

The Clarkston Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 5.

CLARKSTON, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1894.

\$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.

E. Jossman is on the sick list.
Guy Walter of Detroit was in town Sunday.

W. D. Pettee of Pontiac was in town Tuesday.

Clarkston will have a \$200 lecture course this winter.

Mrs. Effie Buzzard of Fenton visited friends here recently.

Mrs. A. West of Corunna is the guest of John West and family.

J. Ten Eyck of Pontiac was in town Tuesday on legal business.

Lew Carran left Monday to attend Business College at Detroit.

Will Hammond spent Sunday with John Boardman and family.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Landis, Tuesday, a twelve pound girl.

Prof. Elliott and Geo. O. Kinsman of Oxford were in town Saturday.

Miss Mattie Lowery was the guest of Miss Carrie Clark over Sunday.

A. N. Kimmis, Jr., of Novi was in town last Thursday on business.

W. J. Howland of Syracuse, N. Y., visited friends near here this week.

J. E. Sanger Esq., of Pontiac was in town on legal business last Tuesday.

Dr. Robertson went to Oxford Monday to attend his grandson who is ill.

R. B. Heywood of Detroit was in town Saturday calling on old friends.

M. G. Cole of Metamora was in town and vicinity for a few days this week.

We can boast of better roads than any other town of our size in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Urch are visiting friends at Perry and other places this week.

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FORESTRY.

Daniel Thomas of Pontiac has been working up Forestry here for the past month and his efforts have been rewarded by securing some forty names of those who were willing to join the order. Consequently he came up from Pontiac last Thursday evening, a week, accompanied by Messrs Frank Carrol, Wm. Cashine, Frank Ash, Chas. Halsey, Herbert Moore, Hugh Casey and about sixty others with a band. They came by special train arriving at eight o'clock and at once proceeded to the Grange Hall where they opened their court in due form and then initiated 27 of those who had before signified a desire to become a Forester. The others will be initiated at the next meeting. The court here will be known as Court Pride of Clarkston, No. 8498, Ancient Order of Foresters of America.

The officers that were installed are as follows:—Worthy Chief Ranger, A. L. Craft; Sub. Chief Ranger, F. Yager; Financial Secretary, C. C. Dresser; Treasurer, E. D. Beardslee; Recording Secretary, J. Shaylor; Senior Woodward, J. McMahon; Junior Woodward, J. Cummins; Senior Beadle, A. Osman; Junior Beadle, Jos. Gulick; Past Chief Ranger, L. N. Brown.

The Ancient Order of Foresters of America is purely a fraternal and benevolent organization, having for its object the relief of its members by the payment of a weekly allowance in sickness, furnishing the services of a physician without extra charge and to provide for the comfort of its members when sick or in affliction also to supply a specific sum for the burial of members and members wives. In addition to the above they have an insurance feature which furnishes a life insurance at actual cost. It is all worth the investigation of every man whether he be married or single and we expect to see over a hundred members here before the first day of January next.

PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.

One of the most pleasant and successful events of the season was the parlor entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Ellis of Springfield to their many friends of that place, Clarkston and Pontiac, on Friday evening, September 22nd.

participated in the program which we give below and was carried out as follows:—
Instrumental Music, Mable Chestnutt, Recitation, A Soldier's Bride, Tenny Stafford, Recitation, A Bit of Advice, Bertha Parr, Recitation, Trials of a Small Boy, Lee Lovelock, Song, Mable Chestnutt, Recitation, Dick and I, Ina Chestnutt, Recitation, Hezekiah's Letter, Martia Davis, Recitation, Being a Man, Dr. C. J. Sutherland, Song, A Common Letter, Alpha Stafford, Dialogue, Bridget's Investment, Two Scenes, CHARACTERS:—Bridget, A Servant, Sadie Green; Mrs. Morgan, Her Employer, M. Chestnutt; Bay, A Stove Polish Vendor, Glenn Ellis; Gentleman, E. Kerton; An Agent, C. Urch.

It would be difficult to point to any particular number on the program as deserving of more mention than another, though we must say that the parts where the little children were scheduled were carried out with much credit due them.

The Ellis homestead is large and commodious and was well filled with an appreciative audience. Those in attendance will long remember the occasion as a very pleasing affair.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The following is interesting portions of a letter written by Geo. Moore to Daniel Scadding which may be of interest to our readers:—

We arrived at Thorp, our destination Wednesday, September 19th about five o'clock. To say that I am tired is saying but very little. The distance I came is 202 miles and we were nine days making the trip, an average of about 22½ miles per day. The longest drive or the greatest number of miles we made in one day was 30 and the shortest was 16 miles.

I found the roads better than I expected. We came by the way of Saginaw on account of the roads. From Clare we went to Harrison and across to Cadillac. In coming from Harrison to Cadillac we saw two bears but before I could get in shape to open fire with my big gun they disappeared. I went over to-day to take a look at our land and saw a big bear's track in the road. I had a notion to shoot at the track.

The team stood it very well. Between Harrison and Clare we had an immense hill to climb and sand about twelve inches deep. I am going to begin work on the house Saturday or Monday. We are stopping now with the man who owns the mill. He has a fine field of corn, better than any I know of near Clarkston. Yellow corn with ears a foot long, grown on an old pine chopping.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

At a meeting of the citizens of Clarkston held Wednesday evening, September 26th a permanent society known as the Clarkston Citizen's Lecture Association was organized. The program for the course is filled by the best talent obtainable which is as follows:—

Jabu DeWitt Miller, Frederic C. Lee, Elia S. Youtcheff, Heberlein Concert Co., Herbert A. Sprague and the Home Talent Concert Co.

The following officers and trustees were also chosen:—President, Rev. A. W. Wilson; Vice-president, Rev. G. H. Hudson; Manager, Prof. A. L. Craft; Treasurer, W. H. Horton. Trustees, Dr. C. J. Sutherland, A. L. Craft, D. A. Green, Mrs. Morley and Miss Nellie Smith.

A FARMER'S CLUB.

A farmer's club is being considered by a few of our citizens with fair prospects of an organization. Such a society, if properly managed, would prove very beneficial to our rural people, especially during the winter season. Why not encourage this society and let it prove a good thing for the members and community?

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The Democrats of Oakland County did the right thing when they nominated Leroy N. Brown for Prosecuting Attorney and when you hear the returns after election, you will say with us without fear of contradiction, I told you so.

MARRIED.

A quiet marriage was performed at the M. E. Parsonage of this place last Wednesday evening, September 26th by Rev. A. W. Wilson. The contracting parties were Otis M. Waters and Miss Ida McCartney of Davisburg.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The primary department has an enrollment of 62 pupils.

W. C. Petty and Sam. Jossman visited the school last Friday.

is now at Ann Arbor attending school. The Junior class now numbers twenty-two. Miss Allie Yager being the latest addition.

The Moderator and Review of Reviews are among the latest periodicals added to the reading table.

Particular attention is given to map drawing in the intermediate and primary departments this term.

Out of an enrollment of 50 in high school during the past month, 30 have neither been absent nor tardy.

Written lessons in General History and examination in Advanced Algebra were on the program for Friday p. m., this week.

For the month of September 97 per cent of enrollment in high school is the record of attendance. An excellent attendance for the first month, while the attendance in the other departments is equally as good.

FELL FROM A TREE.

Pontiac, September 25.—Frank Webb, a lad about 18 years old, went hunting squirrels with a companion yesterday afternoon. He shot a squirrel which failed to come down, so he climbed after it. When about thirty feet from the ground he lost his hold and fell, breaking his nose and injuring his back and spine severely. Help was summoned and he was brought to this city, where he lay until 9 in the evening before recovering consciousness. It is thought he may recover.

GENESEE COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Sheriff—W. A. Garner.
Clerk—Geo. W. Cook.
Pros. Atty.—Geo. G. Brown.
Treas.—John Ballentyne.
Register of Deeds—Geo. C. Paine.
Circuit Court Comrs.—H. C. Van Atta, Geo. O. Crane.
Coroners—L. N. Beagle, J. F. Rums.
Surveyor—Geo. W. Doane.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Riley Polan, Orion 29
Nellie M. Parkhurst, Flint 19
William Copeland, Pontiac 27
Jennie Whitmore, Mundy 25
William J. O'Neal, Holly 21
May Lindsay, Flint 21
Fred Bernhart, South Lyon 22
Etta Walsh, South Lyon 21
James E. Clark, Milford 28
Minnie B. Hale, Milford 28
Robert W. McPherson, South Lyon 23
Ella M. Adams, South Lyon 19
Chas. S. Scofield, St. John 46
Dorothy D. Southerland, Oxford 30
Philip Fitzpatrick, Pontiac 23
Mary O'Hare, Pontiac 22
Arthur M. Butler, Bloomfield 23
Edith M. Blue, Bloomfield 24

CIRCUIT COURT.

Big Criminal Docket—Sprague Convicted of Perjury—Eight Plead Guilty.

Pontiac Post:—“Circuit court convened Monday and began to grind on the biggest criminal docket the county has had in many years. Seventeen were arraigned before the court at one time. The business transacted up to Friday morning is as follows:

People vs. Lucien H. Cypher, plead guilty; People vs. Edgar King, plead guilty; People vs. George A. Tyler, plead guilty and dismissed on his own recognizance to appear on the first day of the next term of court. People vs. Nick Younger, plead guilty; fined \$25 and costs or 90 days in Detroit house of correction; fine paid. People vs. Joel McWethy, continued for term on application of respondent; People vs. Fred Cramer, plead guilty; People vs. John McMahon, plead guilty; People vs. Jesse Botsford, plead not guilty, bail \$500; People vs. Augustus Cross, plead not guilty, bail \$500; People vs. Lewis Livingston, plead not guilty; bail \$500. People vs. Charles Calkins, plead guilty; recognizance taken to appear on first day of next term for sentence. People vs. Martin H. Wells, plead guilty; fined \$25 and costs; fine paid. People vs. Wm. Ryan and Edwin Clark, plead not guilty; bail \$500 each. People vs. Frank Osnamer and Jennie Shields, plead not guilty; bail \$500 each. People vs. Frank Osnamer, plead not guilty; bail \$500. People vs. J. W. Bower, respited till first day of November term. People vs. John Spague, jury trial; found guilty. People vs. George Hammond, plead not guilty; recognizance taken to appear when called. People vs. Herman Bailey, continued for term. People vs. Eugene Ostrander, continued till Oct. 15. People vs. Roy Rosenbark, continued till Oct. 15. People vs. Robert Kyle, continued till Oct. 15. E. P. B. Wilder vs. Wm. N. Moule, continued on application of defendant. John Crisholm vs. M. C. R. R., continued on application of plaintiff. Esther J. Gardner, guardian of H. R. Smith vs. Charles Millard, discontinued without costs. Chas. Doty vs. George F. Hunter, continued. John E. Treat vs. Jos. Treat, stricken from docket. Cyrus A. Poirer vs. Holly Vinegar Co., discontinued on application for \$2,858.59; Oakland County Savings Bank holders of Pontiac, continued by consent. Geo. Bardwell vs. N. W. Root, continued. George Bardwell vs. Wm. and N. W. Root, continued. E. C. Poppleton, executor vs. Ams. Howland, continued. C. A. Baldwin vs. Homer Warren and C. A. Beardslee, continued. John C. Sipes vs. Edge D. Bussey, continued. City of Pontiac etc., vs. A. A. Lull, time to move for new trial extended to Monday, Oct. 8.

OAKLAND JUNY SCHOOL EXHIBIT AT THE PONTIAC FAIR.

In order that the teachers and pupils may see the Oakland County School Exhibit and visit the Fair, we have placed the fee of admission at the low sum of ten cents. This holds good for October 30th, and has been designated as cool day. Tickets may be had by applying to County Commissioner Snowde.

We trust schools will have a holiday and take this opportunity of visiting the Fair.

H. H. THATCHER, Sec'y.
H. H. SNOWDEN, Com'r.

AMOS K. CLARK PASSES AWAY.

Amos K. Clark, a resident of Fenton for the past eight years, died of heart disease at his home Friday morning. Mr. Clark was born in Monroe County, N. Y., in the year 1831, and at an early age came with his parents to Highland, Mich. At the opening of the war he enlisted in the First Mich. Cavalry Volunteers, served throughout the war. He resided several years in Waterford and Davisburg previous to removing to Fenton. A widow, three children, and three grandchildren survive him. The funeral services were held at the Highland Congregational Church Sunday afternoon, and were attended by a large number of members of Geo. A. Cluster Comm. UVU, of which organization he is an honored member.—Courier.

DETROIT CONCERN TO LOCATE AT MILFORD.

At a special election held at Milford Monday vote upon the raising of a bonus of \$30 for the Day Manufacturing Co., Detroit, to locate there, it was carried sixty-one majority.

NOTICE.

Miss Oman, music teacher, will be in Clark every Saturday. Any one desirous to take lessons, please leave word Dr. Sutherland's residence.

INDEPENDENCE

HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP AND CLARKSTON.

ONE OF THE BEST AGRICULTURAL TOWNSHIPS IN MICHIGAN.

Data that Will Prove Interesting to Our Readers.

Continued.

CIVIL ORGANIZATION.

As per proclamation of the governor, the electors of Independence assembled at the house of Arthur Davis, in April, 1837, for the purpose of holding their first town-meeting, having up to that time been connected with Pontiac township. Daniel Burrows was chosen moderator, and Arthur Davis clerk. The following list of officers were then chosen: Supervisor, Jeremiah Clark; Town Clerk, Arthur Davis; Justices of the Peace, Jeremiah Clark, Peter D. Voorheis, Thomas Johnston, William Wyckoff; Assessors, Jacob Walter, Thomas Johnston, Stephen Bishop; Commissioners of Highways, Asa Walter, Peter D. Voorheis, Joseph Tindall; Commissioners of Schools, Asa Walter, John C. H. Woodhull, Peter Gulick; Overseers of the Poor, William Stephens, Thomas Beardslee; School Inspectors, Thomas Johnston, Joseph Van Syckle, Peter Voorheis; Collector, Linus Jacox; Constables, Moses Cross, Linus Jacox, James McKinner.

At this meeting it was voted “that a lawful fence be four and one-half feet high, and sufficiently tight to turn all hogs weighing over fifty pounds.”

A bounty of five dollars was voted for every wolf-scarf, worn by a full-grown wolf, caught in the town. Marcus W. Riker was paid the first bounty for a scalp thus obtained.

On auditing the accounts on the 26th of September following, it was found that the expenses of the town had been sixty-six dollars and forty-one cents, of which amount the clerk received nearly one-fourth. The second meeting was again held at Arthur Davis, on the 10th of October, 1837, for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1837-38.

Supervisors.—Jeremiah Clark, 1837-38, 1843-44; Horace Robinson, 1840; Joseph Van Sickle, 1841; Daniel Burrows, 1842, 1848; Bildad Phillips, 1845-47; William Axford, 1849-52, 1854, 1859-60, 1868; Enos Church, 1853, 1856; Peter Voorheis, 1855; Nelson W. Clark, 1857; Charles Allen, 1858, 1862, 1863; Ezekiel Dennis, 1864-67; Orsamus Beardslee, 1869-75; Edwin G. Clark, 1873-76.

Town Clerks.—Arthur Davis, 1838-42; John Fisheloir, 1843, 1845; Cyrus O. Pool, 1844; Morris Abernathy, 1846-47; Warren N. Briggs, 1848-50; John E. Marten, 1851; John Davis, 1852; Jonas E. Amundson, 1853; Enos Church, 1854; John H. Dresser, 1855-56; Nicholas B. Smith, 1857, 1859; Jeremiah Brown, 1858; Lee Bingham, 1860-62, 1864-66; Benjamin Campbell, 1863; Moses G. Spear, 1867-68; James G. Demarest, 1869-70; John S. Fletcher, 1871-72; John H. Dresser, 1873-77.

Justices of the Peace.—William Wyckoff, 1838, 1842, 1847; Thomas Johnston, 1839; Peter D. Voorheis, 1840; William Axford, 1841, 1852; Arthur Davis, 1843, 1848; John C. H. Woodhull, 1844; Jeremiah Clark, 1845; Levi L. Totten, 1846; Enos Church, 1849, 1855; Joseph H. Linabury, 1851, 1855; Michael G. Hickey, 1853; Charles Allen, 1857; Jacob J. Young, 1858; Erasmus E. Sherwood, 1859; Morris Green, 1861; Waldo F. Wait, 1862; E. G. Clark, 1864, 1868, 1872; William Holcomb, 1865; John Dresser, 1866, 1874; Moses G. Spear, 1867; Ezekiel Dennis, 1869, 1873, 1877; John Baker, 1870; Benjamin F. Ellwood, 1871; Harvey Fleming, 1875; Howard Polhemus, 1876.

CLARKSTON VILLAGE.

Excepting a few houses at Clarkston Station, the shipping-point of Clarkston, and distant about two miles, there is no other village in the township. Clarkston is beautifully located at the head of several small lakes, and on the Clinton river. The situation is elevated, and broken by several hollows, affording splendid drainage. The general healthfulness of the place is not excelled by any other point in the county. The Clinton river divides the village into two unequal parts, the main portion being east of that stream, on high and sloping ground. South and west of the village is a chain of beautiful hills, at whose base nestle many cosy homes. The river affords water-power at this point, which has been

well-improved, and the place is noted for its excellent mills, and as being a fine trading-point. There are many neat and pleasant homes in the village, and the entire place presents a prosperous appearance. The population of the village is about five hundred.

The first house erected within the bounds of Clarkston was the cedar-pole shanty of Linus Jacox, in 1830. It remained as built for several years, and was the home of nearly every family coming into the country until a new home could be provided.

Butler Holcomb built the second house in 1832. The first saw-mill was built by Holcomb, the same year. In 1838 he sold his interests to Jeremiah and Wilson W. Clark, who at once began to build a grist-mill. The place now began to improve, and was called Clarkston a few years later.

In 1842 the Clark brothers platted a tract of land on section 20 for a village, and gave it the above name. Additions were made to this plat in 1854 by M. G. Cobb, and in 1858 by John Derrick. Further additions were made by William Holcomb and N. W. Clark.

About 1838, William and John Axford erected a shanty, hastily making a clearing by cutting away the brush and young trees, and put in a stock of goods, which was the first store at Clarkston. Soon after the Axford brothers built a frame house for a store-room. This building is now used for a dwelling.

Nelson Rundel had the first wagon-shop, in a small frame building, about 1840, where he worked at his trade about six years.

William S. Blake was the first to engage in shoemaking. His work was fair and square, and Mr. Blake lived here many years, highly respected for his good qualities and worth as a citizen.

Horace Foster opened the first harness-shop. He kept a fine grade of goods, and did a fair business.

In 1840, John Hertwig, a German, built a small frame house on the present site of the Johnson House, where he opened a tailor-shop, working at that trade several years. Hertwig abandoned the tailor's goose in 1842 to open a tavern, being among the first to accommodate the traveling public. John H. Pratt having had, perhaps, a public-house, for a little while, a short time previous. Hertwig conducted the business several years, the building was enlarged, and was engaged, and Jacob Walter succeeded as host. Other keepers were John H. Dresser, Wood Brothers, N. E. Denell, John Campbell, and David Johnson.

The Demarest House was erected in 1872, by J. G. Demarest. The legal profession was represented in 1843 by Cyrus O. Pool, who opened an office at Clarkston, and practiced law several years. He is now attorney in Brooklyn, New York. The present capable lawyer is Leroy N. Brown.

The sick were first healed by Dr. Samuel C. Allen, who practiced medicine at Clarkston about ten years. Dr. Nelson Abbey located here about 1845. He was an excellent physician, having an extensive practice, and remained here until his death, in 1873. There was also Dr. Robinson, who practiced in the township, living at the time of his death at Clarkston. His death was invested with a tragic interest. It appears that he had gone into the woods to hunt wild turkeys, adorning his cap with the feathers of that fowl, and using a decoy whistle to tempt their near approach. Thus arrayed, he hid himself in a cluster of bushes and used his whistle. Another hunter hearing this approached, and seeing the feathers in the bushes, mistook them for a turkey, fired, and mortally wounded the doctor.

Continued Next Week.

NOTICE.

The undersigned District Board of School District No. 6 in the township of Independence will sell by sealed proposals, the contract to furnish all necessary material on the ground and build a school-house, according to plan and specifications now on file with the said board, to the lowest responsible bidder at the office of the Director on Wednesday the 10th day of October, 1894 at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time and place said proposals will be considered and contract awarded. The District Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated at Clarkston this 24th day of September, A. D., 1894.

J. SHEMILT, Director.

S. D. POOLE, Moderator.

P. S. HILL, Assessor.

Subscribe for the Clarkston Advertiser.

The Clarkston Advertiser.

CLARKSTON, MICH.

JAMES SLOCUM, Proprietor.

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

MURDER labeled as politics has had its day. Civilized mankind will have no more of it.

THEY have a good way of detecting Japanese spies in China. They behead all Japanese found in the country.

"HELLO, Bingley, how did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?" "Oh, easy enough; he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes."

A MAGAZINE editor complains of a scarcity of good poetry. There is a popular impression among readers that the average magazine editor doesn't know good poetry when he sees it.

THE new dam at Holyoke, Mass., will be a remarkable feat of hydraulic engineering. It will be of stone and built for all time. It will be 1,020 feet long and will cost a million dollars—nearly a thousand dollars per lineal foot.

A PHYSICIAN who died lately in Glasgow, Scotland, left his entire fortune to his wife who had endeared herself to him by leaving him three months after marriage "to a peaceful and quiet life." A peculiar and eminently Scotch manifestation of gratitude.

MANY of the self-made men have been uneducated, but all of the best of them would have been if they could. For a man to imagine that he will stand more chance of becoming great by neglecting his education is like seeking to be like Horace Greely by imitating that great man's wretched penmanship.

"THE Chicagoan, loud and loyal, God bless him!" rapturously exclaims Eugene Field in a mingled burst of pride and piety. While the Chicagoan certainly merits recognition, whether it be bestowed in the form of a blessing or the other thing is a question concerning which opposing views will naturally be taken.

SLEEPLESSNESS in people who work hard, and especially in brain-workers, is often due to their working up to late bedtime. They are by allowing an interval of ease and repose, between sleep and ceasing to work. A little supper will often aid in this, and a walk in the open air before going to bed is also a good receipt for inducing sleep and promoting health.

THIS is the kind of 16-year-old girls they have in St. Joe: Grace Dolan, only 16, has graduated in a school of embalming. She will go to St. Louis to take a position in an undertaking establishment. She is the youngest embalmer in the United States, and is in love with her profession. Think of a 16-year-old girl looking at you as if she was estimating how much embalming fluid you would hold without running over! Ugh!

At the annual meeting of the Society of Inspectors of Weights and Measures of Great Britain, held in London recently, resolutions were adopted praying the government to consider the adoption of the metric system. It will be like vanquishing chaos or pulling eye teeth to bring about a reform. The greatest absurdities in measuring and weighing in the world are at present maintained in Great Britain, and certainly legislation was needed long ago.

ONE of the most promising settlements of Central Africa is Livingstonia, named after the famous Scotch explorer, and composed mainly of Scotch emigrants. Its leading station is Blantyre, which will be made the central point of the telegraph line from the Cape to Cairo. A large training and missionary institution will be erected there, mainly through the effort of Glasgow societies. It is gratifying to know that the name of Livingstonia will be preserved on the map of Africa by a large and fertile territorial division.

LONDON DAILY NEWS: What may be the shortcoming of the House of Lords as a political institution, it pays its way. In the last financial year it earned over £25,000 in fees on private bills and judicial proceedings. There is also an item of £126 13 shillings, being fees paid on the introduction of peers. Against this stands a charge of £32 10 shillings, fees due to garter-king-of-arms. It is interesting to note that before the sum was paid over, income tax

amounting to 18 shillings 11 pence was rigorously subtracted.

THE ex-champion of the pugilistic world and bright particular star of the coterie of actors graduated from the ring continues at much too frequent intervals to fight a few rounds with that eminent shoulder-bitter, Mr. John Barleycorn, and to get neatly knocked out every time. It is said that certain Roman Emperors of old forbade their gladiators, under penalty of death, even to touch wine, as they held that men of strength and skill never should put themselves in a condition in which meaner foes might overcome them. Roman history would do you more good than Roman punch, John L. Take a course of it.

ONE of the nuisances of living is being confronted every few hours with an agent of some kind, who insists upon selling you something you do not want. As a rule, the agent will not take your statement that you are busy, and you are compelled to give so much time to getting rid of him. Most of these agents are amateurs who have answered advertisements offering \$50 a day, and they waste their own time as well as yours, for not one in twenty makes a success of the agent business; they pay \$2 for an outfit, and quit in disgust after bothering a good many people. The agent no doubt has a very hard time of it, too; we can think of nothing more dreadful than being snubbed and insulted all day by people who are tired of seeing agents. People should finally understand that there is very little money in the agency business, and that only a few can succeed at it.

It is not always a pleasure to be embraced by a young woman, according to a dispatch in a morning paper. It all depends on the circumstances. She may be pretty, a charming conversationalist, and the possessor of a sweet voice, and yet positively annoy a man by embracing him at an inopportune moment. She may be earnest—even fervent—in her demonstration, and yet make a man positively dissatisfied with her embrace. We take it for granted that Marguerite Lange of New York, is pretty, although the dispatch does not definitely say so. Heroines are always pretty, and Marguerite is something of a heroine. She embraced a young man in a room in her employer's house and sang into his ear. Yet he did not appreciate the luxury of it. Instead, he objected to the demonstration, and, not without some reason, he pointed out some of the disadvantages of the view. The Marguerite song was heard by a woman on the beat and he promptly rocked the young man up. The charge against him is burglary.

MANY years ago, when "Indian summer" was a tolerably well defined season of the year, there were plenty of philosophers who advocated the idea that the haziness of the atmosphere could be due to prairie fires, even as Smoke Inspector Adams of Chicago, scouted the idea that the recent haziness could have been due to forest fires. They insisted that the fires could not produce smoke enough to cause the haziness. Rejecting the evidence of their noses as well as their eyes, they would have it that some mysterious and occult cause was at work. In process of time civilization put an end to prairie fires almost entirely, and at the same time it put an end to Indian summer haze. So it will be when civilization puts an end to forest fires. It is a matter of common observation that when there are no fires there is no haze, and when there are extensive fires there is haze. If the eruption of a volcano can produce visible effects in the atmosphere on the opposite side of the globe great forest fires can produce such effects over very wide areas. Some minds can never be satisfied with the plain and obvious causes of things. They are too hazy.

Bore Fruit Over 250 Years.
There are numerous very old apple trees still bearing in Maine, but the historians tell us that Maine's first apple tree now reposes in Mr. Edward D. Young's barn in the ancient town of York, as dead as the city, which was to have been built there. It is supposed to have been brought from England in a tub in 1629 and set in the soil of this historical borough, where it bore fruit for over 250 years.—Lewistown Journal.

Pauperism in England.
Pauperism has greatly declined in England since 1871. The proportion of child paupers has changed from 5 to 2.3 per cent, that of the able-bodied from 1.4 to .5 per cent, and that of the old paupers (above 60) from 21.5 to 13.7 per cent of the population of the several ages. Since 1858 the paupers who are not able-bodied have decreased not only relatively, but absolutely, by 30,000.—New York Sun.

AFTER a man's children are grown, nobody kisses him until he has grand-children.

EASTERN.

By a compromise, in which men yielded their opposition to the minimum scale of wages and the contractors conceded the demands as to other points, the strike of cloakmakers at Newark, N. J., has been settled.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT has ordered the famous marble palace at Newport put in order for occupancy. This is believed to be for the purpose of establishing the statutory residence necessary to divorce proceedings.

NEARLY all the members of Company H, Ninth Pennsylvania National Guard, who have returned from Wilkes-Barre, are down with typhoid fever in its worst form, the effect of drinking polluted water at the Gettysburg Encampment.

ACTING upon the instructions of the Clothing Trades Council, No. 2, the garment-makers of Boston to the number of 2,000 struck work. It is expected that there will not be a clothing contractor able to continue business and that 3,500 operatives will be idle. This action is the result of the refusal of a number of contractors to concede to the demands of the union for the abolishment of the "umping" and "sweating" systems and the introduction of a weekly wage system. The operatives are also desirous of establishing a working day of nine hours, with fixed wages.

ON Wall street Tuesday whisky trust certificates sold at 9 cents per share, the lowest price on record. The resignation of Nelson Morris as a director was regarded as an interest incident, but opinions differed as to what it indicated. He has been regarded as the chief spirit in the manipulation of the certificates on the Stock Exchange. A banker said: "Mr. Morris' resignation will be a benefit to the company. He holds a few hundred thousand of the million dollars in bonds issued by the company. The interest on these bonds is not due until December. The company now has \$250,000 in bank in Peoria, so that the payment of this interest is practically assured." There was some disposition on the other side, however, to look upon his resignation as indicative of coming disaster. Mr. Morris was in Wall street, but could not be seen. It is said he intends to sail for Europe. President Greenbush of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding Company received at Peoria the resignation of Nelson Morris, a Chicagoan, who has been a member of the Board of Directors ever since the formation of the company. Mr. Greenbush did not discuss the resignation, and stated that Mr. Morris assigned no reason for his action. At headquarters all knowledge of the cause of the heavy decline in the stock of the company was denied.

WESTERN.

J. W. STANEGELS, a civil engineer at Portland, Ore., shot and killed Mrs. Mabel Colvin, with whom he was infatuated, and then blew out his own brains.

FIVE students of the Indiana State Normal School, to whom the Board of Trustees refused diplomas last year, will bring suit to compel the board to grant them.

MRS. ANNA ROGERS, a sister of John A. Logan, advocate of morphine, is taken ill. It is generally believed, with suicidal intent.

MISS NETTIE FARLOW, a Chicago girl, eloped from Indianapolis with a young man named Michael Berry, who, it develops, is a horse-thief and all-round swindler.

AT Nevada, Mo., William Mossbarger, aged 90 years, an Adventist minister, while shingling a house, slipped and fell fifteen feet, injuring himself internally, so that he will die.

ADA JONES, a young society woman of Seymour, Ind., after a short interview with her lover, in which their marriage was declared off, procured a revolver and shot herself dead.

THE war between the sheep and cattle men in Garfield County, Colorado, has been ended by the sheepmen paying all their stock to Eastern markets, leaving the country free to the cattle men.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND persons yelled themselves hoarse Wednesday afternoon at Galesburg, Ill., when the great trotting queen Alix beat the wire record by coming under the wire in 2:03. It was a noble performance from start to finish, justifying Williams' boast about the fastness of his new track and Morris Jones' assertion about the ability of Alix to beat the world's record.

ELIAS A. M. WATSON, a colored postal clerk at Chicago, was on Monday caught in the act of stealing currency from letters. When searched for \$10 in currency was found upon his person, and many more were afterwards achieved a national reputation for honesty, by restoring to its owner a package containing \$90,000 in currency, which had been lost. At another time he found and restored a pocketbook containing \$500. His seems to have been a case of "pernicious evolution."

ALL records for long-distance heliograph signaling have been broken by the United States Army Signal Corps, a message having been sent by sun flashes from Mount Uncomahgre, Colo., to Mount Ellen, Utah, a distance of 183 miles, by Captain Glassford, chief signal officer, United States Army, Department of Colorado, and his assistant. The best former record was 105 miles used in transmitting the message, which was read by the signal corps on Mount Ellen, in Utah, then flashed by heliograph 90 miles to Thompson's, Utah, and from there sent by telegraph to Washington.

MURRAY NELSON, President Chicago National Elevator and Dock Company, and one of the oldest and best known members of the Board of Trade, was suspended for an indefinite period by the Board of Directors at their regular weekly meeting on Tuesday afternoon. J. B. Wayman, Secretary and Treasurer of the company, was also suspended for three days. The action of the board is suspending for a prominent member, and for an indefinite time, creating great surprise in Board of Trade circles. The specific charge against Nelson was "an act of bad faith and dishonorable conduct" in failing to re-

duce elevator storage rates after he had executed a written agreement to do so.

A PEORIA, Ill., dispatch is authority for the statement that it is the belief of those who know something of the inside workings of the whisky trust that a crisis is rapidly approaching and that some of its officers would not care much if it were thrown into the hands of a receiver. This belief is heightened by the presence there of the officers of the American Distributing Company, of New York, who have come to make an investigation of the safety of the rebate vouchers. They have been in consultation with Sam Woolner, whose new distillery, the largest in the world, will be ready for operation next month, and which alone can supply all the demand in the present condition of the trade. It is possible, the dispatch says, that a deal may be made with him and the trust left out.

SOUTHERN.

THE dwelling of Marshall Corey, near Owensville, Ky., was struck by lightning, and Corey, his wife and 18-year-old daughter were killed.

EARLY in October a steamship load of negroes from New Orleans, Birmingham, Mobile, and other points in the South will migrate to Liberia.

INDICTMENTS for violations of the anti-trust law have been returned to the grand jury at Waco, Texas, against representatives of various cotton-seed and oil mills.

THOMAS MOSES, who lives in McDowell County, W. Va., was shot by Gus Nida, a neighbor, and instantly killed. Nida then went home and shot his wife. She cannot recover. Jealousy was the cause.

COL. BRECKINRIDGE issued a statement at Lexington regarding the situation in the Ashland district. His position is that there is no doubt as to his nomination, but he agrees to abide by the decision of the district committee in whose hands the matter rests. The document is particularly severe on certain clergymen and "purists," as he calls them.

WASHINGTON.

THE most fatal fire of recent years in Washington was the burning of the mattress factory of Stumph & Brothers Monday. Four bodies are at the morgue, charred and crushed beyond recognition. One man is dead at the hospital, three injured men are at the hospital, and there may be others buried under the ruins, as four of the workmen are unaccounted for.

GENERAL orders just issued by the War Department make more extensive transfers of troops than have been made since the war. Fort Sheridan retains the Fifteenth Infantry until next spring. Four troops of the Third Cavalry go to the new post Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont; four troops of the Third Cavalry go to Washington, and the post of Mackinac Island is to be abandoned. The general shaking up will occur on Oct. 1.

POLITICAL.

letter to Mrs. Alice A. Abbott, chairman of the Women's Illinois Republican Committee, in which she urges Illinois women to vote.

BIKES were used with great success in Louisville Tuesday to bring in returns of the primary elections. Reports from country precincts were brought in by picked riders in fast time.

NEW YORK Republicans, in State convention at Saratoga Tuesday, named the following ticket:

Governor.....Levi P. Morton
Lieutenant Governor.....Charles L. Saxton
Judge Court of Appeals.....Albert Haicht
CONNECTICUT Republicans nominated the following ticket Wednesday at Hartford: Governor, O. V. Coffin; Lieutenant Governor, L. A. Cooke; Secretary of State, W. A. Mowray; Treasurer, George W. Hodge; Controller, Benjamin P. Mead.

CONGRESSIONAL nominations: Fourth Iowa District, S. A. Alles, Democrat; Fourth Nebraska, S. S. Alley, Democrat; Eighth Pennsylvania, W. S. Kirkpatrick, Republican; Twenty-first Pennsylvania, W. M. Fairman, Democrat; Twenty-seventh New York, Charles H. Perkins, Prohibitionist.

THE simultaneous appearance in Boston and New York newspapers of an article ingeniously urging the availability of Senator Hill as a candidate for the Presidency is accepted by the political managers of both parties in Washington as a clever move on the part of the Senator to sound Democratic sentiment on the chances of his success.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention at Columbus, Wednesday, nominated the following ticket: Governor, Milton Turner; Lieutenant Governor, James D. Emmonson; Secretary of State, H. B. Kaffer; School Commissioner, Dr. J. A. Leach. The convention declared for the free coinage of silver at the 16 to 1 ratio, endorsed the Cleveland administration, adopted a plank favoring the nomination of United States Senators by the State conventions, and developed a strong opposition to Senator Brice.

SENATOR JOHN P. JONES, of Nevada, has been requested by the Republican State Central Committee to resign his seat in the United States Senate, which he was elected by Republicans. This request is made in a long letter drafted by Chairman Trenor Coffin, and approved by the State Central Committee. The letter exhaustively reviews Senator Jones' letter to the former chairman of the committee, Enoch Strother, in which Jones announced that he has left the Republican party to join the Populists, and severely criticizes his course of action.

FOREIGN.

SHANGHAI advises say an imperial edict has been issued depriving Viceroy Li Hung Chang of his three-eyed peacock feather because of his mismanagement of the Korean campaign. Taotai Sheng, it is reported, is intriguing against Li Hung Chang through the Emperor's favorite teacher. Reinforcements for the Chinese troops to the number of 50,000 are said to be between Ping Yang and Yalu.

JAPAN is in practical possession of Korea. It has routed the Chinese army

in the first big land engagement that has taken place, and routed it so thoroughly that China will be powerless until she can send another army to Korea. The Chinese losses, according to a dispatch received from Seoul, are placed at 16,000 killed, while the Japanese only lost thirty killed and 270 wounded. The entire Chinese army—at least what was left of it—was put to rout and scattered in every direction, leaving no large organized Chinese force on Korean soil. As far as China is concerned she is in the position of having to begin the war all over again and under much more disadvantageous conditions than when she first sent troops to Korea. The Japanese are not only in possession, but they are flushed with success and have every opportunity for strengthening their position.

DISPATCHES received from Shanghai state that the total number of the Chinese fleet engaged in the battle fought off the mouth of the Yalu River was twelve warships, and four torpedo boats. The Japanese fleet, it is added, was composed of seventeen ships, most of which were small war vessels. The Chinese claim to have sunk the Japanese warships Abushima and Yokosuka and a Japanese transport which had been converted into a cruiser and named the Saiko. It is reported that the Chinese transport Toonan was sunk after she had landed her troops; but this is thought to be probably incorrect. An official dispatch received in Tokyo from the headquarters of the Japanese fleet says that the latter met eleven Chinese warships and six torpedo boats thirty-five miles north-east of Hai Yang Tiao, and the result that four of the Chinese ships were sunk and one burned. The dispatch adds that the Japanese fleet sustained no damage. The particular received in regard to the battle of Ping Yang show that the Japanese lost only about eleven officers wounded and 200 soldiers killed. The Japanese army is marching on W. u. Neither the Chinese nor Japanese Legation at Washington has received any advice as to the great naval engagement off Yalu. The Chinese Minister declines to discuss the recent battles or any phase of the war. In response to an inquiry he sent word that no advice had been received and that he was very busy. Field Marshal Count Yamagata, commanding the forces in Korea, is marching with 15,000 troops on Moukden from the southeast. The treasure capture at Ping Yang amounted to \$3,000,000.

IN GENERAL.

THE Continental Match Company, an opposition to the trust, has been organized with Edwin F. Gould as President.

W. C. COUP, the circus man, wishes it understood that he is in no way connected with the W. C. Coup under arrest at Shelbyville, Ind., charged with counterfeiting.

THE clubs of the National and Western Leagues stand as follows in the championship race:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.					
W. L.		Per		W. L.	
Baltimore	34	37	64	Pittsburg	50
New York	32	42	61	Chicago	44
Boston	79	45	37	Cincinnati	40
Phil'delphia	51	57	57	St. Louis	31
Brocklyn	58	56	54	Washington	44
WESTERN LEAGUE.					
W. L.		Per		W. L.	
St. Paul	73	41	58	Gr'd Rapids	59
Kansas City	65	59	58	Indianapolis	58
Toledo	64	55	53	Detroit	53
Minne'polis	62	59	42	Milwaukee	48

The New York World has published a detailed statement from hundreds of Western towns, showing a heavy shortage in the corn crop. The World says: The biggest crop raised by a single country is Indian corn, and the United States is the country that raises it. In a good year the United States produces 2,500,000 bushels of this staple, and has produced more. At the average market price this country is worth \$100,000,000, or about ten times as much as the gold production of the whole world for a year.

The reports cover the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota. The Government report makes the yield this year 1,100,000,000 bushels, but this is too low. These reports indicate about two-thirds of an average crop, or in the neighborhood of 1,500,000,000 bushels. The greatest reduction has been in the States west of the Mississippi, and their loss has been heavy. Kansas, which raises more than 150,000,000 bushels in a good year, reports only 42,000,000 bushels. But the States east of the Mississippi River, where rain is a more certain quantity, bring up the average.

MARKET REPORTS.

CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Common to Prime.....	\$3 75	60
HOGS—Shipping Grades.....	4 00	60
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	2 00	60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	53	60
CORN—No. 2.....	34	60
OATS—No. 2.....	24	60
RYE—No. 2.....	45	60
BUTTER—Choice Creamery.....	24	60
EGGS—Fresh.....	15	60
POTATOES—New, per bu.....	75	60
INDIANAPOLIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping.....	3 00	60
HOGS—Choice Light.....	4 00	60
SHEEP—Common to Prime.....	2 00	60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	54	60
CORN—No. 2 White.....	50	60
OATS—No. 2 White.....	32	60
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE.....	3 00	60
HOGS.....	3 00	60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	50	60
CORN—No. 2.....	34	60
OATS—No. 2.....	30	60
RYE—No. 2.....	47	60
CINCINNATI.		
CATTLE.....	3 50	60
HOGS.....	2 00	60
SHEEP.....	2 00	60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	52	60
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	48	60
OATS—No. 2.....	25	60
RYE—No. 2.....	50	60
DETROIT.		
CATTLE.....	2 10	60
HOGS.....	2 00	60
SHEEP.....	2 00	60
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	65	60
CORN—No. 2 Yellow.....	33	60
OATS—No. 2.....	33	60
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	53	60
HOGS—No. 2 Yellow.....	53	60
OATS—No. 2.....	32	60
RYE—No. 2.....	56	60
BUFFALO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White.....	58	60
CORN—No. 2 Red.....	56	60
CORN—No. 2 Yellow.....	35	60
OATS—No. 2.....	35	60
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	54	60
CORN—No. 2.....	34	60
OATS—No. 2 White.....	32	60
BARLEY—No. 2.....	32	60
RYE—No. 1.....	42	60
PORK—Cure.....	14 00	60
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE.....	3 00	60
HOGS.....	3 00	60
SHEEP.....	2 50	60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	58	60
CORN—No. 2.....	34	60
OATS—Mixed Western.....	25	60
BUTTER—Creamery.....	34	60
EGGS—State.....	15	60

HER ANSWER.

All day long she held my question
In her hand,
Shunned my eyes that craved an answer,
Moved apart;
Touched my hand in good-night greeting,
And then
Should I leave it—morrow? early?
Then again!
While her head in firewell courteous,
Onward passed,
Still I waited, still I listened;
All my soul
Trembled in the eyes that watched her
As she stole
Up the stairs with measured footsteps.
But she turned
Where a lamp in braven bracket
Brightly burned,
Showed me all the glowing tapers
Of her hair,
Veiled her eyes in violet shadows—
Glimmered with
Curved her mouth in soft compliance
As she bent
Toward me on the dusky railing
Where she leaned.
Ah, my love! "One white hand wanders
To her hair."
Slowly lifts the rose that nestles
Softly there.
Breathes she in its heart my answer,
Shyly sweet,
And Love's measure flutters
To my feet.
—Belgravia.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A group of miners stood near the floor of the hotel in Bison, Montana, and waited for the stage to arrive. Only idle curiosity moved them, for none expected friends or letters, as few came in those early days. The stage finally swung into sight, and stopped squarely in front of the King's House.

A woman stepped down, and a baby girl of perhaps a year was handed to her. From beneath the soft wrappings a pale, delicately-featured face was visible to the lounging miners, and a pair of great blue eyes looked wistfully from one bearded face to another.

"I don't see papa," she said, looking round for a second time.

"No, dear, but we will find him by-and-by," replied the mother, as she carried her tenderly into the rough hotel.

"Can anyone tell me where my husband is? I am Mrs. Williams. Will you please tell him I am here?" she inquired, turning to the men who had gathered at the door.

"Yes'm," said one. "I'll go and tell him," and he immediately hurried down to the wash where a number of miners were working.

"Say, boys, here's a fine muddle. Just as that Williams goes an' steals horses and gets ready to swing for it, here comes along his wife and baby askin' fer him. Who's goin' to tell her?—I ain't."

The miners stopped working and gathered 'round the speaker.

"He's a little mite of a woman, and the baby girl is sick or something, for she looks mighty pinched like."

"Th' ain't but one thing to do, as I can see," said Dan Howard, sticking his spade deep in the sand and resting his hands on the top. "Jest you go back and tell her he has gone to another camp and we'll send a man after him. Look out that none of the boys get to talking about the hangin' where she can hear them."

And the rest of us will jump into the saddle and take a run over there to Spring Ledge and bring him home. I'll take lively work if we get there in time."

The messenger returned to the hotel and delivered the word, and ten minutes later a dozen miners, heavily armed, dashed away with their horses on the run for Spring Ledge.

"What strikes my gizzard, is her havin' a sick baby along with her. I can stand anything but that. A woman can get along here some way or other. But we can manage things all right if we once lay hands on Williams there'd be no hangin'."

Dick Williams had been popular among his fellow-miners in the little camp, and every man in the party stood ready to fight, if necessary. It was not spoken of, yet each one knew that if Williams was rescued it would mean business, and they were all prepared.

The horses were getting well tired, and were urged forward by impatient hands, until a faint spiral of smoke showed they were nearing the Ledge. The men leaned closer in their saddles, and strained their eyes in an effort to catch the first signs of commotion in the camp. They did not slacken pace as they dashed up the rocky trail until they were in the midst of the heterogeneous collection of domiciles which dignified the mountain-spr into the name of Spring Ledge.

They asked no questions, for at a glance they comprehended that their ride was of no avail. There was a small knot of men yet lingering under a stunted pine tree. A dark form dangled in the shadows. They were too late.

It was an easy thing to obtain permission to take down the body, as it saved the expense of burial by the Spring Ledge people. So, after resting their horses, they carried it back with them to Bison, making a circuitous route around the hotel, and laying the body on the bed in one of the shanties.

A consultation was held, and not a man could be found who would break the news to the widow. Dan Howard was selected, but he shook his head dolefully. "No, boys, I ain't no good in talkin' to wimmin folks. If I can't, I'll tell her, and if I can't, I'll say he left camp, and nobody knows where he went."

After going into the cabin, and straightening out the dead man to look as comfortable as possible, the rough miner made a careful toilet, and went up to the hotel. He found Mrs. Williams sitting by the window, holding the little one in her arms.

"Did you find my papa?" questioned the child, brightening up and holding out a white little hand towards the miner.

Howard went over and took the outstretched hand in his own rough palm.

"No, baby, I didn't find your papa," he said, feeling ill at ease as the

widow's eager glance rested on his face. Addressing himself to Mrs. Williams, he continued: "You see, ma'am, when the man got to Spring Ledge he found Mr. Williams had just left, and nobody knew where he had gone."

He was telling the truth, but it was rather a twisted sort of affair.

"I felt so sure of finding Mr. Williams here, or I shouldn't have started. Etta has not been well since last winter, and I thought that bringing her to the mountains might break up her cough. He surely left some word here before he went to Spring Ledge, did he not? I cannot quite understand what should have taken him to that place. Do you think he will return soon?" asked Mrs. Williams, looking up with her eyes filled with tears of disappointment.

"I couldn't say, ma'am. He might, or he might not. These prospectin' trips last a long while sometimes." There came to his mind the quiet of the shanty, with the dead man lying within.

"He will be back soon, I know. It wouldn't do for me to think anything else," she said, rising quickly and putting the little girl down in the chair. She went out of the room, and as the door closed Howard thought he heard her break down weeping.

"Did mamma cry?" asked the child.

"No, I guess not," replied Howard, drawing a chair to the window. "Will you talk to me and tell me your name?"

"My name is Henrietta Eloise Williams," she answered simply. "Have you any little girls, and do you love them very much, like my papa does?"

"No, I have no little girls or boys either," Howard's voice had a ring of sadness in it, which the child quickly noticed. He was thinking of the dead man again.

"Then I am sorry for you, and I'll kiss and love you until my own papa comes."

She climbed over into the miner's lap and put her tiny, white hands around his neck. Putting up her sweet lips she kissed the miner again and again, until he turned his head away to brush the fast falling tears from his cheeks.

"What makes you cry?" she asked, turning his face around and holding it between her hands. "Don't you want me to love you?"

"Yes, yes, I do. I was sorry 'cause your father ain't coming—to-night. I am going home now."

So he lifted her from his knees and went out.

Dan Howard spent the night at the shanty, and in the morning the body of Dick Williams was taken out and buried in the shadow of a big rock not far from camp.

Mrs. Williams seemed quite disheartened, but after a few days she spoke quite cheerfully of her husband's return. Her time was partly taken up by the little daughter, and in odd moments she devoted herself to bits of sewing, which Dan Howard brought for her to do for the miners. (He came often, and a firm friendship grew between him and the frail child. Etta was very fond of him and watched for his coming, for as she grew stronger he took her in his arms and carried her on short excursions round the camp.)

One day she sat silent for a long time, and then turned to the miner and said: "Uncle Dan, what would you do if you was to die?"

"I don't know, little one. I never thought much of dyin'."

"Well, I'd keam, and keam, and and ke-a-m!" (meaning scream.)

Then she stopped a minute and added: "No, I wouldn't, 'cause you'd be in such a nice place."

Her mother had never told her that there was a place called hell, and so she thought of death as a surety of going to a beautiful heaven.

On one of these rambles he carried Etta with him out to that lone grave where her father lay, and told her a man was buried there.

"No," she cried, correcting him, "it's his bed, and the people didn't make it nice for him. Mamma used to take me to see baby Tommy's little bed, and it had pretty white flowers on it, and we carried more and covered it all over and made it all nice. Then we ain't afraid to die and wake up in heaven when we know that our mamma will make the bed we sleep in so pretty and white. Why didn't the people make this man's bed nice for him? Was he a bad man and they didn't love him?"

"Not so very bad," answered Howard, pulling a dead branch from across the mound.

"Then I'll put some flowers on it," she said, gathering what flowers were near and laying them gently on the neglected grave. She was too weak to walk much, and so the big-hearted miner brought her the bunches while she knelt down and arranged them.

It was a beautiful picture—the child by the neglected sleeping-place of the dead, with her sweet face softened by a sympathy as earnest as a woman's as she bent over her work. To Howard she seemed an angel, comforting others and not knowing her own loss. When he had brought the last handful of mountain flowers he lifted her on his lap and sat down by the grave, now covered with green leaves and flowers.

"Do you know that the man who is asleep here had a little girl just about as big as you?" Sometimes I feel so sorry for her," said Howard, stroking her soft hair and drawing her close in his arms.

"So do I," she replied. After a pause she raised her eyes slowly from the grave and looked up in the face above hers. "Ain't nice that I came here and put the flowers on his bed? Maybe he will think it is his own little girl."

The simple manner in which it was said touched Howard's heart, and

putting both hands to his face he broke down completely.

"What is the matter, Uncle Dan? Are you crying 'cause you are afraid to die and be asleep in the ground?" she asked, and having no answer she tried to comfort him. Pulling down his hands she looked up earnestly, and said, "If you was to go asleep I wouldn't let your bed be bad looking. I'd come and make it nice with pretty flowers, because I love you. Now, don't cry any more."

Howard took her up tenderly and carried her back to her mother. It was the last excursion they made together.

The cough became more pronounced, and Etta grew weak very rapidly as the cold weather approached. At last her mother sat by the bedside and saw the breath flutter feebly from her sweet baby lips.

"Tell Uncle Dan I'm going to sleep, and—wake—up—"

The little hand grew very still and the mother wept—alone.

Etta had awakened in Heaven.

When Dan Howard came to the hotel to ask about his baby friend, he was led into the room where she lay. As they drew back the folds of lace that Mrs. Williams had laid about the sleeping child, he placed one trembling hand on the dampened curls, and sank heavily to the floor. He had come to look at her dear little face just once, and then go away. They left him by the dead baby he loved as his own, and in the morning he was carried to his cabin and laid on the bed. It was weeks before he recovered enough to know his friends.

Mrs. Williams goes often to a little grave and finds fresh flowers on it. She never knows why a bunch of mountain flowers and green leaves is placed in the otherwise neglected grave a few yards away, where a man was buried the day after she came to the camp.—Yankee Blade.

WASHINGTON IRVING TO POE.

A Letter Full of Genial Criticism and Friendly Council.

Poe had through life the habit of sending his better tales and poems to distinguished literary men, and soliciting their attention, writes Prof. George E. Woodberry in the Century, in presenting some of Poe's unpublished correspondence, relating to his residence in Philadelphia.

He kept the replies, and was thus enabled to append to Hirst's biography of him in the Philadelphia "Saturday Museum" a long list of encomiums, in addition to such as had been publicly made. The following letter from Washington Irving was written in acknowledgment of William Wilson, which had followed the "House of Usher," as a means of introduction, and the substance of it, much altered and somewhat garbled, appeared in the list referred to, and affords a striking instance of how Poe dealt with such correspondence.

NEWBURGH, November 6, 1839.

DEAR SIR: The magazine you were so kind as to send me, being directed to New York, instead of Haverlow, did not reach me as some time. This is the first time I have received any apology for the tardiness of my reply. I have read your little tale of "William Wilson" with much pleasure. It is managed in a highly picturesque style, and the singular and mysterious interest is well sustained throughout. I repeat what I have said in regard to a previous production, which you did me the favor to send me, that I cannot but think a series of articles of like style and merit would be extremely well received by the public.

I could add for your private ear that I think the last tale much the best, in regard to style. It is simple. In your first you have been too anxious to present your picture vividly to the eye, or to distrustful of your effect, and have laid on too much coloring. It is erring on the best side—the side of luxuriance. That tale might be improved by relieving the style from some of the epithets. There is no danger of destroying the graphic effect, which is powerful. With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir, yours respectfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A Father's Promptitude.

Judge Smedley, an English occupant of the judicial bench of Ceylon, was one of the most timid of men, when out driving. As he was a half-stall in size, his constant cries of "Pya po!" (go gently) to the coachman, used to make every one smile. But the timid Judge once showed both courage and presence of mind.

Early one morning, hearing a frightful scream from his dressing-room he rushed in, and found that his little daughter had been bitten by a "tic-polonga," the most deadly of Cinghese vipers. While placing the part of "imitating papa," she had put her naked foot into one of her father's boots. The snake having chosen that boot for its temporary habitation, stuck its fangs deeply into her ankle.

The Judge caught the little girl in his arms, sucked the wound vigorously, and called out for the carriage. The coachman was not addressed by the warning "Pya po!" but it was three-quarters of an hour before the Judge and his daughter were able to reach the fort, where the English surgeon was quart red.

When the doctor saw the wound he said that, for their satisfaction, he would cauterize it; but he added that but for the father's brave promptitude the daughter would not have lived long enough to reach the fort. She did not suffer at all from the poison.

What Hissing Signifies.

Hissing means different things according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush!" with which we command silence.

The criminal cannot plead ignorance of the law, but unfortunately the lawmaker can.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Have Pure Water for Domestic Purposes—Horseshoe Without Nails—General Farm and Household Notes.

A Cheap Filter.

Our illustration represents a device for filtering water which is within reach of every farmer. There is nothing patented or expensive about it, and it may be constructed by the merest tyro in mechanics. The plan is to get two casks—as seen in the engraving—fill the one into which is inserted the spout, or inflow of water, about half full of alternate layers of gravel, charcoal, and pebbles—a layer of gravel first, next six inches of

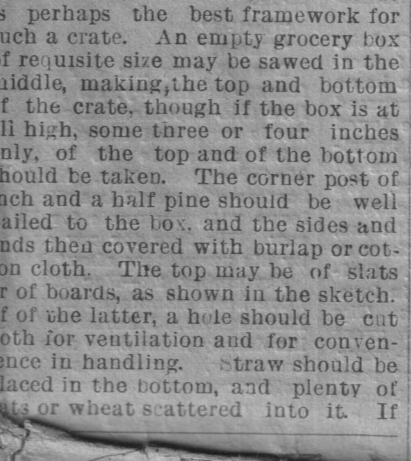


HOMEMADE FILTER.

charcoal, then pebbles, then charcoal again, then a few larger stones. From the bottom of this cask to the bottom of the next have a connection of thin gaspipe, which will rise in an elbow to about half way up the depth of the second cask. The cask is filled with gravel and charcoal, just the same as the first. Thus the water is conveyed from the first cask to about half way up the second cask, and as it falls by its own gravity, undergoes a second filtering. At the bottom of this cask the water, twice filtered, is drawn off for use. Water from a pump, whether from a well, river or tank, may be as readily filtered in this manner as rainwater.

Crate for Shipping Live Fowls.

Express charges on live poultry being double rates, it is desirable to make the crate in which poultry is shipped as light as is consistent with strength. The illustration, from the American Agriculturist, shows what is perhaps the best framework for such a crate. An empty grocery box of requisite size may be sawed in the middle, making the top and bottom of the crate, though if the box is at all high, some three or four inches only, of the top and of the bottom should be taken. The corner post of inch and a half pine should be well nailed to the box, and the sides and ends then covered with burlap or cotton cloth. The top may be of slats or of boards, as shown in the sketch. If of the latter, a hole should be cut both for ventilation and for convenience in handling. Straw should be placed in the bottom, and plenty of oats or wheat scattered into it. If



LIGHT POULTRY CRATE.

the birds are to be shipped but a short distance, no water should be placed in the crate, but if sent a long way a tin cup should be provided, and notice pasted on the outside that the fowls within are to be watered by the express messenger. If food is provided for a long journey it should be placed in some receptacle so that the birds will not soil it before it is eaten. Do not crowd birds that are to be shipped a long distance. If they are to be on the way but twenty-four hours, or less, some little crowding will not injure them.

Potato Bugs Love Sunshine.

The potato beetle and larva have made their appearance in England. The London Agricultural Gazette prints a complaint of farmers that they cannot effectively spray with poisons to destroy the slugs, because the spraying only reaches the upper surface of the leaf, while the slug is a great part of the time under the leaf out of reach of any application. This may be the fact in English climate, where on many summer days the under side of the leaf is often the driest and most comfortable place the bug can find. In our American climate the bug finds plenty of sunshine and when feeding is always in it. If the larva retires to the underside of the leaf at night it does not then need to eat anything before morning sunshine tempts him to the surface again. In England, being so much on the under side of the leaf, necessity may force the larva to the habit of eating there. But in a climate like this and cool the potato bug will not rapidly increase if his insect enemies are encouraged, or at least not destroyed by poisons.

Our Fertilizers.

For different crops different fertilizers are made in factories. As the great natural resources of prehistoric age were overdrawn, the European agriculturist has utilized the finely ground slag of the basic steel process. The farmer depends no longer on his farm ard, but pure ashes his plant food in the most approved form, made in factories from the most unpromising sources of supply. The Atlantic Coast is patrolled by steamers whose occupation is the catching of menhaden or bony fish. After the oil is extracted from these fish, the farmer has a claim on what is left as a source of nitrogen for his crops. South American nitrate of

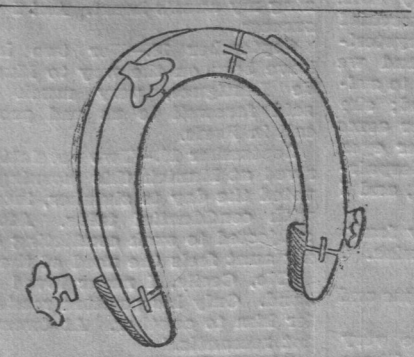
soda is another source of nitrogen. The German mines supply him with potash, and the blending of all elements is effected in the fertilizer factories, whose processes are guided by the most exact chemical analyses of their materials.

Fighting Peach Yellows.

The orchardists of Connecticut secured from the last Legislature a bill for the appointment of a commission of experts whose duty was to be the eradication of "the yellows," that disease that has destroyed so many orchards. There are six Commissioners, who receive \$5 a day for their services, which are rendered during July and August. This commission is empowered to go upon any man's property and destroy all trees that show any symptoms of the disease. The penalty of opposing the work ranges from \$30 to \$100 fine, with or without imprisonment. This disease prevails more in old than new orchards, but is contagious, and when once it has gained a foothold nothing but extirpation will destroy it. Peach orchards thirty years ago were among the most profitable of the Connecticut farmer's possessions. This disease destroyed more than three-fourths of them.

A Nailless Shoe.

The cut below shows a recently patented horseshoe which is held to the hoof by four clamps instead of the



HORSE SHOE WITHOUT NAILS.

cotomary nails. This will prove a boon to horses with sensitive feet, this scheme permitting of the ready removal of the shoe and equally quick application.

Barns and Lightning.

The frequency with which barns are struck by lightning has set some long-headed person to thinking, and he has figured out that the buildings, being filled with newly-cut hay and grain, become generators of heat, the heat rises in a column several feet above the barn and attracts the lightning, which readily follows a column of moist or hot air. When the building is reached by the electric fluid, slivers follow. The remedy suggested is to throw open the doors as much as possible and let the winds blow through, carrying off the unnatural heat and distributing it. This will not give perfect protection. Nothing yet discovered can do that. But it will prevent the intense heating, the accumulation of heat and vapor, and will consequently break up the danger column to a great extent, and probably reduce the liability by one-half.

White Clover for Pasture.

White clover is so short and small to be available for hay making, but we know of no plant that makes a better or more enduring pasture. Land that is once well seeded with white clover is never afterward entirely clear from it. Seeds form in the heads all through the season, and they have the faculty of lying in the ground without injury and growing whenever a favorable chance offers. The plant also spreads by trailing on the ground and rooting from the joints, as a strawberry will do, whenever there is a soft and moist place to strike its roots into.—Ex.

Farm Notes.

POULTRY that is to be used on the table, if continued and fed on corn and clean water a few days, will be found to have the flesh sweet, juicy, and tender.

CATTLE should not be shipped directly from the pasture. The more rank and rapid the grass growth, the softer the stock. They should be fed some corn at the last.

The Ohio Experiment Station says that the best of old varieties of strawberries are Warfield, Budach, Crescent, and Haverland, and no variety seems to have been found that is likely to supersede them.

A THIN horse added 100 pounds to his weight in a month when fed three pints of molasses on clover hay daily. There is danger of resultant indigestion, and care must be taken, but it will make horses sleek and fat.

M. A. THAYER says that berry vines, canes and fruit buds grown this season produce fruit next year and die. This year's growth of plants and buds, then, practically decided the quantity and quality of fruit that may be expected next year. For this reason the modest vigorous plants should be used in the beginning.

BLACK knot on plum and cherry trees prevails wherever these trees are grown. It can be prevented if all fruit growers will work together to extirpate it. Ohio has a law against it, which should prove beneficial. It is as much a matter of legislation as the destruction of thistles, against which many of the States have passed laws, making it an offense to allow them to grow.

The skim milk from one cow is estimated to be worth \$20 a year. So far as its actual proportion of nutrition matter is concerned it is more valuable than cream, because it contains the protein and mineral matter. Its value on the farm depends on the use to which it is applied. It should furnish sustenance for two pigs in a year if used in connection with clover and grain.

WEEKLY STORY WRITERS.

Who They Are and How Much They Are Paid.

There is a popular tradition that people who write serial novels for weekly publications devoted exclusively, or almost exclusively to that kind of literature, get enormously paid. Like many other traditions, this one contains some truth and a good deal that is the reverse of truth. A very small minority of such authors, says the New York Morning Journal, get largely paid, so largely that their receipts might well awaken the envy of many writers who hold a high rank in literature proper, but whose incomes are lamentably small. There is one prolific serial writer, of the feminine gender, who is stated on good authority to receive from the proprietor to whose paper she contributes not less than \$250 per week. Every one acquainted with average literary receipts will acknowledge that this reward is great, especially when it is borne in mind that the writer in question is endowed with nothing that in the world of literature is denominated genius or talent.

From this down to \$25, or even \$15 per week, the sums paid to story writers are to be calculated. As a rule, the proprietors of weekly story papers prefer that the matter should be furnished by women. The readers are a most exclusively girls and women, who naturally have a prejudice in favor of their own sex, and believe that a man—not knowing as much about the workings of the female heart as a woman does—cannot be as interesting as a woman can in any story which concerns itself with such workings. And it is needless to say that all of these stories must have a deep heart interest, of which a young girl is the subject.

Occasionally you find a man's name among the contributors; but if you will search the story paper through, you will find that eight out of ten of the authors are women. Deeper investigation would perhaps discover, in rare instances, that, though the author is masculine, he has, from the necessity of the case, adopted a feminine non de plume.

It will surprise a good many readers to learn that a great deal of care and judgment is exercised in the selection of these tales. There are story papers which are extremely moral in their tone, and which have made it their rule to publish nothing which cannot be read aloud, in the home circle, before young people of both sexes, without causing embarrassment.

Very few papers, however, draw so firm and clean a line as this. Passion, sensation, mystery, adventure, love—these are the factors principally required; and as a rule the writer may go as far as he likes toward the border line of impropriety, so that he does not actually overleap it, or, to quote the significant language of a well-known publisher, provided the characters "keep their hats and bonnets on."

Some of our readers may remember the olden times when Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth (christened Mrs. Paradise Southworth by the late Orpheus C. Kerr) and Sylvanus Cobb were supreme in the weekly story paper world. Mrs. Southworth still flourishes, and continues to write for the paper to which she originally contributed. Of recent years Miss Laura Jean Libbey has come to the front, and may be said to lead the van among several writers of this class. Amusing stories are told of the methods she adopted to obtain success, but the fact remains that she is a very industrious young woman, and that no one can perpetually furnish serials month after month and year after year, without realizing that to do so maintaining one's hold on one's clientele implies work.

Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, who writes "realistic love stories," is another contributor who is in great request. Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, Julia Edwards, Bertha M. Clay, May Agnes Fleming, Mrs. Alexander McVeigh Miller, Mary Kyle Dallas, Mrs. E. Burke Collins, Wenona Gilman, Elizabeth Stiles, Charles Garrice, William Ralston, Charlotte M. Braeme, "Old Sleuth," and the author of "Nick Carter," whoever he may be, are among the more prominent of this class of writers. Occasionally a new name appears, but not often. Alberta Edmunds and Marah Ellis Ryan are two of the latest additions.

Occasionally a writer of real power, like Mrs. Bryan, a Southern woman, is found among the galaxy, but as a rule the literary style of these novelists is not remarkable for either strength or charm. It has sometimes happened that a well-known novelist, of unusual ability, holding a conspicuous place among the esteemed fiction makers of the day, has sought to enter the charmed circle, under an assumed name, because he realized less from his published books than his merits warranted. The average experience of such writers is that it is difficult, if not impossible, for them to subordinate everything to the demands of the sensation.

From Real Life.

"How d'ye do, Miss Green?" inquired a farmer's wife, as she met a neighbor in the store.

"Wa'll, I've got a house full o' compenry, an' I'm clean beat out," was the reply.

"Who've ye got?"

"Bijah's cousin Lemuel's wife an' her two young uns is up from down below."

"Be they agoin' to stop long?"

"Land of I know! She sed yesterday that she dassent go home fur fear she'd hev compenry, an' as fur waitin' on compenry this hot weather, she couldn't, an' what's more, she wouldn't."—New England Grocer.

A REAL cute woman abuses a man by telling him she loves him.

CÉCILE'S FIRST JOURNEY

CONTINUED.

September 2, six o'clock.—My hand trembles so with emotion I can scarcely hold my pen. Ah! that terrible scene! I am beside myself, and I shall never forget the cruel deception and its results.

M. Volgoroski was announced; my aunt hastened to the next room to receive him, and I was left alone with a palpitating heart. Each moment I expected the door to open, and to hear my aunt call me, and—the rest was lost in a cloud of day-dreams. Suddenly there was a sound of voices, as if in hot dispute.

"No, no," cried my aunt, "I will never consent."

Half distracted, I opened the door and ran to M. Volgoroski. His contracted brow, his eye burning with anger softened at sight of me.

"Your aunt wishes to separate us. But I swear that I will be faithful. Two years from now you will be of age, at liberty to choose for yourself; if you are constant I will wait for you."

He looked at me—O, aunt!—kissed my hand, and left the room without looking back. When alone, my aunt fell on the sofa, put her handkerchief to her face, and gave way to hysterical sobs. I called Fraulein, and she carried her to bed. She seemed to suffer terribly in body and mind; she choked, her teeth chattered, her arms were distorted with cramps, her eyes and her whole manner were despairing. The sight wrung my heart, and I fell on my knees beside her.

"Aunt, dear aunt, it is not my fault. Rest assured, I will do as you wish. I will write M. Volgoroski."

The poor woman turned from me and murmured:

"No, go away, go away, the very sight of you makes me ill. Those eyes, the eyes of her father and Max—they are revenged to-day. You ought to hate me, Cécile, but have pity and try to forgive me. If you see the prince as I do, you can understand how terribly I feel. I thought him mine—mine for always! I had not the courage to conceal my chagrin—I have refused him your hand."

These words calmed her a little.

"My good, dear aunt, I am grieved to see you in this condition, and I promise you not to speak of him for a long time. It will be a good way to prove his love; if he is faithful, it will be time enough for you to yield then."

"Cécile, I ought not to accept your sacrifice, but I suffer too much."

At this moment Maurice rushed into the room, and threw his arms about his mother.

"Mamma, dear mamma, you will belong only to your little Maurice! you will not give him a papa!"

Had he heard and had he understood with a child's wonderful intuition?

My aunt pressed the poor little fellow to her heart and wept bitterly. I profited by this interruption to fly to my room. I fell on my knees, and implored the aid of Providence. My aunt soon slept.

September 3.—Six hours ago we left Vienna! My heart was almost as full as if it were my country which I was leaving behind me. My fiancé—surely I have the right to call him thus in my thoughts—my fiancé, also probably leaves this morning, alas! for Poland. Every hour doubles the distance between us. Ah! I begin to understand all the grandeur of my sacrifice, and to ask myself if I have the strength to complete it. Then I look at my aunt. Poor woman! she, too, loves him. I say to myself in two years things will not have changed; at once or never. No! I must not give up hope; time is an infallible physician. If my aunt could love another, she would forget our prince.

September 10.—A week! How long it seems, and still how short! At times I feel as if it were only yesterday we left Vienna. Meran is a picturesque place, but lonely for society people. Fine hotels and pretty villas are filled with invalids and hermits. Ah! if M. Volgoroski had come with us, how I should enjoy this rest! In the morning we gossip before the hotel door, and hunt for bric-a-brac in the depths of dark little shops in the quaint street; in the afternoon there is music on the banks of the Passer, then we climb some picturesque gorge and drink our tea or coffee at some restaurant noted for its beautiful view; in the evening we go to bed as early as at the Sacred Heart. And I, all day long, I ask myself how I can make my aunt, who is grieving greatly, forget this fatal mistake. My happiness depends upon hers, so I merit nothing for this seeming devotion. Each day to divert her I suggest a walk, a book, a chat with some chance acquaintance stopping at the hotel; but every morning when she awakens, her eyes are red.

September 11.—A letter from him. By good luck the boy brought it directly to me. I shall read it and re-read it a thousand times. How it speaks to my heart! So tender, yet so discreet! Its perfume soothes my conscience under the weight of this secret. Shall I answer it? I hesitate; and yet I have not the right to refuse such love, so simple a proof of affection and faithfulness. Ask my aunt's advice—folly! Yes, I will write him, but only to explain why I cannot do so hereafter, with a request to continue writing to me, and a promise to inform him of all the serious events in my life. I am glad to have this letter. I feel so much nearer him!

Another incident marked our afternoon—the meeting with M. de Lestigues, my father's half-brother. He lives in the country, and I scarcely know him. He is a thin man of about forty, poor, and loves solitude. He is reserved with us, no doubt on account of my aunt's wealth.

September 15.—After much hesitation and retouching, my letter has gone. Ah! how I should like to follow it and see M. Volgoroski's face when he receives it! Two years! Can I live seven hundred and thirty days without seeing him? And to think I may be forgotten! The thought cuts my heart like a sword. But to-day I hope for the best. M. de Lestigues

will save me. Yes, notwithstanding the apparent improbability, I trust in him.

I was walking beside the Passer with Fraulein and Maurice. He joined us, and after the usual remarks, he jestingly alluded to marriage. I looked at him; his kind face showed me he would stand my heart.

"My dear uncle, I will do with you. Yes, I have a suitor, a conventional admirer, but one who loves me and is loved in return. I am married before my majority."

"Your aunt opposes it?"

"Yes, uncle."

"The gentleman is poor?" And he smiled bitterly, as if at some remembrance.

"On the contrary, he is a millionaire."

"Ah! that surprises me. Is he old?"

"Scarcely thirty, handsome and a prince."

I told him all our story, omitting, of course, my aunt's share. Nevertheless, I must have said too much, for M. de Lestigues clearly understood it.

"She loves him, child; that is the secret."

Stunned at my involuntary treachery, I vainly tried to undeceive my uncle.

"She loves him, she loves him," he murmured. "Then she is still capable of loving! I lost heart too soon." And, turning to me:

"Keep up courage; I promise to do everything I can to help you, and you know the old saying: 'To will is to do.'"

Then I had a strange idea. M. de Lestigues intends to help me by winning my aunt's heart. Ah! I wish him success.

September 18.—For two hours we have been on the way to Munich. M. de Lestigues, very much affected, said farewell to us and promised to call in Paris.

September 19.—Two revelations. Arrived at Munich this morning, we devoted the day to slumber, interspersed with confidential talks. After being subjected to such conflicting emotions, my aunt feels the need of these chats.

No, Cécile, I never loved my husband. Only his position made me prefer him to another. At twenty I was not romantic."

"Aunt, I am astonished; for your very nature is full of sentiment."

"Yes, poor child, you have been a victim to it. But that will not last long; you will soon marry M. Volgoroski."

I felt myself blush with joy; it was the first time she had mentioned his name since leaving Vienna.

"I conquered one love from selfishness; I will conquer another from love. My dear child, you have a right to all my confidence; I will make my confession to you."

"Your mother and I had small dots, scarcely one hundred thousand francs. Accustomed to the luxuries of a home where carriages and gowns consumed almost the entire income, little loved by our parents, we imagined happiness to be linked with a riviere of diamonds and a stylish turn-out. We were both pretty and soon had several desirable suitors. Agreeing with me, your mother pitilessly refused them as not being sufficiently wealthy. Suddenly she met your father, fell in love, and married within six months. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Paris. I was maid-of-honor, and M. de Lestigues was best man. He was then twenty-two, and became the most devoted of my many admirers. I thoughtlessly encouraged him. But one day he proposed, I shrugged my shoulders. Absurd! One hundred thousand francs on one side, sixty thousand on the other and a place in the navy-office would never support us comfortably. I was not plucky enough to marry under such circumstances. It was a pity; I met M. de Lestigues several times afterwards at family reunions. He seemed cold, reserved, indifferent. Shortly after this he went to Touraine, and I married a wealthy speculator. During the engagement I was elated with the purchase of jewels, furniture, horses, carriages, gowns, and preparations for the wedding. But after the novelty had worn off I wearied of my wealth. After three years I was bored. I sought consolation in my child; but dear Maurice was a toy, not a friend. Then I turned to society. The whirl of artificial occupations, of tiresome pleasures, diverted me until I suddenly found myself a widow. Forced to live in retirement, too frivolous to occupy myself with charitable work, I amused myself by reading novels. I lived only in my romances, and gradually became a sentimental dreamer. My heart was empty; it sought some one to worship. Alas! it was then that I met your fiancé."

"Aunt, it is my fault; I am so sorry."

"No, dear Cécile, M. Volgoroski does not love me, and I am not worthy of his love."

I leaned my head against her knee and murmured:

"Ah! if you could love another!"

She was not angry, but looked at me affectionately.

"I wish so with all my heart; it would be the simplest remedy."

And then a long silence. It was broken by my aunt.

"So you see, Cécile, I have spoiled my life; I lost all for wealth, and now I may lose that, too."

"What! you so rich?"

"I am still; but I inherited some poor investments from my husband; my lawyer has tried to save the money, but I fear he will lose it, and I don't know how to help myself."

"Aunt, I know some one who loves you and will help you."

"No, that is all ended for me."

Her resolute tone sealed my lips. Though agitated by my discoveries, I picked up my Baedeker and began to read.

September 19, eleven o'clock.—I am still utterly bewildered.

At 9 o'clock my aunt received a telegram. She hurriedly opened it, and then sank into a chair. Scarcely a moment had passed when she looked up resolutely and said:

"I must go to Paris, Cécile; find when the first train leaves."

The alteration in her voice, her extreme pallor, betokened something serious.

"What! after traveling twenty-four hours, and without a night's rest?"

"I must go. You can explain to Maurice to-morrow—I do not wish to awaken him. I will send you a check for the trip at once. Adieu, my dear; take good care of Maurice and pray for me."

We embraced, and I came to my room.

September 21.—No news from my aunt yet, notwithstanding that she promised to send me a message. I am feverish, and my heart thumps, and my head is splitting. I imagine a thousand things, all most improbable.

September 22.—A letter from M. Volgoroski! Ah, if he knew how unhappy I am! This dear letter has brought balm to my heart. I have telegraphed to the concierge in the Boulevard Haussmann, and I am waiting for his reply.

September 23.—This morning at 5 o'clock a message from the concierge: "Madame Gallien not arrived." This terrifies me. At 9 o'clock I received yesterday's bill. I paid it, and saw to the horror that my purse is almost empty.

September 24.—Alone! quite alone in Munich, with a child of seven. Oh! that girl, Fraulein, the abominable creature! This morning—it angers me to think of it—she came to my room, offered her salary for the month, and I told her I had but eleven francs. She went out, slammed the door, and started for Paris by the first train.

Maurice burst into tears, and I tried to console him.

"My poor little one, we are all alone now, but I will care for you."

September 25.—I fear everything, but the most cruel reality would not be so horrible as this suspense.

September 26.—Am I doing wrong to write in a church? Maurice and I have spent the afternoon here; a cold rain is falling, and we have no other shelter. Since yesterday my purse has been completely empty. This morning I was seized with fear of another bill. At seven o'clock, I left the hotel as if going for a walk, but with the determination not to return. The daylight fades! Where shall we find a lodging? I will take courage and go to the French consulate; it is my only hope!

September 27.—We are sitting around a big fire awaiting dinner. M. de Lestigues with my little cousin on his knee, dreams with eyes fixed on the glowing coals. Suddenly a big, ruddy-faced German woman appears in the door-way, carrying an enormous tray; she says in a friendly voice: "Here is some good soup for the little boy and you, madam; you must eat and forget the bad day."

Ah! if it is the end! God has almost performed miracles for us; we trust in him! On leaving the church where I had continued my diary, we followed at a venture a big deserted street. I asked a passer-by for the French consulate. I did not understand the answer, and we went on, still at random. At a corner of a street Maurice ran up to a gentleman; the light from a lamp shone on our faces; at the same instant we both cried:

"Cécile!"

"Uncle!"

Yes, it was he; our loneliness, our fears, our misery, all disappeared before this providential protection. Two words explained the situation, and decided my uncle to take us to good Madame Bergelinn, the patriarchal hostess of a small boarding-house. We leave with my uncle for Paris to-morrow. His love for my aunt is shown by his uneasiness about her.

September 28.—For three hours we have been reinstated in the Boulevard Haussmann. Maurice delighted to see his dainty room once more, prettles incessantly. My uncle's kind words and gold pieces calm the panic. M. de Lestigues has found my aunt at Melun among the victims of an epidemic who eight days ago were carried to the town hospital. The wound in her head is healing, and she is in no danger. She will be here in an hour; I have everything ready to receive her. What good care I shall take of her! But the future? I must not think of it; there is too much to fear and hope. A single look into the unknown greatly frightens me.

October 15.—Ah! I am so happy! My life's romance is played! In three weeks I shall marry Prince Volgoroski. On the same day my aunt will become Madame de Lestigues. All these results have come about most naturally.

My aunt recovered very quickly. M. de Lestigues' attentions touched her not a little. Uncle came to inquire for her every morning and evening, and spent the rest of the day trying to save some small portion of her fortune.

One evening as I returned to the drawing-room after putting Maurice to bed, I heard mysterious whisperings. My aunt was talking in a low tone to M. de Lestigues. Discretion told me to retreat. I slipped away with beating heart. My fate was being decided. The thought made me giddy. I knelt on my knees, my soul as head buried in my hands, my soul as inert as my body. And yet I lived, I saw the door through which my fate would enter. I waited a century—at last—footsteps.

"Cécile!"

I rose mechanically. I entered the room. My aunt was standing; my uncle held her hand.

"Cécile," she said, "come kiss M. de Lestigues. He will now be doubly your uncle."

I gave a cry, one of those joyful cries which are as heart-rending as cries of sorrow, and threw myself into my savior's arms. Since that day each instant has been marked by some new joy. Uncle wrote to my fiancé; the following week M. Volgoroski brought me a most beautiful ring. My aunt in her happiness found nothing disagreeable in their meeting again. My prince, like a courteous man, has forgotten all.

The days pass like a dream; purchasing my trousseau at the best places; choosing jewels from heaps of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds, selecting horses, ordering furniture for my residence in Poland; and in the evening, seated on the veranda in the twilight, I listen to a fairy language murmured in my ear. But I am not the only contented person in the

house. Dressed in a simple cashmere gown, rising at daybreak, teaching Maurice, learning the details of house-keeping, selling her horses, carriages, furniture, lace and jewels, my aunt carries in the depth of her eyes the same radiant light of happiness that shines in mine. And in her little home in Touraine, she will certainly not envy my lot.

November 6.—For three hours I have been the Princess Volgoroski. I close my journal never to reopen it. Happy people have no history! Translated from Romance from the French of Henri de Chennevières by Harriet Edwards.

SHOT HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Hurd, of Allegan, Makes an Admission Which Is Not Credited.

ALLEGAN, Sept. 24.—Shortly before 12 o'clock Saturday night Ira Hurd was shot and killed at his home here. Mrs. Ira Hurd, his wife, says she fired the fatal bullet, thinking he was a burglar. But there are circumstances surrounding the case which indicate that she did not do it. Saturday night Hurd announced to his wife that he was going on the train to Hopkins, this county, to pay a man some money he owed him. It appears that he did not go, but returned home shortly after dark and hid behind a shock of corn in the yard. About 10:30 o'clock, having removed his overcoat and shoes, he crawled in through the parlor window and made his way to his wife's room. Shortly after this Mrs. Hurd ran over to one of the neighbors and said she had shot her husband. A doctor and the sheriff were quickly summoned and upon investigation it was found that he was still alive. He was placed upon the bed and everything possible was done for him that could be done to save his life, but to no avail, and he died Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. During the night he revived a little, and the doctor tried to get him to make a statement, but he said he did not want to say anything about the matter. Mrs. Hurd said she had prepared for bed, and had blown out the light and was kneeling before the bed saying her prayers, when she heard a door open and some one rush for her room. She says she reached for her pistol, which lay on the commode, and fired. Something fell and then she lighted a light and discovered that it was her husband whom she had shot. It is generally believed, taking into consideration the position in which the body lay, the course the bullet took and the position the woman was in when she says she fired the shot, that it was impossible for her to have done it. Besides this, the pistol does not look as if it had been fired off in a long time. One of the chambers was empty, but the cartridge looked like an old one.

WILL END HIS DAYS IN PRISON.

For the Second Time Joseph P. Gordon Is Sentenced to Imprisonment for Life.

DETROIT, Sept. 24.—Joseph P. Gordon was sentenced to life imprisonment for the second time Saturday. The evening of July 6, 1892, Gordon went to his home, where he lived with his wife and daughter. Westley Robinson was there talking with his wife, and Gordon got mad about something. According to his own statement he fired one shot at Robinson, and then, seeing him fall, fired again. This second shot struck his little daughter, Flora, and killed her. He was at once arrested, looked up, and claimed at the time that he did not know he had killed his daughter. This was two years ago, and he was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to prison for life. A new trial was secured. This resulted in a verdict of murder in the first degree and his second sentence.

CAPTURED JEFF DAVIS.

Reunion of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry Recalls a Famous War Incident.

JACKSON, Mich., Sept. 26.—A reunion of the Fourth Michigan cavalry was held here Tuesday. It was this regiment, in command of Col. Pritchard, which captured Jefferson Davis in petticoats and raided the camp of the fleeing leader May 10, 1865. During the war 2,498 men served in the famous regiment. At the time of the capture the regiment numbered 500 men. Fourteen from each company were detailed to make the capture. Capt. H. S. Boutelle, of Ypsilanti, one of this detail, was present at the reunion. This was the tenth annual reunion of the association. Only forty-nine veterans could be gathered together to share the honor of the historical regiment.

Let the Water In.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Sept. 26.—The Canadian ship canal here was practically opened Tuesday morning when water was let into the lock. John Haggart, Canadian minister of railways and canals; Collingwood Schreiber, chief engineer of the same department, and a great crowd of people were present. The operation proceeded without a hitch and the water was allowed to rise to the lower level. The lock was filled by two sluiceways at the eastern end of the canal. It stood the test of water in good shape. The work of removing the dam from the inside at the head of the canal is in progress and will be completed in time for the formal opening, which occurs three weeks hence. It is confidently expected that the great work will be ready for navigation at that time.

Will Resume Work.

BAY CITY, Sept. 23.—The old Sage & McGraw sawmill, which for years held the record as being the most extensive plant of the kind in the world, is to be put in commission again after an idleness of several years. H. W. Sage is the owner of millions of feet of hardwood lands in northern Michigan, left over after the pine had been harvested, and two of his grandsons are to embark in the hardwood business.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award.

JAPANESE SCENES.

ODD AND INTERESTING SIGHTS SEEN BY A TRAVELER.

Handsome Women and Well Behaved Children—Woman Is Happy in Her Position of Subjection—The Geisha Girls and Their Beautiful Dancing.

The Japanese pedestrians who are not barefoot wear wooden clogs, or pattens, or straw sandals. In either case they are kept on by a cord which passes between the great toe and the others, the stockings being made to accommodate, like a mitten, the great toe in place of the thumb. The pattens are raised two or three inches from the ground by cross pieces under them four inches apart, and they make a great clattering, especially in crossing a bridge or wooden platform. The majority of the Japanese men of the common sort are bareheaded in the street. The women never have any other covering on the head than their elaborately dressed hair, always very black, very smooth and very abundant. Frequently, though, in these days, the Japanese man who still wears the native costume surmounts it with a derby hat, which produces a peculiar effect.

One of the first things which strike a stranger is the manner in which the babies are carried. We see men, women and children with babies on their backs. It is not uncommon to see a girl of 6 or 8 years with a baby brother or sister strapped on her shoulders. Thus incumbered the children walk about, play at games, stop to look at puppet shows, and do what they please, without appearing to feel the burden. The babies are apt to be asleep, and their heads swing about until you wonder that their necks are not broken. The children all seem to be merry and amiable. Very seldom is one seen either cross or noisy. I wish the good missionaries who are beginning to swarm in the country would send home the secret of the excellent behavior of the children.

As a rule, the young and middle aged women are quite good looking, subject to the peculiarities of their type. They have smooth, round faces, often with fresh color, liquid black eyes, exquisite hands and well rounded arms. Their feet are not so attractive, being spread out by the use of clogs or pattens. This footgear tends to give them ungraceful gait—a sort of waddle—and it is considered the correct thing to toe in. Their costume, almost always becoming as to materials and color, makes them look a little dumphy. This is especially the effect of the great bow of the belt or obi worn on the small of the back as much as a foot square. In most cases the faces wear amiable, contented expressions.

The women of Japan are much better treated than their sisters in other eastern nations, but they are considered distinctly inferior to the men and are taught from their earliest childhood obedience—first, to their parents; then to their husbands, and finally to their sons when they become the heads of their households. But this does not appear to weigh upon the Japanese woman. She is cheerful, docile and contented with her lot, happy to serve in the station appointed her, with simple tastes and good digestion, and politeness which never fails. They are said to be good housekeepers, always observant of their duties, but the simplicity of their housekeeping relieves them of a great measure of the care which wrinkles the brow of the New England housekeeper.

Their houses, even the best of them, are the simplest structures imaginable, containing almost nothing of what we call furniture, and their dresses require no art in their cutting and manufacture. Thus the two great causes of worryment from which our women suffer do not exist for these simple creatures.

We had heard so much about the geisha girls that we were curious to extend our ethnological investigations in this direction. Soon after our arrival in Yokohama arrangements were made by an experienced friend for a function at one of the best tea houses in the city. We started at 8 p. m., five of us, each in a jinrikisha, for a ride to the place appointed, about a mile from our hotel. We went off at a brisk trot, each human nag carrying a paper lantern. Through the crowded streets, around the corners, with sharp warnings, we fared, and in 10 minutes brought up at our rendezvous. We were received with low salaams, and after exchanging our boots for soft oversocks, were conducted to a spacious room, inclosed by paper paneled partitions. Here we sat down on silk cushions about 15 inches square. At the side of each was placed a bibachi, a small box containing a live coal imbedded in ashes to furnish a light for pipe or cigar.

A buxom attendant approached with tea things, made a low prostration, while her face touched the floor, and most gracefully served tea for us. She also brought us fruit and cakes, every step of the process punctuated by a low bow. To this preparation succeeded six girls, quite pretty, neatly dressed in soft crape costumes, with smiling faces. Two were to play the samisen, a sort of guitar, and the others were the dancers. All squatted and prostrated themselves before us. Then the music struck up, the players accompanying their instruments with a peculiar vocal effort which bore the burden of the story to be illustrated in the dance.

The dancers sprang to their places and the fun began. Each dancer carried a fan, the managing of which was an important part of the business. The movements were graceful after their kind and perfectly innocent and decorous. It was entirely different from those voluptuous eastern dances which caused so much disturbance to the sensitive moral sense of Chicago. The dance closed with a general prostration. Then the dancers came forward and squatted in front of us and about six feet away, with faces as demure as those of young kittens. There were five or six different dances—we were fully satisfied as to quantity—and then the function came to an end with sweet smiles and "sayonaras" (good-byes) as we departed.—Boston Herald.

A SILK WORM'S THREAD.

The Wonderful Creation of a Still More Wonderful Insect.

Silk! What a wonderful product it is, and what a marvelous trade has sprung out of it! One of the astonishing facts in the history of the human race is the way in which great results are attained for it out of little causes. It is conceivable that the food of man might have been derived from some of the largest fruits or nuts or roots which grow upon the earth. The bulk of the bread of mankind—"the staff of life"—is, however, drawn, as all know, not from the heavy bread fruit or big tubers, but from the comparatively minute grains of wheat, barley and rye, millet and rice. In like manner the larger portion of the garments of human beings is obtained from the short wool on the backs of sheep and goats or from the small pod of the cotton plant, which hides its seeds in a ball of white fluff from which we spin the cotton. Silk is an especially notable instance of the way in which our race makes much out of little for its needs.

Here is an insignificant worm which feeds upon the glutinous leaves of the mulberry and gradually fills itself with a sticky compound which has for its direct purpose to compose the cocoon. When the time comes for the worm to undergo that strange metamorphosis into the chrysalis, it ceases to eat and slowly weaves round itself a casing composed entirely of one long thread. Its spinning finished, the attenuated creature takes the intermediate form preparatory to its winged state as a moth, nor is anything in nature more full of creative mystery and design.

What the worm does for its own lonely ends man undoes for objects of beauty, fashion and comfort. The silk grower patiently unwinds the lustrous thread from the point where the silkworm began to that where its filmy house was finished, and from this tiny plunder springs the whole vast edifice of the silk industry. To the small pale worm beauty owes her most lovely and glittering raiment, nor has art anything more exquisite to fashion, to embroider, to bestow in splendid folds or to imitate in painting than the soft shining web which is made from the poor worm's patient labor.

Extraordinary is the difference between the minute cocoon and the great bale of Lyons or china satin—the unconscious toil of the caterpillar and the looms that in a thousand factories and workshops interlace the thin fiber into such superb and dazzling patterns. Nothing can imitate, nothing excel the charm of that fine microscopic tissue drawn by the worm's magic from the mulberry leaf. It possesses a natural glitter which is shared by nothing else in the world and which makes it resemble under the microscope waving wires of gold. Manufactured into cloth, it gives us a substance at once light and warm, durable and freely taking all sorts of dyes, each creature contributing in his cocoon about 1,000 feet of the thin thread. The west knew nothing of silk at all before the reign of Augustus, though the Chinese had woven it ever since 2700 B. C. Some Persian monks first brought eggs of the silkworm in a hollow cane to Constantinople, A. D. 552. The Emperor Justinian took the business up, and so it spread to Italy, Spain and southern France, although China was still the chief source of supply.—London Telegraph.

Keep Plant Leaves Clean.

One of the difficulties in the cultivation of plants in a sitting room is that the dry air and dust tend to clog the pores of the leaves. Deprived of the rain which would naturally cleanse them and not often watered with a rose-pot or syringe, the plants kept in a room are apt gradually to lose their health and look miserable, if they do not altogether die. The best remedy for this is the regular use of a small piece of soft old sponge with slightly warm water, and if a little soft soap is added all the better. Especially is this necessary in the winter when dust is rife, and as "blight" is then at its weakest point a thorough cleansing during the cold months will result in freedom from it during the summer. Practice and delicate handling are needed for success. Some plants are much easier to sponge than others. Among these may be mentioned the india rubber plant, and also small specimens of palms, both of which need frequent washings when grown in a room. Orange trees and many other plants exude a kind of sticky essential oil, which catches the dust. They therefore require special attention. Aspidistras and many other plants need sponging often to keep them in health—in fact, all plants with overgreen foliage and others which will bear it are strengthened and improved by the free use of the sponge.—Cleveland Leader.

Loving.

We learn to love by loving. It grows by practice. Like everything else, it gathers strength through exercise. The more we keep at it the easier and more natural it becomes. We can form the habit of looking at people with love, thinking about them with love, speaking of them in love and acting toward them lovingly. Our deeds will react upon our thoughts, and our thoughts and feelings will prompt to action. So we may become steeped in love. It will radiate from us as the light from the lamps. We shall be charged with it as the battery is with electricity, and power will go out from us. So instead of crying idly, "Oh, for more love!" let us lay more stress upon the practice. If we continually use what we have, it will increase.—New York Ledger.

Florida's Lakes.

Florida is one of the greatest of lake states, if the number of its lakes and lakelets entitle it to be so classed. It has a half score of considerable lakes, including Okechobee, with more than 600 square miles and many scores of small lakes and ponds scattered over an area 40 or 50 miles wide and several hundred miles long.—Chicago Herald.

MILFORD.

The indications are favorable for a successful fair again this year.

We have a new industry in the form of a cooper shop, operated by Mr. Benham in the old pump factory.

John Minahan, a well-known saloonist, died Monday afternoon. He has been in very poor health all summer.

E. J. Bissell, J. Thornhill, Fred Baker of Detroit, and James Arthur, started for Dakota Monday afternoon on a hunting expedition.

The new motor of the Electric Co. was started last Saturday evening and it has improved our street lights so that Milford is now well lighted.

Mrs. Judson, nee Clarabel Robinson, who was married about one year ago, died on Tuesday at her home near Long Lake. She was well-known among the Milford young people.

The wife of Frank Taggart was taken seriously ill last Friday morning and died Saturday morning. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. E. Caster at the M. E. Church on Sunday afternoon, and the burial took place at Highland. She was a woman highly esteemed by all who knew her.

At the election held Monday to authorize the loan of \$6,000 for a bonus to the Day Manufacturing Co., there were 240 votes cast, which resulted in a majority of 61 in favor of the loan. Eighty voted for no bonus. It is now assured that that the company will locate at Milford and employ 30 men the first year, increasing the number by ten every year for five years.

GROVELAND.

Frost has not visited us yet to any amount. No one visiting—no gossip—all is quiet and peaceful.

Wm. Cooney and family has left town. They have had sad experience here.

W. B. Burgess of Flint Sanitarian, made a short visit here on the 24th to look after his interests.

More wheat has been sold this fall than usual. Rye, corn and buckwheat are somewhat below the average.

Front gates are regaining their position. There is not so much leaning on them during these cold evenings.

Cider making and drinking has commenced in earnest, the late heavy winds causing large falls of apples.

Our county legislature meets in Pontiac next Monday. We hope all those drain blunders will be quashed and not accepted.

Rev. Haight, the new Methodist minister, of the little church around the corner, preached last Sunday and made a very favorable impression on his audience. Let every one turn out to Sunday services.

CLYDE.

THE OLD YELLOW PUMPKIN
How dear to my heart is the old yellow pumpkin
When orchards are barren of stuffing for pies;
When peaches and apples have both been a failure,
And no kind of berries have greeted our eyes;
Then how quickly we turn to the old yellow pumpkin.
The fruit of the field we were taught to despise.
The old yellow pumpkin,
The mud covered pumpkin,
The big-bellied pumpkin
That make such good pies.

Rev. E. C. Pearce arrived in the village last Tuesday.

Andrew Wood of Fenton, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Rube Harper of Milford, visited his sister, Amy, last Sunday.

John Diggon Jr. and wife of Detroit, are visiting John Diggon Sr.

E. N. Grow's brother of Waterford, has been visiting him for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Willoughby Sundayed with Mrs. Willoughby's brothers south of Milford.

Dr. McColgan's mother is here taking care of the Doctor's wife, who is very sick at this writing.

This community was shocked Saturday on learning of the death of Mrs. Frank Taggett of Milford, formerly of this place. She was sick but two days.

L. C. Johnson was north several days last week purchasing lumber for his new store, dwelling house, etc. We understand he has let the job of building to Wm. Miller of Rose Centre.

L. C. Johnson and F. A. Wickens got on a streak of trading last Saturday in which a small piece of ground and a road wagon belonging to L. C. and F. A. Wickens' barn changed ownership.

The team of Jack Osborn of Hartland, became frightened at the cars here Wednesday morning and ran away, knocking the old gentleman down, ran over him, knocking out two teeth and bruising him up badly.

Mrs. Clarence Stiff, who has been sick for the past six months, departed this life last Wednesday morning. She leaves a husband and three little boys, who have the sympathy of the entire community, to mourn her untimely death. The funeral was held in the church at this place last Friday afternoon, Rev. Bartholomew officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Highland cemetery.

F. A. Wickens & Co. have opened their millinery shop with an elegant assortment of ladies, Misses and children's fall and winter hats, caps and bonnets, including all the latest shapes and styles, and having secured an experienced trimmer to do their work they are certain of pleasing their many customers in style, workmanship and prices.
F. A. WICKENS.

WHITE LAKE.

The Macabees met last Saturday night and two were taken into the lodge.

Albert Steinbaugh, who has been at Midland for some time past, was home Sunday.

There was a fine rain Saturday night in this vicinity, which ended in a cold wave Sunday.

John Sutphin and his brother Will, went to Utica Sunday to visit their brother, Spence.

Miss Della Voorheis of Holly, visited home over Sunday; also Miss Minnie Garner, who is teaching at Detroit, was home Sunday.

Mrs. Clarence Stiff, who has been sick for some time with the consumption, passed away last week and the remains were interred in Highland cemetery.

Our base ball team played a very interesting game last Saturday afternoon with the first nine of Rose. The Rose nine were too much for the boys and won the game by one score. The Rose boys are gentlemen and play ball from start to finish.

Among the interesting features of the day last Saturday, was the exciting horse race between Brown Billie owned by Mr. Murry, and Game, owned by L. Garner on the new track, which was a little heavy for the pacer but Game had too much speed for him and won the race easily.

ORTONVILLE.

N. Autin and wife is visiting friends at Byron this week.

We are glad to see Casius Flagler well enough to be out again.

Mr. Mills and wife of Gaylord, visited friends here part of last week.

Sylvester Welles, having finished his work up north has returned home.

Miss Alta Guiles, who has been visiting friends at Detroit, has returned home.

Mrs. C. Walters, who has been visiting her daughter at Detroit, has returned home.

Dell Carr, who has been to Pontiac on the jury, returned home Saturday night, but goes back the 15th of October.

There is lots of sickness reported in this vicinity at present, and we hope by the next writing we can report them better.

H. C. Carr is papering the M. E. parsonage, which improves the looks of the rooms very much. Anyone wishing a first-class job of papering done will do well to call on him.

John and Will Narrin started Monday to attend school at Albion. We think by the interest that these two boys take in school that they will surely make a mark in life, or least they deserve it.

SPRINGFIELD.

Mr. Martin is visiting at Detroit.

Potato diggers are complaining of the poor crops.

Dora Beardsley of Detroit, spent Sunday at home.

C. A. Beardsley of Detroit, was in town one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Urch of Clarkston, are visiting at A. Phillips'.

Mrs. A. H. McGaffey of Owosso, is visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Turner are rejoicing over the birth of a son.

A number from this place attended the ball game at White Lake, Saturday.

Mr. D. and Mrs. Edgard Adams of Ortonville, were at A. Stafford's Monday.

Bertha Parr and Fannie Stafford visited at Rev. Hosner's one day last week.

Miss Lucile Beardsley entertained Misses Eva and Ora Miller of Clarkston Station, Saturday.

Mrs. S. M. Chestnut and Mrs. J. Chestnut visited at Chas. Cook's in Pontiac, last week.

The friends of Nettie Marble were pleasantly entertained by her at her home Sept. 14th, in honor of her seventeenth birthday.

Mrs. N. J. Ellis gave a very pleasant entertainment at her parlors last Friday evening. The solos rendered by C. J. Sutherland, Mabel Chestnut and Mattie Davis deserve especial mention.

ROSE CORNERS.

L. R. Miller spent Sunday at C. W. Lake's.

Rufus Hutching and family spent Sunday in Highland.

Frank Shepard of Pontiac, visited his brother, Fred, a part of last week.

Miss Lena Montgomery of Davisburg, spent Sunday with Nellie B. Merrick.

Mrs. D. Pepper and daughter of Davisburg, visited at Chas. F. Foster's last Tuesday.

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

1 John Pound's Mammoth Underwear Sale begins Monday and lasts all the Fair week. See his advertisement in this paper. Do not miss it, at the Bee-hive—41c, worth 60c, 100 dozen fleece-lined.

2 See John Pound's 21c, 29c, 39c and 49c Dress Goods Sale now going on. See advertisement in this paper. Don't miss it, at the Bee-hive. Pontiac.

3 We guarantee a pleasant smile from every purchaser at our Special Sales. All will be pleased—none will be disappointed. See advertisement for dates in this paper. JOHN POUND, the Bee-hive, Pontiac.

THE STATE AT LARGE.

Interesting Bits of News from Many Localities.

Odd fellows of Milan have built a temple.

A knitting factory is to be added to the industries of Homer.

William Vandoren, a farmer living near Adrian, was killed by a railroad train.

First district republicans have nominated John B. Corliss, of Detroit, for congress.

A. S. Parker, of Detroit, is the new president of the State Pharmaceutical association.

Democrats in the Ninth district nominated W. T. Evans, of Pentwater, for congress.

During a fire in the Batt hotel at Port Stanley, Ont., John Denchy, of Detroit, was suffocated.

Kalamazoo will vote again November 6 on a proposition to issue \$40,000 bonds for a lighting plant.

Populists of the Eleventh district have nominated William T. Pitt, of Gratiot county, for congress.

During the season the Ludington Basket company has turned 300,000 feet of logs into 600,000 baskets.

The seventh annual encampment of the Union Veterans' union will be held at Hillsdale October 23 and 24.

The tenth annual reunion of the Twelfth Michigan infantry will be held at Battle Creek October 10 and 11.

Alex. McDonald, of Grand Rapids, is the newly-elected treasurer of the National Association of Letter Carriers.

Gen. J. S. Coxey, of commonwealth army fame, will deliver an address at the Ionia district fair on Friday, October 5.

At Grand Rapids Benjamin De Vries was sentenced to eight years in the house of correction at Ionia for forgery.

H. M. Utley, of Detroit, was elected president of the American Library association at its session at Lake Placid, N. Y., last week.

A Chicago & Grand Trunk freight train was derailed at Cassopolis. One hundred sheep en route for the eastern market were killed.

Immense quantities of winter fruit are falling from the trees in Calhoun county, owing to the extreme drought during July and August.

Rev. J. F. Dickie, pastor of the General Presbyterian church of Detroit, will accept a call to the American church in Berlin, Germany.

The city waterworks at Sault Ste. Marie will be operated by electricity instead of steam power, just as soon as the change can be made.

William Wilson, aged 40, is under arrest at Edwardsburg, charged with assaulting the 11-year-old daughter of Eugene Smith, of that place.

The store of French & Hewson at South Haven was broken into Saturday night and robbed of about \$200 worth of a general assortment of goods.

John Verhoeke and Henry Lickman were sentenced respectively to ten and seven years in the Jackson prison for burglary committed in Grand Haven.

The regents of the Michigan state university ousted J. B. Steer from the chair of zoology and elected Willard C. Gode, of Chicago, assistant in English.

The Cedar Springs peach crop has been unusually large notwithstanding the prolonged drought. One grove harvested over 1,400 bushels from 2,000 trees.

Congressman Moon, of the Ninth district, having declined a renomination, republicans have selected C. C. Chittenden, of Cadillac, as their candidate.

Frank Aldrich, of Detroit, is under arrest, charged with forging the name of J. C. Cole, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, to notes amounting to \$30,000.

A reunion of the Seventh Michigan cavalry (Custer's brigade) will be held in Representative hall, Lansing, on Friday, October 19. A history of the regiment will be given.

A soldiers' monument will be erected in the cemetery at Howell by the Livingston county veterans of the late war. The monument will cost \$1,200 and will be 18 feet high. It will be completed and unveiled on next Memorial day.

Report on Michigan's Finances.

LANSING, Sept. 22.—The report of State Treasurer Wilkinson for the last fiscal year shows total receipts of \$3,643,819 and disbursements \$3,669,305. The balance at the close of the year was \$521,825. The trust fund debt aggregates \$5,666,931, divided among the Agricultural college, Normal school, primary school and university funds. During the year a total of \$1,196,230 of specific taxes were collected. The bulk of this sum was paid by railroad and insurance companies.

Made a Sure Thing of It.

BENTON HARBOR, Sept. 24.—Charles Pease, a teamster, was found floating in the water at the junction of the St. Joseph and Paw Paw rivers, having evidently first shot and then drowned himself. Drink and non-support drove his wife away with two small children last May, and, on her refusal recently to live with him again, he threatened to drown himself, which threat was carried out.

Four Hurt in a Small Fire.

DETROIT, Sept. 21.—Fire started in a drying closet in the lozenge department of Park, Davis & Co.'s laboratory at 8 a. m. Thursday. Steamfitters Thomas Rateisak and James Anderson were seriously burned. Rateisak may die. Two other employees were slightly burned. The fire was confined to the closet and was extinguished with small loss.

Cows with Tuberculosis.

KALAMAZOO, Sept. 26.—Five cows of the Michigan asylum have recently died and post mortems showed that three died from tuberculosis. The herd was tested with tuberculin at an expense of \$300. It developed in one, which died Saturday, and State Veterinarian Grange found that it was afflicted with tuberculosis.

WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Prices Clarkston Merchants are Paying for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Sept. 27, 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 4½ to 5½c Dressed, 6 to 6½c.

Handmade.

A Glasgow man during a business trip had the misfortune accidentally to burst one of his shoes. Entering the first shoemaker's shop he saw in order to purchase a new pair, he asked the son of St. Crispin if he had any hand sewed shoes in stock.

"Plenty o' them," replied the tradesman, and after taking the customer's measure he went into an inner apartment and soon returned with an armful of footwear. The gentleman selected a pair that fitted him best, and examining them with a critical eye remarked: "You're sure these shoes are hand sewed?"

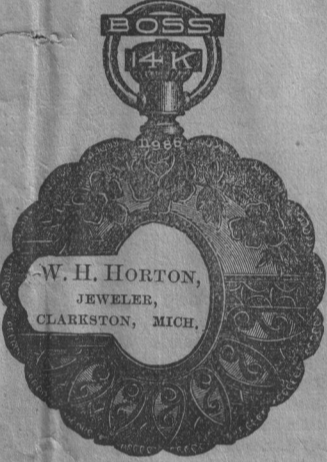
"Look here, my friend," exclaimed the indignant shopman, "ye shairly dinna think that I made thae shoon wi' my feet?"—Family Herald.

LIVERY !

If you want a first-class rig, either single or double, give us a call. Prices reasonable. Stage connecting with the D. C. 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.



THOS. YARWOOD,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN
Address, Clarkston House.

ROBERT REID,

Dealer in Light and Heavy Harnesses, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trunks, etc.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

J. T. P. SMITH,
—DEALER IN—

FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

FOR ENTIRE

FAIR WEEK ONLY
THE
BEE-HIVE.

Near Court House, Pontiac.

GREAT SPECIAL UNDERWEAR
SALE. GOODS JUST
RECEIVED.

BARGAIN NO. 1.—For the entire fair week only, from Monday till Saturday, October 1 to 6,

For 41c worth 60c—2 cases of the celebrated fleece-lined Bennington, Vt., Underwear, 100 dozen Ladies' Jersey Vests and Drawers, full sizes, cream, fine finish and full winter weight. A regular hammer at the price. Be sure and get some. Don't miss it. A rare bargain at 41c each, worth 90c and during Fair Week Only.

BARGAIN NO. 2.—Also for fair week only.

One hundred dozen assorted Ladies', Men's and Children's Red All-wool Underwear, in full range of sizes at prices to close. Never in the history of the trade could you buy them so cheap. Only during the fair week at the specially low prices. Don't overlook this. Be sure and get some. Don't miss it.

BARGAIN NO. 3.—Now going on till further notice. Dress Goods! Dress Goods!! Dress Goods!!!

Four lots of Dress Goods, with thousands of yards in them. Unprecedented bargains at 21c, 29c, 36c and 48c, until further notice. These are clear below their value, and we advise all our friends to "wade in" and buy these at first sight. Purchasers will all be pleased with these Special Bargains.

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, 1895, 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.

OVERCOATS.

OVERCOATS.

SUITS.

SUITS.

SUITS.

—ARRIVING DAILY AT—

F. E. STARKER'S,

Pontiac, Mich.

Prices way down. Cashbuys
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.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

My Big Brother.
I wish that my big brother's here; He comes home jes' bout onst a year. For where he lives 's an awful ways; An' cars can't come in free whole days; But when he's here I laugh an' laugh Till I'm 'bout dead—more'n half.

Last year, soon's he unpacked his trunk, I trowed a pillow right kerplunk; Nen he frowed back an' nen us boys All frowed an' made the biggest noise Until we made him say 'enough.' An' tell us we were jes' the stuff.

We played some he's our big horse Jack An' nen he rided us on his back; But onst I falled off on my head, 'Cause he scared at the cat, he said— 'I jes' got straps down off the shelf An' tied him to behave hisself.

One day we played that we was bears, An' runned him up an' down the stairs Till ma said she'd jes' punish us For making such an awful fuss; An' nen she tooked him 'cross her knee, An' laughed an' spanked him—yes, sree!

Onst ma gived us some dough to bake On top the stove, jes' like a cake, An' nen she said that we could try To make ourselves an apple pie; Nen when it cooked, we runned away An' 'e it all up in the hay.

He wished he's small again like me So he could climb our cherry tree. I s'pose he's sorry he's so old, An' could do things 'bout being told, For lots of times when he was here He looked that way—he was so queer.

He'd stand an' talk to our old cow An' ask her how she's tended now; He'd look at everythin' he'd made— The places where the chickens laid, The pizen coop, the old wood box, That somehow shuts itself and locks.



Nen every place he used to play, He'd go to see 'bout every day; Down to the ice house, by the stairs He'd go there lots—more'n anywhere— An' there he'd stand an' look an' look, Jes' like he's readin' in a book.

I s'pose he's thinking, for, you know, He used to play there wif his beau— A-making pies an' lettin' on They're keepin' house like any one. He used to say she was his wife And cut her name there wif his knife.

When they'd come slow-like up the walk, Ma said they'd cut their hands an' talk 'Bout what they'd do when they got grown An' had a big house of their own; But nen, it never did come true, Jes' like they said—he's sorry, too!

For he'd take flowers on the hill Nen go down there an' keep as still; Or else he'd look 't albam where There's an old faded one of her, Mor'n onst I listened, and he said Out loud: "Why, Annie, are you dead?"

I s'pose he thought she'd hear him speak An' see the tears run down his cheek. Say, don't you think it's funny how He jes' remembers 'bout her now? For he's a great big man, you know, An' they were little years ago.

I wish some bird or fairy bright Would bring him while I sleep some night; I wish he'd come right off to-day; I'd hold him tight and make him stay. For all of us jes' feel so good When he comes home—I wish he would.—New York Herald.

Growing Dirty.
Little 5-year-old Arthur was asked if he knew that a penny would grow if it were planted. "Yes," he replied, promptly, "it would grow dirty."

Filling an Order.
Newsboy—Say, d'yeh remember them old papers you had printed for the Washington Centennial?

Clerk—Do you mean the fac similes of a paper of a hundred years ago?

"That's it. Funny little paper, with queer letters."

"Yes. Well."

"I want one."

"What for?"

"A sick lady, at a hotel acrost the street, wants a newspaper wid no accounts of riots and murders and robberies in it."

The Right Bait.
Said Benny Bloombumper, who knew his father's weakness, "you know all about fishing, don't you?"

"Yes, my son," replied the elder Bloombumper, graciously. "There is very little about that gentle sport with which I am not familiar."

"You know all about the right sort of bait to use, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"That's what I was telling Freddie Fangle, and we agreed to leave something about fishing for you to decide. We had a discussion about it."

"Well, Benny, I am very glad to see you taking such an interest in fishing, as well as to see such confidence in your father's judgment. What was the point in which you and Freddie differed?"

"I don't know as we differed exactly. Freddie didn't seem to quite agree with me, though."

"State the question, Benny."

"Well, fish run in schools, sometimes, don't they, papa?"

"Yes."

"That's what I told Freddy."

"Didn't he believe it?"

"Oh, yes, he believed that all right."

"Well, I told him that when fish ran in schools the proper bait to use was bookworms. Now ain't I right, papa?"

Mr. Bloombumper reached for his slipper, and Benny disappeared out of doors.

A Loose Note.
One day as Verner was watching Herbert's dog, which was asleep, it began to sniff the air. Verner cried out, "Oh, see, his nose is loose."

SLANG'S CONTRIBUTIONS

To Our Language, Some of Which Are Good and Some Are Bad.

Every live language is always following the Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply and thus to replenish the world with words and phrases. Some of these additions to the verbal family are black sheep, slang that offends one's sense of the fitness of things, but many of them become incorporated, not only in daily speech, but in literature, and after a while lose the twang of slanginess and acquire a smooth and pleasant flavor. Men are constantly inventing new words intentionally, and new terms spring into popularity by accident, or from the name of the man who invents something. For instance, a volt, in electricity, comes from Volta, an early electrician, and ampere, another term of measurement, was the name of a French experimenter. The word boycott, which in the last twenty years has become so deservedly popular, was the name of a captain in Ireland. The term "pantata" is a recent humorous addition, which will probably for years to come be applied to the police force. "Coxeyite," as a name for a tramp, and a "commonwealer" are fresh instances.

It is only in the last twenty years that we have had the word "naturalist," applied to that school of writers, with Zola at the top and Albert Ross at the bottom, who find their satisfaction in depicting the most coarse, ugly or nasty conditions of human life.

"Cinch" is another word that has recently come to us, a very expressive metaphor taken from the Mexican "cincha," meaning the tightening of a saddle girth. Hence, to get a cinch on one is to have one in a grip as tight as the saddle of a mustang.

Among the slang phrases, some of which have really been assimilated into the language, and are frequently used by editorial writers, a great many have come from the race track in recent years. For example, take the terms "to have the inside track," "to make the running," "to set the pace," "a point," "a straight tip," "a quitter," meaning a coward, "touting" a word that almost explains itself, "to win hands down," "a pony," meaning \$25, and "a monkey," meaning \$500.

"To give one the laugh" has a theatrical addition to "give one the dirty laugh," signifying some mean trick. To show one "the marble heart," for the cold shoulder is quite expressive—a sort of poetic quart.

"The con smile" and "the glad hand" are picturesque expressions taken from the life of the confidence man. "The glum viz and the hurry touch" is a phrase applied to the man, who with a long face, strikes one for a small loan and vanishes rapidly.

Englishmen used to laugh at Americans, even cultured Americans like Emerson and Lowell, for saying "I guess not" instead of "no." A recent English phrase for "no," very current among the chappies and extraordinarily appropriate, is "I don't think."

A very delectable kind of summer girl used to be denominated "a daisy." She is now "a peach," which indeed may be called the very acme of lusciousness in language.

Maine's Vast Territory.

The insignificant position or relative size usually given to the great State of Maine as compared to the other States of the Union on railroad maps gives very little idea of the vast territory of this great State, every acre of which is productive and habitable. The Industrial Journal says:

"A Maine lumberman estimates that the wild lands of this State would make thirteen States as large as Rhode Island, two as large as New Hampshire and Vermont, and one twice as large as Massachusetts. These lands are located in the following counties: Aroostook, 2,838,618 acres; Franklin, 589,962 acres; Hancock, 362,893 acres; Oxford, 553,654 acres; Penobscot, 827,504 acres; Piscataquis, 2,000,444 acres; Somerset, 1,735,838 acres; Washington, 624,123. The spruce timber lands of Maine are worth more to-day than the pine lands fifty years ago. This statement is based on the opinion of lumbermen who have been engaged in the business for forty years. The value of these lands has been greatly enhanced by the enormous demand for pulp wood.

It Never Dies.

There is no such thing as "next Senate," and so long as the constitution lasts there never will be. The Senate of the United States is an eternal body. It never dies. It is to-day exactly the same assembly which met for the first time in 1789. Every second year it undergoes a change of membership, the terms of one class of members expiring. But that change neither ends the old body nor makes a new one.

BACON—What's that thread tied about your little finger for? Ebert—Oh, that's just to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember.—Tid-Bits.

EXPENSE OF CONGRESS

WHAT IT COSTS THE COUNTRY FOR ONE SESSION.

Salaries of Senators, Representatives and Their Clerks Foot Up a Large Sum—Various Contingent Funds for the Comfort of Lawmakers.

May Soon Reach \$5,000,000.

The session of Congress just closed was perhaps the most expensive Congressional experience that the country has ever had. By this is meant not the cost of what Congress did, nor the appropriations that it made for the general administration of the government, but for the actual cost of the two houses themselves. It is an interesting study to watch the growth of expenditures that the two houses of Congress are willing to appropriate for, when the expenditure is for their own personal recompense, comfort and pleasure. The expense in some of the collateral channels is simply appalling, and it is something that will one day cause a wild spirit of resentment throughout the country. There is too much money spent at the annual sessions of Congress and entirely too much recklessness in appropriating the public funds for the purpose. The great waste of money is naturally in the direction of salaries. Both wings of the Capitol are loaded and overloaded with employees. There are clerks to do this, clerks to do that, and clerks to supervise the other clerks. The fight and scramble and constant wrangle and furious contention is to get on the pay roll.

The earlier Congresses rarely cost as much as \$1,000,000 per session. Here is what the fifty-third Congress appropriated for the last session of its term. It must be remembered that this is the short session, covering practically but three months, which expires March 4, 1915. The bulk of the appropriation, however, covers the whole period of the fiscal year, for most of the salaries are annual.

COST OF A SENATE SESSION.	
Senators' salaries.....	\$400,000
Senators' mileage.....	4,000
Compensation of officers, clerks, messengers.....	426,318
Clerks to Senators, not otherwise provided for.....	30,600
Contingent expenses.....	17,000
Miscellaneous items.....	116,000
Total for Senate.....	\$1,083,918
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.	
Salaries of members.....	\$1,800,000
Mileage of members.....	130,000
Officers, clerks, messengers in the service of the House.....	374,000
Clerks to members and delegates.....	97,000
Contingent expenses.....	108,000
Official reporters of debates.....	100,000
Expenses of Congressional library.....	71,000
Expenses of botanical garden.....	19,800
Expenses of capitol police.....	38,900
Total for House.....	\$2,666,700
Expenses for both houses.....	\$3,750,618

This does not include \$18,000 appropriated by the two houses jointly for the salary of the Public Printer and his clerks and the miscellaneous expenses of the Public Printer's office, nor does it include the enormous expense of printing the public documents, the Congressional Record, and all manner of public printing ordered by Congress. There are thousands of people employed in the printing office of whom it is impossible to get any record. They are employed on piece work, and it is impossible to estimate what will be needed for the year. There is not a department of the government that does not include in its estimates a smaller or greater amount for the printing of its own department, and that brings up the cost of the printing bureau to figures which it would be impossible to follow out.

Great Expense for Clerks.

The grossest item in the Senate and House bill of expense are the charges for clerk hire. It long ago became a byword that there often were more clerks sitting in the Senate in their employers' chairs than there were Senators. It is true. When Senators feel that they can afford to appoint their sons, their brothers, their brother-in-law and any other male members of their family to act as their secretary and draw the pitiful \$10 a month, they ought not to be ashamed of their presence on the floor, and perhaps they are not. There are Senators and many of them who have not only placed their sons on the pay-roll, but who have installed wives and daughters as their private secretaries and stenographers, thus keeping the amount allowed for clerk hire all in the family. And among the Senators who have thus provided for their dependents are those best known to the country as leaders. There is no way of getting at the names of the people who draw those salaries, but it is an open secret that fully one-half the Senators have their sons or some member of their family on the pay-roll. Perhaps nobody should blame the Senators of either party for thus aiding in the support of their dependents, for they have an illustrious example in the Vice President of the United States, whose first official act after taking oath was to appoint his son his private secretary.

While the House of Representatives is in a general way more costly than the Senate, that fact must be attributed to its greater membership, but the House is learning fast. For years it has been trying to have a corps of clerks, one for each member, like those appointed by the Senate. It is only within the past year that the Senate would consent to this, but finally through means of a deal it was accomplished. It is the costliest innovation that the House has made in its expenses in many years. It involves, in fact, so much money that every method of disguising the real expenditure is employed. There are 36 members of the House, of whom about 100, not being chairmen or committees, are entitled to this clerical benefit. Under the new rule each member, not a chairman, is entitled to \$10 per month during the session for clerk hire. Care was taken in the wording of the resolution that the members shall not appoint a clerk to draw that salary, but that he should draw that sum himself and use it as he sees fit in hiring clerical help. This serves a double purpose. First it keeps a lot of names off the pay-roll, where it is not desirable to have them, and again, if a Congressman does not want to employ a clerk, not needing one, he can draw the money and put it in his own pocket, and it is an open secret that many of them do it. Nothing since the famous back-pay scandal years ago has grated so unpleasantly upon the Con-

gressional sense of honor as this petty means of adding to the Congressional perquisites. As will be seen, the appropriation for this clerical help is \$97,000, but that is intended simply to cover the short term of Congress. During the session of Congress just ended there was expended more than \$200,000. To be exact, \$226,500.

The Packing Box Item.

There are other expenses in both branches of Congress which seem equally large. For instance, the item of contingent expenses, \$103,000, is composed largely of stationery, \$51,000 being appropriated for that alone. There is another item in the contingent account which always makes a great deal of fun and that is the item of packing boxes. Every Senator and every Member is entitled, when he goes home, to have three boxes made in which to pack his books and papers. These boxes are made under contract. Each set consists of two large boxes and one small one. Those in the Senate are made elaborately. The cost of making these boxes is not so much. Those for the Senators cost about \$1,200, those for the House cost about \$400, but their actual cost is but a trifle compared with what it costs the postoffice department to transport the boxes and their contents about the country.

And from year to year it is growing. Every Congress finds some new necessity, some new comfort, some new requisite or some other new way of expending money. If it is not one thing it is another. If it is not a new \$100 clerkship it is a new horse and wagon or an additional bureau or a better packing box or a larger collection of printed books for distribution or more garden seeds or more roots and plants. Taking the appropriations as made for the next short session of Congress as a basis, we may soon expect to see each session of Congress, no matter which party is in power, for they are both alike in that respect, cost the American people something like \$5,000,000. As it is to-day, it is the most expensive legislative body on the face of the earth. There is nothing to equal it anywhere. The most extravagant monarchies of Europe, while they squander money upon their royal families, and in proper maintaining of royal dignity, are exceedingly chary of their legislative expenses. The British Parliament does not cost one-third the amount expended by the American Congress.

SHOWERS IMPROVE PASTURES.

Late Corn Also Promises a Larger Yield Than Had Been Anticipated.

The reports of the condition of the crops throughout the country received and compiled by the weather bureau at Chicago are as follows:

Illinois—Temperature, except in central portion, above normal; rainfall above and below normal. Frost in northern portion no damage. Corn maturing fast; chinch bugs damaging some sections. Decided improvement in pastures. Ground in excellent condition for plowing and seeding.

Indiana—Showers have improved pastures and gardens in most sections and seeding is progressing rapidly. Corn is maturing slowly and is filling well; much in shock and most corn free from frost.

Wisconsin—Rain has been general in all sections. Grass shows a remarkable growth and fall feed is abundant. Potatoes improving. Corn turning out better than was expected. Cranberries nearly all picked. Considerable wheat and rye sown.

Minnesota—Temperature above normal. Nights cool with frequent frosts, which only damaged garden truck. More rain needed. Fall plowing progressing rapidly. Potatoes doing well; yield light.

Lowia—Corn generally safe from frost. More than the usual amount of plowing has been done. Pastures and late potatoes show marked improvement.

South Dakota—High winds have delayed thrashing during the week, but it is nearly finished now. Frost has killed all vegetation that had not matured.

Kansas—Abundant rains in south half of the State and lighter rains in the north half, with much cloudy, cool weather, have greatly improved pastures, gardens, meadows and orchards. Plowing for a large acreage of wheat. Feeding begun.

Nebraska—Very little chance in crop conditions. Rain much needed for fall plowing and seeding. Frost did little damage.

Oklahoma—Weather cool and pleasant. Crops safe from frost, with the exception of limited areas in the north portions of central section, where the ground is too dry for plowing and chinch bugs are damaging forage crops. Some wheat sown. Late crops doing well. Grass will make good late hay and pasture.

Missouri—Plowing and seeding progressing well, with soil in good condition except in some southern counties, where they were retarded by heavy rains. Pastures, turnips, late potatoes and considerable late corn greatly improved.

Arkansas—Weather very unfavorable. Cotton seriously injured by rust, rot, shedding and worms. Opening slowly and picking not general yet. Corn will be a good crop. Potatoes, pastures and fall garden fine.

MORTON IS NAMED.

New York Republicans Want the Ex-Vice President for Governor.

Ex-Vice President Morton was nominated for governor of New York by the Republican State convention at Saratoga on the first ballot. Gen. B. F. Tracy in an extended speech placed in nomination ex-Vice President Morton.

Col. Baxter of Elmira placed in nomination J. Slat Fassett. Elias B. Dutcher of Kings County nominated Gen. Stewart Woodford. John S. Wise of New York, formerly of Virginia, seconded Morton's nomination.

E. A. Nash of Cattaraugus, named Gen. Butterfield, Ex-Congressman Parker of St. Lawrence County presented the name of Judge Leslie W. Russell. Cries for a vote followed and the chairman ordered the roll to be called by counties. Before Ontario was reached Morton had been nominated, and when the vote was finished the clerk, amid great confusion, announced: "Morton, 5324; Fassett, 60; Woodford, 40; Butterfield, 20; Russell, 20; Bliss, 40; and Arkell, 1." The nomination of Morton was made unanimous. Charles T. Saxton was nominated for Lieutenant Governor on the first ballot. A feature of the meeting was the enthusiasm caused when J. Slat Fassett was mentioned as a candidate, but it ended with a demonstration, for Fassett was not in evidence when the votes were counted. The platform denounces recent tariff legislation and the present administration in general.

JOHN MORROW killed James O'Neill at Dallas, Tex.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lessons—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Lesson for Sept. 30.

September 30 is quarterly review Sunday and it should not be a wasted Sunday. On the contrary, it should be the best of the three months' calendar. A good time to catch up loose ends, to fill up empty spaces, to glance backward and forward as from a kind of promontory. Travelers pause at times for a general glance and to take their reckonings. The past is reviewed and the rest of the journey is more intelligently and expeditiously made. So may it be with this review of our pilgrimage in the Holy Land.

A glance backward. We have studied Christ's life now from infancy. Beginning with the birth of Jesus, July 1, we have come with these second year's ministry. In the period of youth and the first year's ministry the gospel narratives have not been equally full or explicit. Luke tells the most about Christ's early days. John is the one who describes the first year's ministry. Now we enter upon a period where there is a chorus of all voices, increasing toward the last. A glance forward. We shall in the next three months accompany Christ in his earthly pilgrimage unto the "Sending forth of the twelve" toward the close of the second year of his ministry. It is thus seen that we shall give the quarter's study to one whole year in the life of our Lord, namely, the second year of his ministry. Stalker thus briefly and luminously divides the ministry of Christ:

1. Year of Obscurity, in Judea.
2. Year of Popularity, in Galilee.
3. Year of Opposition, six months in Galilee, six months in Perea and Judea.

A broad glance. The International Lessons from 184 to 1890, bringing us to the close of the century, take up, with a wise discrimination, both the Old and New Testament threads, twining them together, as they were evidently intended to be. The first half of the year we were reading from Genesis to Exodus xiv. With July we began the life of Christ. We shall carry it forward a solid year, completing in that time the survey of Christ's earthly career from the manger to the Mount of Olives. The remainder of the course is as follows:

1895. Second half, Old Testament to I. Samuel.

1896. First half, Gospel of Luke. Second half, I. Samuel to Division of Kingdom.

1897. First half, Acts. Second half, Epistles.

1898. First half, Division to Captivity. Second half, Gospel of Matthew.

1899. First half, Captivity to End of Old Testament. Second half, Gospel of John and Book of Revelation.

Two hints. Peloubet makes a wise suggestion for the home study that might also be carried out in connection with the Sunday-school room. It is that the course of Christ's journeys with his disciples across the Holy Land be represented on the globe or map by means of pins with colored heads. Or, an adjustable water or star might be used. As an entertaining and profitable exercise for boys and girls of a Sunday afternoon we reproduce the following mathematical Review from Peloubet's Commentary: "Multiply the number of the gospels (4) by the age of Jesus when he conversed with the learned men in the temple (12); divide by number of his temptations in the wilderness (4); multiply by the age of Jesus when he began his ministry (30); divide by the number of miles between Jerusalem and Bethlehem (10); add the hour at which John's disciples first went to see Jesus (4); and the hour at which Jesus sat by Jacob's well and conversed with the Samaritan woman (6); multiply by the number of John's disciples who first went to talk with Jesus (12); and the result will be the number of cities and towns in Galilee with more than 15,000 inhabitants at the time of Christ, according to Josephus."

LESSONS OF THE QUARTER.

Lesson 1. The Birth of Jesus. Luke 2: 1-16.

Golden Text. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2: 11.

Lesson 2. Presentation in the Temple. Luke 2: 25-38.

Golden Text. "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Luke 2: 32.

Lesson 3. Visit of the Wise Men. Matthew 2: 1-12.

Golden Text. "They saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him." Matt. 2: 11.

Lesson 4. Flight into Egypt. Matthew 2: 13-23.

Golden Text. "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." Ps. 121: 8.

Lesson 5. The Youth of Jesus. Luke 2: 40-52.

Golden Text. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Luke 2: 52.

Lesson 6. The Baptism of Jesus. Mark 1: 1-11.

Golden Text. "Thou art my Son, in whom I am well pleased." Mark 1: 11.

Lesson 7. The Temptation of Jesus. Matthew 4: 1-11.

Golden Text. "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4: 15.

Lesson 8. First Disciples of Jesus. John 1: 35-40.

Golden Text. "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." John 1: 41.

Lesson 9. The First Miracle of Jesus. John 2: 1-11.

Golden Text. "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory." John 2: 11.

Lesson 10. Jesus Cleansing the Temple. John 2: 13-25.

Golden Text. "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." John 2: 16.

Lesson 11. Jesus and Nicodemus. John 3: 1-16.

Golden Text. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

Lesson 12. Jesus at Jacob's Well. John 4: 1-26.

Golden Text. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." John 4: 14.

Lesson 13. Daniel's Abstinence. Daniel 1: 8-20.

Golden Text. "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." Daniel 1: 8.

Next Lesson—"Jesus at Nazareth."—Luke 4: 16-30.

A DETROIT BUILDER.

HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CAME TO DETROIT ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO.

Levi Elsey's Experience Worthy Serious Attention.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

Away out Gratiot avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business center, there are many attractive homes. The intersecting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and home-like comfort than that of Mr. Levi Elsey, the well-known builder and contractor, at 74 Moran street, just off Gratiot. Mr. Elsey is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMullan and Campan blocks, in which he displayed his ability as Superintendent.

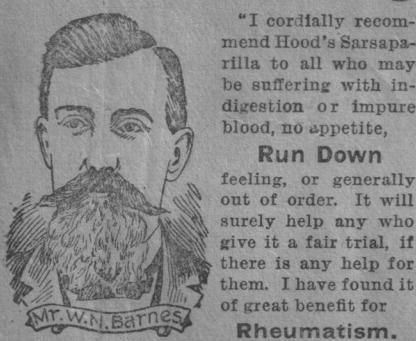
"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yesterday, in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends."

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blistering day I was down town, and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact, it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of 30 degrees, in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities."

"I had several doctors attending me, but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a siege of two months I could move around; still I was on the sick list, and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured, and suffered any amount of anguish."

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the Evening News about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woodward avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house out Woodward avenue, and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvelous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I felt myself growing to be a new man. The action on me like a magical stimulant. The pain departed, and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before trying the Pink Pills I had used any amount of other medicine without any noticeable benefit. But the Pink Pills cured me, and I was myself again."

That Tired Feeling



"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who may be suffering with indigestion or impure blood, no appetite, feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial, for there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for Rheumatism. We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla two years and have no sick headache spells, pains or tired feeling." W. N. BARNES, Hartford City, Ind.

Hood's Pills give universal satisfaction.

While Milking the Cows.

Charles Dudley Warner tells a story of how, when a boy, he used to repeat Bryant's poem "Thanatopsis" while he milked the cows.

"I learned that poem when I was a small boy," he says. "I liked it because I was a farmer boy and the poem was all about nature."

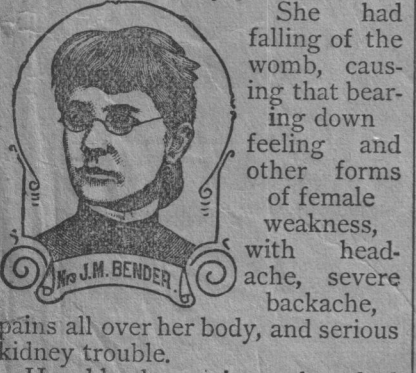
"I remember well how ashamed I was when a cousin of mine told me how he found me in the barn milking and repeating the poem. He had crept into the barn when I was not looking and stood at a door watching me while I worked and talked away to myself. Then I was a small, barefoot boy, sitting on a milking stool and saying over the verses of Bryant's great poem."

"The cousin thought it all a great joke, so that night at the tea table he told the whole story, while I felt my face grow crimson with shame."

"But I like the old poem still. Whenever I say it over I think of the old milking stool and the cows in the barn at home."

Bearing-Down Feeling.

The portrait presented here is that of Mrs. J. M. Bender, who lives on the old York Road at Nicetown, Pa. She has been for many years in very poor health.



She had falling of the womb, causing that bearing-down feeling and other forms of female weakness, with headache, severe backache, pains all over her body, and serious kidney trouble.

Her blood was in such a bad state that physicians said she had dropsy. Nearly discouraged, she tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to her great surprise it made her a well woman. She now wishes to tell women all over the world to take the Vegetable Compound and be well.

Best Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S CAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both of them humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause queasiness, feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Since 1821 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone. W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major United States Volunteers and A. A. General, Buffalo, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the nasal passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Cold, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is rubbed into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 25 cents, at druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren Street, New York.

No Shocking!

A mild, continuous current of electricity.

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CLARKSTON ADVERTISER.

Friday, September 28th, 1894.

PROBATE COURT ITEMS.

Jas. Joslin is administrator of the estate of James Webb of Holly.

The committee on claims have filed their report in the estate of John Voorheis.

The Will of James Egan is admitted to probate.

Edmund Foster and Earl Vincent are appraisers in the estate of Isaac Friday.

Petition is filed for the appointment of a guardian for Lucy Predmore. Hearing Oct 1.

In the estate of Peter Voorheis the executor's final account has been allowed and the real estate assigned subject to the legacies to be paid by Isaac Voorheis. Executor will be discharged on filing receipts for distribution of shares.

The estate of Emily A. Shuter is settled except the legacy of Mira A. Snow.

License to mortgage real estate for \$600 for five years at 7 per cent is granted in the estate of Hiram F. Axford.

Petition is filed asking for license to mortgage real estate in the estate of David Stotlie.

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 abstracts have been prepared with great care and posted up to date. The necessity for abstracts is becoming more apparent as titles become more complicated and complete abstracts to furnish accurate and complete abstracts. Special facilities for money loaning and conveying. Abstract building opposite the Court House, Pontiac.

Saturday Sept 15. State of Michigan to Edward R. Pratt and wife n e 1/4 of s w 1/4 sec 16 Pontiac 2 00 00

Frederick J. Barrett to Lincoln C. Johnson's lots 1234 1/2 and 1/2 blocks Johnson's plat Clyde village 150 00

Monday Sept 17—Elmer R. Webster and wife to Frank E. Culverlot on Perry St. Pontiac city 400 00

Albert Lincoln and wife to Arthur Baldwin et al s 1/2 of n e 1/4 sec 31 Oxford 1000 00

Horace Pinney and wife to B. Weaver land in Milford village 75 00

Anura M. Parsons to Sarah E. Wilson lots in block A Wilson Park s d Royal Oak 100 00

Geo E. Johnson to Eben Nichols w 1/2 of s w 1/4 of n e 1/4 sec 23 Brandon 55 00

Lincoln C. Johnson and wife to Freeman J. Barrett lot 6 blk 4 Johnson's plat, Clyde village 300 00

Stewart C. Shaw and wife to Hamilton H. Jones et al s 1/2 of n e 1/4 sec 15 Nov 1893 25 00

Alfred Windham to Lennal V. Vanskyke part of n e 1/4 sec 5 Waterloo 2400 00

ewis O. Phillips to Chas E. Hill 132 ft front on Howard street Pontiac city 700 00

W. B. Biebol and wife to Millie A. Blouin on Hill street Pontiac city 750 00

ay Sept 18th—Anna L. Kean to Col. S. Hubbard 31 a on s e 1/4 sec 28 S.W. Oak 1400 00

Andrews and wife to Fred Truxwell w side of Andrews and Orion in 75 00

Wm. J. and wife to E. P. Baker lands Bond Lake 3500 00

Judson et al to John Heffele lot and w side of Pontiac city 150 00

Wednesday Sept 20—Chas. H. Reeves et al to Chas. H. Reeves et al Drake, Le. Rochester village 600 00

Pratt Pontiac Stephen J. Gleason Mary W. Pratt, couple to Geo. H. Mary A. Sturman 3-100 a on n w 1/4 of s 1/2 Close 2840 00

Thursday Sept 20—Orion et al to Walter J. Fisher lot in block A Pontiac city 5000 00

Francis Conrad to Eugene et al lot 4 blk B Royal Oak 1200 00

Daniel L. Davis and wife to Clara et al interest in and to lands in Bloom Clara Green to Jennie E. Wilkins, 15 int in and to lands in Bloom Jas G. Mitchell and wife to Jacob M. Every, part of blk 3 Mitchell's plat Holly village 100 00

Elisba B. Clark and wife to Mary A. Green part of w 1/2 of n e 1/4 sec 27 Oxford 100 00

Friday, Sept 21—Wm E. Williams and wife to Sarah L. Bird, lands on Johnson Ave Pontiac city 1000 00

HOLLY.

From the Advertiser.

Wm. Richardson, Sr., Passed Beyond.

The death of William Richardson, Sr., occurred last Sunday morning at his home on North Saginaw street, after a lingering illness of nearly one year.

"Uncle Billy," as he was always known, was everybody's friend and his death leaves a vacancy which can never be filled. Every man, woman and child was his friend—he had no enemies. He always had a kind word for all, no matter how he felt he was always the same.

He was born in England and came to this country when it was a wilderness, and for many years was a resident of Rose township. Some years ago he came to Holly and has since resided here. He was one of the most energetic men that ever lived. When his health permitted he always found something to do, and when he had nothing to do for himself he was on the lookout for a place where he could do some kindness for a friend.

He was a member of the Methodist church of this place and as long as his health would permit he was a constant and regular attendant to all meetings. By his death the church loses one of its best members. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. N. G. Lyons, of Flint. Some years ago when Rev. Mr. Lyons was located here Mr. Richardson asked him if he would come and preach his funeral sermon when he died; and when Rev. Lyons came to see him a few weeks ago while then very sick he renewed his request. The sermon was one of the most touching ever heard. After Rev. Lyons had finished Rev. J. D. Halliday spoke very kindly of deceased.

The funeral was conducted by Holly Lodge, No. 134, F. & A. M. of which Mr. Richardson had been a member for 31 years. By request of the deceased Rev. P. Bates offered prayer and read a brief history of Mr. Richardson's Masonic record.

Holly second nine will play the Ortonville first nine at that place on Saturday, Sept. 29th.

W. H. Jones and family spent Sunday at Waterford. They drove there returning Monday.

Miss Susie DeCoul left for Albion last Monday, where she will take a literary course at Albion College.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Slocum of Caro, and Mrs. Lovina Leonard of Albion, spent Sunday at W. W. Slocum's.

The wind blew last Sunday and it was a cold one too; but few people ventured out. Considerable damage was done.

Jack Frost came in dead earnest last Monday night. It swept everything in its path. Now the trees are beginning to put on their autumn attire.

The Detroit Tribune, which so foolishly condemned Congressman Aitken's silver views at the time of the repeal, is now taking it all back, and says that he was right.

The fools are not all dead yet. Burglars entered editor Fitch's residence at Pontiac last week, but were frightened away. Who ever heard of an editor having money.

T. T. DeCoul probably has the best garden in town, and splendid care has had much to do with it. He showed us 18 potatoes that he dug from one hill, and everyone was marketable. Who can beat it?

H. O. Wills, the evangelist, and Thomas Swan came near having a fight in front of the Russell House, Detroit, one day last week. Swan had to shut up or Wills would have walloped the earth with him.

The Fenton and Pontiac fairs dates are the same this year. But few people will go to Fenton from this direction as the premiums at Pontiac are much larger and the exhibits at Pontiac are usually four times as large.

Harry Voorheis of this place is manager of the Western Union Telegraph Co., at Hammond, Ind. One day last week while at dinner some sneak thief entered his office and stole \$46.61 and the officers are close on the fellow's track.

The W. C. T. U. of Genesee county at Fenton on Thursday elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. J. H. Bailey, Brant Creek; secretary, Mrs. H. N. Jennings, Fenton; treasurer, Mr. M. S. Eames, Grand Blanc.

E. H. Lake shipped a car load of beans to New Orleans, La., Tuesday. He seems to be doing a rushing business in his line, and says that it is constantly increasing. He has added considerable amount of the latest machinery, and employs four hands besides himself at this time.

Mrs. C. W. Coe of Fenton, died at her home at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, at the age of 76 years. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. J. E. Bussey, and was the widow of the late C. W. Coe, who died about five years ago. She has resided in Fenton about thirty years. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon from her late home.

County School Commissioner Harry Snowden was a pleasant caller at this office last Monday. He is making a tour of the county inspecting schools and incidentally made Holly a visit. Since the institute and great big reception Harry has found a tender spot in his heart for Holly. Some say that it was not the banquet but a fair dancs here, who in his eyes, is better than three banquets. All right, Harry, keep coming, best are none too good.

Gen. Ellis has prepared an opinion in the effect that when a notary public moves from the county for which he was appointed the office becomes vacant; that suit judges are not eligible to appoint as notaries public for the term for which they were elected, nor for the term thereafter, the office of notary being ministerial not judicial, and that the members of legislature cannot be appointed to nor hold the office of notary public during the term for which they were elected.

The Wilkins house has changed hands and is now the property of E. P. Baker formerly of Fenton, now photographer at this place. In consideration was a house and eight lots near the Baptist home in Fenton to which place Mr. Wilkins expects to move. As a hotel keeper Mr. Wilkins has not met with the success he anticipated. We understand that Mr. Baker contemplates renting the newly acquired property, he having rented the Stranahan residence on Washington avenue for a family residence.

NOTICE.

I will hold a special sale of furniture from October 1st to 20th, at 10 per cent off for cash.

JEP. LINABURY.

NOTICE.

Our store will remain closed on Monday, October 1st until 6 o'clock p. m., also Tuesday, October 9th from 6 o'clock p. m., until Wednesday, October 10th at 6 o'clock p. m.

E. JOSSMAN.

LOST:—A child's stick pin with a Petoskey coral bangle. Finder please leave same at the post-office.

G. H. HUDSON.

PINGREE'S POTATO PATCH.

The Detroit Mayor's Plan to Feed the Poor a Success.

DETROIT, Sept. 26.—Mayor Pingree's famous potato-patch scheme, by which several hundred acres of improved property in the suburbs were last summer planted with potatoes the crop from which, it was hoped, would help feed the city's poor and unemployed during the coming winter, is already an assured success. A rough estimate of the total crop made from digging up a small section of the land planted shows that it will aggregate fully 15,000 bushels. At the prevailing wholesale price of 60 cents a bushel this would make the Pingree crop worth \$9,000. As the total investment for seed, labor in plowing and planting, etc., was but \$2,500, there seems to be a good margin of profit for the poor in the scheme.

Indeed so successful has been the plan that there is now serious talk of making it permanent and putting the work in charge of a regular city department to be created especially for that purpose. It is proposed that the city purchase about 1,000 acres of good land in the suburbs and keep it in the express purpose of digging it by allotment among the poor every spring. Then, instead of paying out to each pauper family seven dollars a month, as the poor department is now doing, the city would start the family with a capital of two dollars' worth of seed potatoes and induce them to raise their own supply for the winter.

GEN. DUFFIELD HONORED.

He is Placed at the Head of the Geodetic Survey.

WASHINGTON, C., Sept. 26.—The president has appointed Gen. William Ward Duffield, of Detroit, superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey, to succeed Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, resigned. His position is worth \$6,000 per annum.

Gen. William Ward Duffield has a distinguished record in civil and military life. He was resident engineer of the Hudson river in the fifties and after twice in the late war was appointed chief engineer of that road. He built the line of the Grand Trunk between Detroit and Port Huron and was chief engineer of the Central Trust railroad in Illinois and part of a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system. He built the latter line. He was chief engineer also of several railroads in Michigan and located most of the trunk lines of that state. In military life, while still a boy, he served in the Mexican war and was wounded at Cerro Gordo and again at Contreras while acting adjutant on Gen. Gideon J. Pillow's staff. He was breveted major general by President Lincoln for gallantry in the field in the title of Murreesboro. He has held but one political office—that of member of the upper house of the legislature of Michigan—and has been a democrat all his life.

THE ELECTION.

It Will Be Held November 13—List of Offices to Be Filled.

LANSING, Sept. 26.—Michigan will hold a general election November 13. At this election there will be chosen a complete set of state officers twelve congressmen, thirty-two senators, 100 representatives to the state legislature, and a full complement of county officers in every county in the state. The legislature to convene the first Wednesday of January, 1895, will choose a United States senator for the full term of six years to succeed James McMillan and will also elect a United States senator for the term of four years from March 4 to succeed John Patton Jr who was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Francis B. Stockbridge. Two constitutional amendments will be voted on, one affecting the right of suffrage, making certain non-residents, and the other giving the inmates of soldiers' homes the right to vote where the homes are situated.

Dr. Conklin Writes to His Wife.

ELKHART, Ind., Sept. 26.—See Sheriff William Coulton, of Gosport, Mich., withdrew the reward offered for the recovery of Dr. Conklin dead or alive, the citizens are now worrying about the doctor's mysterious disappearance. Where he is gone to no one knows, although it is known that Mrs. Conklin has received a letter revealing the whereabouts of her husband the contents of which she refuses to divulge. There is something queer about the proceedings, which in time will be revealed. Mrs. Conklin, however, who has the deepest sympathy of the community, is about to move to Toledo.

Canadian Lumber Arrive.

BAY CITY, Sept. 26.—A rest of the free-lumber clause of the new tariff bill was seen when 4,000,000 feet of Canadian lumber was received in this city by E. T. Harrington. The shippers were the Spanish River Lumber company, and the lumber was brought over on the barge Kathden. This is the first consignment of Canadian lumber that ever came to this port.

Full Play Suspect.

NILES, Sept. 26.—The body of George Ames, marled almost beyond recognition, was found on the Big Four railroad tracks in this city at an early hour Tuesday. Two prominent doctors say that Ames was undoubtedly murdered, from the fact that a deep cut 2 inches in length was made back of one ear and another like cut is directly in the center of the forehead.

Fire at Escanaba.

ESCANABA, Sept. 23.—H. W. Van Dyke's large furniture store and Roth's saloon were totally destroyed by fire Saturday morning. Firemen worked several hours before they stopped the flames. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary. The total loss is estimated at \$15,000.

The West Michigan Fair.

GRAND RAPIDS, Sept. 23.—At the West Michigan fair in this city the entries in every department are more numerous and varied than at any fair the association ever made, and the display of live stock is the largest ever made in the state.

A Priest's Golden Jubilee.

MONROE, Sept. 26.—The golden jubilee of Rev. Dr. De Broux, rector of St. Mary's church, was celebrated Tuesday with considerable ceremony. Pontifical mass was celebrated by Bishop Foley.

FOREST PROTECTION.

LAWS FORBIDDING THE DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER IN EUROPE.

Governments Have Supervision Over Private as Well as National and Communal Forests—Reforestation Carried on by Established Departments.

In Germany the various governments own and manage, in a conservative spirit, about one-third of the forest area, and they also control the management of another sixth, which belongs to villages, cities and public institutions, in so far as these communities are obliged to employ expert foresters and must submit their working plans to the government for approval, thus preventing improvident and wasteful methods.

The other half of the forest property, in the hands of private owners, is managed mostly without interference, although upon methods similar to those employed by the government, and by trained foresters, who receive their education in one of the eight higher and several lower schools of forestry which the various governments have established.

The several states differ in their laws regarding forest property. Of the private forests 70 per cent are without any control whatever, while 30 per cent are subject to supervision, so far as clearing and devastation are concerned.

The tendency on the part of the government has been rather toward persuasive measures. Thus in addition to buying up or acquiring by exchange and reforestation waste lands—some 300,000 acres have been so reforested during the last 25 years—the government gives assistance to private owners in reforesting their waste land. During the last 10 years \$300,000 was granted in this way.

In Austria, by a law adopted in 1852, not only are the state forests—comprising less than 30 per cent of the total forest area—rationally managed, and the management of the communal forests—nearly 40 per cent—officially supervised, but private owners—holding about 32 per cent—are prevented from devastating their forest property to the detriment of adjoining. No clearing for agricultural use can be made without the consent of the district authorities, from which, however, an appeal to a civil judge is possible, who adjusts the conflict of interests.

Any cleared or cut forest must be replanted or reseeded within five years. On sandy soils and mountain sides clearing is forbidden, and only culling of the ripe timber is allowed.

In Hungary, also, where liberty of private property rights and strong objection to government interference had been jealously upheld, a complete reaction set in some 15 years ago, which led to the law of 1880, giving the state control of private forest property as in Austria.

Under a law adopted in Italy in 1888 the department of agriculture, in co-operation with the department of public works and in consultation with the forest committee of the province and the respective owners, is to designate the territory which for public reasons must be reforested under governmental control.

The owners may associate themselves for the purpose of reforestation and for the purpose may then borrow money at low interest from the State Soil Credit institution, the forest department contributing three-fifths of the cost of reforestation upon condition that the work is done according to its plans and within the time specified by the government.

In Russia until lately liberty to cut, burn, destroy and devastate was unrestricted, but in 1888 a comprehensive and well considered law cut off, so far as this can be done on paper, this liberty of vandalism. For autocratic Russia this law is rather timid and is in the nature of a compromise between communal and private interests, in which much if not all depends on the good will of the private owner.

A federal law was adopted in Switzerland in 1876 which gives the federation control over the forests of the mountain region embracing eight entire cantons and parts of seven others, or over 1,000,000 acres of forest. The federation itself does not own any forest land, and the cantons hardly 100,000 acres, somewhat over 4 per cent of the forest area, two-thirds of which is held in communal ownership and the rest by private owners.

The federal authorities have supervision over all cantonal, communal and private forests, so far as they are "protective forests," but the execution of the law rests with the cantonal authorities under the inspection of federal officers.

In France not only does the state manage its own forest property, one-ninth of the forest area, in approved manner, and supervise the management of forests belonging to communities and other public institutions, double the area of state forests, in a manner similar to the regulation of forests in Germany, but it extends its control over the large area of private forests by forbidding any clearing except with the consent of the forest administration.—Century Magazine.

A Great Scheme.

"Scribble has a great scheme on hand."

"What is it?"

"He's getting up a book that is bound to sell well and be popular with the ladies."

"What is it?"

"It's the last chapter of 20 different novels. So, no matter where it's opened, it will be the last of the book."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Agreement.

Fred—How are you getting on with Miss Angell? Did you speak with her governor as you determined?

Frank—Yes.

Fred—And how did it come out?

Frank—So so. I said to him, "Mr. Angell, I love your daughter."

"So do I. Now let's talk about something else."—Boston Transcript.

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