his place on shares, Monday morning. After clinching Stevens broke away, rushed into the house and, coming out with a 32-caliber revolver, fired at Gardner. The bullet struck Gardner's collar-bone and lodged in his lung. The wounded man clinched with Stevens and they fought until he was exhausted, when Stevens ran away, but was captured. He was prevented from shooting a second time by Mrs. Gardner, who is his half sister. She held her baby between the men.

He Knew Jeff.

KALAMAZOO, Sept. 17.—Andrew Bee, a member of the celebrated Fourth Michigan cavalry, which captured Jefferson Davis, died in Martin, Allegan county, late Saturday night. To Mr. Bee belonged the honor of being the first man to penetrate the disguise of Davis as he emerged from his tent, and, calling Gen. Pritchard's attention to the fleeing president, was the first to bring him to a halt.

Mayor and Council Enjoined.

KALAMAZOO, Sept. 18.—An injunction was served on the mayor and common council Monday night enjoining them from proceeding to put in a municipal electric-lighting plant, alleging illegality in the election by which the bonds were voted.

Falls from a Roof and Kills Himself.

HANCOCK, Mich., Sept. 15.—John Hedlund, aged 32, fell from the roof of the new shafthouse of the Quincy mine and was instantly killed. He leaves a wife and children at Ishpeming.

Accidentally Shot Himself.

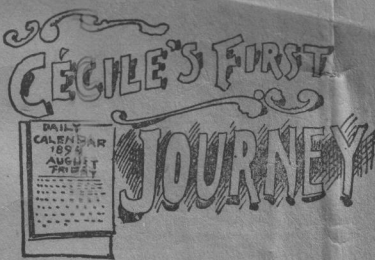
BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Sept. 15.—Joel McFallen, of Eau Claire, in this county, accidentally shot himself in the temple with a shotgun. Death was instantaneous. He leaves a family.

Heavy White Frost at East Tawas.

EAST TASAW, Sept. 16.—There was a heavy white frost Saturday night, the first heavy frost of the fall. Light ice formed on still water.

Appointed Probate Judge.

LANSING, Sept. 14.—John H. Grant has been appointed by Gov. Rich judge of probate of Manistee county to succeed N. W. Nelson deceased.



August 10, 1893.—I am nineteen years old, and I leave the Convent of the Sacred Heart to-day. Among the companions of my first communion three are married, and the others are already women of the world. As for me, I am still a school girl, and from my earliest recollection I have lived among strangers. A few small successes in my classes at first made me believe in my lucky star; but when sixteen years had passed, I would gladly have exchanged all my prizes for a mother's tender care, a paternal roof, and a small dot. Alas! I possess none of these; I have been an orphan from the cradle, poor from the day I was born; and I leave in half-an-hour for my aunt's home, where I shall play the part of an encumbering package. Yes, "package" is the right word for the situation, as we leave day after to-morrow for Russia. My aunt travels every summer. Cécile Montargé will be extra baggage.

August 11.—My aunt, Madame Gallien, is agreeable, pretty, but not very sympathetic. She is thirty-five, and has beautiful brown eyes, black hair, a clear complexion, a distinguished appearance, gowns from the best makers, a beautiful appartement on the Boulevard Haussmann, an income of sixty thousand livres a year, and a little boy of seven, the worst-trained child in the world. My uncle has been dead five years; I think he is forgotten at home and elsewhere; this morning I was very much astonished, apropos of this subject. An old lady was saying farewell.

"How little, young and delicate you are!" she said to my aunt. "You have drunk of the fountain of youth. Is M. de Lestigues still alive?"

My aunt blushed and became thoughtful. That seemed so dull to me! After showing the visitor out, she stood looking in the glass for some time.

Suddenly I had a mischievous idea: "She is thinking of marrying; she would do much better if she would think of marrying her niece."

Since that moment I have tried in vain to keep from thinking of my marriage and hers. My marriage! I am poor, no one will want me. Nevertheless, I am not suited to a religious life. What will become of me?

August 12.—We leave this evening, aunt, little Maurice, Fraulein Bertha, and I. I am dressed in my traveling gown, and can find no resemblance to the little school-girl of yesterday.

August 13.—I am writing in the cars on the way to Berlin, after a terrible night in the sleeper. Truly the convent-dormitory is an ideal in comparison with these hothouses. One might as well lie on the shelf of a bookcase in the full glare of the noonday sun. Maurice is odious; that child thinks I must be the slave of his caprices. In spite of all my resolutions, I have lost patience several times. It was too much when my aunt and Fraulein burst out laughing. I hear of nothing but my good fortune, and my aunt's kindness; still, I do not feel self so very happy.

We are in Prussia! Marshes, stunted woods, forlorn villages, a somber sky, and an unfruitful soil—a pitiful picture.

August 16.—Good news! To-morrow we go to the court-ball; I have a fairy godmother. That must be explained. Well, Thursday in the hotel drawing room, Maurice crushed the paw of a large greyhound. A cry of pain brought an angry mistress from an obscure corner of the room; the Princess Tsarwalki and her maid of honor ran forward. The latter, a thriving



THE PENITENT MAURICE.

specimen of unmanliness in servitude, began to cower the poor animal with awkward caresses. My aunt humbly offered her apologies to the indignant princess. Fraulein led forward the penitent Maurice, and I stood by like a goose. Little by little the dog's mistress grew calm, and my aunt's excuses merged in conversation.

"It is a misfortune to have a child so badly brought up," said the princess. "He is not wicked, madame, but mischievous."

"Your daughter, at least, does not resemble him."

"My daughter! I have no daughter, and if I had one, she would not be as old as my niece, I beg you to believe," said my aunt, somewhat piqued.

"What is the little one's name?"

"Cécile Montargé."

"Montargé? I know that name, and her face also—let me see—I remember—it was in France—I have it—my physician at Plombières."

"Yes, my brother-in-law was physician of the establishment at Plombières."

"This is certainly his daughter; she looks as much like him as—as his daughter. No, not entirely; in the walk, in the expression, there is something of the mother."

"So much the better, madame. My sister made a foolish marriage, as we all did. One has a small dot, is very ambitious; one becomes an old maid; one's pretensions are lowered."

I was astonished—my aunt—a foolish marriage—she, who is so wealthy, such a beautiful woman!

"But this little girl interests me very particularly," replied the princess; "she is the god-daughter of my good friend Lydia Stapmonska, the wife of Baron de Neuschberg, one of the foremost men of Berlin. I will take you to her to-morrow—to-day—if you wish. How charmed she will be to see little Cécile!"

"Madame, I have never heard Madame de Neuschberg spoken of; never-

theless, she might easily be Cécile's god-mother, for I had quarreled with my sister at that time."

Here I took the liberty of interrupting the conversation.

"Aunt, I have my certificate of baptism in my bag. I will go find it."

The fact being established, the princess, who is returning to St. Petersburg after two months of the Swiss air-cure, arranged to meet us at Madame de Neuschberg's at five o'clock. I ran to put on my red dress, and my aunt and I went out to inspect Berlin.

At five o'clock we were at the Neuschberg's. The princess arrived and we were conducted through a commonplace suite of rooms to a delightful little Louis Seize boudoir, where we were received by the most fascinating little lady ever dreamed of. She is about forty years old, but looks scarcely twenty-five. When we were presented, my godmother was astonished, kissed me and overwhelmed me with attentions, talked of my father and mother, offered us Russian tea, promised us an invitation to the court-ball to-morrow, and begged us to come to see her again before our departure. And then I found myself once more in the street, alone with my aunt, a poor little school-girl, just as if I had no fairy god-mother.

August 19.—Alas! I am culpable, or only unfortunate? For the first time in my life I found myself repeating that formidable word—Injustice. Yes, my aunt is selfish and unjust to me. But she does not realize it. Since yesterday morning we have been traveling so as to reach St. Petersburg this evening. At Berlin we got into the Princess Tsarwalki's compartment, my aunt being perfectly delighted at this new and aristocratic friendship. It was entirely different at the end of an hour. The princess never travels without her maid and her big dog. An incalculable number of baskets, bags, rugs, portmanteaus, and bundles littered the limited space left empty by the bulky princess, who sat with her feet on the opposite seat. Her maid-of-honor lounged on a heap of parcels, the dog was stretched out on the floor and we stowed ourselves away in a corner, trying with our small baggage to make a barrier against the disorder and rubbish. At Koelnigsterg it was still worse; the portmanteaus were opened, and their contents—provisions, shawls, toilet necessities, books, papers—were thrown pell-mell all over the car. The dog had covered the seats with his white hairs; the princess with hair let down looked like a witch; and her maid yawned and stretched sleepily. My aunt excusing herself on account of Maurice's restlessness, sought rest in another compartment; as I was about to follow her:

"No, stay here, Cécile; we must not lose this connection."

To complete my misfortunes, I was left with all the packages; they have not taken them yet, and to carry them to the custom-house will break my arms. Well, I shall not complain unless Fraulein and my aunt jeer and find fault with my walk and untidy appearance, which is caused by their selfishness. No, I do not wish to think any more about it.

August 21.—We are in Peter the Great's town. The hotel is comfortable, but dirty, and I dread the night in my remote little room. My aunt, to quiet her conscience, locks me up. But I cannot sleep for fear of fire or sickness; the bell-rope does not reassure me; servants are never at their posts.

Princess Tsarwalki has called upon us; she is to take us to the Imperial garden party at Peterhof to-morrow. We go from court to court, from fete to fete.

August 24.—We leave for Moscow in an hour. My aunt conceals her perplexity imperfectly; I too am much agitated. It is not without reason. At the emperor's garden party my aunt met a Polish prince, as fascinating as Don Juan, as rich as a Jew, noble as a king, and as much in love as I know not what. Aunt already sees herself a princess. I am her confidante; the part was assigned me because of the lack of another, Fraulein being judged incapable of holding her tongue with Maurice. But I must tell the whole story of an incident which may be of great significance to my future.

I do not care for the exterior of the Peterhof palace; the columns, the numberless white mouldings on a light orange ground involuntarily recall the frosted cakes of my childhood. A crowd of guests, mostly young girls and very young men, filled the entrance hall, which was decorated with a great number of pictures hung close together without frames, representing the different symbols of Russia; a whimsical decoration, if ever there was one. A suite of rooms luxuriously furnished, filled with art-objects, with inlaid floors, hung with expensive brocades, and doors ornamented with gold, led to a room all in white damask where the empress patiently received the ladies. Our courtesy made, we went to the buffet, which was in a vast hall, where hung a picture of Peter the Great, guiding a fishing-boat in the storm on Lake Ladoga; after, we sat near the Princess Tsarwalki in the midst of a fairy-like room, furnished with sofas and chairs entirely white, like the panelling of the walls; magnificent green plants were placed against this whiteness. Having met several ladies and young girls, we were led into the gardens, but first of all to the balcony to see the great fountain. Over steps of iridescent gold and silver, an enormous mass of waters fell from the terrace to the sea; statues of gold threw forth huge jets; on either side sombre green trees rested the eye, and harmonized with the other colors. The Russians are very kind, almost excessively so. We had our hands full to answer them, and to admire the immense park, majestic as a forest, as well cared for as a garden, where at almost every step the eye encountered the most marvellous landscape gardening and wonderful hydraulic inventions. The most remarkable was a quadrangular colonnade, where rose-colored marble alternated with jets of blue water. A bench invited the promenaders to rest before this delightful spectacle. As we came up, a young man was sitting there; at the approach of this cloud of graceful figures, displaying the entire gamut of heavenly tints, he rose and took refuge in the shrubbery. I heard him murmur: "Adorable, adorable!" as my aunt passed. And then he followed us from place to place, and met us at every crossing, as if by

accident. On our return to the palace the young Prince Tsarwalki came to his aid with an introduction in which I was included. From that moment the Polish Prince Volgoroski constituted himself our knight, followed us everywhere, and was quite disconsolate at our departure.

Yesterday two of M. Volgoroski's cards were received within the space of four hours. My aunt rewarded a third attempt by an interview. The poor man overwhelms us with attentions—two bouquets, two boxes of bonbons for my aunt and me, a miniature drosky for Maurice, chocolates for Fraulein, and a stock of compliments large enough for me to have a share. My aunt announced our departure for Moscow; the prince, therefore, hastens his return to Varsovie and will accompany us.

Though startled by such a beginning my aunt was very soon pacified by matrimonial allusions; nothing could be more flattering if one is to believe the Princess Tsarwalki; but my advice is to be very wary, very cautious. My aunt proposes writing to M. Darvalin, one of the secretaries of our embassy at St. Petersburg, for information.

August 25.—We arrived in Moscow this morning at eight o'clock.

M. Volgoroski met us at the station, laden with bonbons and flowers. Don Juan was as fresh as on the evening of a ball; a smile on his lips, and a rose in his buttonhole. The "Slavianski Bazar" is remarkable for a great deal of local color—Moscovite dirt. M. Volgoroski has spent at least a hundred francs in presents—bouquets, Russian cakes, carriages, etc.

August 27.—Really Moscow is too dirty; we leave to-morrow, still accompanied by our cavalier. My aunt has received a most satisfactory letter from M. Darvalin, fortune sold as a rock, irreproachable conduct, aristocratic old family, a staunch Catholic, and a patriotic Pole. The prince has redoubled his attentions.

August 29.—Twenty-six hours of travel! Still thirty-one before Vienna is reached! My poor head can stand it no longer. The endless stretches to be crossed, with nothing to break the monotony of the view and shorten the distance, the gloomy aspect of the sky, all make the journey doubly long. Occasionally the steppes give place to cultivated ground, but these mown fields, these miserable hovels, instead of farmhouses, sadden one still more. Since entering Poland the plain is covered with little hillocks, like gigantic mole-hills; the country bristles with tall crosses. Maurice is ill, so we shall pass Varsovie without stopping, rest three days in Vienna, and then go to the Tyrol to recuperate. Fifty-six hours of railroad travel for a sick child seems the reverse of good sense to me. My aunt prefers the sleeper, as there is less jarring than in the other carriages; but I do not agree with her. M. Volgoroski, under pretense of a late summer trip, travels with us to the Tyrol. The prince commits himself more and more. It seems my aunt has had significant explanations, and I shall soon have the most delightful of uncles. Now is the time to sketch his portrait; thirty years old, with an erect bearing and easy manners; accustomed to society and the world; the military effect of his long mustaches, arched brows, and brown hair, is balanced by the kindness of his blue eyes, and the almost feminine delicacy of his features. Clothes unexceptional in material and cut add still more to his commanding stature, and set off his well-formed hands and feet. As to the mind, he is highly cultivated, intelligent, witty and kind-hearted; and depth—yes, there is depth, I know it instinctively. I desire this marriage with all my heart. I feel that I shall be so happy in M. Volgoroski's home, happy enough to stay there forever, and not to regret my role of old maid.

August 30.—I am not mistaken. M. Volgoroski has an excellent heart, an upright mind and profound Catholic convictions. He seems to me an ideal husband, greatly my aunt's superior it must be confessed.

September 1.—Shall I confide my secret to this tell-tale page? Well, yes, I will speak out. I must, and I have not courage to tell my aunt the mysterious whisperings of my heart. How can I say to her: "Notwithstanding your fortune, your beauty, your grace, the prince chooses the awkward little school-girl, ugly, an orphan and poor." And this folly is the truth. I am not ashamed to confess it to this paper. I am happy, so very happy—I admire him, and I wish to be worthy of his love.

Yesterday we visited the curiosities of Vienna—the cathedral, with its marvellous windows, the emperor's palace, etc. But I forgot it all on the Belvedere terrace. Maurice wished to rejoin Fraulein in the garden, and I offered to take him there.

"No," whispered my aunt; "I do not wish to stay alone with M. Volgoroski. I will go down with Maurice."

So we both remained on the terrace. Before us rose the innumerable brick towers, overtopped by the cathedral towers, the big green hills of the neighborhood, and in the distance the last range of the Alps.

"This is delightful," I murmured to keep myself in countenance, for without reason this unforeseen tete-a-tete embarrassed me.

"Yes, we will come here again."

I looked at M. Volgoroski; his expression confused me.

"Ah! but monsieur, my aunt never takes the same trip twice."

"But you will not always follow your aunt."

"No, monsieur; but if I marry, I shall follow my husband, and he will be too poor to travel."

"Then you do not wish him to be rich, nor a prince, nor a Pole?"

At these words I felt myself grow pale, everything swam before my eyes and I leaned against the balustrade for support.

"Do not agitate yourself. I will speak to your aunt."

"My aunt? You are not in love with her?"

"No; with you."

My aunt returned. M. Volgoroski renewed the interrupted conversation, and I sat trembling in a corner, with eyes fixed on the ground. Last night I did not close my eyes, but was weaving golden pictures of the future, or torturing myself with thoughts of the morrow's explanations.

To be continued.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

OWES MOST TO THE DUTCH.

Few of New England's Culinary Ideas Can Be traced to Old England.

Even in Connecticut was the skill of the Knickerbockers admired, says Harper's Magazine. A new invention or improvement was said to "beat the Dutch." The Delft tiles on the heart, the crockery on the dresser, the blue tiles lining the front of the fireplaces in the best houses show how the Dutch had a part in the evolution of the New England house. Hundreds of open fireplaces in New England were decorated with these tiles after the Dutch fashion, and contained not only "proverbs in porcelain," but abundant biblical illustration. From the evidences of relics, nearly as much of the imported fine furniture in the northern colonies came from Holland as from England. Not a few of the old teapots and other table service, which followed upon the introduction of those oriental drinks which drove out beer and tankards, did indeed come over from Holland, though not in the Mayflower, as so often anachronistically alleged. When, too, the open fireplace gradually gave way to supposed improvements, it was to a Dutch thing with a Dutch name—the stove. Not only in Plymouth, but elsewhere, numerous houses had what can occasionally be seen throughout New England to-day (nor do we mean by this the latter substitute of tin)—a Dutch oven. It was under this spacious dome of brick and clay that those famous articles of yankee diet, the pumpkin pie, brown bread, baked beans and fishballs had their evolution.

No smoker of tobacco in the snow-white meerschaum rejoiced more in his coloring of the sea-foam clay than did the rosy housewives of Massachusetts betay in the rich hues of bean, bread and fish. The Browning clubs of early days met in the kitchen rather than in the parlor or vendome. The doughnut may have been too cosmopolitan an article to claim invention at the hands of any one people; yet what yankee "fried cake" or doughnut ever equaled an oleokook? Was not cruller, whose derivation confounds the dictionary-makers, who call it "a kind of" doughnut, first brought to perfection by Captain Kroll (pronounced and sometimes spelled crull), the whilom commander and Dutch church elder at Fort Orange? To this day the "cookoey" (koekje), noodles, hodgepodge, smearcase, rullichies, cold slaw, and other dishes that survive in New England farmhouses, despite their changed pronunciation and spelling, proofs that the yankees enriched their monotonous menu of early colonial days by borrowing the more varied fare of their Dutch neighbors in the West and South. As for the popular American winter breakfast luxury, the buckwheat cake, it was introduced from Central Asia by the Hollanders, acclimated, cultivated, named "beechmast" (boekweit), and in the form associated with heat, sweets, aroma and good-cheer is a Dutch invention.

The Wretched Man Objected.

The following story is going the rounds about Senator Joe Blackburn, originally told by Vice President Stevenson at a dinner: In a Kentucky town where Joe was going to speak there was a hanging set for the same afternoon. Joe's arrival was heralded abroad, and a large crowd was on hand to hear the words of wisdom and of eloquence which always flow from a Kentuckian's lips. Finally the speaker arrived. The hanging was a side-show, and for the moment was forgotten in the anxiety to hear the famous orator. But it was not forgotten long. The condemned man suddenly interposed: "Mr. Hangman," he said, "if I remember right I was sentenced to be hung, not to hear Joe Blackburn speak. I request that you go on with the hanging."—Washington Times.

Valuable and Worthless.

The owner of a valuable iron deposit in the East learned by accident that his ore contained a quantity of an element that produces the blackest dye known to chemistry or commerce and worth some fabulous price per ounce. Delighted at the prospect of wealth, he made ready to produce his dye, but preliminary investigation showed that the total demand for the stuff was not more than a few pounds per annum. He gave up the scheme as a commercial venture, though he had, as he declares, enough of the stuff to blacken the face of the universe.

PRICES

SLASHED.

For the next sixty days I will positively make a reduction of One Fourth on prices of Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry, and optical goods. Call and see what 1/4 off means to you on purchases. I am prepared to furnish you with anything in my line. Try me on repairing. All work warranted.

Wm. H. HORTON.

Friday, September 21st, 1894.

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 accepted as one of the conditions of your correspondence.

DAVISBURGH.

Joe Markle has rented a farm near Fenton.

Joe Harrison has been visiting relatives in Canada.

Rev. G. M. Lyon preached in Royal Oak last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Hubbard visited friends in Detroit this week.

Mrs. D. Horton of Fenton, was the guest of Mrs. M. Hickey during the week.

Miss Clara Gillis of Flint, was the guest of Mrs. D. L. Hudson the first of the week.

Mrs. Norris of Gaines, came the first of the week to make her daughter, Mrs. E. Crandell, an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McQuithy of Albion, are visitors at Henry Gage's. Mrs. McQuithy is a sister of Mrs. Gage.

Collin Walls finished gathering several tons of nice grapes from his vineyard this week. He intends to make wine from the most of them.

Mrs. Grant Brownell of Detroit, came out on Saturday last and had her piano, which has been cared for here some time, shipped to her home there.

Walter Adams has one of the finest turnouts in the country. A handsome new surry and harness and a splendid family horse makes the outfit about all that could be desired.

White Lake ball players came over to play with our champions last Saturday, but failed to get a game as our players had other business on hand that day. S'mother day they will be accommodated.

Paul T. Beardsley of Oxford, was over looking after his property interests here, a part of the Burnham & Dennis block, last Monday. He will make some much needed repairs on the building next week.

E. W. Sluyter of Fenton, proposes to take pictures here every Thursday, and moved a portable gallery here for that purpose last Monday. It occupies the lot between Newman and Brownell's buildings.

A nice company of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Swayze made them a pleasant surprise visit at their home in Anderson Settlement last Thursday evening. Regret is expressed by all who were unable to attend from this place as they realize they missed a good thing.

Miss Lizzie Elliott of Philadelphia, accompanied by the infant son of her sister, Mrs. "Ot." Perry, whose untimely death by accidental shooting occurred recently, is the guest of E. McLees and other friends here. It is understood that she will continue to care for the little one at her home.

A fine concert under the auspices of the Alpha society will be given at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening, Sept. 26. The Graphophone, an instrument said to be far superior to the Edison Phonograph, will be used to reproduce music of celebrated bands and artists. It will, no doubt, be a very interesting entertainment.

WHITE LAKE.

Farmers are sowing wheat in this section.

Will Pepper of Rose, spent Sunday at T. F. Fair's.

C. E. Everts was at Pontiac Saturday, on business.

Sheriff Kellam of Pontiac, was in town last week on business.

Miss Nellie Fritz, who has been visiting at Traverse City for some time past, returned home last Saturday night.

We see a few young gentlemen in town have assistants in doing chores. Well, it will be a great help in future days.

Our base ball team went to Davisburg last Saturday to play a game and for some reason they would not play, claiming that some of their boys had gone to the Fair.

Mr. Lawrence and wife, who have been visiting during their vacation, returned last Saturday night, but a little too late, for their friends who got up a surprise party for them were surprised themselves for they expected them on the afternoon train and instead they did not arrive until 9 o'clock at night.

HIGHLAND STATION.

Mrs. James Marshall spent last Thursday at the fair.

John Kelly and family attended the Fair last Friday.

Mrs. Newell returned home from Corunna Tuesday.

A. J. Baker and daughter, Lulu, were in Detroit Monday.

Wm. Babcock, who has been under the weather for a couple of days is out again.

Miss Grace Warren of Milford, spent last week with Miss Ina Duckering of this place.

Joseph King of Waterford, was home over Sunday. His cousin, Frank King, accompanied him.

Walter S. Haynes went to Ypsilanti Tuesday, where he has been employed as clerk in a store.

The road north of the station which has been plowed up for the past month is scraped down and is in a passable condition.

Coming, Friday evening, Sept. 28th, the Graphophone Entertainment Co., and will give a Graphophone concert at the M. E. Church at this place.

Rev. E. A. Pierce will occupy the pulpit at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening. All should turn out and give him a cordial welcome to our village.

GROVELAND.

Mrs. Nellie Narrin and Miss Mary Narrin were in Flint Saturday.

Frank Stewart is on the sick list. Dr. D. Bartholomew is treating him.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorcie Osmun visited friends at Munday over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alburt Terry visited friends at Pontiac, Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. N. Smith is the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Narrin, of Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Campbell and Miss Albert Hadley are attending the State Fair this week.

Real Estate Transfers.

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

Saturday, Sept. 8.—Ellen B. Godfrey to Dwight Dunlap 14 blk 15 Botsford's plat, South Lyon village..... 100 00
Robert J. Jones & w to Geo. W. Jones, pt of 1/2 of 1/2 of 1/2 sec 23, Novl..... 1500 00
Arthur Baldwin & w to Albert Lincoln 1/2 of 1/2 blk 4 Den. div Oxford vill..... 1000 00
Monday, Sept. 10.—Mary Jane Hales to Geo W Prince and 1/2 int in lands in Avon..... 1025 00
Geo. Heel & w to Geo W Prince and 1/2 int in lands in Avon..... 1025 00
Nehemiah W Root & w to Gred C Ruggles et al 171 a in Commerce and White Lake..... 5500 00
Anton C. Daphe & w to John Wischniewski & w 20 a on sw 1/4 sec 12, Royal Oak..... 1800 00
United States to Althea Conleyon ne 1/4 of sw 1/4 sec 5, Lyon..... 1500 00
United States to Thomas Sellman sec 1/2 of sec 1/2 sec 5, Lyon..... 1500 00
United States to Thos Sullivan sw 1/4 of 1/2 sec 5, Lyon..... 1500 00
Clark Crawford & w to Jos Bailey 14 blk 19 Peelp's plat Milford village..... 15 00
Elizabeth Waterfield by atty to Wm Hardy 14 blk 41, Ortonville village..... 1 00
Elizabeth Waterfield by atty to Otis Algeo 30 a on nw 1/4 sec 18, Brandon..... 1 00
Jas Waterfield by admr to Otis Algeo 30 a on nw 1/4 sec 18, Brandon..... 1 00
Jas Waterfield by admr to John Skinner about 2 1/2 a in Ortonville..... 182 00
Elizabeth Waterfield by atty to John Skinner about 2 1/2 a in Ortonville..... 1 00
John Skinner to Wm Algeo about 2 1/2 a in Ortonville..... 182 00
Tuesday, Sept. 11.—Frank W. Whitmore et al to Nelson C Thomas & w lot 34 e add Pontiac City..... 1 00
John B. Southern by atty to Nelson C Thomas & w lot 34 e add Pontiac City..... 1500 00
Francis E Greer & w to D L Davis all int in lands in Bloomfield..... 500 00
David W Shatt to Royce W. Shatt 14 blk 3 Moyer's first add Oxford village..... 100 00
Wednesday, Sept. 12.—Clarence E Stanton to Norris J Withington 16 & 7 blk 4 East's add Oxford village..... 1500 00
Ang C Baldwin to Joseph C Powell pt of lts 2 & 3 s d o lts 85, 86, 87 & 88 e add Pontiac City..... 2 00
Joseph C Powell & w to Walter C Morris et al pt of lts 2 & 3 s d o lts 85, 86, 87 & 88 e add Pontiac City..... 600 00
Thursday, Sept. 13.—Jas Waterfield by atty to Wm Hardy, lot 41 Ortonville..... 350 00
Wm Hardy & w to John Skinner 14 blk 41 Ortonville..... 350 00
Geo E Lincoln & w to Wm Hurl, 20 & 75-100 a in Highland..... 300 00
Abraham L Fisher to Geo Wickens 14 blk 3 Johnson's plat, Clyde village..... 325 00
Chas I Farrel to Fred House, L Hoffman pt of 1/2 of nw 1/4 sec 11, Orion..... 300 00
Jas Waterfield by admr to Wm F Bingham 17 1/2 a on nw 1/4 sec 18, Brandon..... 525 00
Wm F Bingham to Adelbert Carr 17 1/2 a nw 1/4 sec 18, Brandon..... 525 00
Elizabeth Waterfield by atty to Wm F Bingham, 17 1/2 a on nw 1/4 sec 18, Brandon..... 1 &c
C E Perry & w to Joshua C Predmore 14 blk 3 Perry's add, Orion..... 20 &c
Joshua C Predmore & w to ABA, Warr 14 blk 3 Perry's add, Orion..... 50 &c
Sarah E Bird to Emma J Plum 1 a in Waterford..... 155 00

CARD OF THANKS.—The family of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edgar desire to extend thanks to the many friends who so kindly assisted them in their late bereavement.

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.

HOLLY.

From the Advertiser.

The Pontiac Times want the same girl that called there ten days ago to call again.

Peter Short and Emma Osgood of Fenton, were married at Flint last Saturday.

Miss N. J. Ellis and Master Glen Ellis of Springfield, spent Saturday at A. Starker's.

Frank Tucker, well-known here, stepped into a defective sidewalk at Howard City and broke his leg.

At the base ball game at Pontiac Tuesday, the Pontiacs beat the Detroit Opera House Club 18 to 4.

The Plymouth Iron Wind Mill Co. started up their shops last Monday after a prolonged idleness, manufacturing air guns.

Mr. and Mrs. James Algeo of Groveland, have returned home from an extended trip to Petoskey and Grand Rapids.

The Flint base ball club had a little of their conceit taken away by the Kansas City Club, Tuesday. They were beaten 23 to 7.

We have a first-class speeding cart for sale. Can furnish wood bike wheels if wanted. A big bargain to move it, enquire at this office.

H. E. Johns of Detroit, is here today to pay Mrs. Will Scott \$2,500 life insurance carried by her late husband in the Massachusetts Benefit Life Association.

Thomas F. King, the new manager of the H. V. & P. Co., plant will move his family here from Highland as soon as he can find a suitable residence. That's right, the more the merrier.

T. G. Richardson and wife of Northville, and C. R. Richardson of Detroit, are here at the bedside of their father, William Richardson, Sr., whose death is almost momentarily expected.

Mrs. Chas. Griggs of Detroit, has had erected to the memory of her parents, in the Hadley cemetery, a beautiful monument. It is probably the best ever erected in Groveland township.

The slate for the roofing on James Slocum's new residence arrived last Monday and Sears & Co., of Flint, have four hands putting it on and it will be only a few days before it will be completed.

Robert J., the great pacing gelding, has lowered all records on the turf by pacing a mile in 2:01 1/2. This is by far faster time than the most sanguine sports ever expected would be made.

Monday, Sept. 24th, Milford will vote to give the Day Manufacturing Co., of Detroit, \$6,000, and the president of the village has issued a proclamation to close all saloons at that place that day.

Chas. VanBuskirk of Pontiac, was in town last Thursday, advertising the Oakland County Fair. The exhibition this year will be the best ever held in Oakland county and our people should attend.

Holly is getting to be a very "sporty" town. Many of those interested in horse racing are buying fast horses. John Hirst has purchased a grey pacer that has no trouble in getting up among 'em; yes he can go in about half past two.

Chas. Tinsman and wife went to Romeo Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mr. Tinsman's father, John A., who had reached the advanced age of 85 years. Mr. Tinsman was a well-known and much respected citizen of Macomb county.

The early closing move has struck Holly earlier this year than common, and now all stores, excepting drugs, are closed promptly at eight o'clock. This gives those employed in the stores a chance to go home a little earlier than is common.

The Flint News says that Clarence Tinker of Fenton, is a candidate for the nomination of Prosecuting Attorney on the democratic ticket. We don't believe it, however if he is he can have it. We believe that he is too well fixed at Fenton to care to leave.

County Drain Commissioner Surrall was in town Tuesday and with the Town Board inspected the drain in the north part of the township. There is considerable trouble being made regarding this drain and the outcome will be watched with interest.

The democrats of this district are talking of nominating William P. Hicks for the State Legislature. They can look the district over for a long time and they won't find a better man, and it would seem that he was entitled to some recognition at this time.

OVERCOATS.

OVERCOATS.

SUITS.

SUITS.

SUITS.

—ARRIVING DAILY AT—

F. E. STARKER'S,

Pontiac, Mich.

Prices way down. Cash buys cheap at

STARKER'S.

CAPITAL \$100,000.

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$6,000.

ORGANIZED DEC. 21, 1892.

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL BANK

LEGITIMATE SUCCESSORS TO

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PONTIAC, MICH.

JOHN D. NORTON, Pres.
G. JACOBS, Vice-Pres.
B. S. TREGET, Cashier.
F. G. JACOBS, Ast. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:—J. D. Norton, G. Jacobs,
Ben. S. Tregent, Charles Dawson,
A. Parker, C. G. Freeman, C. M.
Crofoot.

4 PER CENT Per Annum paid upon Certificates of Deposit, if left for Three Months. A Savings Department has been added, with rules governing same, and real estate loans will be taken. Special attention will be given to the funds of Estates, Minors and any other trust funds.

500,000 BUSHELS CIDER APPLES WANTED.

The Holly Vinegar Works, now operated by H. J. Heinz Co., of Pittsburg, will pay the highest market price for the above amount of Cider Apples delivered at their plant in Holly. Will be ready to receive them Monday, September 24th. For further particulars call on or address,

The H. J. HEINZ CO., Holly.
T. F. KING, Manager.

A SAINT IN PAIN.

On the 20th of May, 189—, a light carriage rolled rapidly along one of the finest highways in the world—that which leads from Sorrento to Salerno. On the narrow little back seat sat Count Dietrich von Dolsberg and his bride, the lovely daughter of Counselor von Gumpel. They had spent three weeks on the Riviera and for the last week had engaged separate apartments at the inns, and had omitted the good-night kiss. Little misunderstandings had arisen between the newly-married pair. The Countess Lenore was a petted child, exacting and a little imperious, and, above all, very obstinate. She was as deeply in love with her husband as he with her, but she greatly resented any attempt to exercise authority over her; so now they sat side by side, cold and silent. Count Dietrich was keenly appreciative of the beauties of nature and would gladly have thrown his strong arms about her and whispered in her pretty little ear: "Lenore, only open your eyes and look about you; how can you be so cold among such scenes? How can you give yourself up to such petty whims in the presence of such grandeur and beauty?"

But he said nothing till, at a sudden turn in the road, one of the picturesque old Saracenian towns lay before them. Flat-roofed gray stone houses, with outside staircases, arched bridges over the court-yards and narrow alleys. Then he could no longer repress an exclamation of delight and surprise.

"Lenore, look! How wonderfully picturesque! It is the most enchanting little nest in all Italy. We must stop here. Do you hear, coachman? Drive us to the best hotel!"

The coachman smiled pityingly. "The best hotel! There is no choice here. I think we had better drive on. There is nothing here for your excellencies."

"All the same, here I shall stop, if I have to sleep on straw. I must see the place by daylight."

The coachman protested in vain and the young countess made a few sharp observations on her husband's inconsiderate self-will, but Count Dietrich insisted on stopping.

They turned into the principal street of the little town. An excited crowd stood in front of one of the best houses, shouting and screaming. The carriage was obliged to halt, and the coachman called out to ask what was the matter. At least twenty voices hastened to satisfy his curiosity, but the count and countess could only make out that Santa Elena had something to do with it, for "Santa Elena" sounded like a battle-cry above the wild confusion of tongues.

Now a door opened in the high wall of the house and out stepped a portly priest.

The excited crowd rushed up the steps and pushed the old gentleman back against the door, which had been closed behind him. A hundred voices called out a question, then stopped to hear his answer.

The old priest shrugged his shoulders and said, shaking his head, "Nothing can be done. He is as stubborn as a donkey."

Then rose such a howl of rage that even the Neapolitan carriage horses—well used to such demonstrations—shied violently.

Fists were shaken in the air and a few stones thrown at the small windows in front of the house, but at last the old priest managed to make himself heard again, and finally succeeded in dispersing the crowd. The Golden Eagle was only a few steps away and the young couple soon reached it in safety.

The stout little round-faced host received his distinguished guests with the utmost cordiality, and led them through a little orange garden and up a stairway, to the lodging assigned them. It was a lofty, vaulted room, with glass doors at either end. The scanty furniture was old-fashioned and rickety, and a slight odor of dust and mould filled the dim, cellar-like apartment. The count found this ancient banquetting hall far more attractive than the finest rooms in a modern hotel, but Lenore shrugged her shoulders, and sniffed suspiciously about it. "It is more like a potato cellar than a bedroom," said she, "and looks as if it had not been dusted since the last century. Pah! how stifling!"

Half an hour afterward the host came and escorted them to supper, which was well cooked and daintily served. The fat, curly-headed host was also cook and waiter. Count Dietrich made up for his wife's silence by a lively conversation with the landlord, and after praising the excellent supper, asked for an explanation of the popular disturbance which he had witnessed.

"Ah, you mean the scene before Novelli's house," answered Curly-head, "may the plague take—beg pardon, signore. The people have good cause to be angry with this Signor Novelli. The worst of it is that he is not only the cloth merchant, banker, usurer, and cut-throat Novelli, but he is also our podesta (mayor). If it were not for that, you would probably have seen him hung over his own doorstep."

"Ah, per Bacco! this begins to be interesting," said the count.

"Well, your excellency must know that the day after to-morrow, the 22d of May, is the feast of St. Elena, our patron saint, and there are not many little towns in Italy which can boast such a celebration as ours on her fête day. People flock here from all the country round. It costs us hard work and a great deal of money to do honor to our most holy patroness, but we have good reason to make a special effort, for our church is lucky enough to possess an ancient treasure which is the envy of all Christendom. It is a solid silver bust of the saint, set with precious stones, and with a golden crown upon her head. Our bishop has an old document which he will show you if your excellency cares—"

"Not particularly," said the count, smiling. "I would rather hear what Signor Novelli has to do with your St. Elena."

"Ah," said the little man, "that is a story! I am ashamed to be fellow citizen to such a God-forsaken villain. Our cathedral dates back to Saracenic

times, and is naturally rather out of repair, and experts have pronounced it unsafe. But, as we are very poor, we trusted to the dear Lord's protection and St. Elena's intercession, till a large stone fell from the wall and killed an old woman. Then, of course, we took up the matter in earnest. The people gave all they could, and his holiness, the pope, added something; but it fell far short. Then Novelli offered to make up the deficiency, if we would make him podesta and give him the saint's bust as security. Of course we had to accept his terms. Money is power all the world over, and the devil is in every gold-piece. So, God forgive us, Signor Novelli has the key of the saint's shrine, and will only give it up when his interest is paid. We have managed to pay it for five years, but these are hard times. Our cloth factory is closed, and the taxes are heavy, so we are still about 1,000 lire short, and Novelli, the hard-hearted wretch, will not give us the key. The women and the priests have tried to influence him through his young wife—the most beautiful little woman in all the country round, and a perfect angel—of course, a man can buy anything with money—the old ruffian is desperately fond of her, but even Signora Elena can do nothing with him when there is money in question.

"Only think! she is named for our saint, but that makes no difference to him, the old scoundrel!"

"And what becomes of the festa," said the count. "Could not you pay your interest out of the money you have raised for that?"

"Ah, your excellency does not know our people," said Curly-head. "The hand must play and the fireworks must be set off, or we might expect a little revolution. The worst part of the whole affair, excellency, is the mortification, for strangers will flock here and ridicule us because we have pawned our saint and cannot redeem her. Devil take the podesta!"

"Amen!" added the count, then lit a cigar and strolled out for a lonely walk by the sea-shore, while his wife, pleading fatigue, went to her room and tried to forget her heartache over a French novel.

Early the next morning the count opened the door and stepped out on the balcony which looked out toward the sea. His wife was still asleep and the young husband, as he bent over her, could hardly refrain from waking her with a kiss. But he must not be weak and so lose the upper hand for life.

Count Dietrich gazed gloomily out upon the smiling heavens and the pretty old town bathed in sunshine; but his lip and tugged nervously at his mustache. How happy they might be if only this self-willed young creature—How would it all end? And yet every day he was more and more in love with her.

He paced slowly up and down the broad balcony, then went on tip-toe back into the room. Lenore was awake and her eyes were full of tears. He saw that, though she turned her head away.

"Good morning, Lenore. Will you not at least say good-morning to me?"

"Good-morning."

That was all. He stamped his foot, got his field-glass and went out again slamming the door behind him. The distant sounds of the gay southern street-life filled the fresh morning air. Children's voices came shrill from some quarter near at hand and when he turned his glass in that direction, he saw, on a flat roof, perhaps fifty feet distant, three lovely children, from three to six years old. The youngest, an exquisitely beautiful child, was kicking and crying furiously in his little sister's arms and she tried in vain to quiet him. A door opened and out came a young girl in a loose white gown, over which fell her luxurious black hair. She took the crying child in her arms, wiped his eyes, kissed him and danced about with him till he quieted down. Then she came to the edge of the parapet and pointed out to the little one all sorts of things to divert his mind.

If Count Dietrich had admired the child, he was enraptured with the lovely face which glowed in tender freshness from its frame of coal-black hair. Through his glass he could see even her white teeth and the dimple in her round cheek when she smiled. Now she turned and looked directly at him. Heavens, what eyes! Alas, he saw him looking at her and went quickly into the house with the child in her arms.

The two children came and looked over the parapet at the blonde foreign gentleman. The children laughed and ran away. The young woman came out again, this time with her hair carefully arranged. She looked at him smilingly, then seated herself at her sewing, while the children played about her. It was so charming a sight, that the count quite forgot his heartache and even that he was hungry for breakfast.



CAME OUT AGAIN.

A hand was laid on his arm and he started like a sinner caught in the act. "What interests you so much?" asked Countess Lenore in a cold, indifferent tone.

The count was annoyed and spoke with exaggerated admiration of his charming neighbors, thinking to arouse her jealousy.

The countess looked through the glass, then said, turning away.

"Strange taste! Shall we not go down to breakfast?"

He made her a formal little bow and accompanied her to the guest-room below.

"Don Pasquale," said he to the host, "there is a ravine beauty in your neighborhood. Are there many such pretty girls in your town?"

Curly-head bowed and said, "Your excellency is very kind. We have indeed some pretty girls, but I do not know which of them lives near here."

Count Dietrich described the locality and had hardly mentioned the three children, when Don Pasquale interrupted him.

"Ah, it must be Signora Novelli herself."

"But she looks like a girl of sixteen."

"Quite true; she looks very young, but it must be the signora, for all the other women in the house are old."

"Corpo-di-Bacco!" cried the count enthusiastically, "then I solemnly swear that for a kiss from that angel, I will gladly pay the thousand lire out of my own pocket to her skinflint of a husband."

"Your excellency must be joking," said Don Pasquale incredulously.

"And your joke is in rather bad taste," murmured the countess in German.

Count Dietrich pretended not to hear her remark and insisted that his offer was made in all seriousness. The guest who was willing to give one thousand lire for a kiss, went up several degrees in Don Pasquale's estimation, and shortly after the count found him in close conversation at the door with several portly old men. Don Pasquale approached him at once and whispered that these dignitaries had just returned from another interview with the podesta, but all in vain. "Ready money and nothing but ready money could get the key out of his pocket."

"Are we really to understand," added Don Pasquale, "that your excellency was in earnest about the kiss?"

"I give you my word of honor."

Don Pasquale's first step was to tell the chief dignitaries of the town of the magnificent stranger's offer. How astonished they were! one thousand lire for a kiss. These foreigners must be out-and-out fools! But then, what a piece of good luck for their dear fatherland, that they were such fools! If the fair Elena would only consent! And why not? The German was a gentleman and really a much more agreeable person to kiss than grizzled, unshaven, old Ettore Novelli. Was it not her bounden duty, too, as wife of the principal citizen, to make a little sacrifice in honor of the most holy Empress Elena so off they set for the house of the wicked holder of the key.

They broke up into parties of two, and gained access to the gardens and roofs of the houses near Donna Elena's—two old men on the right, two on the left, and the third couple—one of whom was Don Pasquale—at the back of the house.

The wily Don Pasquale, with his companion's help, climbed one of the largest trees near the garden wall. This brought him to the height of the roof of Novelli's house, but he could not look over the parapet. He began to call cautiously, "Pst—hello—hello!" And as he paused to listen, with outstretched neck, all eyes and ears, he heard to the right and left, a low "Pst—pst." His confederates were also at work. Then something white appeared over the edge of the parapet. With a bold leap Don Pasquale sprang to the ground and crouched with his companions against the wall. He had seen the podesta, the old gallows-bird!

"What is it? Who's there? Look out, you bad boys, I'll catch you!" shrieked the old man, while the guilty six stole cautiously away. A few minutes later they met in the street and scratched their heads.

What now? They finally decided to apply directly to the highest clerical authority. The worthy Padre Sebastiano could hardly refrain from a right worldly expression, so great was his surprise. They had to assure him again and again that the distinguished foreigner was not joking.

Finally, he leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs, took a pinch of snuff, and gave the matter his serious consideration, while the worthy messengers gazed anxiously at him, trying to read his thoughts. Then Padre Sebastiano pushed his beretta over his left ear, and with uplifted eyebrows thoughtfully scratched the right side of his head, then folded his hands across his little round stomach and began to twirl his thumbs. Then a corner of his mouth began to twitch, as he thought of the various sacrifices made for the good of the church, by holy women in ancient and modern times, and at last the old gentleman broke out in a hearty laugh.

"A most absurd story!" cried he, rubbing his hands. "As you know, my friends, the lord bishop comes to-morrow. We must try and get business settled before he comes. I think I will undertake it. The good bishop will absolve me. Dear me, what does the proverb say? 'A kiss given in honor harms nobody.' And if it should serve to liberate our holy patroness! Old Novelli will certainly give in when he sees the money!"

"Oh, Holy Pity!" cried one of the old men, agast. "Reverend sir, you are not thinking of making the proposition to the podesta himself?"

"Yes, why not?" answered the priest.

"He is the lord and master of Signora Elena's lips."

"Then all is lost," said Don Pasquale, in distress. "His avarice is great, but his jealousy is greater. I know what I am talking about, reverend father!" and the five old men nodded assent. Then Padre Sebastiano became very serious.

"So you want me to treat with the fair lady herself; ah-ha," he took another pinch of snuff, reflected a little, then started to his feet with a comical sigh, and said,

"God help me! so I am going to make a go-between of myself in my old days! But what will not a man do for his patron saint. I may as well start at once."

The old men looked relieved, for it was well known that Padre Sebastiano, with his gentle, coaxing ways, could wind the women around his finger.

Padre Sebastiano put on his newest Sunday cassock, brushed his hat with special care and started off. He chose the least frequented streets, so that no one might detain him on the way, and also that he might reach the podesta's house unobserved. His plan of operation was, however, not very clear to him. More than once he stood still to think it over. His mind was so occupied that before he knew it he found himself on a terrace overlooking the Novelli's back-building. He could see Signora Elena at her needle-work

and her little ones playing about. By a round-about way Padre Sebastiano reached the wall of the same fruit garden where Don Pasquale had lain in ambush. The whole neighborhood seemed deserted, so he might venture to try and attract Signora Novelli's attention. To be sure, he was rather afraid of spoiling his new cassock, and besides—what if any one should see him! He laughed softly to himself: "Ah, saints in heaven, I certainly never dreamed of playing such boyish pranks in the service of my blessed patroness!"

Then he began to make cautious efforts to attract Signora Elena's attention, but in vain. Becoming impatient, he plucked an orange and threw it on the roof.

Immediately there arose a loud, childish outcry. Oh, gracious powers! had he in his holy zeal hurt one of the innocent youngsters? He would be in a pretty predicament if the cross-grained podesta should accuse him of assault and battery. Fortunately, however, the fruit was ripe and soft.

Then he heard the mother's soft voice soothing the child; the next moment Signora Elena's lovely face peeped over the parapet, trying to find out who had been guilty of so malicious an action.

She began scolding in an absurdly soft, childish voice. "Who was that? You naughty boy! I'll—!" But she got no further, for she caught sight of the good padre, her reverend confessor, a comical looking object, perched in the green tree-top, smiling up at her rather sheepishly and gesticulating eagerly with his walking-stick.

"Good-day, my daughter!" said he in a loud whisper. "I must positively speak to you without your husband's knowledge. Are you sure that nobody is listening?"

"No, no indeed, father!" answered her sweet voice plaintively. "I am never safe from him anywhere and especially to-day. He thinks that there was somebody in that tree before, trying to attract my attention. Was that you, too, father?"

"No, no, my daughter; that was Pasquale, the curly-head."

"Oh, merciful saints!" cried the little woman, quite beside herself.

"What can they want of me?"

"A kiss, my little pigeon; only a kiss," whispered Padre Sebastiano with a roguish smile. Her childish terror made her look so charming, that he could not resist the temptation to add to the little woman's bewilderment. Then she stood with wild eyes and open mouth; the crimson blood rushed to her face; then she uttered a low cry and vanished.

After a while she came back and peeped shyly over the parapet. The reverend father had been sucking an orange to while away the time and had not seen her return. When he heard her voice he started and answered with his mouth full of orange juice, "Yes, indeed, my daughter, I am still here. Why did you run away in such a hurry?"

"Oh, I am so dreadfully frightened. Suppose somebody should hear us. He follows me about everywhere and the servants are not to be trusted. But it is not right for you to make fun of a poor woman like me!"

Padre Sebastiano answered eagerly: "But I am not in fun. What I said is in sober earnest. Can you not come down into the garden, child, so that I can tell you about it?"

"No, no, impossible. All the doors are locked. But he has given me permission to go to church this evening."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone. He is not going. He is afraid of the people, proud as he is."

"Very well, I shall rely upon your coming," said Padre Sebastiano gravely, "for, let me tell you, Santa Elena's ransom depends on you and you alone. God bless you, my child!" and with a kindly smile he climbed down from his perch.

A quarter of an hour later, he knocked gently at the door of the count's apartment.

The count had returned from his walk warm and dusty, and stood at the washstand in his shirt sleeves.

He thought that Don Pasquale was knocking to announce dinner, so called out, "Come in!" and in came good Padre Sebastiano with a polite bow. "Ah," was the count's first thought, "that chatterbox of a landlord has brought the clergy to my ears. Now I suppose this reverend father will point out to me the exceeding impropriety and sinfulness of my offer, and show me how a miserable heretic like myself can earn the church's blessing and St. Elena's thanks by spending one thousand lire, leaving the kiss out of the bargain, however."

He was so confused that his knowledge of Italian deserted him, and his apologies for his incomplete toilet as well as his inquiries as to what had procured to him the honor of so unexpected a visit, were a jumble of several different tongues.

The reverend gentleman was also embarrassed and their mutual apologies would never have come to an end, if the countess had not come from the balcony and invited Padre Sebastiano to take a seat.

She sat down opposite him smiling, and opened the conversation in the most matter of course tone of voice, by the question, "I suppose you have come about the kiss, reverend father?"

Padre Sebastiano looked in amazement from the count to his beautiful young wife, and at last managed to say: "Yes, of course—I mean—Signor Pasquale told me that your excellency—no, does the signora know about it?"

"Yes, certainly," said the countess, smiling. My husband has no secrets from me. I think it is a charming idea."

The count, with his red face buried in a towel, could not help muttering, "Well, upon my word!"

The count did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. He was disgusted with the whole affair. If his wife took that view of it, the whole joke was spoiled.

The countess went on cheerfully: "And you think that the young woman will consent to the kiss?"

The reverend father blushed like a bashful boy, and answered, shyly, "Yes; I do not see why she should refuse. Your husband, contessa, is by no means repulsive—I—I mean—"

"Thank you," said the count, bowing politely, as he tied on a clean cravat.

"And then the most important consideration is, that the kiss is given for our dear saint. Otherwise I should of course have had nothing to do with the matter."

"Ah, then, you have yourself pro-

posed Signora Elena for it?" asked the countess.

"Oh, no, unfortunately I could not succeed in doing so," answered he, with a comical sigh, "but she has promised to come to church this evening. The lord bishop will be there, you know. The church is beautifully dressed. The clergy and choir-boys will wear their finest vestments. Oh, your excellency must see it! It will be fine. And after the service, when the people are gone and the church is dark I think—I think she'll not refuse. And if she should be so foolish, the lord bishop will have a serious word to say about it."

The countess could not help laughing, and the old gentleman laughed heartily with her. The count also laughed, but rather sheepishly, and said:

"So it seems that this unfortunate kiss is to be solemnized as a sacred ceremony in the presence of the clergy. I beg your pardon, reverend father, but this arrangement does not altogether meet my views."

"Oh, excuse me," said the padre, politely. "Your excellencies will make what arrangements you please. That is, if your offer was made in sober earnest."

The count glanced at his wife. How gladly would he have withdrawn his offer if she had only raised her eyes to him in loving reproof.

But she was not looking at him. The same ironical smile was still on her lips. So he hastened to reiterate that he was quite in earnest in the foolish affair. The padre bowed deferentially and begged for a written assurance that the count's offer was made in good faith.

"Pardon me," said he, shrugging his shoulders; "I myself do not doubt your sincerity, but Signora Elena might fancy that somebody was trying to play a bad joke upon her, and the lord bishop also might—"

"Certainly, certainly," "Just as you please. Will you be kind enough to dictate what you wish me to write? My Italian is not quite equal to the occasion."

Ten minutes later Padre Sebastiano bowed himself out with the valuable document in his pocket and calling down heaven's choicest blessings on the heretical heads of the count and countess.

When evening came, the bells announced with joyful clamor the approach of St. Elena's festa. The days' heat had been succeeded by a cool, refreshing sea-breeze, and the count, weary with climbing about the rocky streets, sat smoking in the balcony.

The countess came out and said, still with the same ironical smile:

"Well, don't you hear the bells calling you? St. Elena is waiting for her deliverer."

Count Dietrich tossed his head angrily and tugged at his mustache. But after a moment's reflection, he answered quite meekly, "Yes, I am ready. Are you going with me?"

"I? Oh no indeed! I would not be so indiscreet as to interfere with your amusements."

The count sprang to his feet and his eyes flashed. He took two steps toward his wife.

"Do you know, Lore, I—!" He had almost humbled himself to make the suicidal confession: "do you know Lore, I have made an awful fool of myself." But just in time he noticed her calm, superior smile, and his words remained unspoken. He seized his hat and with a stiff little military bow, he left the darkening room.

With grim determination in his look, like a noble criminal determined to carry out his sentence, he walked down the street to the church. The whole population seemed collected in front of the cathedral. Tall poles, wound with red, white and green, and the scaffolding for the fireworks, were already erected in the piazza. Count Dietrich pushed his way through the crowd. The flat-roofed rotunda was crowded and on the grand altar was the richly gilded shrine of St. Elena, still with closed doors. The bishop and a numerous assemblage of priests all in gold-embroidered vestments stood about the altar, bowed, knelt, chanted and prayed in monotonous unison.

At the close of the ceremonies the clergy formed a procession and made a short visit to each of the saints in the little side chapels. The count stood leaning against one of the slender Moorish pillars which supported the low gallery which ran round the rotunda.

The gay procession passed; everybody bowed deeply, some women fell on their knees and tried to kiss the bishop's hand outstretched in blessing. Just behind the bishop walked Padre Sebastiano, his kindly old face full of anxious lines. His eyes were seaward here and there over the heads of the crowd. Ah, now he noticed the eccentric German gentleman. He touched his arm in passing and whispered:

"I am in despair, my dear sir! she will not do it, the God-forsaken creature! She is in such fear of her tyrant's anger, that even the promise of all manner of heavenly blessings cannot move her."

He kept hold of the count's sleeve and drew him gently along. Suddenly he grasped him tightly by the arm, so that the count could hardly suppress an exclamation of pain.

"Eccola!" (there she is)—whispered the padre hastily, and nodded toward a little woman, kneeling near by. She had just caught the bishop's hand and seen the benignant prelate's face.

The count broke from the padre's grasp and stood as if rooted to the spot. Yes, it was she! and she was far, far prettier close at hand than at a distance. He had never seen such fabulously innocent, childish eyes in a woman's face, and it seemed far less idiotic and reprehensible to have offered one thousand lire for a kiss from those lips, than it had done half an hour ago.

After the procession had passed, he stepped forward intending to speak to the devout little beauty, but she seemed to recognize him and a burning blush suffused her pale cheeks.

She rose hastily, drew her black lace veil over her face and slipped away in the crowd. After a moment's hesitation, the count followed her. He wanted to make her some flattering speech, to see those soft cheeks redden once more, and those wonderful eyes raised to him in gratitude, when he should tell her that he renounced the kiss unless given willingly, and that he would redeem the saint's image even without so sweet a reward, for no other reason than that her name was also Elena. But he had hesitated too long; she had already disappeared in the crowd. The count elbowed his way

recklessly out, but she was nowhere to be seen, neither on the steps nor in the piazza. Could she have slipped out by another door? He ran around the church. No, there was no other entrance. Perhaps she was still inside. He entered the cathedral again. Choir-boys and acolytes were extinguishing the lights. She was not there.

But wait, what was that? A slender female form with a black lace mantle over the head! Ah, there she was at last! She stood before the pulpit in earnest conversation with a black cassock which could hardly belong to anybody but Padre Sebastiano. Now the old gentleman turned around. It was indeed he. The sound of footsteps had attracted his attention and when he recognized the count, he opened the little bronze door under the pulpit steps and pushed the lady through.

The count rushed up, seized the good priest by the arm and in his excitement said to him in German: "What have you done with her? why do you hide her from me? Am I to have my kiss or not?"

Padre Sebastiano placed his broad back against the door and waved the excited man gently away. A broad smile lighted up his kindly face and he cooed softly to him, "Gently, gently; be quiet, be quiet, my son! She has changed her mind, the little pigeon. You shall have your kiss, excellency, but not here in the lighted church. The poor little thing is too timid."

"Of course, of course; in outer darkness, if she likes it better," cried the count impatiently. Then he tried to get hold of the door handle.

"Excuse me a moment. Do you happen to have the one thousand lire by you? If so, I must beg you to—"

and with an insinuating smile he held out his open hand.

The count felt in his breast-pocket and said with an angry shrug: "How suspicious you Italians are. Well, I'll pay in advance," and hastily took a red bank-note from his pocketbook and pressed it into the hand of the priest, who now drew aside.

Now at last the road was clear. Padre Sebastiano himself threw open the little bronze door for him. His heart beat faster than on the day when, as an ensign, he had fought his first duel. The door closed behind him. It was very dark, but by the faint gleam of light from the little shuttered window, he could see a shadowy form. He whispered softly, "Signora Elena!"

A garment rustled, the shadowy figure glided toward him, and the next moment he felt a pair of soft warm lips against his own. Two arms were thrown about his neck, and the delicate little hands clasped behind his head.

His expectations were more than realized. Never in her most loving moments had his Lenore kissed him so tenderly, so fervently. Ah, these hot-blooded southern women knew how to love! It would be a pious mission, a work of humanity to rescue this lovely creature from that horrible, ogreish miser. He clasped her closer and warmly returned her caresses.

HE CLASPED HER CLOSER. But now sighed Lenore, "Stop, stop! enough! You will smother me! I have been a fool! Forgive me the deceit. I love you so dearly. I cannot live when you are angry with me."

The count's arms fell helplessly down. "You, Lenore!" cried he, quite overcome with astonishment.

"Yes, you dear, faithless man. It is I, your wedded wife! To be sure I cannot give you kisses worth one thousand lire apiece, but—"

He silenced her with kisses, and murmured, "You dear, sweet, lovely creature; can you indeed forgive me?"

He felt her tears upon his cheeks, though she did not answer, and then they went out of the dark, close, little room.

Padre Sebastiano stood outside the door and shook his finger playfully at them.

"Aha!" said he, "You have kept me waiting a long time!"

With one accord they each seized one of his hands and stooped to kiss it. He drew back and said modestly, shaking his gray head: "No, no; not that, my children. I do not deserve that. I am only a poor sinful man, and have been cherishing sinful thoughts. May St. Elena intercede for me when I come to make my atonement. But I am a priest and have power to absolve from sin when I see true repentance. You are, I know, arch-heretics and Lutherans, but if you do not despise God's mercy—"

Count Dietrich seized his wife's hand and drew her to her knees beside him, and the old priest laid his hands on them in blessing, and said, in rather a trembling voice: "Rise up absolved from sin, and depart in peace!"

Hand in hand the reunited pair left the church. Arm in arm they wandered up and down the streets among the singing, merry-making populace. And the next day, when the glittering procession bore in its midst the jeweled silver image, and rose leaves fluttered down from every wall and house-top on the crimson canopy above it, and at night, when in the piazza great fire-wheels whirled whizzing and sputtering

RIDING FOR THE CHINESE.

Two American Bicyclers in Asia Give Exhibitions.

They Were Compelled to Dash Into the Cities and Lock Up Their Wheels to Escape the Crowds of Curious Natives Swarming After Them.

On entering a Chinese city we always made it a rule to run rapidly through until we came to an inn, and then lock up our wheels before the crowd could collect, write Thomas G. Allen, Jr., and William L. Sachtleben in the Century, continuing their narrative of "Across Asia on a Bicycle." Urumsai, however, was too large and intricate for such a maneuver. We were obliged to dismount in the principal thoroughfare. The excited throng pressed in upon us. Among them was a Chinaman who could talk a little Russian, and who undertook to direct us to a comfortable inn at the far end of the city. This street parade gathered to the inn yard an overwhelming mob, and announced to the whole community that "foreign horses" had come. It had been posted, we were told, a month before, that "the new people of the world" were coming through on "strange iron horses," and every one was requested not to molest them. By this, public curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. When we returned from supper at a neighboring restaurant, we were treated to a novel scene. The doors and windows of our apartments had been blocked with boxes, bales of cotton, and huge cartwheels to keep out the irrepressible throng. Our host was agitated to tears; he came out ringing his hands, and urging upon us that any attempt on our part to enter would cause a rush that would break his house down. We listened to his entreaties on the condition that we should be allowed to mount to the roof with a ladder, to get away from the annoying curiosity of the crowd. There we sat through the evening twilight, while the crowd below, somewhat balked, but not discouraged, stood taking in every move. Nightfall and a dizzling rain came at last to our relief.

The next morning a squad of soldiers was dispatched to raise the siege, and at the same time presents began to arrive from the various officials, from the Tsongtu, or viceroy, down to the superintendent of the local prisons. The matter of how much to accept of a Chinese present and how much to pay for it in the way of a tip to the bearer is one of the finest points of that finest of fine arts, Chinese etiquette; and yet in the midst of such an abundance and variety we were hopelessly at sea. Fruits and teas were brought, together with meats and chickens, and even a live sheep. Our Chinese visiting-cards—with the Chinese the great insignia of rank—were now returned for those sent with the presents, and the hour appointed for the exhibition of our bicycles as requested.

Long before the time, the streets and house-tops leading from the inn to the viceroy's palace at the far end of the city began to fill with people, and soldiers were detailed at our request to make an opening for us to ride through abreast. This, however, did not prevent the crowd from pushing us against each other, or sticking sticks in the wheels, or throwing their hats and shoes in front of us, as we rode by.

When in sight of the viceroy's palace, they closed in on us entirely. It was the worst jam we had ever been in. By no possibility could we mount our machines, although the mob was growing more and more impatient. They kept shouting for us to ride, but would give us no room. Those on the outside pushed the inner ones against us. With the greatest difficulty could we preserve our equilibrium and prevent the wheels from being crushed as we surged along toward the palace gate; while all the time our Russian interpreter, Mafoo, on horseback in front, continued to shout and gesticulate in the wildest manner above their heads. Twenty soldiers had been placed at the palace gate to keep back the mob with cudgels. When we reached them they pulled us and our wheels quickly through into the inclosure, and then tried to stem the tide by belaboring the heads and shoulders in reach, including those of our unfortunate interpreter, Mafoo. But it was no use. Everything was swept away before this surging wave of humanity.

The viceroy himself, who now came out to receive us, was powerless. All he could do was to request them to make room around the palace courtyard for the coming exhibition. Thousands of thumbs were uplifted that afternoon in praise of the wonderful two-wheeled carts, or two-wheeled carts, as they witnessed our modest attempt at trick riding and special maneuvering. After refreshments in the palace, to which we were invited by the viceroy, we were counseled to leave by a rear door and return by a round-about way to the inn, leaving the mob to wait till dark for our exit from the front.

Razor Clams.

Mollusks are not supposed to be racers, but the razor clam, which abounds on the Cape shore, is about as hard to catch as a vessel asleep, says the Portland Press. They have a foot that they project at the other end of the long narrow shell, and by means of it can work their way through the sand with astonishing rapidity. Even if you approach so carefully that the jar of your footfall doesn't alarm it, and if by a quick movement you seize the projecting end, you are not likely to pull out the clam though you crush the end of the shell in your fingers. The late Prof. Fuller, of the Natural History society, told a story about these clams shortly before his death. He was walking on the beach on the Cape shore in the winter, and seeing several razor shells projecting above the sand, crept forward carefully, and with the utmost caution got within reach without alarming the shy, agile mollusks. Then he made a quick grab. He didn't get the clam, neither did the clams disappear. They were all frozen solid.

TO FIND THE NORMAL CHILD.

Novel and Valuable Work Now Being Carried on in Washington.

A new kind of scientific work is being carried on in Washington, in which the testing of twenty-five thousand school children, mentally, morally and physically, is the preliminary step. Dr. Arthur McDonald is conducting the work, under the auspices of the United States bureau of education, and the results when arranged and tabulated are expected to throw valuable light upon a number of mooted questions concerning the race.

For example, writes a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, it is desired to know whether boys of the laboring class are less bright than the sons of the well-to-do. Are they as well nourished? In London not long ago investigation proved that the children of laboring people in that metropolis were better nourished—that is to say, weighed more at the same age—than those belonging to higher social strata, the latter being fed on too much candy and cake.

The work here being unfinished, conclusions cannot be stated. To begin with, the height and sitting height of each child were taken. Long-bodied races, generally speaking, are inferior. It is desired to know if long-bodied individuals are less clever or less strong than the short-bodied of the same race. Are long-bodied boys and girls apt to be stupid? Long-headed children are usually tall. Tall people are most often long-headed. Tall races are superior. The question naturally follows: Are long-headed children superior mentally? When it is said that a man has a long head is there not significance in the remark?

Are tall children then, superior? Nobody knows as yet. These are among the things which Dr. McDonald is trying to find out. In the classification the eight thousand negro children in Washington schools have been kept separate so as to compare them with white children. How do they compare in respect to brightness, weight, physical measurements, etc.? The colored child surpasses the white child up to five years of age in mental development; then the white child goes ahead. Comparisons of girls with boys naturally follow. At the age of entering womanhood girls weigh more than boys; that age with city girls arrives a year earlier than with country girls.

Some more interesting comparative data of the sexes have been already secured. It was determined by a succession of simple, but conclusive, tests, that girls felt pain more quickly than boys, and Dr. McDonald is convinced by this and other tests that the conclusion that women are more sensitive to pain than men is the correct one, although the opposite idea widely obtains. It is worth mentioning, by the way, that in every school there are more bright girls than bright boys. Girls are more faithful in studying and memorize more attentively. A girl will not get impatient and throw her book into a corner as a boy would.

PREHISTORIC MARKS.

Gigantic Footmarks Found in a Texas Canyon.

In the Palo Duro canyon lying north of Amarillo, Tex., the hacking away of a large piece of alluvial earth has recently revealed a singular trace of prehistoric life. This, says the Philadelphia Times, consists of the unmistakable trail of some large animal going over the rocks, followed by another, probably of the human kind, or at any rate of a gigantic specimen of the ape. That it is the former is the more likely, as the monkey tribe, except in the smallest families, is not found on this continent or in South America.

The first animal, judging from the marks it left on the impressionable rock, was of the reptile family, for its tail, soft underneath, though weighted with scales sufficiently to make it heavy enough to drag an inch and a half deep, left a broad, smooth trench, while the claws by which it assisted itself were of the true alligator type, webbed between. These claws were nearly five inches long, and were evidently intended to aid the creature in climbing on land, as its webbed membrane served it for swimming in water.

But more curious are the marks of the animal which pursued it. These are of two hands, nearly three times the size of the ordinary man's hand, and those of two active feet, both hands and feet possessing five members, though all of equal length, except the thumb. This, while shorter, is yet longer in proportion by half an inch than is found in man of to-day. It was also of unusual strength, sinking much deeper than the rest of the hand into whatever it seized upon. The nails are curved and very powerful, those of the feet being particularly so, grasping the rock firmly.

Another singular thing is the position of the marks. They are carved in a rock standing nearly perpendicular to the bed of the ancient river nine hundred feet below, and which must once have been as wide as the Mississippi, and of a current sufficiently strong to have cut its way through these granite rocks. This position of the remains would indicate that the reptile turning up from the stream was pursued by the other animal, and probably killed on land. This part of the country is pronounced by geologists to be among the most ancient formation of the continent.

The rock on which these marks are to be found is about one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the earth, and is only to be reached by one swinging over the side of the precipice. They were discovered by an amateur geologist, who, noting the fall of the soil, went down in the hopes of adding to the rich antediluvian spoils this singular clam has yielded. Plaster casts have been taken of the prints, and will be forwarded to the state museum at Austin. The marks are plainly visible from a ledge some fifty feet down the side of the canyon, and have been viewed by all in that section interested in such matters.

A SINGULAR WOUND.

An African Traveler's Remarkable Injury in the Eye.

Mr. Selous, author of "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa," was on horseback in pursuit of an eland. He turned to look behind him, and as he brought his head round again received a fearful blow in the right eye from the tip of a dead branch. He bled freely, and as he says, felt "pretty sick," but he could still see the splendid bull trotting before him, some two hundred yards in advance on the other side of the river. The sight kept up his spirits. He got his horse across the river, and kept on after the bull.

"I felt very sick," he repeats, "but as our camp was only two miles off, and the eland was going straight to it, I determined to try to get him."

The eland kept on steadily till he was within five hundred yards of the camp. Then apparently he winded something, and stopped. Mr. Selous felt that he should soon faint, and so, looking at the eland with his left eye, he raised his rifle and sent a bullet through its lungs. Then he remounted and galloped into camp.

Some of the men went out after the eland, and the others attended to Mr. Selous. He soon became half unconscious, and withal his symptoms were so alarming that boys were sent after a doctor who was known to be shooting rhinoceros a day's journey away.

He left his sport, and under his skillful ministrations Mr. Selous' wound healed, though it was more than a month before he could see well with his right eye. Even then the wound opened again from time to time.

The next year Mr. Selous returned to England, and one morning while walking down Bond street, London, was seized with a fit of sneezing.

"You have taken cold," said the friend who was with him.

Mr. Selous said no, and presently he felt something come down one of the ducts into the back of his mouth. He spat it out into his hand, and it proved to be a piece of hard African wood, the end of the dry branch which, eight months before, had struck him in the eye on the bank of the Lundaza river, in Mashonaland. It was not a splinter, but a solid bit of hard wood, three-quarters of an inch long and of considerable thickness.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOSIVE.

The Extreme Liability of Iodide of Nitrogen to Explode.

Among the most wonderful and dangerous of all explosives is iodide of nitrogen. For many years chemists have been trying to determine its precise composition, and in doing so have sometimes fairly taken their lives in their hands, for the substance explodes on the slightest provocation. A mere draught of air passing over it will cause an explosion. The least shock or friction is equally disastrous.

But Dr. Szuhay, of Buda Pesth, says Youth's Companion, has not been deterred by any danger from trying once more to ascertain what the iodide of nitrogen contains, although he has had some of his apparatus pulverized in the winking of an eye. And he has succeeded, too, in his attempt, having recently established the fact that the extraordinary explosive, which he produced in the form of a fine powder, contains hydrogen as well as iodide and nitrogen. This fact had been suspected, but never proved.

To the general reader it might seem hardly worth while to risk one's life in order to find out a thing like that, but to the man of science, devoting all his energies to investigations that the busy world never dreams of noticing, the discovery of such a fact is as thrilling as the finding of a gold nugget would be to a half-starved miner. And his reward is greater than that of the fortunate gold seeker, for his name goes upon the honor roll of science, to be read, perhaps, hundreds of years in the future.

PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT.

The Women of To-Day Are Growing Taller and Stronger.

Gloomy prophecies of the future of the human race, owing to tight lacing, are being circulated here, says the British Medical Journal. They are evidently being repeated by popular writers, inspired from non-medical sources across the channel. We read of "the disappearance of the roots of the dorsal nerves" in eighty per cent. of Dr. Charpy's patients, and about women possessing the extra rib. We also read that wasp waists will make men and women assume the form and character of wasps. These absurdities need no refutation. Tight lacing no doubt exists to some extent in this country and produces bad results. It existed just as much, or more, thirty, sixty and one hundred years ago. Nevertheless our eyes may convince us that the race has not degenerated. Indeed, English women seem to be growing finer and taller than ever, though their mothers were widely addicted to tight lacing. In the richer classes golf, lawn tennis and the abandonment of "fine ladyism" of the bad old type account for the superior development of contemporary womanhood. The experience of hospital doctors also tends to show that the women of the poor are bigger and healthier than their mothers. As for the male youth of Great Britain, their mothers' vanity has done them little, if any, harm.

The Education of a Boy King.

The dominant note in connection with the rejoicing over the birthday of Alphonso, XIII., had reference to his health, says the London Globe. It was a matter of thankfulness that the young king has overcome his infantile ailments, and has become a sturdy boy. The "Health of the King of Spain" has ceased for some time to be a standing headline in the newspapers; and now that the youthful monarch has entered upon his ninth year, it may be expected to drop into desuetude. Under the careful regimen imposed by Gen. Sanchez, who has great faith in outdoor exercise, walking and driving are judiciously intermixed with the hours of study necessary to fit the king for the duties of his high position.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS.

Bite of Information from Many Points in Michigan.

Ishpeming has 4,000 children of school age.

Marshall's schools cost that city \$15,043.68 last year.

A system of waterworks is to be built at Rochester.

A Sunday school publication company has been organized at Jackson.

Eighth district democrats have nominated Rowland Connor for congress.

Joseph Washer, of Central Lake, fell from a scaffold and broke his neck.

Hiram Hunter, of Casnovia, will realize \$8,000 from his peppermint crop this year.

Company C, M. N. G., has decided to erect an armory at Kalamazoo to cost \$15,000.

Fifteen thousand pounds of honey was shipped last week from Marlette to New York.

William Hardy, of Port Huron, aged 50 years, was recently drowned in the St. Clair river.

The state Y. M. C. A. convention will be held in Ann Arbor from October 11 to October 14.

Mrs. Cowell, of Burnside, swallowed a peach pit while at Marlette and died from its effects.

One hundred men are at work repairing the bridge which was recently blown down at Saginaw.

Caro reports not an unemployed man within her precincts. The town has a population of 1,700 souls.

Champion's planing mill, at White Cloud, was destroyed by fire recently. Loss about \$2,000. No insurance.

Lloyd Denison, aged 8 years, fell off a dam into the river near Gowan, Montcalm county, and was drowned.

There is talk of starting a cooperative colony in eastern Tennessee by Battle Creek workmen out of employment.

Mrs. O. E. Wilkinson, of Corunna, took an overdose of carbolic acid and died recently. She had been an invalid for years.

James V. Campbell, a son of the late Justice J. V. Campbell, of the Michigan supreme court, dropped dead recently in Detroit.

John Thomas was sentenced at Kalamazoo to fifteen years in Jackson prison for a criminal assault on Mrs. David Rhodes, of Oshtemo.

The St. Joe Valley railroad, running from Buchanan to Berrien Springs, which was abandoned about a year ago, will be put in operation again.

Company C has been ordered from Fort Mackinac to Fort Bralick, the former post having been abandoned by order of the war department.

A party of men are trying to form at Battle Creek what is to be known as a cooperative town, on the plan of the Altruist community near Flint.

The Duplex Printing Press company of Battle Creek has completed a \$17,000 press for printing a sixteen-page paper. It goes to Essex, England.

The street car barns belonging to the St. Joseph & Benton Harbor street railway at St. Joseph were damaged to the extent of \$2,000 or more by fire.

The black knot has attacked the fruit trees around Dexter to such an extent that the agricultural department at Lansing have taken special steps to investigate.

Peter Crosby, a rich retired farmer of Battle Creek, has donated a piece of land on one of the business streets there and will erect thereon barracks for the Salvation Army.

A special election will be held at Milford September 24 to vote on the question of bonding the village for \$6,000 for a bonus to a Detroit manufacturing concern to locate there.

The badly-decomposed body of a man, supposed to be that of Mel. Dunbar, a missing bartender, was found recently in a barn adjoining a Monroe avenue residence in Detroit.

Asks for an Accounting.

KALAMAZOO, Sept. 17.—Mrs. Deborah Alcott has filed a bill of complaint in the circuit court to compel D. O. Roberts to render an accounting as trustee of the estate of her late husband, W. W. Alcott. The estate was valued at \$50,000, and is said to have disappeared entirely. Roberts had absolute control of it for twenty-two years and has never rendered an account. He is trustee of the Michigan female seminary and prominent in the Presbyterian church.

Severely Punished.

STOCKBRIDGE, Sept. 16.—Tongues are all wagging here over an alleged judicial outrage which recently occurred. Silas Wasson entered a complaint against Eugene Cooper and Lewis Boyce, two 12-year-old boys, for stealing watermelons. The justice of the peace sentenced both to pay a fine of five dollars or go to the reform school. Young Lewis paid up, but Cooper must go to Lansing for six years. This is considered a pretty heavy dose for the crime of stealing watermelons.

Fast Mile Paced at Menominee.

MENOMINEE, Sept. 16.—Shawhaun paced a mile in 2:10 1/4 at the county fair Saturday, lowering the track record by two seconds. It was the fastest mile ever paced or trotted in the upper peninsula on a half-mile track.

The Usual Result.

NILES, Sept. 14.—Joel McFallen, a resident of Eau Claire, this county, accidentally shot himself in the right temple Thursday afternoon while carelessly handling a shotgun. Death was instantaneous.

Found in the River.

DETROIT, Sept. 18.—Amiel Deront's body was pulled from the Detroit river by the harbor master Monday. It is believed that he was murdered for money.

Burglars at Marlette.

MARLETTE, Sept. 15.—Burglars broke into the Marlette Mercantile company's store and stole \$1,200 worth of notes besides \$50 in cash.

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.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

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. PARKER, M. D., 125th 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 warehouses, 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 Blurred; Pimples on the Face; Dreams and Drains at Night; Restless; Haggard Looking; Blotches; 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. Read DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN Have Done.



Cured in one month Dr. Moulton.



Cured a year ago Capt. Townsend.



Cured in time.

"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 83 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 & 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, Falling Manhood, Syphilis, Varicose Veins, Stricture, Gleet, Unnatural Discharges, Weak Parts and All Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Remember Drs. 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 treated 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.

CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

Friday, September 21st, 1894.

SECOND REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT CONVENTION.

The republican delegates of the several townships of the county of Oakland, comprising the Second Representative District, will meet at Milford, on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative for said district. The several townships will be entitled to the same number of delegates in the Representative Convention, as in the last Republican County Convention. The following are the townships comprised in said district: Oxford, Orion, Brandon, Independence, Groveland, Holly, Springfield, White Lake, Commerce, Novi, Lyon, Milford, Highland, Rose.

D. D. BARTHOLOMEW,
Chairman Com.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

John Elliott, Pontiac..... 28
Anna M. Hagg, Pontiac..... 28
Wm E. Sherman, Pontiac..... 28
Minnie E. Allen, Pontiac..... 21
Henry Prince, Birmingham..... 27
Mary Sprinkle, Birmingham..... 22

OAKLAND COUNTY FAIR

Gazette. "In '93 the Columbian Exposition took everybody and their money, to Chicago, and the farmers' exhibitions throughout the country were neglected and suffered. This year the home fairs come to the surface with the bright prospects of success, both in exhibits and attendance. Old Oakland is never behind in either of these requisites of success fairs, and the hustling Secretary, H. H. Thatcher informs us that the prospects were never better. Applications for the space are coming in daily for all kinds of exhibits; the stock exhibition, as cattle, horses, sheep and swine, promises to be large and of good quality. Poultry will be extensive; the exhibit of agricultural products will be good. Fine Art Hall will make a better showing in all divisions than in several years. The entries for the speed premiums are promising, and many have already been made. The pride of Old Oakland should stir her farmers to make the fair of 1894 a hummer. The Gazette will print a first-class daily during the fair, and with experienced reporters will aim to give everybody a send-off who has the public spirit to come to the aid of the fair with an exhibit. The Premium Lists may be obtained of the secretary."

A WORD OF WARNING.

The man who expects to do business this year must practice the lesson taught in the following story:

Two frogs found themselves in a pail of milk and they could not jump out. One of them was for giving up, and said to the other, "Good-bye, I sink, I die." Said his mate, "Brace up you duffer, keep a jumping and see what turns up." So they kept jumping up, and down all night and by morning had so churned the milk that it turned to butter and they jumped off the butter to the ground.

Applied to business the Fable means this: If you want the business of this year to exceed that of last, keep a jumping, don't give up. The manufacturer or dealer who continues looking for bad times will not survive to see good times.

The man who keeps a jumping will see good times first. Carry a level head and advertise in a bright, attractive manner.

Now that the times are supposed by everybody to be a good deal out of joint, the manufacturer or dealer who does not advertise his business in some way, especially if he has been in the habit of so doing, will find that his trade will drift to the one who does. There is no better medium than THE ADVERTISER.

DECIDED AGAINST THE A. O. U. W.

Mrs. Scott Wins in Her Amicable Suit Against the Order.

In the Genesee Circuit Court last Friday, the case of Ella Scott vs. the A. O. U. W. was heard by Judge Moore, sitting in the place of Judge Wiener, and judgment was given for plaintiff for \$2,104.29 and costs. Plaintiff was married to the late Richard Scott, of Fenton, some years ago and lived with him as his wife until his death, unaware that his first wife was living and his marriage to him was invalid. He had her life insured in her favor for \$2,000 in the A. O. U. W. and the suit was an amicable one to have determined who was entitled to the insurance. The case may go to the supreme court.

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION RECALLED.

Hon. S. L. Kilborne having resigned as a candidate for congress, the Congressional Committee have called a second convention to be held at Baird's Hall, Sept. 27th, 1894, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for congress. The same delegates from the same county, are entitled to seats therein.

Subscribe for your town paper and thereby help build up your town. All the news of the town and surrounding country is published in the CLARKSTON ADVERTISER. Only \$1.00 per year.

WANTED.

One hundred cars of Cider Apples wanted by
R. L. King,
Waterford.

UNDER THE WHEELS.

E. WRIGGLESWORTH MET WITH A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

His Left Foot Has to be Amputated.

Carelessness has made E. Wrigglesworth a cripple for life. While custom of jumping on and off trains nerves many a railroad man to take chances, yet almost every day we read of accidents that cause death or cripple many a bright young man for life, yet they continue to take chances.

Mr. Wrigglesworth was brakeman on No. 111, D. G. H. & M. R. R., local freight going west Tuesday, and they reached Davisburg about noon. Here they had some switching to do. He turned the switch and as the engine backed he stood in the middle of the track, fully intending to put his foot on the brake beam and ride back to where he was to make a coupling, as he had safely done hundred of times before but his foot slipped, and he realized he would be ground to instant death unless he could throw himself to one side, and he made a superhuman effort to do so, but was only successful in clearing his body from the very jaws of death. He could not throw himself entirely clear and his left ankle was terribly mangled and his right leg broken above the ankle.

He was taken to the way car and Dr. Manly called, who after consultation, concluded that it was best to take him to Holly where his foot could be amputated. On the arrival of the train he was taken to the Wilkins' House, and Dr. D. W. C. Wade amputated the left foot above the ankle and set the broken right leg. The unfortunate man begged that his foot not be amputated, but it was so terribly injured that nothing else could be done.

His home was at Vernon, and his mother was telegraphed for at once and is now at his bedside. He is doing as well as can be expected considering his circumstances. He is a single man of about 26 years.

OAKLAND COUNTY POLITICS.

TWO TICKETS NOMINATED LAST WEEK.

Now the Battle is on and Candidates are Hustling.

The republicans met at Pontiac last Thursday to nominate a County Ticket. The convention was largely attended and unusually enthusiastic. The thirty precincts were all represented. Colonel S. S. Mathews was permanent chairman and Fred Wieland secretary. Colonel Mathews made a short, stirring speech of acceptance.

The following county ticket was nominated: For sheriff, John K. Judd of Waterford; county clerk, Fred Harris; register of deeds, William T. Mathews; county treasurer, Henry F. Stone; prosecuting attorney, Fred Wieland; circuit court commissioners, Frank L. Covert, George Hogle; county surveyor, Reuben Russell; coroners, C. B. Howard, Chauncey Brace.

The following delegates were chosen for the Twelfth District senatorial convention called at Rochester Tuesday, Sept. 18: E. R. Matthews, A. C. Tibball, Otis Algeo, Ora Sample, L. D. Owen, Charles Yerling, Ransom Johnson, George Hughes, Clark Crawford, W. A. Whipple, Thomas W. Powell, Silas Casswell, Alva Laird, F. N. Hilton, W. T. Matthews, Goodman Jacobs, Eugene Beach, J. B. Swazee, L. M. Dunbar, M. N. Leonard, Joseph H. Holman.

The Democratic county convention was held at Pontiac last Saturday. Judge A. C. Baldwin was elected temporary chairman and James H. Harger temporary secretary.

All of the townships excepting Groveland and Springfield were represented.

The first business was the election of delegates to the senatorial convention, and the following named gentlemen were nominated: Sherman D. Baker, of Addison; Dr. J. C. Wilson, of Avon; H. A. Poppleton, of Bloomfield; M. D. Scott, of Brandon; Geo. Kellam, of Commerce; George Lee, of Farmington; Chas. F. Collier, of Holly; William S. Siever, of Highland; Washington E. Irish, of Independence; John Speller, of Lyon; M. J. Weaver, of Milford; Myron Johnson, of Oxford; James P. Coon, of Orion; Christopher S. Voorheis, of Oakland; Stephen Reeves, John D. Norton, Arthur R. Tripp, James H. Lynch, Philander J. Walton and Ferris S. Fitch, of Pontiac.

The rules were suspended and Hiram G. Kellam was nominated by acclamation to succeed himself as sheriff. The rules were again suspended and David S. Howard, of Pontiac, the present deputy county clerk, was nominated for clerk. The nomination of register of deeds fell on Wm. W. Crippen, of Milford, on the first roll call of the townships. The rules were again suspended and James S. Gray was nominated to succeed himself as treasurer. Leroy N. Brown, of Clarkston, was then nominated on the first roll call for prosecuting attorney. For Circuit Court commissioners M. F. Lillis and George E. Beardslee, of Pontiac, were nominated to succeed themselves, Surveyor Wm. J. Fisher, of Pontiac; Coroners, E. J. Kelley, of Pontiac, and George Niles, of Troy.

THE NEW MANAGER.

Thomas King will have Charge of the H. V. & P. Co. Plant.

From the Holly Advertiser.

O. A. Steen of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived here last Friday as representative of the big concern which has leased the plant of the Holly Vinegar & Pickle Co. He is probably the best authority on the manufacture of vinegar in the United States. He remained until Monday and while here completed all arrangements necessary to carry on a successful business. He has engaged that efficient manager of the Highland Pickle factory, Thomas F. King, to take charge of this plant and all business will be carried on under his supervision. We admire Mr. Steen's good judgement in securing the services of Mr. King. He could not have done better.

The new firm will devote their whole attention this fall to the manufacture of cider vinegar and hope to buy every cider apple that is for sale with a radius of 20 miles. Another year the concern will undoubtedly branch out considerable, which will greatly benefit Holly and the surrounding country. The architect of the company was here Monday looking over the plant and will make several changes at an early date.

MEETING OF DETROIT PRESBYTERY

The Detroit Presbytery held its fall meeting at East Nankin and was opened with a sermon on Monday evening by Rev. A. Marsh of Birmingham. The society of Nankin gladdened the eyes of the Presbytery by opening to them the doors of a beautiful new sanctuary, just completed, and requesting them to dedicate the house in connection with their meeting. This service was happily performed at 10:30 on Tuesday. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe of Detroit, preached the sermon, Dr. McCorkle offered the prayer; also others participated in the exercises. The singing was of high order and all the parts amiably sustained. After this the whole congregation were invited to repair to the old church building and enjoy a lunch which the ladies of Nankin had most munificently prepared.

While this is one of the smaller churches of the Presbytery it has had during the past year a very refreshing revival rain resulting in the addition of 34 new members. A new and larger church edifice and the opening of a bright future.

Detroit Presbytery consists now of 45 ministers and 41 churches with an aggregate membership of 9,800. These churches are mostly in a prosperous and growing condition. The Sunday School membership is 2,489, and the amount contributed to benevolent objects \$35,762 and for congregational or home purposes, \$101,325.

WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Prices Clarkston Merchants are Paying for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Sept. 20, 1894.

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

WHEAT—Red, 48c; White, 50c.
BEANS—\$1.30 to \$1.40.
BARLEY—90c., to \$1.05.
OATS—30c.
RYE—43c.
VEAL—4½c.
HIDES—Green, No. 1, 3c.
LARD—10c.
TALLOW—4c.
BUTTER—Choice, 18c., to 20c.
EGGS—13c.
CHICKENS—Live, 7c., Dressed, 10c.
HOGS—Live, 5 to 5½c., Dressed, 6½ to 7c.

TURKEY'S MUSCULAR RULER.

Abdul Hamid Convinced That He Is Destined to Reign Forty Years.

The seventeenth anniversary of the accession of the sultan of Turkey to the throne has recently been celebrated in Constantinople. Abdul Hamid is said to be a man of great muscular strength, and it is asserted that, although small and slight of build, he is powerful enough to overcome the strongest of his janissaries in a trial of personal strength. He owes this to his regularity of life, the observance of the laws of health and his passion for gymnastics. He is devoted to carpentry, and his palace is furnished with a workshop in which there are many artisans, whose work is directed by the sultan himself. A considerable proportion of the furniture of the royal residence has been made from his designs, and in many cases executed by himself. Abdul Hamid has a firm conviction that he will reign for forty years, and this belief has banished all fear of disease and danger from his mind. He, however, dreads the cholera, because a dervish once prophesied that he would die of cholera morbus. This has been a source of great benefit to his subjects, as every effort is made to prevent the spread of cholera, owing to the sultan's desire to escape being attacked by it.

LIVERY!

If you want a first-class rig, either single or double, give us a call. Prices reasonable. Stage connecting with D. G. H. & M. R. R. trains leaves Clarkston as follows, standard time:

5:40 a. m. east. 2:15 p. m. east.
7:35 a. m. west. 5:00 p. m. west.
10:00 a. m. east. 7:30 p. m. east.
11:35 a. m. west. 9:40 p. m. west.

Lewis & Bower, props.

"THE GAME WORE ON."

The Evening Work Ended to the Entire Satisfaction of the Banker.

The game wore on.

The banker, who sat at the head of the table, was kept busy selling stacks of chips. The betting was heavy, and there were but two men who seemed to be winning anything.

The blue chips all came their way. It was simply a case of bullheaded luck. If a man held four kings, one of this pair would bob up with four aces or a straight flush or something of the kind and spoil all calculations. It was exasperating, but it couldn't be helped.

Meantime the two lucky players conversed cheerfully about their luck and what they intended to do with the money. "I shall," said one, "go down to a fur store and buy my wife that cape she has been wanting so long. I know it is rather late in the season, but this is an experience of a lifetime, and I don't think that it will spoil by the keeping."

"I shall," said the other, "take part of mine and get a new spring suit. With the rest of it I intend to take a trip to New York. I haven't been down there in a year, and I'm just about due for some fun."

The game continued to wear on, and the other players cursed their luck beneath their various breaths.

It came to be midnight, and 1 o'clock and 2 o'clock, and the game was still in progress. The two men were still winning. Nothing could stop them. At 3 o'clock everybody was tired, and it was decided to quit. The table in front of the two lucky men was covered with chips.

The banker pushed back his chair and said, "I am ready to settle, gentlemen."

It didn't take long to settle with the men who had not been lucky. Then it came to be the turn of the lucky ones. "How much have you got, Jim?" asked the banker.

"Three hundred and forty," replied Jim.

"And you, Bill?"

"An even 400."

The banker took a slip of paper and did some figuring. Then he dove down into one of his pockets and produced some thin white slips of paper. "Here's yours, Jim," he said, pushing two slips across the table, "and here's yours, Bill."

"What are these?" asked the two lucky men in concert.

"I. O. U.'s," the banker answered sententiously.

The two lucky men gasped. They looked at the papers and saw that the signatures were genuine. Then they tore them up and stalked out together.

"By George," said the banker, "I thought they would never get enough won to pay off those I. O. U.'s."

"What do you mean?" asked the stranger in the game.

"I mean," said the banker as he smoothed out a big wad of bills, "that it's dinged tiresome work dealing big hands to two jays like them just because they stuck you once with their paper."

And the stranger in the game saw a great light.—Buffalo Express.

ALBERT SEAMAN MARRIED.

The North Side Gazette of Detroit, Sept. 1st, says: "The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Buck, of 139 Milwaukee west, and Mr. Albert Edward Seaman, of Oregon. Miss Buck will start next Thursday, for San Francisco, Cal., where she will meet and be married to the man of her choice, then proceed to their new residence, where he has prepared a lovely home for the reception of his bride. Mr. Seaman was a former resident of Holly, going west in '90, and now a prominent young lawyer."

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of Isaac Friday, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed by the Honorable Thomas L. Patterson, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said estate, and six months from the 11th day of September A. D. 1894, having been allowed by said Judge of Probate to all persons holding claims against said estate, in which to present them to us for examination and adjustment, notice is hereby given that we will meet on the 19th day of October, 1894, and on the 11th day of March, 1896, at ten o'clock a. m. of each day at the Clarkston Exchange Bank, in the Village of Clarkston, in said county, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting such claims. EDMUND FOSTER, EARL VINCENT, Commissioners.

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan, County of Oakland, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Oakland, held at the Probate office in the City of Pontiac, on the 4th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Betsey A. Marsh, deceased.

On reading and filing the application of George W. Marsh, the executor for the examination and allowance of his final account and the settlement of the estate.

It is ordered that Monday, the 1st day of October 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 account; 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.

Present, Thomas L. Patterson Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of George Pierson, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Heman B. Pierson praying that administration of said estate may be granted to himself or some other suitable person.

It is ordered that Monday the 5th day of October next, at nine 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.

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

JAMES SLOCOM.

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 and only built a short time. For particulars enquire of JAMES SLOCOM.

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.

READ THIS.

C. W. HORTON,

PONTIAC,

MICH.

—WILL GIVE A DISCOUNT OF—

10 PER CENT

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.

F. HAMMOND,

CLARKSTON, MICH.

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES.

Books, Stationery, Toilet and Fancy Goods, Paints, Oils etc., Pure Wines, Liquors and all Druggists' and Grocers' Sundries. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.

MILLINERY.

Having just received a full line of Latest Styles in Hats and Novelties in Trimmings with prices to suit the times.

WE INVITE THE LADIES

of Clarkston and vicinity to call and look over our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

MOLLIE D. MASON.

COMING NOW.

My fall stock of Boots and Shoes are now arriving. Please call and look over my styles and get prices.

MANLEY BOWER.

DRUGS.

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

E. A. URCH,

Clarkston, Mich.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Go to Petty's Art Gallery for finest work. Portraits made in Pastel, Crayon and Water Color.

View work a specialty, at

PETTY'S Art Gallery.

I am now prepared to offer to the public a first class line of

HARDWARE

and FARM MACHINERY, at lower prices than can be obtained at any other general hardware store in the county. Gasoline, Wood and Coal Stoves at reduced prices.

Remember the place and see the bargains I offer.

Yours truly,

A. R. CARRAN,

Clarkston, Mich.