

Mrs. E. M. Clark
Lee Clark

# The Clarkston Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME 1, NO. 13.

CLARKSTON, MICH., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 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.

THOS. YARWOOD,  
VETERINARY SURGEON.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.  
Address, Clarkston House.

ROBERTSON  
AND  
SUTHERLAND,  
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,  
CLARKSTON, MICH.  
OFFICE DAYS  
Wednesday and Saturday.

ROBERT REID,  
Dealer in Light and Heavy Har-  
nesses, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trunks,  
etc.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

J. T. P. SMITH,  
—DEALER IN—  
FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

## LIVERY!

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

6:15 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.

## WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Prices Clarkston Merchants are Paying  
for Products of the Farm.

CLARKSTON, Mich., Nov. 22, 1894.  
The following quotations are the latest market  
reports obtainable, up to Thursday morning of  
each week:

WHEAT—Red, 50 to 52c.  
BEANS—\$1.00 to \$1.20.  
BARLEY—90c., to \$1.05.  
OATS—30c.  
RYE—45c.  
VEAL—4c to 5c.  
HIDES—Green, No. 1, 3c  
LARD—10c.  
TALLOW—4c.  
BUTTER—Choice, 18c., to 20c.  
EGGS—17c.  
CHICKENS—Live, 6c., Dressed, 6 & 8c.  
TURKEYS—8 and 9c.  
HOGS—Live 4. Dressed, 4 1/4 to 5c.

## WATERFORD.

A wedding this week. Who will be  
next?

George Howland is visiting friends  
in Detroit.

Miss May Green was home from De-  
troit last week.

Lawyer Robbins of Detroit, was in  
town last week.

G. G. Bird is loading potatoes for  
Andrew Edgar.

Miss Auten of Ortonville, is attend-  
ing school here this winter.

Miss Flora Bird is spending a few  
days with Miss Nelly Chamberlain.

The masquerade ball at Drayton hall  
Thursday evening was well attended.

Clarence Bradley started south for  
A. K. Edgar with four car loads of  
potatoes.

The Misses Nettie Goit and Myrtle  
Chamberlain visited friends out of  
town last week.

The Misses Brown and Wily of Pon-  
tiac, were the guests of Mrs. William  
Howland over Sunday.

Will Barney called on friends here  
Wednesday on his way to Canada. He  
intended driving there.

The Stevens young people spent Fri-  
day evening at Clarkston, the guests of  
Peter Green and family.

Mrs. Eves of Detroit, gave the Lady  
Maccabees a school of instruction Wed-  
nesday afternoon and the ladies of  
Clarkston were invited to attend. A  
very nice supper was served in the  
evening. It was well attended and all  
had a good time.

## MERE MENTION.

Elegant skating on the pond.  
Roads rough and weather cold.

Thanksgiving will soon be here.  
Trains going west come later now.

E. Crodry of Oxbow, was in town Tues-  
day.

D. A. Green was at Waterford Thurs-  
day.

Will Hammond was home over Sun-  
day.

Leroy N. Brown was at Pontiac Mon-  
day.

B. T. Smith of Pontiac, Sundayed at  
home.

John Beardsley Sundayed at Joseph  
Lowrey's.

John Loan of Pontiac, was home  
over Sunday.

B. T. Woolman of Ortonville, was in  
town Monday.

Al. Spooner of Waterford, was in  
town Tuesday.

W. C. Petty made a business trip to  
Pontiac Friday.

S. C. Graham is nursing a very sore  
knee at present.

John O'Dea of Drayton Plains, was in  
town Sunday.

E. Jossman made a business trip to  
Detroit Monday.

F. D. Beardsley went to Holly on  
business Monday.

George Linderman and wife were in  
town Wednesday.

Joseph Lowrey went to Holly on  
business Tuesday.

Bert Rine of Davisburg, was in town  
one day this week.

Levi Johnson of Hadley, was here on  
business Saturday.

John Beardsley was at Pontiac on  
business Thursday.

Mrs. C. S. Dewey and daughter Luta,  
are on the sick list.

W. H. Horton called on friends at  
Goodrich Tuesday.

Harry Barry has accepted a position  
in E. A. Urch's store.

The Clarkston Roller Mill is rushing  
business at present.

J. E. Green of Pontiac, called on  
friends here Monday.

William Austin of Pontiac, spent  
Sunday at this place.

Joseph Petty and John Gulick were  
at Pontiac Saturday.

Fred Foster is building a sidewalk  
around his residence.

W. C. Bolman of Pontiac, was here  
on business Thursday.

Miss Clara Hoyt of Seymour Lake,  
was in town Saturday.

Fred Addis of Holly, was calling on  
friends here Saturday.

Joseph Petty made a business trip to  
Waterford Wednesday.

Ed. Walter of Clintonville, was here  
on business Wednesday.

David Lewis of Linden, is visiting  
his parents at this place.

Horatio Lovell spent Sunday with  
his brother near Pontiac.

John West has purchased the Daniel  
Addis farm east of town.

Ephraim Addis of Holly, was in  
town on business Monday.

E. Crodry is buying turkeys for E.  
Jossman for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Ross is very low at the home of  
her niece, Mrs. Frank Yager.

Andrew Glaspie of Oxford, was call-  
ing on friends here Tuesday.

Joseph Petty and wife called on  
friends at Springfield Sunday.

Robert Knight and wife visited rela-  
tives here a part of last week.

Miss Mary Waldron of Grand Rapids,  
is the guest of Mrs. E. Morley.

B. B. Parish and wife made a busi-  
ness trip to Pontiac Saturday.

Charles Snyder and Oliver Myers of  
Lapeer, Sundayed at this place.

Fred Sherry of Drayton Plains, was  
calling on friends here Sunday.

The Misses Luta Dewey and Gertie  
Urch were in Pontiac Thursday.

Harry Day and family of Holly, were  
guests at A. Linabury's Saturday.

Several from this place attended the  
opera at Pontiac Monday evening.

Chas. Fortner of Pontiac, spent a  
part of last week with friends here.

John Parkinson of White Lake, was  
calling on friends here Wednesday.

E. Jossman has purchased about fifty  
barrels of turkeys for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. John Harris of Vernon, is the  
guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Yager.

Mrs. Manley Bower and Mrs. C. Car-  
ran visited friends at Detroit this week.

Miss Ella Bird of Waterford, called  
on friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Lewis and Bower have been clipping  
their livery horses this week by machin-  
ery.

Henry Jossman and Miss Lena Ham-  
mond called on friends at Oxford Fri-  
day.

Miss Flora Bromfield has returned  
from an extended visit with friends at  
Pontiac.

Mrs. C. I. Horton of Goodrich, was the  
guest of W. H. Horton and wife  
Saturday.

William Lichtenberg, Jr., is buying  
potatoes for the firm of Lichtenberg &  
Son of Detroit.

W. E. Irish is sending out the annual  
statement of the Monitor Insurance  
Company this week.

Dr. Yarwood, veterinary surgeon of  
this place, has at present more cases  
than he can attend to.

Mrs. H. Gulick, Mrs. Jos. Lawlor,  
Mrs. Joseph Petty and Mrs. George  
Vliet visited Mrs. Jossman Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Anderson  
Settlement, met at the residence of  
Mrs. Joseph Lowrey last Friday after-  
noon.

Messrs Will and Wesley Stevens ac-  
companied by their sisters, Jessie and  
Belle, were the guests of Peter Green  
and family Friday.

A number of immediate friends and  
relatives gave a pleasant social party  
in honor of Sam and Martha Jossman's  
twenty-first birthday.

A donation will be given for the  
benefit of Rev. Wilson Tuesday even-  
ing, November 27th, at the M. E.  
church. Supper served by the ladies.  
Everybody come.

Joseph Gulick, Jay Clark, Henry  
Richardson and W. R. Vliet have re-  
turned from their hunting expedition.  
Mr. Vliet captured two fine deer but  
the rest were not as lucky.

## WEDDING BELLS.

A pleasant wedding was solemnized  
at the home of the brides mother on  
Wednesday afternoon of last week at  
4:30 o'clock. The contracting parties  
were Mamie Bailey and Ward Lessiter,  
Rev. Northrop officiating. The room  
was tastefully decorated with ever-  
greens and the bride was tastefully  
dressed in white with satin trimmings.

After the ceremony and gratulations  
of friends the party surrounded the  
wedding feast which was ample and  
sufficient. They received many and  
useful presents. The bridal pair left  
on the evening train for Detroit. They  
have the good wishes of a host of  
friends, with prosperous days awaiting  
for their gain, that Heavens best bless-  
ings may crown the wedded twain.

Following is the list of presents and  
their donors:—  
Tea set, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lessiter;  
jewelry case, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mor-  
gan; water set, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson  
Bailey; banquet lamp, P. R. Nott; sil-  
ver butter knife, sugar spoon and pickle  
fork, Miss Cora Bailey; six silver spoons,  
Miss Grace Bailey; pair of towels, Dan  
and Cora Decker; salt and pepper  
shaker, Bert Bailey; silver butter knife  
and spoon, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lessiter;  
picture, Maude Birmingham; banner,  
Mr. and Mrs. Alexandria.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERTAINMENT  
A SUCCESS.

The missionary entertainment given  
at the M. E. church last Sunday even-  
ing under the auspices of the Epworth  
League was indeed a success. The  
programme was neatly arranged and  
every part of it was well executed by  
all who took part in the entertainment.  
The entertainment was given for the  
benefit of home and foreign missions.  
Everybody was pleased with the enter-  
tainment and those in attendance con-  
tributed freely to the cause. Everyone  
should become deeply interested in this  
great work and help the cause along.

Have you got a good thing?  
Let the people know it.  
Do not keep it to yourself;  
Advertise and show it.  
Bait your hook with printer's ink  
And throw it!

A HIGHLY INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE.

The second number of the Clarkston  
Lecture Course took place at the M. E.  
church, Wednesday evening, Novem-  
ber 21st. Hon. Elia S. Youtcheff, the  
"James G. Blaine" of Bulgaria gave a  
very interesting and instructive lecture  
on the Social Life of the Turks. We  
are free to say that he has all the ele-  
ments of a successful and popular lec-  
turer. He has a good voice, a mastery  
of finished language and the power to  
sway his audience at will. His lecture  
is full of the most highly and instruct-  
ive things. The people of this village  
should feel very proud of the fine lec-  
ture course they are supporting.

## MARRIED.

Miss Josephine Hess and R. Irving  
King were united in marriage at the  
home of Martin Fisher of Sashabaw  
Plains, Thursday, November 22nd, at  
11 o'clock a. m. Mr. King is the oldest  
son of R. L. King the successful far-  
mer of Waterford and Miss Hess is the  
only daughter of Marvin Hess. There  
were many costly, beautiful and useful  
gifts presented to the newly wedded  
couple which was proof of the esteem  
in which they were held. Both parties  
are well known here and have the best  
wishes of all.

## A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

About fifteen of John Beardsley's  
young friends participated in a pleasant  
surprise for him Saturday evening. A  
very pleasant time was had by all pre-  
sent and to say it was a complete sur-  
prise would be very mild. The friends  
had congregated during his absence  
and had arranged themselves in the  
parlor with the lights low. Upon his  
arrival he was too surprised to speak,  
but after he had recovered from his  
surprise he addressed the company and  
told them to have an all-round good  
time which they did. After refresh-  
ments were served and the midnight  
hour rolled around, all departed wish-  
ing for many more such occasions.

## AN ATTACK OF HEART FAILURE.

Last Saturday evening while grind-  
ing coffee for his own use, B. L. De  
Lisle was stricken with a severe attack  
of heart trouble. Mr. Urch first noticed  
him leaning on the counter appearing  
weak and exhausted. A chair was  
brought and after sitting down for a  
moment he appeared to feel a little  
easier. He had to be taken home as he  
was in a critical condition. Dr. C. J.  
Sutherland was called and pronounced  
it a very severe case of heart failure.  
His condition did not improve much  
during the night but the following day  
was reported much better. At this  
writing however, he has not been able  
to assume his duties at the store but  
was seen to see him around again soon.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Gayline Plumb was a caller at  
school Tuesday.

The high school now numbers 52,  
primary 58 and intermediate 48.

One or two pupils have persisted in  
being tardy during the past two weeks.

The average attendance for the  
month just closed was 98 per cent of  
enrollment.

Written lessons in grammar, general  
history, physiology and geometry have  
been a part of this week's program.

The reading table contains the Re-  
view of Reviews, Pathfinder, Michigan  
School Moderator, Education Current,  
Literature and other educational pa-  
pers.

## A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

The young men of this place have  
made arrangements to give a Thanks-  
giving party at Clark's hall, Thursday  
evening, November 29th. Very fine  
invitations have been sent out and a  
very large crowd is expected to be in  
attendance. The boys always get up  
first-class parties and as Dewey's orches-  
tra will furnish the music a good time  
is expected to be had by all.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

John M. Nichols, Birmingham	24
Mabel A. Jarvis, Troy	20
Clarence H. Taylor, Duluth, Minn.	20
Georgiana Chamberlain, Pontiac	20
George Kinsley, Jr., Pontiac	20
De Et Gilpoe, Pontiac	22
Orrin Manchester, New Hudson	27
Mabel McKinley, New Hudson	25
Frank E. Smith, Detroit	25
Catherine Frediger, Plumbrook Corners	21
George Reynolds, Franklin	21
Rosa Kleine, Southfield	19
Edward Tully, Independence	28
Bertha McGrain, Highland	30
Alva G. Smithingell, Holly	23
Lena B. Perry, Battle Creek	22

## WILL GRIND BUCKWHEAT.

William Algoe & Son, proprietors of  
the Ortonville Roller Mills, write us that  
they are prepared to grind buckwheat  
each Friday, also they do all kinds of  
custom milling, and ask that the readers  
of this paper give them a trial. We are  
personally acquainted with these gen-  
tlemen and know that you may depend  
on what they say as right.

The case of Ira C. Davison vs the  
Pontiac Knitting Works, which was  
called before Justice Stuart last Friday  
morning was adjourned until November  
27th, at which time the case will be  
tried. The attorney for the defense  
made application to have Mr. Davison  
give security for cost, but Justice Stuart  
ruled that he need not file such security.

The man who snares the dollars,  
Catches more than ten the miser.  
Is the one who never falters,  
But's a persistent advertiser.

From the Oakland County Advertiser.  
PRIMARY SCHOOL MONEY.

The second semi-annual apportion-  
ment of the Primary School Interest  
Fund has been made by the Depart-  
ment of Public Instruction. The fol-  
lowing is the statement of the number  
of children of school age and the amount  
of money apportioned to Oakland Co.  
by towns: ips. One child in the town-  
ship of Waterford is not included in the  
apportionment:

Town and Supervisor.	No. Child'n Apportioned	Amount
Avon, A. G. Griggs....	638	\$ 433 84
Addison, S. D. Baker....	287	195 16
Bloomfield, W. Satterlee....	560	380 80
Brandon, G. E. Johnson....	318	216 24
Commerce, A. Richardson....	321	218 28
Farmington, C. F. Hatten....	522	354 96
Groveland, A. Terry....	208	141 44
Holly, S. P. Ormiston....	619	420 92
Highland, G. Willoughby....	427	290 36
Independence, J. Fair....	293	199 24
Lyon, F. J. Vowles....	435	295 80
Milford, W. W. Crippen....	602	409 36
Novi, A. N. Kimmis Jr....	312	212 16
Oxford, E. Gardner....	539	366 52
Orion, Wm. E. Littell....	405	275 40
Oakland, Amos Earle....	197	133 96
Pontiac, S. Reeves....	275	187 00
Rose, Wm. P. Hicks....	220	149 60
Ry Oak, N. E. Springst'n....	588	399 84
Springfield, H. G. Rohm....	295	200 60
Southfield, G. Bingham....	386	262 48
Troy, M. N. Leonard....	352	239 36
Waterford, T. J. Jones....	348	235 96
W. Bloomfield, G. Greer....	253	172 03
White Lake, C. E. Everts....	207	140 76
Pontiac City.....	1,388	943 84
Total for county.....	10,995	\$7,375 82

## COUNTY NEWS.

WHAT IS TRANSPIRING IN OAKLAND  
COUNTY.

From Our Exchanges and Other Sources.

The case of H. F. Daniels vs. Belle  
Townsend and Myrtle Davis on a bill  
of interpleader was up before Judge  
Moore last week. Testimony was taken  
in open court and a decree made that  
the defendants do interplead in order for  
the court to decide to whom the money  
now due on the promissory note in  
question belongs. Taft & Smith ap-  
peared for the complainant, Aaron Per-  
ry for Myrtle Davis and Geo. O. Kins-  
man for Belle Townsend.

Pontiac Times: Bread is now selling  
for three cents a loaf at some of the  
bakeries, in Pontiac now. There are  
quite a number of places in the state  
where they are selling two loaves for  
five cents. At the low price at which  
wheat and flour is selling bread ought  
to have been cheaper long ago.

J. E. Sawyer is anxious to communi-  
cate with some one who can give him  
pointers on the early life of Luther  
Weed, who lived at Amy a good many  
years ago. He was one of the first grand  
masters of the Masons in this state and  
that society is desirous of getting hold  
of historical facts concerning him.

Justice Redfield's court at Orion, was  
occupied last Friday with a case be-  
tween John Merritt, a stone cutter, and  
David Scott, marble dealer—both of  
Pontiac. Merritt sued Scott for labor  
performed on the Perry vault at Ox-  
ford and the jury returned a verdict of  
\$27.96 in favor of the plaintiff—this be-  
ing within \$2. of the amount claimed.  
Attorney Wieland appeared for the  
plaintiff and C. Losey and Wm. E.  
Littell for the defendant.

The official convass in Oakland coun-  
ty gives Rich, for governor, a plurality  
of 1151; Aitken, congressman, 1196;  
Warner, state senator, 1356; Voorheis,  
representative, 1st district, 428; Kimmis,  
representative, 2nd district, 618; Judd,  
sheriff, 1027; Harris, clerk, 1033;  
Mathews, register of deeds, 1089, Stone  
treasurer, 717; Wieland, prosecuting at-  
torney, 1029; Covert, circuit court com-  
missioner, 1153; Hogle, circuit court  
commissioner, 1170; Howard, coroner,  
1180; Brace, coroner, 1108; Russell, sur-  
veyor, 1024. Amendment relative to  
the qualification of voters—Yes 3392  
—No 879. Amendment relative to in-  
mates of soldiers' home—Yes 3339—No  
1172.

Everybody knows that whole-souled  
actor Frank Tucker; in fact, there is not  
a hamlet in Michigan where he has not  
a host of friends. Frank met with a  
severe accident at Howard City last fall  
breaking his leg, and to save his life  
his leg had to be amputated, which was  
done at Grand Rapids last week. We,  
in common, with his many friends here,  
regret that this great misfortune has  
befallen Frank.

There are many things placed to the  
credit of newspaper men for which they  
are not responsible, such as using  
partiality in mentioning visitors, giving  
news about some folks and leaving  
others out, etc. The editor simply  
prints the news as he can find it. Some  
people inform him about such item  
and others do not. We are always  
glad to get personal and other news.

Leaving out the woman who is so  
stingy that she boils her husband's tears  
to save the salt, we think that Eaton  
Rapids can boast of the meanest man on  
earth. For the past two years he has  
fed his ox sawdust for bran, and has  
managed to fool the animal, but now the  
joke is on him. He butchered last week  
and found that instead of a bullock he  
had a hemlock.

The matter of dangerous condition of  
our sidewalks is not by any means a new  
one, but although the subject lacks nov-  
elty the interest therein is steadily in-  
creasing. Many are the complaints  
made and tales told of hair-breadth es-  
capes by unwary pedestrians who find it  
necessary to navigate our streets. It  
would not increase the rate much to  
have these breaks repaired—not nearly  
so much as a judgement for damages  
would—and the general result would  
be much more satisfactory to those of  
us who did not get the damage.

The editor of THE ADVERTISER enjoys  
the rare distinction of being a relative  
to John Donovan, of Bay City, better  
known as "Donovan, of Bay," the one  
lone democrat to occupy a seat in the  
next Michigan legislature. Mr. Donovan  
is a brick layer and contractor, well-to-  
do, well educated, and the very soul of  
honor in all the term implies. The Bay  
City Times says of him: "The de-  
mocracy of Michigan never had a safer  
representation in the legislature than it  
will have this winter. There will be no  
division, no referee or anti-referee busi-  
ness with it."

## 25th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

A very pleasant affair was that which  
took place at the residence of Mr. and  
Mrs. George Baker in Rose township  
on Friday evening last, it being their  
25th wedding anniversary. At eight  
o'clock about fifty of their friends  
assembled to honor the occasion and it  
is needless to say Mr. and Mrs. Baker  
were surprised for the look of amaze-  
ment on their faces upon the arrival of  
their guests told the tale to well.

With music, recitations, cards, etc.,  
the evening passed pleasantly away.  
At eleven o'clock refreshments were  
served and during this part of the pro-  
gramme, Mrs. Emily Wood of Fenton,  
rendered appropriate music. Also, Will  
D. Terbush added enjoyment to the  
evening entertainment by a very inter-  
esting speech and ended same by present-  
ing Mr. and Mrs. Baker with a dozen  
silver knives and forks, also a butter  
knife as a token of friendship from  
those present.



# The Clarkson Advertiser.

CLARKSTON, MICH.

JAMES SLOCUM, Proprietor.

ONLY from the solid ground of some clear creed have men done good, strong work in the world. Only out of certainty comes power.

STUPID people, who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian.

WHEN a retired railroad magnet started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.

UNTIL the millennium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with, and had better bear our present burdens cheerfully than to run helter-skelter where we may find things a deal worse.

THOSE who carefully note the comparative value of lives in a community will soon learn that the element which counts for most is that subtle thing which we call personal influence.

NOW THAT Emperor William has taken to writing war poems the peace of Europe may be regarded as assured. Murdering the muse is a more engrossing pursuit than mowing down men with Maxim guns.

THERE are few nobler missions than that which Boston and Philadelphia have established in giving away flowering plants from the parks, instead of letting them perish with the cold. As the Newport Journal says: "Rich and poor are served alike. The first comes after an approach of frost gets the plants wanted, but their most merciful mission is realized when in the tenement house windows."

LONDONERS are laughing over a story about Mark Twain and his little daughter. Some one, it is said, asked the latter about one of her father's recent books, and was answered: "Really, I can't give an opinion. Papa's books bore me terribly. I haven't read half of them. Papa is the nicest thing in the world, but, oh, dear! I do wish he was not a famous funny man." Probably no one would laugh more heartily over such a criticism from such a source than Mr. Clemens.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE was one of the most facile writers of English in our time, and among his voluminous writings are essays and sketches which are likely to occupy a permanent place in English literature. Though he often showed keen historical insight, his warmest admirers will hardly call him a great historian. He was, however, a most interesting writer on historical topics. Perhaps his "Caesars: A Sketch," is not surpassed by anything in its class, and many of his shortest pieces are of almost equal interest.

THERE are no short cuts to happiness. The only way a man can be happy is to be true to himself and his fellow men and do his duty. Such conduct leads through difficult and disagreeable ways oftentimes, but after all is the only road to happiness. The man who is willing to be a rascal to-day in order to get money he fancies will make him happy tomorrow is getting farther away from peace and tranquility with every breath and every heart beat. The man who is honest and doing faithfully his duty as he truly sees it, is the only one, rich or poor, who finds real happiness.

WHILE small-pox has been brought within comparative control by vaccination there are other deadly diseases over which, until within recent times, the science of medicine has been unable to exert any check. Among these are diphtheria and pneumonia. A number of European scientists have been devoting their time to study of these diseases, as Pasteur, Koch and others have done in the field of bacteriology, working with more specific aim in different directions. The mortality among children from diphtheria especially is so high, often keeping up a pace of 25 per cent, that any preventive of so frightful a plague is hailed with eagerness. While it is not true that medical science yet claims infallibility for the croup or diphtheria preventives, it is known by actual results that they are effectual to a large degree; it is only the durability of the protection they afford that is in doubt and that time alone can settle.

ONE of our recent accessions from the population of Europe, for which we have no reason to be thankful, is that of Reskin, the Russian. He is a fellow who goes and asks for employment, and if he does not get it proceeds to bombard with stones the office or residence of the person who

was so illadvised as to refuse the offer of his services. Being beaten into helplessness by the police and taken to the station, he stated his platform thus: He wanted it understood that he was a red hot anarchist; that he would yet down all the rich capitalists of America, and also the American Government. He declared that America was compelled to feed and clothe him, and he was going to see that she did it. He admitted that he stoned the Pullman residence, and said he did it because Mr. Pullman refused to help the poor. Now, a vagabond, penniless Russian who comes alone with a determination to conquer the United States, is a notable sort of person. It inevitably excites sympathy for the Russian Czar to consider that he has a country filled in great part with fellows like that.

THE lively discussion of the certainty of death by electricity receives a new impulse from the testimony of Dr. P. J. Gibbons of Syracuse, N. Y. Dr. Gibbons maintained that the voltage of the current used in the execution of the death penalty in New York (1,700) is sufficient to produce death. He attended a capital execution in November, 1893. One thousand seven hundred and forty volts were used and the victim seemed to have been killed. Two hours after life had been pronounced extinct Gibbons gained access to the body and without instruments, but by the use of the common means for inducing artificial respiration obtained signs of lingering life in the body of the convict. He was interrupted by the warden, who forbade him to go on with the experiment, and shortly the body was given over to the surgeons for the autopsy. Gibbons' story is startling. It will require something more than a mere assertion of theories by electricians to disabuse the public mind of the suspicion that criminals subjected to the death sentence in New York are more frequently victims of the doctor's knife than of the electric current. The abolishment of hanging was regarded as a step in the direction of greater humaneness, but who can say that the electrical method, with its reported burning of human flesh and its possible accompaniment of horrors of the kind Dr. Gibbons suggests, has been serviceable as a substitute?

THE downfall of a man like Fred W. Porter, late auditor of the Rock Island Railroad, is one of the greatest shocks that can be given to man's faith in humanity. Here was a man who, by his family, business and social relations was apparently above reproach, who now turns out to have been living a double life and leaves a most unenviable record blackened with theft on a large scale and together with tolerably strong evidence of suicide to avoid facing exposure. A robber and a coward. He was a man against whom no suspicion rested and whom his friends really loved for his apparent nobility of character, and yet it appears that he has been a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, for his stealings—there are polite terms, but this is good English—were going on through a series of years, while his neighbors and acquaintances were learning to love, trust and heap honors upon him. Such things are a great shock and are strong arguments for the pessimists who argue that every man has his price. However, the lesson of such a life is as strong an argument against double-dealing, living beyond means and the crookedness that inevitably follows as could be given. Such men sacrifice honor and conscience and risk reputation in the vain hope of taking a short cut to happiness. Such rascality is rarely long concealed, and even if successfully hidden for a long time is any one fool enough to believe that there can be anything in it but hell on earth?

**A Hot Ride.**  
Probably one of the most thrilling rides ever heard of occurred on the Lebanon Valley branch of the Reading road. A young man crawled into the ashpit of a Wooten engine at Harrisburg this morning. The pit is divided into two sections, and both are directly beneath the firegrates. He entered through under the door of the fire-box and took a seat in the second compartment, unobserved by the engineer or fireman. Shortly after taking this position the engine was attached to the fast line, and started for this city. When the train stopped at Robeson, twelve miles west of Reading, the fireman was startled by seeing a tall young man, all covered with ashes, stick his head out of the opening below the fire-box door, and ask: "How far is it to Reading?" "How did you get in there and where?" asked the fireman. "At Harrisburg," "And you were not burned?" "Well, it kept me hustling to dodge the hot coals as they dropped down on me. It was a great ride, partner," he said, and hurriedly left as the train pulled away from the station. The engineer says the only thing that saved the man from being burned up was that the fire had been puddled with large coal before leaving Harrisburg—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## CRIME AND CASUALTY.

—Harvey and Arnold, the murderers of Mayor Marsh, of Kinsley, Kan., were taken before Judge Vandivert and pleaded guilty. The sentence was imprisonment in the State penitentiary until such time as the government shall decide that they shall be hanged. Judge Vandivert convened court an hour before the regular time, in order to frustrate would-be lynchers. The boys are seventeen and nineteen years old.

—Passenger train No. 2, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, was held up and robbed four miles north of Muskogee, I. T., by Bill Cook and fourteen men. The robbers cleaned out the express car of its entire contents.

—E. L. Schultz has been delivered to the Sheriff at Van Buren, Ark., by I. F. Little, who arrested him near Purcell, I. T., on the charge of having, in 1873, with Radd Morris and Jack Richmond, murdered two receivers. Schultz admits his identity, but claims he had nothing to do with the murder.

—A convict named William Thompson met a violent death in the jute mill at the Walla Walla, Wash., penitentiary. Thompson was cutting the shafting, when his clothing caught in a rapidly revolving shaft. He was serving an eight years' sentence.

—At Cleveland, Ohio, Nicholas Backus was held up by a man wearing a black mask and carrying a revolver. A demand was made for money, but Backus was all through the war and was not greatly disturbed. He remonstrated with the foot-pad and asked him why he did not follow a respectable business. The crook replied that he had a starving family to support, and the words of Backus caused the tears to flow from under his mask. He finally walked away without attempting violence.

—Henry Smythe, accused of swindling Chicago merchants, escaped from the train at Little Rock, his wife having drugged the officers in charge.

—"Jack the Strangler" is again at work in Denver. A Japanese girl was his third victim.

—Enraged by the failure to secure reappointment as Clerk, G. K. Whitworth, of Nashville, Tenn., killed Judge Allison, and shot himself.

—George Steiner, of Detroit, on his way to Europe, made the acquaintance of two bunco men. Steiner now holds a bogus check on the Nassau National Bank of Brooklyn for \$618, while the bunco men have \$40 of Steiner's cash, all he had except 80 cents.

—The elevator in the Glass Block at Norwalk, Ohio, fell Wednesday. Four people were fatally injured.

—Fearing lynching, Colonel Coit, whose regiment protected the negro Dolby at Washington C. H. Ohio, has refused to appear before the Coroner's jury to testify.

—A loose trolley wire in Brooklyn charged the wet ground, causing several runaways and tossing a man into the air.

—Jay Hicks will be hanged at Sturgis, S. D., for the murder of a hermit named Myers.

—Twelve men concerned in the lynching of John and Monroe Evans in Cullum, Ala., in 1891 have been arrested.

## THE FIRE RECORD.

—The Texas and Pacific Railroad wharf at New Orleans, with over twenty-five thousand bales of cotton, was burned. Loss, \$500,000.

—Harry Morton Buckingham, a member of the "Take a Light" company, died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Md., from burns received in a fire.

—The play he takes the part of a woman. Mr. Buckingham was in his dressing-room getting ready for his part, when his dress caught fire at a stove, and he was fatally injured before his burning clothing could be torn from him. He was formerly known as Harry Mortimer.

—The Patterson Hotel, at Harper, Kan., was burned to the ground at 4 o'clock Friday morning. Forty guests were in the house at the time, and but for the bravery of a young girl most of them must have lost their lives. As it was, most of them escaped in their nightclothes, and some of them had to be dragged out. The heroine of the occasion was Maud Schermerhorn, a waitress, 16 years old, who herself suffered severe burns and other injuries while saving others. Upon the second floor were forty guests sleeping. The girl, almost overcome by injuries and the smoke, staggered up the staircase from door to door, calling upon the inmates to awake. Before she had got very far the smoke became overpowering and she sank upon her hands, and in this position crawled through the passages giving the alarm. Having reached the last door she fell exhausted and lay there in a stupor, burned and bleeding. The guests had all been aroused and were fleeing from the building. One fortunately had to pass the place where the young heroine lay, and as he reached her prostrate form, he lifted it and bore it to safety.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

—At Lexington, Ky., Gen. Cassius M. Clay, despite the efforts of his children, succeeded in marrying pretty 15-year-old Dora Richardson. The ceremony took place at "Whitehall," the elegant home of the groom, in the presence of only the farm hands and the girl's relatives. Squire Douglas performed the ceremony.

—John H. Russell, of Russell's Comedians, and husband of Amelia Glover, is suffering with brain trouble and has gone to a sanitarium.

—Charles E. Strong, manager of the Chicago Newspaper Union and of its branches in Sioux City and Fort Wayne, died Wednesday morning at his residence in Chicago. His fatal illness dates from the time of his attendance upon the recent meeting of the Typothetae in Philadelphia, Sept. 18-21. For several days after this meeting he was unable to return to Chicago, and since then had not been able to attend his office regularly. Wednesday, Nov. 7, he was at work, but that night was compelled to retire to his bed. For several days the greatest concern was felt, but Monday and Tuesday he seemed improving. His physician, who had been in constant attendance, resented in his watch, and the members of his family retired in the evening. About midnight, however, the crisis came, and thirty minutes later all was over. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure, induced, no doubt, by asthma, from which he had been years a great sufferer.

—Wallace T. Phelps, known as "Whistling Dick," who had been a member of the Chicago Fire Department since 1866, is dead.

—Myron B. Wright, Congressman from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania District, died at Trenton, Ont.

—The brilliant life of Dr. James McCosh, the venerable ex-President of Princeton University, came to its close Friday night at Princeton, N. J., as peacefully as the sun sets at evening. He had been in no great pain during his recent illness, increasing weakness being the only indica-

tion of approaching death. He was conscious until death.

—Horace Ransom Bigelow, of St. Paul, Minn., one of the leading lawyers of the Northwest, died at his home. He had been a resident of St. Paul since 1853.

## POLITICAL.

—Lawrence E. McGann, of Chicago, is re-elected to Congress from the Third District by a majority of seventy votes over H. R. Belknap, Republican, according to the face of the returns as shown by the canvassing board.

—Democrats elected their candidate for Judge of the Insolvency Court in Hamilton County, Ohio. The Republicans carried the county by 22,000.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

—Judge Cole, in the United States District Court of the District of Columbia, overruled the demurrer in the cases of John W. MacCartney, of Washington, and E. R. Chapman, of New York, brokers, who refused to answer certain questions before the Senate sugar investigating committee. This was in the nature of a test case, and the decision means that Messrs. Havemeyer, Seales and Seymour, who were recently indicted, and the newspaper men, Edwards and Shriver, who were first indicted, will have to stand trial.

—Secretary Carlisle late Tuesday afternoon issued his call for bids for \$50,000,000 ten-year bonds, interest to be paid in coin, which is interpreted to mean gold. The only material changes made in the present call from that issued Jan. 14 last are the omission of the upset or minimum price which would be accepted and the notice that the proposals for the present issue must be sealed. It is confidently asserted that the Treasury Department that an amount will be realized considerably in excess of that received on the February issue. This expectation is based on the fact that there are exceptionally large amounts of money now lying idle and seeking investment in the money centers of the country and upon the further fact that the February issue is now quoted at \$118.50, or about 2 per cent above the price, which would yield 3 per cent. From the last issue there was realized \$58,680,017.63, and the current issue of \$50,000,000 in gold coin, \$5,810,420 in gold certificates, and \$233.30 in other money, which the sub-treasuries were compelled to take in making change.

## FOREIGN.

—A returned American declares the charges of disrespect to the American flag at Bluefields to be false and inspired by a clique.

—Field Marshal Yamagata's report, dated Kiu Lin, Cheng, Nov. 10, says that there are no Chinese troops in that vicinity. He adds that up to the time of sending his report the bodies of over five hundred Chinese soldiers had been buried by the Japanese. A great number of bodies of Chinese soldiers were found in the Aika River.

—Jellings, Blow & Co., London, have suspended payment. The trouble arises from the failure of the Havre firm of Busch & Co., cotton and coffee merchants.

—Sophia (Bulgaria) dispatch: The report received by the London Daily News from Constantinople that 3,000 Armenians, including women and children, had been massacred in the Sassoun region, near Moosh, Turkish Armenia, during a recent by a story which has reached Varna that a stock of Turkish troops raided a number of Armenian villages and killed and wounded 6,000 persons. The Turkish officials at Constantinople declared that the report was not true, and that it grew out of the suppression of a small rising in the region mentioned. It was added that the British Ambassador at Constantinople was making inquiries into the matter.

—The officials of the Chinese government have made the apologies demanded by the British government officials for the outrage committed by Chinese soldiers on board the British steamship Chung King in August last. The Chung King was saluted by the guns of the 'Iaku forts and the required apology was made to the British minister.

—The body of the late Czar reached St. Petersburg and was escorted to the cathedral by a procession imposing in length and make-up.

—The Dublin corporation adopted resolutions declaring lack of confidence in the government in view of its attitude on the amnesty question.

—Sir Thomas Matthew Charles Symonds, G. C. B., Admiral of the British fleet, died in London, aged 83 years.

—Great damage was done in the south and east of England by a storm. A number of vessels were wrecked.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

—The warship Esmeralda, which has been purchased by Japan from Chile, is in dry dock at Valparaiso, Chile, being cleaned. The captain of the Esmeralda, Senor Emilio Galin, is a daring and intelligent young officer who commanded Balmaceda's warship, the Imperial, which was called the Chile Alabama during the revolution of 1891.

—Captain Griffin, of the steamer Parrell, passed through a large quantity of vessel wreckage off Sleeping Bear point Monday. He also sighted a vessel ashore inside the South Manitou Island, but did not get near enough to discern whether it was a large or small steamer. At the time it was snowing so hard that he could see only a short distance.

—Dr. C. E. Rogers, of Minneapolis, who has just returned from Bluefields, Nicaragua, claims to know the whereabouts of Crawford, who is alleged to have stolen \$40,000 from the Adams Express Company several years ago.

—Anderson, Ind., reports 145 cases of diphtheria.

—Judge D. L. Fry and A. C. Haynor, of Chicago, who recently started the Provident Insurance Company at Richmond, Va., are reported missing. The company is said to have had no capital.

—There have been violent shocks of earthquake along the northern coast of Chile and in Bolivia. One hundred people have been killed by the seismic disturbances within a radius of forty miles from Lopaz. The cathedral has been rendered unsafe. One town was thrown down.

—What the fire marshal of New York believes was an attempt to blow up a big five-story tenement-house occurred on Wednesday morning. There are fifteen families in the house, and there was a panic when the explosion shook the building, but no one was hurt. The gasp in the cellar had been cut, permitting the gas to escape and fill the house. The gas-pipe was similarly handled several weeks ago.

refuge in the yard and pushed away in the snowstorm for land. How it would have fared with them had they not been sighted within two hours by the steamer H. E. Runnells can only be conjectured. The crew was so badly chilled and suffered so much from exposure that the yawl nearly foundered. The steamer Runnells brought the skipper and crew to Sault Ste. Marie, where they rapidly recovered from the rough experience.

—An explosion of natural gas shook the southern part of Fort Wayne, Ind., on Wednesday morning. Wesley V. Crow started to light the gas in the kitchen stove. A terrible explosion followed. Crow cannot recover. The explosion was due to an accumulation of gas in the basement from a leak in the pipes. The other members of the family escaped injury.

—The Cotton Growers' Convention at Montgomery, Ala., adopted a resolution urging Congress to build the Nicaragua Canal.

—Senator Peffer says the Populists will not aid the Republicans to organize the Senate, and proposes the re-formation of parties on the line of silver and anti-silver.

—A general order, commending individual soldiers for specially meritorious acts during 1893, has been issued by Major General Schofield.

—Daniel Oren, administrator of the estate of G. W. Jones, killed at Roann, Ind., by a train on the Detroit division of the Washburn Road Oct. 21 last, filed papers in a suit for \$10,000 damages.

—A settlement of the differences between the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific has not yet been reached, though negotiations are progressing satisfactorily.

—Consular reports indicate a revival of commerce with European and South American countries.

—Rapidity of the Soo Line has endangered the existence of the agreement for the maintenance of east-bound rates.

—John Karel, of Chicago, Consul at Prague, has been made Consul General at St. Petersburg. Carl Jonas, of Wisconsin, will succeed him at Prague.

—The Whitewater were victorious in the elections at St. John's, N. E., and it is believed the government will be forced to resign.

—Labor leaders were pleased with the report of the strike commission, while railroad men refused to discuss it.

—The steamer Montezuma, bound for South Chicago, ran on Morgan's reef from which two tugs were unable to release her.

—At Omaha, Neb., Judge Patrick Hawes was released from jail by the Supreme Court. He was serving a sentence of fifteen days for alleged contempt before Judge Scott, of the Omaha district.

—The cotton growers' convention at Montgomery, Ala., organized a national association for the protection of their interests.

—Dr. John M. Byron, of New York, contracted consumption by inhaling tuberculosis bacteria while conducting experiments.

—An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging in the Nebraska Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Omaha.

—General Cassius M. Clay has his home under guard to prevent the kidnapping of his bride by his children.

—It is denied that Attorney Goff is a physical wreck. The Lewis investigation will be resumed when he has recuperated.

—An increase of 1,738,000 bushels in the visible supply of wheat in this country is reported by Bradstreet's.

—Twenty negroes left New York for Liberia, the advance guard of an army of 4,000 awaiting means of transportation.

—Vergie G. McDermott, of Washington, who was bitten by a dog nine weeks ago, died with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

—The United States Court at Milwaukee has been petitioned to direct the Northern Pacific receivers to pay \$10,777 alleged to be due to the World's Columbian Exposition.

—The President denies there has been a disagreement of any sort between himself and Secretary Carlisle.

—John Sammore, of Hammond, Ind., employed in the packing-house, by the death of an uncle in Australia has fallen heir to \$1,000,000.

—Suit has been brought against Herman Aich, a New York importer, to recover \$100,000, which the customs officers allege is the value of importations fraudulently undervalued by Aich & Co.

## FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—Caldwell & Bunker, brokers at New York, assigned, without preference. All creditors will be paid in full.

—The statement of the business of the Bank of Montreal for the half year ending Oct. 31, 1893, shows after deduction of the expenses of management and making allowance for bad debts, a profit of \$604,862.19, against \$635,010.86 for the corresponding period last year.

—Howard S. Baker, of Sioux City, was appointed receiver of the Sioux City Cable Railway by Judge Shiras at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on the application of the Manhattan Trust Company.

## THE MARKETS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75@5.50; hogs, shipping grades, \$4.05@5.75; hogs, choice light, \$4.05@5.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.03@2.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2, 51¢@52¢; oats, No. 2, 28¢@29¢; rye, No. 2, 47¢@50¢; butter, choice creamery, 24¢@25¢; eggs, fresh, 20¢@21¢; potatoes, car lots, per bushel, 60¢@70¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3@5.75; hogs, choice light, \$4.05@5.75; sheep common to prime, \$2.03@2.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 50¢@51¢; corn, No. 2, white, 51¢@52¢; oats, No. 2, white, 32¢@33¢.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00@3.75; hogs, \$3.47@5.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 52¢@53¢; corn, No. 2, 45¢@46¢; oats, No. 2, 30¢@31¢; rye, No. 2, 50¢@52¢.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50@5.50; hogs, \$4.05@5.75; sheep, \$2.03@2.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 54¢@55¢; corn, No. 3, mixed, 45¢@46¢; oats, No. 2 mixed, 32¢@33¢; rye, No. 2, 51¢@52¢.

Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50@5.50; hogs, \$4.05@5.75; sheep, \$2.03@2.75; wheat, No. 1, white, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 50¢@51¢; oats, No. 2, white, 33¢@34¢; rye, No. 2, 49¢@51¢.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 51¢@51½¢; oats, No. 2, white, 32¢@32½¢; rye, No. 2, 46¢@47¢.

Buffalo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 57¢@58¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 51½¢@52¢; oats, No. 2, white, 36¢@37¢.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 57¢@57½¢; corn, No. 3, 49¢@50¢; oats, No. 2, white, 33¢@34¢; barley, No. 2, 53¢@54¢; rye, No. 1, 50¢@51¢; pork, mess, \$12@12.50.

New York—Cattle, \$3.00@5.50; hogs, \$3.50@5.50; sheep, \$2.03@2.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 60¢@61¢; corn, No. 2, 60¢@61¢; oats, white, Western, 37¢@42¢; butter, creamery, 19¢@26¢; eggs, Western, 17¢@22¢.

## You Deserve a Good Shaking.

And chills and fever will give it if you don't take defensive measures to escape the periodic scourge in a region where it is prevalent. The best safeguard and remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is free from any objections applicable to quinine, and is infinitely more effectual. Wherever on this continent and in the tropics malarial complaints are most virulent and general, the Bitters is the recognized specific and preventive. It does not mitigate, but eradicates chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake. For rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, for constipation, biliousness and nerve inquietude it is of the greatest efficacy, and the unhesitating testimony in its behalf of eminent medical men leaves no reasonable doubt that it is one of the most reliable family medicines in existence. Use it continually, and not by fits and starts.

## His Liberty for His Logic.

A costermonger was summoned before a London magistrate, recently, for obstructing the traffic. His own account was that he went into a public house "to light his pipe." When he came out, a constable threatened to summon him. "What for?" says I. "For stopping the line of traffic," he says. "Where is the line of traffic?" "Why, it's gone ahead now," says 'e. "I says, 'Then 'ow could I 'ave stopped it, then?'" This Socratic costermonger got off with a warning. He seems worthy of better things.

## Oxygen.

Oxygen is likely to play an important part in the submarine boat soon to be built for the navy. It has been found that a comparatively small quantity of oxygen from time to time admitted to a submarine chamber will keep the air of such a chamber for hours in the condition to sustain human life. Instead, then, of carrying large volumes of compressed air in many metallic receivers, a single receiver filled with oxygen may be carried. This makes possible an important economy of weight and space.

## Black Rings

under the eyes and sallow complexion show biliousness. This is one of the most disagreeable of stomach disorders and it allowed to have its own way will result in great harm. Cure biliousness at once by using Hipans Tablets. One tablet gives relief.

You rarely see an old man who is proud  
ATTEND the Fort Wayne Business College.

NEARLY everybody does a little gossiping.


# 98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like *patent* remedies. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (containing tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They live, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain. The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

## IF this should . . . meet the




troubled with Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Seminal Weakness, Gravel, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Bladder, Liver or Kidneys.

They are strongly advised to take a few . . . doses of . . .

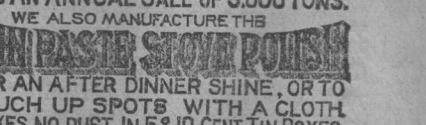
### Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

Justly celebrated as the standard liver and kidney remedy of America. 6

**\$1.00 — A BOTTLE — \$1.00**

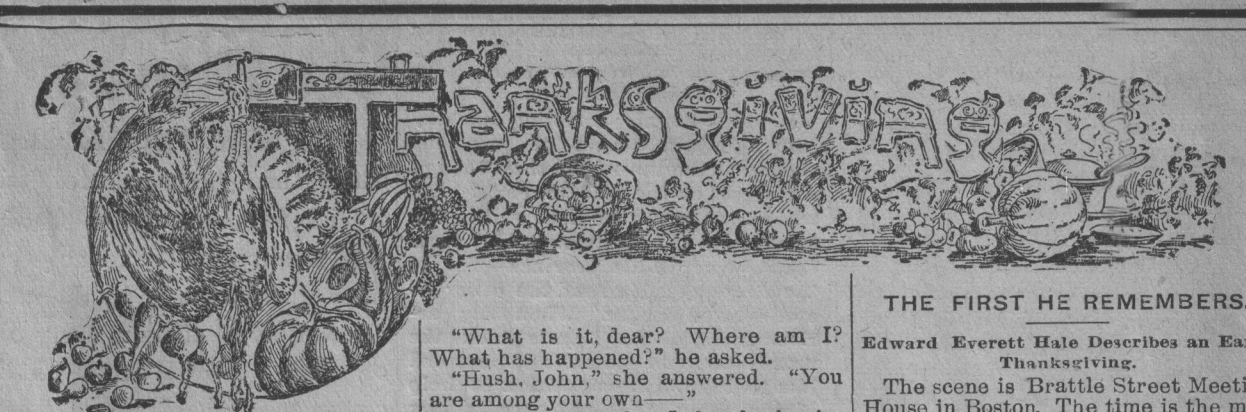


FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE



FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST, IN 5 & 10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE. MORSE BROS. PROP'S. CANTON, MASS.





For the hay and the corn and the wheat  
that is reaped,  
For the labor well done, and the barns  
that are heaped,  
For the sun and the dew and the sweet  
honey-comb,  
For the rose and the song and the harvest  
brought home—  
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the trade and the skill and the wealth  
in our land,  
For the cunning and strength in the work-  
ingman's hand,  
For the good that our artists and poets  
have taught,  
For the friendship that home and affection  
have brought—  
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection  
are blest,  
For the season of plenty and well-deserved  
rest,  
For our country, extending from sea to  
sea,  
The land that is known as the "Land of  
the free"—  
Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!  
—American Rural Home.

## ONE THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

It happened a long time ago. Once in a great while some one of the oldest inhabitants, in exploring the chambers of his memory, brings it from some hidden corner—dusty, covered with cobwebs, and gray with age—brushes it up, and tries to restore its old-time vividness to gratify the curiosity of an inappreciable grandchild who wants "to hear a story." It happened away back in the East.

The tall, dignified man with iron-gray hair and beard, with clothes of irreproachable cut, and a general air of culture and self-possession about him, who sat looking somewhat wearily out of the car-window, was traveling on an Eastern railway. He had been "out West"—merely on a visit.

It was a raw, chilly day in November, and the sky was overcast with clouds. However much one may revere Emerson, Bunker Hill Monument, the Charter Oak, the old mill at Newport, and the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, there is seldom anything attractive in a New England landscape in November, and it is no wonder the sun himself often gets tired of looking at it, puts a veil of clouds over his face, and hastens on to the golden West.

The elderly, dignified traveler soon worried of the bleak landscape flying past. He took a paper from his pocket, opened it, and began to read. There was an article on the editorial page, written in the editor's ablest and most pessimistic vein, that attracted his attention. The country—so the editor said—was going to the dogs. Crops had been a failure. The national finances were at a low ebb. The State was misgoverned. It had been a year of failure, and the editor could see no ray of hope ahead.

It was small satisfaction to the traveler to note that the paper was nearly a week old. If things were so desperate as they appeared to be they surely could not have improved much in one week. He laid the paper on his knee, took from his pocket a memorandum-book, wrote rapidly in it for some minutes, pondering awhile, looked over what he had written, added a few words, replaced the book in his pocket, and bowed his head in reverie.

"Travelin' fur, mister?"

The voice that disturbed him was that of a lank individual on the seat in front.

"I am on my way to the State capital," he replied courteously.

"On business, mebbe?" hazarded the inquisitive man.

The elderly traveler did not reply. He had laid his head in reverie again.

"Anything 'tickle on your mind?"

"Why, sir, and an amused smile lit up for a moment the serious, preoccupied face of the gray-haired man. "I have been wondering if there is really anything to be thankful for this year."

"Anything to be thankful fur! Land o' goodness. American, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"In good health?"

"Fairly."

"Alive, anyhow, ain't ye?"

"Unquestionably. But look at this article," and he handed him the paper he had been reading.

"Ya-as," said the other, as he slowly ran his eye down the column. "I saw that day 'fore yistery. It don't amount to nuthin'."

"It is one of the ablest papers published in the State."

"Ya-as."

"And it's published at the capital."

"That don't cut no figger. It's an opposition sheet. Why, look 'yer! B'lieve in God, don't ye?"

"Yes," reverently replied the elderly traveler.

"An' the promise that all things shall work together fur good to his children?"

"Yes."

"What might be yer name?"

"My name is Hendrickson."

"Why, you're—"

Crash!

Without a moment's warning the train in rounding a curve had dashed into a "wild" freight-train coming from the opposite direction.

The visible effects of a railway disaster were not disposed of as quickly then as now, but the accident had happened within a few miles of the capital, and a relief train was quickly dispatched to the scene.

Tender hands cared for the wounded and dying, and the lifeless remains of those whose eyes had closed forever on this world were gathered up for transmission to friends.

Down at the bottom of a heap of broken timbers in the wrecked car at the foot of the embankment they found an elderly, gray-haired traveler, alive but insensible.

Later in the day he opened his eyes. He was in his own home in the capital city. A weat-faced matron was bending over him.

"What is it, dear? Where am I? What has happened?" he asked.

"Hush, John," she answered. "You are among your own—"

"Ah! I remember," he broke in, feebly.

He closed his eyes. In a moment he opened them again.

"Rachel," he said, "will you please—look in the inside pocket of my coat and see if there is a little—pass-book in it."

She complied.

"Will you please—read to me the last—entry in it?"

Among the friends standing silently about the bed was one who seemed to sustain some confidential relations to the disabled man. To him she handed the little book and he opened it and read aloud as follows:

The tender mercies of God have failed not and we have not been consumed. The word of the Lord abideth forever. It speaks to us through his providence today, as it spoke to the inspired psalmist through lips divine. With unchangeable will the ruler of the universe works out his righteous purposes with us. He makes even the wrath of man to praise him. How much more, then, shall the tribute of praise from grateful hearts rise as incense to Him of whom it was said: "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever!"

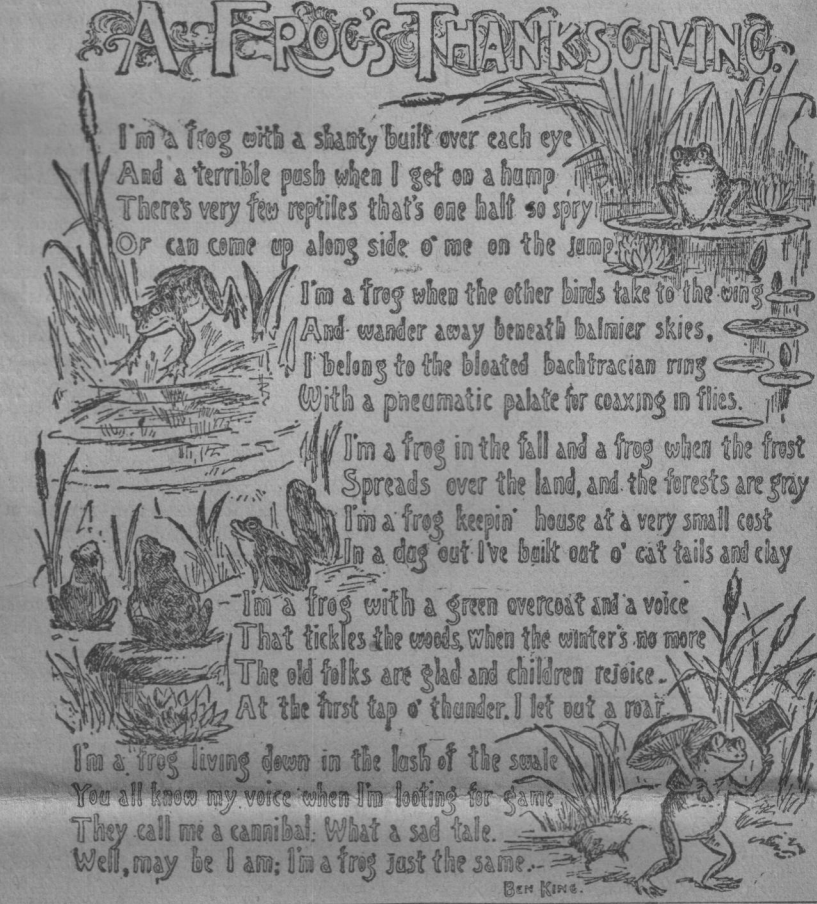
In compliance with the customs of our fathers we meet once each year to express our gratitude to the giver of all good and renew our covenant with him as a people. Now, therefore, I, John Hendrickson, Governor of this State, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the —th day of

## THE FIRST HE REMEMBERS.

Edward Everett Hale Describes an Early Thanksgiving.

The scene is Brattle Street Meeting House in Boston. The time is the middle of November—on Tuesday morning. A boy of — years old, who has the fortunate privilege of sitting on the cross-seat of the pew, is the person who describes, after sixty years, what he remembers. The little boy, whose self and successor is now trying to reproduce him, could sleep if he chose, extended on the cross-seat, with his head in his mother's lap, while she listened to the minister. I will not say that on this particular day he or I had been asleep. What is important to the present business is that she whispers to him that he had better listen now, for the minister is going to read the proclamation. The boy stands up on his seat, and with that delight which even conservative childhood sees any custom defied sees with rapture Mr. Palpey unfolding the large paper sheet which might have been a large newspaper; and sees the sheet cover even the pulpit Bible.

Mr. Palpey is a young man of 30 or thereabouts, who is afterward to be the distinguished Dr. Palpey, a leader of the anti-slavery opinion of Massachusetts. He reads the Governor's proclamation with sense and feeling, so that even a child follows along, about the taking care of the poor; the happiness of home; but especially about the success of the fisheries. It is only in the latest times that any



THE FROG'S THANKSGIVING.

I'm a frog with a shanty built over each eye  
And a terrible push when I get on a hump  
There's very few reptiles that's one half so sly  
Or can come up along side o' me on the jump

I'm a frog when the other birds take to the wing  
And wander away beneath balmy skies,  
I belong to the bloated backtracian ring  
With a pneumatic palate for coaxing in flies.

I'm a frog in the fall and a frog when the frost  
Spreads over the land, and the forests are gray  
I'm a frog keepin' house at a very small cost  
In a dog out I've built out o' cat tails and clay

I'm a frog with a green overcoat and a voice  
That tickles the woods when the winter's no more  
The old folks are glad and children rejoice  
At the first tap o' thunder, I let out a roar

I'm a frog living down in the lash of the scale  
You all know my voice when I'm bellowin' for game  
They call me a cannibal, what a sad tale  
Well, may be I am; I'm a frog just the same.

November, 18—, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, and recommend that, laying aside our secular occupations for the day, we repair to our accustomed places of worship and bow in grateful adoration before the most high, as becometh a people whose God is the Lord.

The silence that followed the reading of this was broken by the feeble voice of the maimed, disfigured, helpless man on the couch:

"I had intended to—write it over and—finish it a little—better, but perhaps it will do—as it is. Rachel, is anything the matter with—my right arm?"

"No, John."

"Then—raise me—up."

His purpose was divined. He was raised gently in bed, a pencil was placed between his fingers, the book laid on a pillow before him, and in a tremulous, cramped but legible hand he slowly wrote the signature:

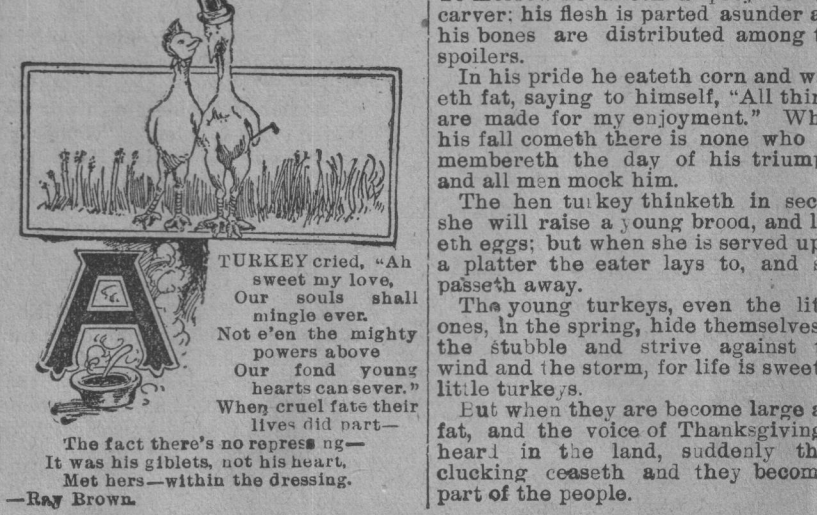
"JOHN HENDRICKSON."

"Now—kiss me—Rachel!"

They laid him down again. The pencil fell from his fingers, a faint, quivering sigh parted his lips, the light went out of his eyes, and, with his last earthly duty done, the soul of John Hendrickson, Governor, entered into life.

The Thanksgiving Dinner.		
Roast Turkey.	Oyster Soup.	Cranberry Sauce.
Baked Spare-rib.	Chicken Pie.	Apple Sauce.
Grape Jelly.	Cucumber Pickles.	
Mashed Potatoes.	Sweet Potatoes.	
Turnips.	Parsnips.	
Pumpkin Pie.	Slaw.	
Thanksgiving Pudding.	Cranberry Pie.	
Tea.	Coffee.	Chocolate.
MENU NO. 2.		
Roast Turkey.	Cranberry Jelly.	
Roast Beef.	Currant Jelly.	
or		
Roast Pork.	Baked Apples.	
Plum Jelly.	Chow-chow.	
Mashed Potatoes.	Baked Squash.	
Lima Beans.	Stewed Tomatoes.	
Pumpkin Pie.	Celery.	
Ice Cream.	Apple Pie.	
Cake.		
Tea.	Coffee.	
Hot or Cold Lemonade.		

## Heart to Heart.



THE TURKEY'S THANKSGIVING.

TURKEY cried, "Ah sweet my love, Our souls shall mingle ever, Not even the mighty powers above Our fond young hearts can sever, When cruel fate their lives did part— The fact there's no reproach in— It was his gliblets, not his heart, Met hers—within the dressing."

—RAY BROWN.

## TURKS IN A CONCLAVE

TOM GOBBLER CALLS AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

Imminent Danger Threatened, and Immediate Action Was Imperative—Their Lives at Stake—Rebellion Advised, but Christian Resignation Finally Prevails.

Words of the Martyrs.

His gracious majesty, Emperor, King, and Prince of all America, Thomas Turkey Gobler, R. S. V. P., gathered his minions about him at a late hour on the night before Thanksgiving, and in the dim glow of a moon half-obscured by poultry coops held secret conclave. Imminent danger threatened and immediate action was imperative. Their lives were at stake.

"My beloved subjects," began his royal highness in a voice quivering with emotion as he nervously stroked his trembling beard of blood-red hue, "we are beset by the enemy, falsely be-



HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THOMAS TURKEY GOBLER.

trayed into the camp of our foes by promises of cranberries and newly picked sage. Shall be submit to the oppressor without a struggle? Shall we go to our death without striking one blow for our dearly loved roosts and sweet old barnyard?"

"Never!" fiercely answered the heir apparent, his highness Willie Wishbone, as he strutted before his father's subjects. His eyes shone with a desperation which boded no good to the exultant enemy.

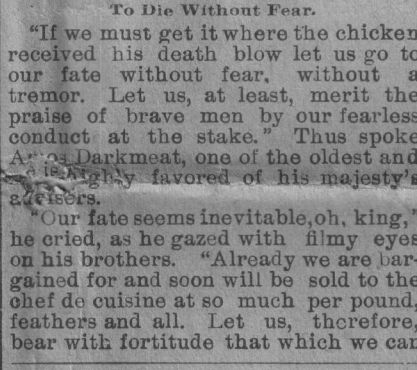
"Give us liberty or give us an ax," he cried. "Rather than hand myself over to the greedy palate of the epicure, I will fill up on tacks and rusty nails and get sweet revenge by boring large holes in his plethoric and baggy abdomen."

"Hear! hear!" came in chorus from the huddled minions.

To Die Without Fear.

"If we must get it where the chicken received his death blow let us go to our fate without fear, without a tremor. Let us, at least, merit the praise of brave men by our fearless conduct at the stake." Thus spoke Amos Darkmeat, one of the oldest and most highly favored of his majesty's advisers.

"Our fate seems inevitable, oh, king," he cried, as he gazed with filmy eyes on his brothers. "Already we are bargained for and soon will be sold to the chef de cuisine at so much per pound, feathers and all. Let us, therefore, bear with fortitude that which we can



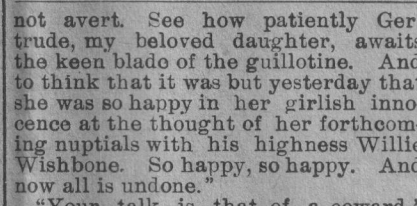
INTRODUCING AMOS DARKMEAT.

not avert. See how patiently Gertrude, my beloved daughter, awaits the keen blade of the guillotine. And to think that it was but yesterday that she was so happy in her girlish innocence at the thought of her forthcoming nuptials with his highness Willie Wishbone. So happy, so happy. And now all is undone."

"Your talk is that of a coward," fiercely declared Isaac Gizzard, known to all his tribe as a turkey full of bravery and the choicest corn in the barnyard. "Never will I submit without a struggle."

"Neither will I," shouted Felix Featherfoot, the wag of the party.

"Gentlemen, you will please come to order," gravely spoke the old king, as he vigorously rapped the gavel. "This is not a moment for gavity, nor is it a meeting for the discussion of the tariff. We must face the inevitable. Let us at least go to our death as befits the



There, Now!

The Dog—Well, I'd just like ter see anyone eat me on Thanksgiving day, that's all—Life.

## Christians Observe It.

Thanksgiving day is now celebrated by union services in all the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish churches in the United States. In the homes of citizens, without respect to religious faith or church affiliations, it is made a day of merriment and feasting, at which families long separated are reunited, and ceremonies of a social character prevail.

## Thanksgiving Song.

In safe and restful keeping,  
Beneath the autumn sun,  
The fields to-day lie sleeping,  
For harvest work is done

The blossoms prone are lying,  
Touched by a chilly hand,  
The birds are southward flying  
To find a warmer land.

But neither doubt nor sadness  
Can mar our song's refrain,  
Each heart exults with gladness,  
For spring must come again.

The gloomy clouds are breaking  
And drifting far away,  
God's peace and love are making  
A glad Thanksgiving day.

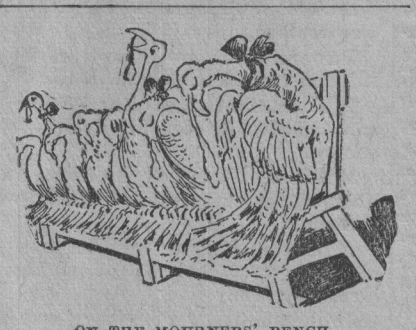
—Wm. H. Montgomery.

high station we hold in the estimation of the American palate. This being the case, it is now in order for each of you, my beloved subjects, to suggest to whom you would wish your lifeless clay given after immolation. Watson, Whitemeat, you have the door. At-

tention, gentlemen and ladies, while our learned brother makes his address."

## Disposition of the Remains.

"Most worthy sire," began Watson, who was of a religious bent, "if it please this honorable body of noble martyrs, I would wish that, after the



ON THE MOURNERS' BENCH.

cruel headsman has done his bloody work I be handed over to the Society of Secret Sisters of Cranberry Avenue Church. Festivals will be held over my corpse and the wake of the Colt put to bluish at the high old times which will be enacted."

"As for me," said Charity Drumstick, "nothing would suit better than to forward my plump and toothsome remains to the home of some poverty-stricken family. Even now I can see some wan-faced, sunken-eyed little prattler holding aloft one of my juicy limbs and shouting gleefully as he buries his little nose against my gravy-covered leg. And his poor half-starved mother! how greedily does she relish my tender flesh. That is my wish, most worthy ruler." And Charity sat down amid murmurs of applause, which made her blush to the color of her father's beard.

"Just ship me over to the Orphans' Home, old man," shouted Louey Last-Part-Over-the-Fence, the wildest little rascal that ever spread a feather. "What a time the kids will have as they scramble for my sage-stuffed body. And I'll bet a dish of cranberries that there won't be enough of me left after the assault to hold a grain of corn."

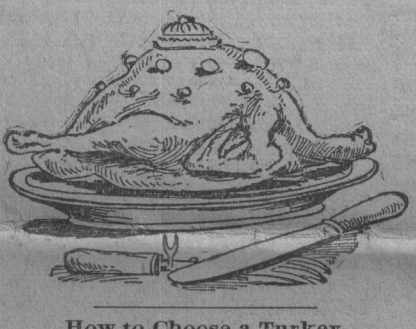
## For the Old People's Home.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," said Dorothy Dressing, a matronly and serious-looking old lady, "than to be the center of attraction on Thanksgiving Day at some worthy widow's home. There, at least, I would be appreciated."

"And you, mighty potentate, where, oh, where, do you wish your remains to be sent when death has set his seal upon your bill?" was cried out in lusty chorus by all his subjects.

"Let my remains," and a deep silence fell like a pall over the gathering. "let my remains be sent to the editor of our paper," responded his royal highness.

The convention was over, and in less time than it takes to tell the story the band of noble martyrs were on their way to death.



How to Choose a Turkey.

On Thanksgiving Day every American family makes an effort to dine on turkey. The turkey, being a gift for which all Americans should be thankful, seems especially appropriate as a Thanksgiving offering. If you are a town-dweller you must secure your bird from a poultterer; and let me whisper to you not to rely too implicitly on his judgment. Tastes differ, and upon this occasion you wish to suit your own. Some persons prefer a gobbler to a hen turkey, but I will advise you a hen. The meat is whiter, sweeter and more tender. The bill and toes should be soft, and the flesh have a bluish-white cast, twelve pounds being an exceedingly good weight. The fortunate country-dweller has his own turkeys, or should have at least, and can mold them at will. The feed can be so managed that the meat will be white, tender and of a delicate flavor, or the flavor may be greatly heightened by a change of diet. Chopped turnips, cabbage and parsley, varied with corn-meal, boiled rice and chopped celery tops, impart a peculiar gamey flavor, which to many persons is very desirable. This food may be given three or four days before killing.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.



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—Wm. H. Montgomery.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Lesson for Nov. 25.

Golden text—"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."—John 1: 11.

"Opposition to Christ" is the subject of this lesson, which is found in Mark 3: 22-35.

Get ready for revival in church and Sunday school. Does not Jesus visit us with this lesson, and prepare our hearts for larger refreshing? He speaks to us, one by one, and so he fits us for better doing. He is standing at the door to-day, hands full of blessing for us. Does not the song sing itself to us?—"Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Tenderly pleading with my sad heart; O shall I let him in? Cold and cheerless is all within; Christ is bidding us come unto him; O shall I let him in? Shall not the Spirit answer for us?—There's a stranger at the door; Let him in. He has been there oft before; Let the Savior in."

Points in the Lesson.

"The scribes which came down from Jerusalem." There was this difference betwixt Christ and his adversaries, the scribes and Pharisees. They were coming down from Jerusalem. He was going up toward Jerusalem. He steadfastly set his face along that holy way; they steadfastly set their obdurate faces in the other direction.

"If a kingdom be divided." Christ really gives three rejoinders here. In the first (vs. 24, 25) he pictures a house or kingdom, on their supposition, divided against itself. It is a contradiction, an anomaly. In the second (v. 26) he grants, as it were, their notion, and urges that if Satan be allowed to go on thus, he puts an end to himself. Why, then, their anxious opposition? In the third (v. 27) he hints at the real situation. A stranger has entered the strong man's house and is spoiling his goods. They are fighting against God.

## Hints and Illustrations.

This lesson brings Christ very close home to us. We have been studying of Christ on the sea, on the mountain, on the plain. This might be termed, Jesus, in the heart. He comes to his own to-day, will his own receive him? He comes to the heart's door and knocks. Have you room for him there?

"In the silent midnight watches

List, thy bosom's door!

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,

Knocketh evermore.

Say not 'tis pulses beating,

'Tis thy heart of sin;

'Tis thy Savior knocks and crieth,

'Rise, and let me in!'

Now let the message be very personal.

Of old he looked about on them which sat about him and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother." Can he say the same of those who "about him in his house to-day? Can he look level into your eyes and say, "sister," or "brother?" The controversy is betwixt you and your Lord to-day. How the mothers and fathers used to sing it—

"A poor, wayfaring man of grief

Has often passed me on my way,

Who sued so humbly for relief

That I could never answer nay.

I had no power to ask his name,

Whither he went or whence he came;

But there was something in his eye

That won my love, I knew not why."

"Have you got religion?" And the poor, forlorn woman answered, "yes, spells of it." She looked it. Would it not be better to get Christ, and to keep with him all the time?

Live louder than you shout. Let the life within authenticate the life without. In a word, keep Christ in the heart, and the life itself will sing and shout his praises. "You see that man there in the body of the house? He's a great shouter, isn't he?" "Yes, he's been making a good deal of noise in the meetings." "Well, he won't say anything to-night when I speak." Sure enough; he was silent. "How do you account for it?" said the speaker. "He owes me five dollars." Get right.

In the meeting the brother was insisting on certain exercises of soul, and it would almost seem postures of body, in order to secure peace of mind. How refreshing was the word spoken just then by the good sister who, rising, said, "I have not been able to be with you in these special meetings, but I do believe I have been with my Lord! Duties at the counter have so kept me that this indeed is the only service I have been able to attend, yet Christ has stayed beside me all the day, and I have had sweet communion with him." Do and know.

Bishop Thoburn sat in his study. There had come to him a call of duty. Six young men were asked for India. The young pastor's heart told him that he was one of the six. Of late everything seemed to be echoing and re-echoing the call. His presiding elder came in. His first word is, "Bishop James is looking for missionaries for India; hadn't you better go?" Says young Thoburn, "It is just what I sent for you to talk with you about." But they do not talk much; the coincidence of impression is enough. Young Thoburn goes aside to pray and comes back with the seal of God's approval to pledge himself for the work abroad. The joy of that commission has never departed, and thirty-five years of noble service have proven the divineness of the impressions. The word obeyed has let him, as it were, into the very heart of God as one of his intimates.

Next lesson—"Christ's testimony to John." Luke 7: 24-35.

ACCORDING to the Paris Figaro. Mr. Coates, the American "millionaire," during the whole of his lifetime has never taken any medicine. He has constantly consulted doctors and chemists, and all the medicine they prescribed for him he put away in a room. The result of this strange fancy is that Mr. Coates has now 1,300 bottles of medicine, 1,370 boxes of powders and 870 boxes of pills.

THE Zuyder Zee is to be drained at an expense of \$10,000,000, 72,782 acres of ground valued at \$130,000,000 being reclaimed.



## A NOTABLE EVENT.

**Five Detroit Couples Celebrate Their Golden Weddings on the Same Day.**  
DETROIT, Nov. 18.—In St. Casimir's church at the corner of Twenty-third and Myrtle streets Saturday morning a golden jubilee service was held in honor of the fiftieth anniversaries of five couples. All were members of the same church and intimate friends. They were Michael Lafolski, aged 71; his wife, Elizabeth, aged 74; John Kujet, aged 89; his wife, Anna, 77; John Dazyn, 80; his wife, Christyna, 71; John Jaszka, 75; his wife, Mary, 70; John Bazman, 83; his wife, Dorothea, 76. There were two other couples who had been married on the same day in Poland, John and Catherine Ransiewicz and Frank and Mary Wioeski, but they were not well enough to attend church. Many children and grandchildren were in the congregation during the celebration of high mass by Father Gatowski.

## DIED MISERABLY IN HIS GRAVE.

**Elam Musott Was Buried at Alma Before Life Was Extinct.**  
GRAND LODGE, Nov. 16.—Elam Musott, formerly a fruit tree agent, who for about two years made Grand Lodge his home and headquarters, while on a trip to Alma a little over a year ago, was taken ill and, supposedly, died suddenly. He was buried by strangers. A few days ago his friends decided to take up the body and remove it to Williamston. When they opened the coffin they found that the body had turned over and that the hands were clutching the hair, handfuls of which had been torn out. The face was terribly lacerated and torn, giving evidence of the desperate struggle he had made to free himself from his tomb.

**Electric Road for Mackinac.**  
GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 19.—The council of Mackinac village has granted John H. Roberts, of this city, a franchise for an electric road to follow the shore line around the island, the road to be built ready for operation next spring. The road as planned will be elevated and the cars will hang suspended from a single rail. The franchise includes an electric lighting plant to light cottages, hotels and streets.

**Cooperative Colony Started.**  
BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 17.—The Wolverine Cooperative association has been organized here to start a colony. The officers have an option on a piece of land in this state and another in the south. The capital is \$200,000, and the shares \$200 each. After the land is located homes will be erected and factories started on a small scale. The colony will be conducted after the plan of the Ruskin colony in Tennessee.

**His Own Bank Failed.**  
NILES, Nov. 19.—Luke Sharia, an old man living at Sodus, this county, having no faith in banks dug a hole in his woodshed and buried \$3,500 in gold therein for safe keeping. A short time ago when he went to look for the money it was gone. Some unknown person had discovered his secret and carried the money away during his absence.

**To Purify Detroit.**  
DETROIT, Nov. 16.—At a representative meeting of ministers from all the evangelical churches in the city it was decided to begin at once an active law and order crusade. Two of Dr. Parkhurst's agents from New York city have been enlisted in the movement and will begin work at once.

**Three Men Drowned.**  
GRAND HAVEN, Nov. 16.—The schooner Antelope capsized while attempting to make this port Thursday morning. Three men, who constituted the crew, were drowned. They were Capt. John Larson and brother, and a Swede known as Chris, all of Whitehall.

**Made a Brigadier.**  
LANSING, Nov. 15.—General orders have been issued by Adj. Gen. Eaton mustering out Brig. Gen. Elmer W. Bowen of the Michigan national guard, and promoting Col. Charles R. Hawley, of Bay City, commander of the Third regiment, to the vacancy.

**Injured by a Cold Snap.**  
KALAMAZOO, Nov. 19.—Celery dealers say the recent cold snap probably injured the celery crop about 5 percent, which means a loss of many thousands of dollars, though if the weather continues warm there may be some improvement.

**Death of Senator Stuart's Widow.**  
KALAMAZOO, Nov. 16.—Mrs. Charles E. Stuart, widow of ex-Senator Stuart, died at her home in this city early Thursday morning from apoplexy. Mr. Stuart was United States senator from this state from 1853 to 1859.

**An Old Settler Gone.**  
COLDWATER, Nov. 17.—William H. Abbott died at his home in this city Friday morning of pneumonia after a brief illness. He was born near Detroit in 1826, and had resided in Coldwater since 1838.

**President Angell as a Juror.**  
ANN ARBOR, Nov. 17.—President Angell was drawn on the jury for the December term of the circuit court of the county of Washtenaw. He will serve and receive a compensation of two dollars per day.

**Desperate Fight with Coal Thieves.**  
DETROIT, Nov. 17.—In a bloody fight at midnight between a Michigan Central watchman and a gang of Poles who were stealing coal from cars on his beat four men were seriously stabbed.

**His Busy Time.**  
LANSING, Nov. 16.—Gov. Rich is putting in full time until January 1, visiting state institutions and gathering material for his message to the legislature.

**Not a Candidate.**  
LANSING, Nov. 16.—Gov. Rich says: "I am not a candidate for United States senator, nor do I expect to be, nor will I be under any circumstances."

## FROM TOWN AND COUNTRY.

**Interesting News from Many Localities in Michigan.**  
A soldiers' monument is to be erected at Ypsilanti.  
A Traverse City man sold his apple crop this fall for \$100.  
Lonia's Sunday-closing ordinance was declared invalid in a test case.  
Two million tons of iron have been shipped from Escanaba this season.  
F. J. McWethy, of Harrisville, has sold 70,000 fruit trees for delivery next spring.  
William Ankle, a youth living in St. Joseph, seriously shot himself while gunning.  
A Benton Harbor concern has just shipped 3,000 barrels of pickles to Great Britain.  
John Small, of Petoskey, was mistaken for a deer by a fellow hunter and shot dead.  
Mrs. Jinger, of Detroit, gave birth to twin girls recently, joined together like the Siamese twins.  
John L. Miller was arrested at Oshkosh, Wis., on a charge of helping to rob a passenger train at Flint June 1.

While hunting near Conklin Henry Miller, a prominent citizen, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.  
Apples to the amount of 25,000 bushels have been used by the fruit evaporating works at Paw Paw this season.  
The twenty-third annual meeting of the Michigan School Masters' club will be held at Ypsilanti November 30 and December 1.  
H. D. Cole, of Lansing, was asphyxiated at the residence of J. M. Kilmer, Binghamton, N. Y., Wednesday night.  
The municipal commission appointed by Gov. Rich to revise the laws relative to cities and villages is hard at work at Lansing.  
The Michigan soldiers' home at Grand Rapids is rapidly filling up with veterans, the number of inmates being reported at 531.  
The large barns of Frank Hosners, northwest of Romeo, were burned recently, together with many tons of hay, 208 sheep and four well-bred horses.

**Desperate Attempt at Murder.**  
NILES, Nov. 19.—In Bertrand township Saturday George Swearingen administered poison to his son-in-law, Gus Vetter, in an effort to cause his death. The poison failing to accomplish his purpose, Swearingen attacked Vetter with a hammer, fracturing his skull in two places. The chances are against his recovery. Swearingen has been arrested. It is said that for a long time trouble had been brewing between Vetter and his father-in-law. Then, again, the assault is said to be prompted because of young Vetter having an insurance of \$2,000 on his life and by his death the old man would get some of the money.

**New Home for Masons.**  
KALAMAZOO, Nov. 15.—The new Masonic temple here was dedicated by the grand lodge officers. There was also a school of instruction conducted by Grand Lecturer Arthur M. Clark. Twenty out of twenty-one lodges in this jurisdiction were represented. The address on the mottoes and achievement of masonry was made by Past Grand Master John W. McGrath, chief justice of the supreme court of Michigan.

**A Niles Lady in Trouble.**  
NILES, Nov. 20.—The arrest of Wilbur Robinson and Frank Seiles two weeks ago for robbery, has been followed by the arrest of the former's mother, Mrs. W. H. Robinson, charged with secreting the goods stolen by the boys. She turned over several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry and other booty and was released on bail. It is believed she did not know of the thefts until after her son's arrest.

**Michigan Sunday Schools.**  
GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 16.—The state Sunday school convention received reports showing that the number of schools in the state was 4,000; teachers, 41,000; children, 340,000; receipts of the state association last year, \$2,489, and disbursements \$2,451. Thomas E. Banksworth, of Jackson, was elected president.

**Library for Manitow.**  
LANSING, Nov. 17.—Superintendent of Public Instruction Pattengill has shipped to Manitow county a complete district library for each of the four district schools of that county. The purchase was made with the proceeds of a legacy left by a citizen of St. James, who died a few months ago.

**Accidentally Shot.**  
ESCANABA, Nov. 17.—While Capt. Brock, J. J. Bartum and Frank Storer, a paper hanger from Cleveland, were out duck hunting near this city Storer was accidentally shot in the right shoulder. He was brought to the hospital in this city.

**Julius Goldberg Dead.**  
KALAMAZOO, Nov. 20.—Julius Goldberg, the cigar manufacturer, and prominently identified with the local democracy, died Sunday, aged 53, of disease of the spine. He was born in Germany.

**Broke His Back.**  
SCHOOLCRAFT, Nov. 15.—S. Heimbach, a farmer, fell from his wagon, while intoxicated and broke his back. Everything possible was done to save his life, but he died Thursday morning.

**Publication Suspended.**  
GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 16.—The daily and weekly Eagle, owned by the Herald and published as an afternoon paper, is defunct. Lack of patronage, the owners say, was the cause.

**A Fatal Blunder.**  
CLARION, Nov. 16.—John Small, about 60 years old, was shot by a hunter from Indiana, who mistook him for an animal. Small is still alive, but it is not expected that he will recover.

**Decatur Waterworks Bonds Carried.**  
DECATUR, Nov. 17.—A proposition to bond Decatur for \$12,000 to build a waterworks plant was carried at a special election.

## MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A SUICIDE.

**Suspicious Circumstances About the Finding of Maggie Radway's Body.**  
MUSKEGON, Nov. 20.—Boys on Sunday found the body of Maggie Radway half concealed in shrubbery near the Wood avenue bridge. The heart was pierced by a bullet and a revolver lay near the corpse. Two years ago she married George Radway and soon had to struggle for a bare sustenance. Coroner Dove had doubts about its being a case of suicide and adjourned the inquest. There were mittens on the hands of the corpse, and one witness testified that when found the woman's heavy cloak was buttoned up and there is no hole in it. Further, the bullet's course indicates that the revolver was pointed downward from the left shoulder.

## NEW METHOD OF LAYING PIPE.

**Interesting Engineering Work in Progress on the Detroit River.**  
DETROIT, Nov. 16.—An interesting piece of engineering is being done here for the natural gas company, which is laying a pipe under the river to connect with the Ontario gas fields. A big chain was lowered to the bottom of the river, one end of which is attached to this pipe and the other end will be made fast to three locomotives. The pipe has a conical head, with a big iron ring, and these locomotives will pull 600 feet of it, which is now constructed, on the runway into the river. Another 600 feet will be then joined on and there will be another pull, and so on until the half mile of pipe is laid. It will take three weeks to complete the job.

## LAND FOR BELLAMYITES.

**Option on a Tract of 800 Acres Near Battle Creek Secured by Them.**  
BATTLE CREEK, Nov. 20.—The Wolverine Cooperative association, recently formed here for the purpose of starting a town on the Bellamy plan, has secured an option on a tract of 800 acres of land in this county, near Wheatfield. It is the finest piece of land in the county. The stockholders in the scheme are increasing rapidly.

**Marvin's Trial Begun.**  
DETROIT, Nov. 16.—A jury has been secured and the trial of Frederick Marvin, ex-cashier of the late Third national bank, for embezzling from the bank, has begun. There are thirty-three counts in the indictment. The main charges against him are that moneys entrusted to him for investment through the bank he placed in his own private account and then drew on for personal expenses.

Evidence has been presented during the trial showing that Marvin spent \$20,000 of the bank's money in an effort to be elected state treasurer on the democratic ticket.

**Painted a Young Boy.**  
BAY CITY, Nov. 17.—While on his way home with two buckets of paint, one red and the other blue, Willie Butterfield, 7 years old, was set upon by a number of companions a few years older. They took the paint away from him, stripped off most of his clothes, and then smeared his whole body with a thick coat of paint.

The boy was carried to his home and now lies in a critical condition. The police are searching for the lads who painted him.

**Burned to Death.**  
ANN ARBOR, Nov. 15.—Henry Binder, a prominent citizen, was burned to death in a peculiar manner. While ascending the stairs in his barn his lantern exploded, covering him with blazing oil. He rolled to the bottom of the steps, shrieking in agony. Neighbors, who rushed to the rescue, put out the flames but Binder was dead. His face was unrecognizable and the whole front of his body was charred and blistered.

**Death of a Michigan Pioneer.**  
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 19.—Thomas D. Gilbert, president of the City national bank and the Grand Rapids Gas Light company, died Sunday morning aged 79 years. The deceased was a pioneer of western Michigan, having immigrated from Massachusetts to this city in 1835. He was an ex-member of the Michigan legislature and ex-regent of University of Michigan. He left an estate valued at \$1,000,000.

**To Build Big Freight Houses.**  
BENTON HARBOR, Nov. 17.—The Big Four railway will ask this city for right of way to extend their tracks and construct large freight buildings on the lot between the twin cities, of which the railway company has just purchased several hundred acres to be used by them as mammoth lumber yards.

**Suicide of a Pastor.**  
PORT HURON, Nov. 18.—Rev. Alfred Klein, pastor of St. John's Evangelical church, was found dead Saturday morning, hanging from his bedroom door with a curtain cord about his neck. Insanity, induced by nervous prostration, was the cause.

**Prizes of \$20,000.**  
GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 20.—The Driving club has decided to hang up \$20,000 in purses for the meeting which will be held the week of July 4, 1895. It was decided to build a half-mile training track in addition to the mile track, and work will begin on it at once.

**Death of a Banker.**  
HOLLAND, Nov. 19.—Jacob Van Putten, Sr., president of the Holland City state bank, died Sunday at the age of 74 years. He was one of the early pioneers of this community and one of the wealthiest citizens here.

**Burglars at Coldwater.**  
COLDWATER, Nov. 19.—Early Saturday morning the store of Lieut. Gov. elect Milnes was entered, the safe broken open and about \$65 in silver and gold and twelve watches stolen.

**Dropped Dead.**  
KALAMAZOO, Nov. 19.—Miss Cynthia Irish, who has had charge of the asylum cottages for twenty-five years, dropped dead of heart disease Saturday, aged 67.

## BAY VIEW READING CIRCLE.

John M. Hall, Supt. of the Bay View Assembly and Reading Course will be at the Presbyterian Church next Tuesday evening, Nov. 27th, and would like to meet all who are interested in a systematic course of reading.  
The Bay View Reading Course was organized for the benefit of those who do not care to take up expensive or extensive course of reading as the Chatauqua course. The required study is only thirty minutes a day, and the year's course is very interesting, composing study of French history, literature, and social life and study of art. The course and plan is becoming very popular, and had ought to interest, old and young who are desirous of keeping pace with the times. This is interdenominational and all are invited to be present, and Mr. Hall will explain all about the plan and expense and assist in organizing a Circle in Holly.

## DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

Don't tobacco spit or smoke your life away is the truthful saying of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful harmless GUARANTEED tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists. Book at drug-stores or by mail free. The Strong Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

## HOW TO PREVENT A COLD.

After an exposure, or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails. 50c at C. A. Wilson's.

Foley's Honey and Tar does not claim to perform miracles. It does not claim to cure all cases of consumption or asthma. But it does claim to give comfort and relief in advanced stages of these diseases and to usually cure early stages. It is certainly worth trying by those afflicted or threatened with these dread diseases. 50c at C. A. Wilson's.

## FOUR BIG SUCCESSSES.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at C. A. Wilson's, Drug Store.

Mr. Wm. Williams, Vicksburg, Mich., says: "I verily believe 'Adriatic'—Wheeler's Heart and Nerve Cure to be the most reliable remedy for heart irregularities that has ever been given to the public." Sold by C. A. Wilson.

Mr. G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes, August 10th, 1891: "Clinic Kidney Cure is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I, myself, am able to testify to its merits. My face to day is a living picture of health, and Clinic Kidney Cure has made it such. I had suffered twenty-seven years with the disease, and to-day I feel ten years younger than I did one year ago. I can obtain some wonderful certificates of its medical qualities."

## DETROIT GRAND HAVEN AND MILWAUKEE RAILWAY TIME TABLE IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1894.

STATIONS.		No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14	No. 15	No. 17	No. 18
DETROIT.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Grand Haven.		9 55	10 30	4 25	5 00	8 45	10 45	11 15
Milwaukee.		7 15	10 30	4 25	5 00	8 45	10 45	11 15
Chicago.		8 00	12 25	5 00	5 50	9 50	12 15	12 45
Holly.		8 41	1 08	5 5	10 30	9 14	11 30	12 13
Durand.		9 25	1 47	6	11	10 30	12 13	12 45
Owosso.		10 15	2 45	6 30	11 30	11 30	12 13	12 45
Lansing.		11 49	4 25	8 55	12 15	12 15	12 45	1 15
Lowell.		12 17	4 55	9 24	1 45	1 45	2 15	2 45
Grand Rapids.		1 00	5 30	10 30	2 15	2 15	2 45	3 15
Kalamazoo.		1 05	5 40	10 35	2 20	2 20	2 50	3 20
Ferryburg.		2 05	6 35	11 30	3 15	3 15	3 45	4 15
Grand Haven.		2 10	6 40	11 35	3 20	3 20	3 50	4 20
Milwaukee (Str.).								
Chicago (Str.).								

**EASTWARD.**  
STATIONS. No. 12 No. 14 No. 16 No. 18 No. 20  
Milwaukee. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.  
Chicago. 9 00 10 30 4 15 5 45 8 30 10 00 11 30  
Grand Haven. 7 15 10 30 4 25 5 00 8 45 10 45 11 15  
Ferryburg. 8 00 12 25 5 00 5 50 9 50 12 15 12 45  
Holly. 8 41 1 08 5 5 10 30 9 14 11 30 12 13  
Durand. 9 25 1 47 6 11 10 30 12 13 12 45  
Owosso. 10 15 2 45 6 30 11 30 11 30 12 13 12 45  
Lansing. 11 49 4 25 8 55 12 15 12 15 12 45 1 15  
Lowell. 12 17 4 55 9 24 1 45 1 45 2 15 2 45  
Grand Rapids. 1 00 5 30 10 30 2 15 2 15 2 45 3 15  
Kalamazoo. 1 05 5 40 10 35 2 20 2 20 2 50 3 20  
Ferryburg. 2 05 6 35 11 30 3 15 3 15 3 45 4 15  
Grand Haven. 2 10 6 40 11 35 3 20 3 20 3 50 4 20  
Milwaukee (Str.).  
Chicago (Str.).

**WESTWARD.**  
STATIONS. No. 13 No. 15 No. 17 No. 19 No. 21  
Milwaukee. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.  
Chicago. 9 00 10 30 4 15 5 45 8 30 10 00 11 30  
Grand Haven. 7 15 10 30 4 25 5 00 8 45 10 45 11 15  
Ferryburg. 8 00 12 25 5 00 5 50 9 50 12 15 12 45  
Holly. 8 41 1 08 5 5 10 30 9 14 11 30 12 13  
Durand. 9 25 1 47 6 11 10 30 12 13 12 45  
Owosso. 10 15 2 45 6 30 11 30 11 30 12 13 12 45  
Lansing. 11 49 4 25 8 55 12 15 12 15 12 45 1 15  
Lowell. 12 17 4 55 9 24 1 45 1 45 2 15 2 45  
Grand Rapids. 1 00 5 30 10 30 2 15 2 15 2 45 3 15  
Kalamazoo. 1 05 5 40 10 35 2 20 2 20 2 50 3 20  
Ferryburg. 2 05 6 35 11 30 3 15 3 15 3 45 4 15  
Grand Haven. 2 10 6 40 11 35 3 20 3 20 3 50 4 20  
Milwaukee (Str.).  
Chicago (Str.).

## CURE FOR OBESITY.

**Practiced on a French Farmer Much Against His Will.**  
M. de la Reynie, traveling one day incognito, met a man of enormous obesity at the inn where they change the horses on the road to Paris. He was a farmer and he had with him two letters of recommendation from the governor of his province—one to the king's physician and the other to a celebrated lawyer. When they arrived in Paris, La Reynie took the man to his own hotel, and assured him that he was in a position to help him in his quest. He at once led him to a dungeon where there were a jug of water and a piece of bread suspended by a string from the ceiling. Rage, screams, and cries of the despairing prisoner were in vain. In the nature of things, the man was presently compelled to attempt to get the only food he had, and, after numerous jumps and as many tumbles, he succeeded at length in gaining possession of the bread. After two months of this diet and these gymnastics, La Reynie gave him his liberty. But his protegee, beside himself with rage, threatened to lodge a complaint with the prefect of police. "Nothing could be more simple," said La Reynie to him; "you are at this very moment before him. But let us think a moment. You came to Paris to cure your obesity. You now stand before me as thin and slender as a young man. What have you, therefore, to gain? Besides that, here are documents to show that you have won the lawsuit you came about and which you told me on the journey you were so anxious to win." Amazed and stupefied, and with his breath taken away, the poor man was only able to stammer: "Oh! monseigneur!" "Depart," said La Reynie to him; "return to the country and propagate my treatment for obesity."

## PROBLEMS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

**Some of the Unaccountable Things Done by Fowls, Beasts and Insects.**  
The greyhound runs by sight only. This is a fact. The carrier pigeon flies his hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that he has marked. This is only conjecture. The dragon fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a flash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.  
Ten thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them, yet no one knows another headlong on the grass or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly a peculiar, high-shouldered, vicious creature, with long and pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud and, settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood while he was dancing? No one knows.  
A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they continue to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

## WRITTEN IN HALF AN HOUR.

**"The Sweet By-and-By" the Work of But a Few Minutes.**

Mr. Bennett, a music writer, and Mr. Webster were intimate friends, says Harrison's Magazine. The latter was subject to melancholy. He came in to where his friend Bennett was at business one day in a depression of spirits.

"What is the matter now?" said Bennett, noticing his sad countenance.  
"No matter," said Webster. "It will be right by-and-by."  
"Yes, that sweet by-and-by," said Bennett. "Would not that sentiment make a good hymn, Webster?"  
"May be it would," replied Webster, indifferently.

Turning to his desk, Bennett wrote the three verses of the hymn and handed them to Webster. When he read them his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to his desk he began to write the notes. Having finished them he requested his violin and played the melody. In a few minutes more he had the four parts of the chorus jotted down. It was not over thirty minutes from the first thought of the hymn before the two friends, and two others who had come in the meantime, were singing all the parts together. A bystander, who had been attracted by the music, and "had listened in silence, remarked: 'That hymn is immortal.' It is now sung in every land under the sun.

## New Dress on an Old Joke.

The filthiness of the printing office towel is traditional, and the joke about the country editor who slew his "devil" by striking him a blow with the office towel has lost its force. The other day I saw suspended on the wall of a printing office a black object, which was labeled: "Armor plate, tested on the Indian Head proving ground and found to be impenetrable." Upon close inspection the article was found to be that same old towel.

## Cats in Devon.

In Devon there is a superstition that if a cat gives birth to an even number of kittens, the owner will have as many years good luck as there are kittens; but should the kittens be odd in number, then the contrary will be the result.

# CLOTHING.

**MY NEW WINTER STOCK**  
which has been selected with special reference to the trade of this locality, will probably surprise all who see it, by the extensive variety it offers in every line of goods which I carry. It includes the pick of the market in fresh Winter Styles, and not less astonishing than the goods, will be the

## ASTONISHING LOW PRICES

I have put on them.  
Please call and examine before you buy.

**F. E. STARKER,**  
FCNTIAC'S  
CLOTHIER.

# EVERY S COUNTS

FOR US AND IT COUNTS FOR YOU.

**JOHN POUND!**  
**THE BEE HIVE**  
NEAR COURT HOUSE, PONTIAC.

October, November and December are the best three months in the Dry Goods trade. Why? Because the bulk of the Heavy Goods for Winter are bought in these months.  
An active dollar counts double in most things and just now it counts 25 to 50 per cent in customers' favor on nearly everything in our line, which covers everything usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS STORE. Please call and let us show you how far your dollar will go in our new goods just at hand for the Fall and Winter seasons.

**JOHN POUND, Prop.**  
P. S.—The special sale of Heavy Woven Underwear for Men, Women and Children, all sizes, white, gray and red, hundreds of them. Vests, Shirts and Drawers, will continue until all are disposed of. See them now on Bargain Counters at the Bee-hive.

J. P.

**CAPITAL, \$100,000.**

**Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$6,000.**

**ORGANIZED**



CORRESPONDENCE.

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

DAVISBURGH.

Roll Brownell returned to his home in Flint last Monday.

Miss Hibbard of Laingsburg, is visiting at Roy Davis'.

Mrs. D. B. Horton visited with her daughters at Pontiac, a part of the week.

The sawyers have been doing business in Eugene Brondige's woods, this week.

Homer Burnaby is quite sick with typhoid fever. Dr. Goodger attends him.

Mrs. Marion Powell and children are the guests of relatives at Linden, their former home.

Ely & Son shipped over a ton of dressed poultry to the New York market Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Manly and Mr. and Mrs. Porter Wright attended an entertainment in Holly Tuesday night.

Verne Davis and Frank Shafer took a load of five dressed porkers to the market in Detroit a few days ago.

Mary C. Friday has moved to Pontiac, where her son Virgil has accepted a position in Stewart & Co.'s Body Works.

Mrs. Dawson, a talented lady of Pontiac, will speak at a union temperance meeting to be held in the M. E. Church next Sunday evening.

Mrs. C. T. Baer, accompanied by her sons, Harry and Sam, and Miss Heppie Davis, attended the wedding of Mrs. Baer's cousin in Detroit last week.

A bee to cut wood for use in the M. E. Church was held in C. Wall's woods to-day. Dinner was served to the hungry choppers in the basement of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Crandall are receiving the congratulations of their friends over the arrival of another boy in their family. His birthday was Nov. 16th, 1894.

It is expected that a grain elevator and storage house will be built here next spring, by the enterprising dealer, W. S. Walls. It has long been needed and will be a much appreciated improvement.

The body of Charles Griggs of California, was received here by undertaker Hill for burial in the Hadley cemetery, last Wednesday. John Griggs, a son of the deceased accompanied the remains here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Horton attended the funeral of Mr. Horton's sister, Mrs. Lydia Whiteys, at Owosso last week. Mrs. Whitey's home was in Fowlerville but she was taken sick while visiting friends in Owosso and died there.

A chimney in the house occupied by H. Green caught fire, and the blaze extending into the garret caused much excitement, and our fire department(?) had to get a hustle on themselves last Tuesday. The fire was extinguished without much difficulty and the damage was light, though it looked for a time as though it would consume the building.

Will Barney, a well known young man of Springfield, was unwise enough to undertake to skip for Canada with property mortgaged to Wright Bros. last week. Will Wright accompanied by the sheriff overtook the delinquent in Birmingham and brought him back and effected a settlement. Barney finally went to Canada, a sadder, and it is hoped, a wiser young man.

Dr. J. D. Ely leaves next Monday to resume practice in Toledo. The doctor improves this opportunity to tender his best thanks to all his patrons and friends here for their favors and the kindly interest manifested in expressions of good wishes for the future. Those having accounts which are not convenient to settle with the doctor before leaving may pay to Ely & Son who will receive and give you a receipt for same.

Chas. T. Heimstreet of 376, Jefferson Ave., Detroit, a brakeman on the D. G. H. & M. Ry., was injured at this place last Thursday evening. While coupling cars, the fleshy part of his left fore-arm was caught between the bumpers and squeezed so hard as to break it open nearly its whole length. Dr. Manly was called and sewed up the wound and Mr. Heimstreet was cared for at hotel Horton until the next day when his wife came and took him to the Sanitarium, in Detroit. This is the second time Mr. Heimstreet has been injured within a year. The first time was at Durand where he sustained an injury which necessitated his remaining in the sanitarium, several months. It is thought the second injury will not prove so serious, but it is enough to illustrate that "Misfortunes never come singly."

A well known young man, on returning from a visit with his best girl, in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, desired to reach his room at his boarding place, without disturbance and unknown to his friends there, and astonished himself by getting beautifully caught. Removing his shoes at the outer door he

succeeded in getting through without it squeaking or making a noise. Slowly and noiselessly up the stairway he crept two steps at a time, till he reached the upper landing where a sigh of suspense and relief was about to escape from his lips, when, on looking up he saw the smiling phiz of a fellow boarder, about going out to catch an early train. The gay young Lathairo didn't faint but tumbled to the fact this his efforts were in vain. A bribe was offered, and ever begging was resorted to, but 'twas nuse—the truth will out—it was too good to keep and his friend gave it to a horrio reporter and the young man was killed, dead. His name was—Dennis.

Dr. Ely is pleased to introduce and recommend to his former patrons and to the people of his acquaintance, Dr. Goodger as his successor, of whom the Review published at Milbank, S. Dakota, speaks as follows:

"It is with regret that the Review announces that Dr. Geo. H. Goodger, of this city, has decided to bid adieu to Milbank for the purpose of going to Davisburg, Michigan, to practice. Dr. Goodger belongs to that class of physicians who make it a business to study up in his profession for the purpose of keeping thoroughly posted. The doctor, in leaving Milbank, carries with him the very best wishes of a large circle of friends and acquaintances."

AUSTIN.

Miss Inez Adams is working for Mrs. Wm. Green.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lowery have moved to Holly.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Barley rejoice over the arrival of a daughter.

Casins Burt of Blanchard, has been a visiting his brother, Julius.

Fred McBratney of Milford, spent Sunday with his brother, Charles.

Mr. Phettyplace has been around here once more a smiling on friends.

Lena Johnston of Groveland, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Allie Austin.

Mrs. Julius Burt and Mrs. Milt Snyder visited at Mrs. L. S. Buzzard's last Tuesday.

Married at Ortonville, Nov. 15th, Sam Shephard and Miss Edith Richie. Their many friends wish them a long and happy life.

CLYDE.

Miss Nina Harkell of Ludington, is visiting friends here.

Fred P. Johnson of Brighton, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends here.

P. V. Copp and Marshal Fredmore have opened their new blacksmith shop.

Chas. Mathews has gone to East Saginaw to attend the Valley City Business college.

Miss Mabel Wallace of East Saginaw, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Grow.

J. M. Hall, organizer of the Bay View Reading Circle, gave a talk in the church here last Tuesday.

Lawrence Bros.' feed mill caught fire last Saturday, but the blaze was extinguished without much loss.

Geo. P. Wickens has returned from a 3 weeks deer slaughtering expedition in the northern part of the state.

Burglars went through Johnson Bros.' store and the post-office Sunday night, but received only a small amount of swag.

The Bay View Reading Circle will meet at Geo. Willoughby's next Monday evening. The latch string is out for all.

"Father Time" will hold a social at W. W. Baker's, under the auspices of the Epworth League, next Tuesday evening. Come.

Ed. Tully and Miss Bertha McGrain were married in St. Mary's Church at Milford, yesterday, at 10:30 a. m. Particulars next week.

F. A. Wickens & Co. says last Saturday was their banner day in business, having put out \$340 in merchandise on that day. The same low prices hold good until Saturday night of this week.

L. C. Johnson's large new store is nearing completion; he also has underway, a baker shop, post-office, dwelling house, repairing house, meat market, hotel barn and stock yard. How's that for getting a "move on?"

Mrs. Geo. Glines died at her home at Hickory Ridge, Tuesday, Nov. 13th. The funeral was held at her home on Thursday, conducted by Rev. E. Pierce. She leaves a husband and son to mourn her absence from among them.

SPRINGFIELD.

Sadie Green will teach the school here this winter.

A. Stafford, wife and daughter, were at Holly Saturday.

Jack Burke of Rose, called on friends at this place Sunday.

W. Ballard and daughter, Gertie, were at Holly Saturday.

Miss Addie Bartlett entertained friends from Pontiac Sunday.

Vern Friday and wife of Davisburg, spent Sunday at Mrs. D. Pardee's.

George Marble is again working for Andrew Garner of White Lake.

Lizzie Kerton is spending the winter with Jennie Edgar of Clarkston Station.

Will Barrier has gone to Canada, here he will spend the winter with his parents.

L. H. Beardsley of this place, has moved to Clarkston, his son H. R. Beardsley, taking charge of his farm.

WHITE LAKE.

C. H. Craft made a business trip to Clarkston, Friday.

C. E. Everts was in Pontiac on business a few days last week.

Ed. Steinbaugh was in Pontiac a few days last week on business.

James Neal, who was on the sick list last week, is better at this writing.

School opened at Dist. No. 9 last Monday morning, with Ed. Cook as teacher.

Harry Doty and Miss Eliza Goodie started for school Saturday at Big Rapids.

Jay Dewey and Miss Mable Craft visited their uncle in Pontiac a part of last week.

Mrs. James Pepper, who has been sick for the past week, is better at the present writing.

The ladies of the church gave a box social at the hall last Friday night. It was well attended and all had a good time.

Grandpa Bates of Fenton, was taken suddenly ill with a chill one night last week, at his daughter's, Mrs. Lewis Garner.

NORTH ROSE.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Valentine spent Thursday evening at J. F. Pomfrets'.

Mrs. O. Valentine and Miss Sylvia Carver spent Thursday at Mrs. D. Cole's.

Miss Louie Baker is the owner of a new piano. We wish you much success, Louie.

The school in Craft Dist. is progressing finely under the management of Katie Hunter.

The social at Henry Fillingham's was postponed until the Nov. 23rd, on account of bad weather.

There will be a night-cap social at Henry Fillingham's Nov. 23rd, for the benefit of the School Library. Everybody come and have a good time.

(TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.)

George Perry has gone north to hunt deer.

Freddie Miles of Bay Port, Ind., is visiting his uncle L. W. Cole.

Wm. Terbush and wife, who have been visiting friends at Tuscola county have returned home.

The social at Oren Valentine's last Friday night was well attended considering the weather.

ROSE CORNERS.

R. Bradley visited with friends at the Corners last Sunday.

Ward Whitman of Fenton, spent Sunday with Lewis Windagle.

Justin Jenk of Springfield, visited at Martin Cross', part of last week.

Miss Gertie Cross visited Luella Ellinwood Saturday and Sunday.

The dance at D. O. Atwood's last Tuesday night was well attended.

Miss Maud E. Fuller, who has been on the sick list is now able to attend school.

Isaac Mackey and son of Holly, visited Mrs. A. G. Atwood last Sunday.

Miss Carrie Everts visited her aunt, Mrs. J. R. Pickett, a few days of last week.

A few of the young people from here spent last Wednesday evening with Ray Wendell at Rose Centre.

Mrs. George Thorpe of Pontiac, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. C. Beach, has returned home.

MILFORD.

Frank Eddy and wife of Fenton, spent Sunday at Milford with his parents.

Everett Moore and wife have moved from his mother's to his farm in Salem.

James Clark will soon commence house-keeping in the James Marshall house.

The potato market is quite active at present. The price per bushel is from 30 to 34 cents.

S. W. Smith of Pontiac, was in town last Saturday looking after two business matters which he has in charge.

Rant Matthews has shipped his household goods to Alabama, where he expects to make it his future home.

The Jubilee Singers occupied the M. E. church Tuesday and Wednesday evening and gave good satisfaction.

Philip Deihl has nearly completed the grading of Canal street. It will help the appearance of the village when completed.

The hunting party who returned from the north on last Tuesday brought with them a very fine deer, which is on exhibition in Mr. Taylor's meat market.

The elevator of the Milford Produce Co. has been covered with steel sheeting on the east end and south side to prevent the rain from beating through the sheeting.

A petition signed by one-hundred and

seventeen tax payers was presented to the common council on Thursday evening, asking them to give the \$6,000 bonus to the Day Manufacturing Co. The council will appoint a committee to investigate the standing of the company before doing so, and if satisfactory they will dispose of it to the company.

ORANGE HALL.

Only one more week before Thanksgiving.

John Shaugnessy has moved on to his father's farm.

Mrs. Mary Horton will move to Fenton this week.

Fren Campbell has gone to Standish to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Husted have returned from a two week's visit.

Jennie Perry commenced the winter term of school in Dist. No. 6, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hosner were the guests of friends in Metamora, from Friday until Monday.

Sam Chestnut has rented Mrs. Mary A. Horton's farm and will take possession in the near future.

Mrs. Nancy Wilkins has a chrysanthemum in blossom that has 250 blossoms on. She also has several other splendid varieties.

ORTONVILLE.

Bert Koufen and wife spent last week in Hadley.

Mrs. Swears left here Saturday morning for Lapeer, where she will spend the winter.

Dr. Ancherson returned home last week.

The Ortonville Opera gave a play at Hadley last Saturday evening. Proceeds \$16.

Dell Carr, who has been confined to his house for sometime with typhoid fever, is able to be out.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Kniffen was in Hadley last Friday.

Mrs. Martha Quick has returned home from Byron, where she has been visiting.

The Ladies' Missionary meeting was held at the home of A. J. Smith's last Wednesday.

Robt. Wilders occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church last Sunday.

Mrs. Whit Richmond returned home from Petoskey last Thursday, where she has been visiting her parents.

ATLAS.

Everybody is having colds.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mawyer of Fenton, is visiting at Wm. Manours.

There is some talk of dividing the school at Atlas and having the primary classes in the Ladies Library building.

The L. O. T. M.'s of Goodrich, will give an oyster supper at the r. hall, Friday evening, Nov. 23rd. Bill 50 cents a couple. An invitation is extended to all.

Johnnie Tompkins, who has been quite sick, is some better.

Francis Sanford has accepted a position as teamster at the Oak Grove Sanitarium at Flint, and will move his family there.

The singing class has postponed their meeting until Saturday evening, Dec. 1st, when they will meet at J. E. McCandlish.

If any of the readers of THE ADVERTISER have good new milch cows for sale, they would do well to advertise them, as there are a great call for cows in this locality.

CLINTONVILLE.

We are having fine weather again.

Mrs. Morgan sold some lambs to John Parkinson of Davisburg.

The raffle Saturday evening was attended by quite a number of people.

Jerome Mann sold a fine lot of sheep last week; Mort. Cemon being the purchaser.

Had quite a fire in this place Wednesday, Nov. 14th, in Mr. Welsh's tenant house.

Miss May Green has been visiting at Mrs. Chas. Morgan's and also attended the Lessiter and Baily wedding.

A large wedding at Martin Fisher's Thursday evening, Nov. 22nd. The contracting parties were Irvin King and Miss Josephine Hess. Over 150 invitations were out.

The Misses Ruth and Minnie Lessiter, Ward Lessiter and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Morgan attended a pedro party at Morris Green's of Waterford, Tuesday evening, in honor of their daughter May, of Detroit.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE  
IN EFFECT SEPT. 2, 1894.  
Trains leave Holly as follows: (Standard)

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
Train No. 4 9 00 am	Train No. 1 4 52 am
Train No. 6 1 25 pm	Train No. 3 10 18 am
Train No. 8 7 40 pm	Train No. 5 3 15 pm
Train No. 10 5 30 am	Train No. 9 8 03 pm

Train No 5 connects at Ludington with Steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest.  
Sleeping and Parlor Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit.  
Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit in Union Depot for all points South, Canada and the East.  
W. H. SMITH, AGENT,  
Holly, Mich

MUSICIANS SAY

THE COLBY PIANO

Has a very attractive tone.

It is sold cheap by

S. E. CLARK & CO.,

State representatives, 19 and 21 Wilcox Street, Detroit, Mich. Steinway, Gildemeester & Kroeger, Smith & Nixon, Kurtzmann, and other High Grade Makes.

REMEMBER

That I carry a full line of LUMBER, LATH and SHINGLES; also CEDAR POSTS, SASH, DOORS, BLIND and CRATE STUFF.

F. D. BEARDSLEE.

F. HAMMOND,

CLARKSTON, MICH.

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

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

MILLINERY.

Stamped and Fancy Goods. We have a very pretty assortment of novelties in trimmings.

A NEW LINE OF CAPS AND BABY BONNETS.

A nice assortment of Stamped Goods, and Filo Silks in all shades. Ice wool in black, white and colors.

M. D. MASON.

DRUGS.

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

E. A. URCH,  
Clarkston, Mich.

YOU CAN BUY

Men's Fine Shoes from \$1.50 to \$3.00, Ladies' Fine Shoes from \$1.50 to \$3.00, Men's Suits of Clothes for \$6.00, \$7.50 and \$10.00 and Men's Overcoats from \$5.00 to \$12.00 at

MANLEY BOWER'S.

POULTRY!

Highest price paid for Turkeys, Chickens, Ducks and Geese either New York or Full Dressed.

E. JOSSMAN.

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

HARDWARE

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

Remember the place and see the bargains I offer.

Yours truly,

A. R. CARRAN,  
Clarkston, Mich.



# Geraldine



CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Granny perceived that something was wrong directly they emerged into the light, for the lamps were all lit in the dining-room, and revealed the bonny brow black as night, and the rosy mouth unmistakably drawn down at the corners, and for the life of her the kind old lady could not think what was at the bottom of it; but presently she observed with relief that there was an effort to throw off the cloud; and when at length, though not for awhile, in response to some merry story told across the table for her especial benefit, Jerry's own bell-like laugh rang out again, high and clear and sweet as a young bird's, she was so rejoiced to hear it that she forgot to note that the transformation was neither due to any efforts of her own nor of her grandson.

To Cecil, indeed, Jerry was all shrouder. She had no eyes nor ears for him until after that laugh had brought her out of her mood; and Bellenden himself could not but have been conscious of the blinding radiance of the eyes which so continuously sought his, and of their ready response to every approach he made.

"By Jove, she will be a beauty one of these days!" he told himself. "By Jove, Master Raymond, you had better be well forward in the field before more of the pack openers! The little heiress will be a prize worth the running for. Had I been a dozen years younger—but, however, I am not a marrying man, or I should have been done for long ago. Luckily I don't need to go heirsch hunting, neither."

And so it was he merely felt pleased and a little touched by the sparkling young face opposite, pleased to find himself still capable of attaching, and touched by the artlessness with which the attraction was confessed. "A dear little thing," he owned in the end; "and upon my word, I said no more than the truth, when I told her I wished I had just such another little sister."

They had a merry evening after that.

The billiard-table was so atrociously bad that Capt. Bellenden, who was a noted player, found it humorous in the extreme never to have the ghost of an idea where his ball would go, nor what would be the effect of his finest strokes. He roared with good-humored laughter when his simplest cannons missed, and when pockets that should have been certainties jilted him in the most barefaced manner. His mirth was so spontaneous and infectious that no one could resist it; and without knowing in the least why, grumpy and granddaughter laughed almost as much and as heartily as he; while Cecil, who would have felt aggrieved and discomfited had any one else made such fun of the whole, consoled his dignity with the reflection that Bellenden had never been used to any but the most unexceptionable of billiard-tables, and that he must therefore be considered as highly indulgent in that he condescended to handle a cue at all upon this occasion.

"But why should we have it all to ourselves?" suggested the gay guardsman at last. "Pray, Mrs. Campbell, join us. You have been so good in coming here, and I know my little friend, with a glance at Jerry, 'is longing for a game. What's that? Pool? Or, let me see, I know the thing she would like. Battle, that's it! Did you ever play battle, Jerry? Come and play with me, then. Beg your grandmother to take a hand, and we shall be two to two."

Perhaps he was beginning to tire of the other play, perhaps it was in mere compassion to the eager little face so wistful following its progress, that the suggestion was made; but, at any rate, it was received with rapture.

"I can play battle, I can indeed," almost shrieked the little girl in her excitement. "I have played it at Uncle Raymond's; we played it the very last time I was there; and Ethel, and Alice, and I all played; didn't we Cecil? Don't you remember, Cecil?" Cecil's misdeed was by this time forgotten. "Oh, granny, do say 'yes,'" pleaded the small speaker, dancing in front of the smiling and indulgent granny. "Do get out of your chair, and come, there's a dear granny; and if you don't know the game, we can all teach you;" and then, as granny obediently rose, off bustled Geraldine to the stand, took down the cues, and examined their tips—the half of these were off-selected a very narrow one for herself, and a very broad one for granny, by way of granny's being the novice, and finally stood by Bellenden's side, the picture of happiness and pride.

All of this was diverting to people willing to be diverted, and benevolent; and then, behold! what should appear but that granny, who knew nothing about the requirements of billiard-rooms and tables, could nevertheless handle her cue, and hit a ball on the desired side, and not be overcome with astonishment when it went the way it should go! She was in fact a far superior performer to the prancing Jerry, and the latter would have been mortified, as well as amazed, by the prowess of his unexpected rival, had granny's proficiency not placed it beyond a doubt that for the remainder of the evening the old lady must stick to Cecil for a partner, leaving the more accomplished Bellenden for herself.

Do what she would Jerry could not bring back her balls.

Her instructor was good-nature itself; and he cheered and consoled, and with infinite skill repaired the damage done; but nevertheless they lost oftener than they won, and she resolved to practice in secret, and never

run the risk of doing herself such discredit in his eyes again.

Things brightened afresh, however, thereafter.

Capt. Bellenden performed feats—feats which, it is true, did not invariably come off as they were intended, and which none but an expert would have ventured upon at all; but he showed how he could have done this and that, and Cecil vouched for the fact that he had actually seen the complication worked, so that it was almost as good as beholding for themselves.

Jerry's bedtime had long gone by; but it was not in fond granddame's heart to put an end to her darling's pleasure. She so seldom either wished or cared to sit up late, and it was so evidently a delight on this rare occasion, that, "It cannot harm her for once and away," thought the old lady.

Alack! Granny did not take into consideration that there are two kinds of harm. As to that to which she alluded, she was, perhaps, right; but about the other, Jerry, pretty nestling, why were you not sleeping soundly in your little bed hours ago, dreaming of bawling brook, and leaping trout, or of wild wet gallops along the sea road, rather than watching with eyes all in a tingle, to everything this too delightful stranger did and said?

He left the next day.

It rained, as foretold, and he was pressed to remain, but did not do so.

Personally he would gladly enough have stayed in such good quarters, and sent over the note to Kincraig which young Raymond urged him to write; but he did not feel that the thing could be done. That sort of freedom with a house to which he had only been received under stress of adverse circumstances he was not the man to take, and with a firmness which Mrs. Campbell in her heart applauded, and which even Cecil felt to be correct and gentlemanly, he adhered to his resolution.

Would he then return? Would he pay them a real visit? Shoot their moor? And in particular have some sea-fishing, on the bank below the house, of the description of which he had listened with so much appreciation? The fishing was going on nightly at present.

Granny spoke; but Jerry looked a thousand urgencies, and her silence was even more effectual than the other's pleadings. Bellenden really hardly knew how to manage it, for his time was already mapped out for the autumn; but somehow he could not resist. In his heart he thought he knew whom he could throw over, and from whence he could scrimp a few days. His doubtful brow cleared, and he gave the promise required. They were really too kind, and the inducements altogether were really too tempting; he would certainly come, and would write from Kincraig the letter came.

In a few days the letter came. It was all that Cecil, but perhaps not quite all that Jerry had hoped for. She, poor child, had been feverishly expectant as every post came in, and many a boat had she watched crossing the loch, unknown to all beside. She had fancied he might come at any time, and the days had seemed long and profitless, though hope had started afresh with each returning morn.

In reality, Bellenden wrote quite wonderfully soon for him. He had a very pleasant recollection of a charming little adventure, and was quite willing to follow it up and see more of his new friends; but long days on the moor are not conducive to letter-writing, and he did not quite know what to say or to fix.

At last, however, he could make a definite proposal, and it was one which, as we have said, Cecil found agreeable. He did not primarily offer his own return to Inchmearow, but in the name of his host, he requested young Raymond's company at Kincraig, where there was a bachelor party assembled, and just one room vacant. Raymond was asked to come and fill it.

The post scrip, however, was of more importance to one doleful listener. "If you can come, and if Mrs. Campbell will permit me, I will do myself the pleasure of accompanying you back to Inchmearow on your return, and will spend two nights with you."

So it ran.

"Only two nights!" exclaimed poor Jerry, in such heartrending accents that both her auditors laughed.

"He would be flattered if he could hear you, my little coz," cried Cecil gaily, for he was in spirits to be gay.

"It would not do to tell him, or his head might be turned. But I think I had better go," he added, turning to his grandmother. "I think it would hardly be civil to refuse, and I should have had to shoot some time or other at Kincraig anyway."

"And Archie Kincraig will have to shoot here," rejoined Mrs. Campbell, well versed in moor etiquette. "Had you not better bring him back with you also, Cecil?"

"Oh, no," cried Jerry, interposing with a frown. "Oh, no, granny. Oh, how can you say so?"

"Why not?" Granny looked, as she felt, surprised, for, as a rule, the said Archie was rather a favorite with her young grand-daughter than otherwise, and was one of the few whose welcome at Inchmearow was always assured.

"Oh, we don't want him," Jerry said now, however. "He will only be in the way. Let him come at another time—later on, when there is—nobody else. We don't want so many at one time, do we Cecil?"

"He could not leave his own men if we did," said Cecil. "You see, Bellenden says there is a party;" his own eyes brightening at the word, for at his age to be invited to make one of a party of bachelors is a distinction, and he remembered the Ascot week, and thought on what a much higher level he should stand now than he had done then—"no doubt the party will be kept up by relays all through the next few weeks," he continued. "I am only surprised that he allows Bellenden to leave so soon, for he is not likely to have many such crack shots."

He did not know that the special crack shot referred to was not over and above well pleased either with his moor, or his company. Bellenden had reflected that in all probability the shooting retained by the Campbells was much better than that let to his host; that the people got together in the shooting-box were a so-so scratch lot, not to his taste; and moreover, that

the cookery was tasteless, and his bed room small and stuffy—so that the collection of his evening at the old castle on the other side of the loch had grown pleasanter day by day in contrast to his present surroundings.

To shoot with Cecil Raymond, who, if he were but a boy and priggish boy, was still a gentleman and a nice sort of fellow—whereas the fellows assembled at Kincraig were, as a rule, of another sort—to dine with the dear old lady, who had made herself quite charming to him, and with whom he had plenty of topics in common, for she was by no means as completely out of the world he moved in, for all the reclusive life she was leading now, as were the youths at Kincraig; and to frolic with the pretty, apt, responsive little heiress, the jolly little mischievous sprite who was unmistakably his chief friend of all, would, Captain Bellenden felt, suit him much better than this forced intercourse with a second-rate set of rather rowdy bachelors.

Accordingly he made his host—as he well knew—how to do—invite young Raymond, and had added to the invitation his own postscript.

All went well.

Cecil certainly shone by contrast at the shooting lodge. He might not appear to advantage when contrasted with Bellenden, and with Bellenden only; but he was several cuts above Archie Kincraig's friends, and this he could not help perceiving.

Bellenden owned that the company was not to his mind—Cecil turned up his nose at it still more. Bellenden whispered that the sport was bad—Cecil called it abominable. Bellenden suggested that they should be off on the day but one following—Cecil did not patch a messenger to stop the early boat, in order that they might start the first thing after breakfast. When the two arrived at Inchmearow they had advanced in intimacy by seven-league strides.

On this occasion Jerry was not nearly so demonstrative as she had been before. She had had time to think, and to be shy of her own thoughts. She, too, had been growing fast within the last two or three days, growing even since Cecil's departure, growing in a strange new knowledge which had to be kept all to herself. She was going now to be careful, and not to run the risk of Cecil's teasing and granny's smiles any more.

She was already dressed and waiting, however, when the dog-cart drove up to the door, and had a pretty bunch of flowers at her throat; and she came somewhat soberly forward to do her part of welcome, Cecil thought he had never beheld his young cousin to greater advantage.

Perhaps Bellenden was not quite of the same opinion. Perhaps he would have preferred a step and carriage less sedate, a countenance less composed. Certain it is that he experienced a momentary check, a feeling of surprise and doubt, and that his own manner shadowed this forth on the instant. But presently he saw through it only too well. It was but a passing womanliness, an evanescent emotion, of the bashful kind, and it soon, gave way. Ere half an hour had elapsed, the two were chattering and bandying jest and repartee as freely together as they had ever done, and he was no more on his guard.

At dinner-time, or rather at dressing-time, he found flowers in his room.

So did Cecil; for Jerry, with this new-born touch of modesty about her, would make no distinctions; but her cousin did not know that his were of the baser, Bellenden's of the choicer sort. He came down with a rose-bud in his button-hole. Bellenden had selected a spray of purple heliotrope, and was whispering to the fair giver something which bore evident reference to the same, when they were not less scarlet than the scarlet blossom on her breast as she hung her head to listen, and Cecil might have been—but Cecil saw nothing.

When the young man had formed his ideas on any given subject, it is not natural to uproot them, and his calm conviction of Geraldine's extreme youth and devotion to himself carried him through all evidence of a contrary nature.

Jerry was a nice little girl. By-and-by he should perhaps marry her. That was the sum total of his thoughts.

As for there being anything between the magnificent Bellenden and the little, wild, unformed Highland lassie, the very idea would have been absurd and preposterous in his eye—at this time, at least.

He therefore had no hesitation about walking straight up the room, and, as we have said, neither saw nor heard anything.

"Have you said 'Thank you' for your pretty bouquet?" inquired Bellenden, with an air of having done so himself. "And can you interpret the hidden language of flowers, Raymond? Because unless you can, you are not worthy to receive them, and so I have been saying to your cousin."

So that was what he had been saying.

Look at him, and at Geraldine, and at the piece of fragrant heliotrope, whose amorous significance young Cecil all at once called to mind, it did just occur to the latter, unsuspecting as he had been half a minute before, that perhaps, all things considered, it might have been well to have left the words unsaid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Railway Charges at Home and Abroad.

The following table showing the average railway charges for freight transportation per mile for different countries has been carefully arranged for the United States authorities:

	Cents.
United States.....	1.22
Germany.....	1.70
Austria.....	2.10
Belgium.....	1.54
Denmark.....	2.70
France.....	2.46
Italy.....	1.90
Luxembourg.....	3.02
Norway.....	1.22
Holland.....	2.64
Romania.....	2.34
Russia.....	2.82
Finland.....	1.78
Switzerland.....	3.36

Average for Europe.....2.02  
Average in United States.....1.22  
—Philadelphia Record.

As a man grows older, he loses the hair on his head, where he needs it, and it comes in thicker in his eye-brows, and in his nose and ears, where he does not need it.

SELF-RESPECT induces me to think well of mankind.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### GREAT PREACHER DWELLS ON THE LEPROSY OF SIN.

Suffering Sent Into the World to Show the Way to Higher Joys—Spiritual Happiness Attained Through a Humble Spirit—Moral Lepers.

#### The Sick General.

Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as the subject of last Sunday's sermon through the press "The Sick General," the text selected being II. Kings, v. 1, "He was a leper."

Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisy or rheumatism or consumption, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out, "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with victorious valor when he returned from his grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?"

Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not—David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a ternaunt wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you and you and you and you something which you never bargained for and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright. Otherwise we would always want to stay and eat these fruits and lie on the lounges and shake hands in this pleasant society.

#### At the Door of the Temple.

It is to push you on and to push you on toward something grander and better that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle, the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to picture ceiling, Naaman would have pictured that there was anything better and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But, oh, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor wringing her hands and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say, "No cure, no cure!" I think that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employees of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story, as sometimes, when overcome by the sorrows of the world, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose or Dinah or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was! One of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting maid over the declining health of the mighty general. "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction.

#### A Little Child Leads Them.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction! O, Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the divine physician? "Oh," you say, "it was my little Amie or Fred or Charley that clambered up on my knees and looked into my face and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the divine physician? "Oh," you say, "my child, my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night! It was hard, hard, very hard, but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain, but a "rl at Nantucket, Mass.,

fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize and the admiration of all the astronomical world that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things and things that are not to bring to naught things that are." Oh, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God and Christ and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing. Will you take that pointing or wait until, in the wretch of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

#### Seeking the Prophet.

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excitement. Good-by, Naaman! With face scarified and ridged and inflamed by the pestilence and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out of the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain-struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with pillows, and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him, an expired chieftain seeking sepulture amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Good-by, Naaman! Let the chariot drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day, a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance wades through the streets of Damascus, with tears and prayers of all the people go after the world-renowned invalid.

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments, but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man! He will never get home alive. Poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the chariotier, "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The chariotier says to a waysider, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles!" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged-out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The chariotiers shout "Whoa!" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out. You have company. The grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming and just how to treat him. Indeed when you are sick, and the Lord wants you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business.

#### Puffed Up with Pride.

General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited and waited. The fact was Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy. The one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant, "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the river Jordan out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out. "What!" says the Command-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?' And he will treat a poor unknown woman like that and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Chariotier, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan, the muddy Jordan, the monotonous Jordan! I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper-paved river of Pharaoh. Besides we have in our country another Damascus river, Abana, with foliage bank and torrent ever swift and clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharaoh, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

I suppose Naaman felt very much as Americans would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go and wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer, "Are not the Connecticut and the Hudson just as good?" Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out, "Are not the Thames and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain. Unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away. Obey and live; disobey and die. Thrilling, over-arching, undergirding, stupendous alternative!

#### Elisha Angers Naaman.

Well, General Naaman could not stand the test. The chariotier gave a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whir of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So

people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has he been doing? Only trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and they go away in a rage.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day, anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ankle and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now, standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye, and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, General, how much better you do look!" And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shriveled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and the anguish has gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood, and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or a scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him.

#### Humility Necessary.

Now, my hearers, you know that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was, he got out of his chariot. He might have stayed there, with his swollen feet on the stuffed ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would have never had any relief. He had to get out of his chariot, and he has got to get down out of the chariot of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the cross with a coach and four and be saved among all the span-glers. You seem to think that the Lord is going to be complimented by your coming. Oh, no, you poor, miserable, scaly, leprous sinner, get down out of that! We all come in to the same lowly way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never, until we get down on our knees, will we find mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, uncharioted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self-righteousness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have to make on our knees. It is our infernal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy of sin. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our uncleanness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing supplicants.

For sinners, Lord, thou canst bleed, And I'm a sinner vile indeed.

Lord, I believe thy grace is free, Oh, magnify that grace in me.

But he had not only to get down out of his chariot. He had to wash. "Oh," you say, "I am puffed up with pride, but there is a flood brighter than any that pours from these hills. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Christ and the sweat of Gethsemane and rolled on, accumulating flood until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the 'fountain open for sin and uncleanness.' William Cowper called it the 'fountain filled with blood.' Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. Oh, my hearers, do you not feel like wading into it? Wade down now into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper. Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh, wash, wash, wash and be clean!"

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The chariotiers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid, but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband. He was so wonderfully changed he had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the king's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones, the glad tidings, throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

PORTUGAL owes \$500,000,000.



**F. W. N. U. - - - - No. 47-9**

**When Writing to Advertisers, say you saw  
the Advertisement in this paper.**



Friday, Novmber 23rd, 1894.

## HOLLY

From the Advertiser.

The duck is a cunning household bird. A regular feathered thief. But for thanksgiving he isn't in it. With the blooming turkey gobbler.

Pontiac has a business college.

Mrs. G. C. Babcock of Milford, spent Sunday here.

Miss Lina Britton has been spending the past week with friends at Detroit.

Roll Brownell, formerly of Davisburgh, has secured his former position as clerk at the Bryant House, in Flint.

There is a change in the D. G. H. & M. time card elsewhere in this issue. The morning and noon trains leave here later.

Mrs. John Harding of Detroit, has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Smith, and other relatives here during the past week.

Hiram Kellam, Oakland County's efficient sheriff, will return to his farm near Oxford after the expiration of his official duties January 1st next.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Slocum and son George spent Sunday with relatives here. Mr. Slocum returned home early Monday morning and Mrs. Slocum and George remained a portion of the week.

Miss Grace Campbell, for the past three years in the employ of the Brewster Manufacturing Company, of this place left for Detroit Monday, where she is to take a course in business college, after which she will return and take her old position.

It has never occurred since Judge Patterson was elected that all Court officers were republican but, after January 1st, they will have to chum exclusively with republicans, but it won't make any difference whatever to the Judge for they are all his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Bissell spent Monday in town. Mr. Bissell will take a trip to Nebraska and other Western States in the interest of the Globe Tobacco Co., and will be gone about four weeks, and on this trip will be accompanied by Mrs. Bissell.

Thomas Roche, Jr. who has been at Detroit learning shorthand for the past ten weeks has become sufficiently posted to accept a first-class position with a large electrical company in that city, at a good salary. It is said that he learned shorthand completely in ten weeks, which is indeed a very short time.

Fenton Independent: "The Living Issues," the prohibition sheet published at Pontiac, has been jumping on the Holly ministers, and the divines retaliate by saying that the paper lies. From what we have seen of the frothings in the paper, we think the ministers are entirely correct in their statement. The issues is run on the 'rule or ruin' idea, and sometime is liable to get its deserts, after which it will be a dead issue."

The revival meetings came to a close last Sunday evening. While the number of converts is not large yet it must be said that these meetings have been the means of much good, and that all those who have taken part are to be congratulated for the good that has been accomplished. The meeting last Sunday evening was addressed by Rev. C. VanDorn in a very forcible manner, and his discourse was listened to very attentively by all the people that could get inside the church.

There is not a man in the State of Michigan who is more devoted to Mason than our friend Colonel Cummins. There is seldom a meeting of any of the Masonic bodies here but what Colonel is present. It is a very common occurrence for him to come home from Detroit on purpose to attend these meetings. Once he came here from Port Huron expressly to help the boys confer the degree and after arriving here there was not enough present to do the work. Colonel has earned the many high offices in the various orders that he has been honored with.

The scenery in Baird's Opera House has undergone a fine decoration by the brush of Melville Moran, an artist whose services Mr. Baird should feel proud of securing. Mr. Moran, although young, is fast advancing the ladder of fame as a leading scenic artist. The scenery will be ready for the inspection of the public, Wednesday evening, November 23rd. On that evening, Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., will hold the boards and to see the scenery alone is well worth the price of admission. The handsome drop curtain which has the best firms and business houses in Holly represented upon it, is especially grand and the business men who have placed an add upon it show that they know a good thing when they see it. The center piece is the special feature upon the curtain which represents the world famed yacht race in New York Harbor in 1892 between the Montank and Grayling.

Mr. Moran is assisted in this work by Harry Maurice, who has formerly appeared here as a comedian. We can recommend this work to be first-class to all opera house managers who want to make their houses up to date, which is always the leading drawing card so that better plays can be produced.

## THE BUSY WASP.

He Has Many Trades and Always Works Hard.

Wasps act as architects, builders, carpenters and paper-makers. They go abroad into the fields and gardens in search of provisions; with exemplary care for the public welfare they eat out the sunny side of your peaches and carry away meat from the lamb chops in your larder. Man, base man, who robs the busy bee of its hard-earned honey and slays the gentle calf for the production of veal cutlets, usually speaks of the socialist insects as robbers and depredators. But he forgets that the generous and public-spirited wasp does not levy tribute on his apricots for itself alone. It is the commissary of the republic. Each worker hurries back to the nest the results of his fruit hunting or his marauding expeditions, and shares them among his fellow subjects with that distributive justice which Aristotle preached and which nobody in our human communities practices. He carries out the principles of the Fabian society.

Division of labor, I believe, goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers; others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as paper makers and masons. It is even said that these last work by shifts (I know not by what authority) and that they each have a space of about a square inch allotted to them to fill the cells, on which no neighboring worker is permitted to encroach with impunity. But these are perhaps the fictions of imaginative observers. At any rate the eight hours act is not yet in operation; wasps work early and late of their own mere notion.

## GOOD PAY FOR A SMALL JOB.

Expert Locksmith's Time is Valuable, as This Manufacturer Learned.

Every safe manufacturer has attached to his force expert locksmiths, whose duties consist in opening safes which have gotten out of order. Many of the accidents to safes occur from the gross carelessness of their owners and at times the honest safe-crackers enjoy a quiet laugh at the expense of a group of bank officers or the proprietor of some important establishment. Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a New York safe-maker, requesting that a man be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city. Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment, and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair which locked with a key and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened. The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of dirt, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it in the lock, while the proprietor with a sickly smile looked on. "What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Fifty dollars," replied the expert.

"Does anyone know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then, here's \$60," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you \$10 extra if you'll take the first train back to New York without telling anyone the price I've paid to have a man dig dirt out of a key for me."

**A Butterfly Story.**  
A cocoon taken into a suburban library some weeks ago gave forth the other day an exquisite great butterfly. The delicate-feathered creature was kept in the room a day or two and then in pity set free just at nightfall. There were some misgivings lest this should prove other than an act of mercy, but all was felt to be well when next morning the butterfly was discovered where it had been placed, but this time in company with a mate. It happened that the temperature indoors and out had been so nearly alike that the butterfly in the library had burst its bonds almost at the same moment with the one outside destined to become its mate.

## She Swims in Her Sleep.

A young woman of Crab Creek, Oregon, indulges in frequent freaks of somnambulism. One of her recent exploits was as follows: She arose from her bed about 3 o'clock in the morning and was seen to approach Crab creek in her night robe. Upon reaching the stream the young woman waded in for a short distance, as if feeling her way, and swam safely across. Upon reaching the opposite bank she awoke, half frightened to death, dripping wet and shivering from the cold, and made her way to the house of a neighbor, where she was cared for and taken to her home.

## An Ingenious Machine.

Manuel E. de Costa, who resides six miles south of Sacramento on the Riverside road, has built an ingenious machine for irrigating his flower garden and his orange and lemon trees. It consists of a wooden wheel ten feet in diameter and with a rim, or tire, about two feet wide. A dog is placed inside the wheel, which is turned by his weight as he gallops in treadmill fashion. The revolution of the axle turns a crank which operates the handle of a pump set in a dug well. After half an hour's exercise the dog is taken out and a fresh dog put in for another half hour.

## The Retort Caustique.

Thirty years ago Horace Greeley said to Susan B. Anthony: "The ballot and the bullet go together. You women say you want to vote; are you ready to fight, too?" "Yes, Mr. Greeley," said Miss Anthony, "we are ready to fight at the point of the goose-quill, the way you always have."

## CURIOUS STORM PHENOMENA.

How Birds Are Stripped and Trees Rent to Pieces.

Among the most astonishing effects of whirlwinds must be reckoned the well-supported facts that, on their cessation, birds exposed to them have been found stripped of their feathers, and people with every shred of clothing torn from them. These effects cannot possibly be ascribed to the wind. The force necessary would have sufficed to transport the objects away bodily.

Numerous similar occurrences were observed in France in the tornadoes which prevailed there three years ago, and these were gradually brought under investigation. Over the whole region effected, trees were found rent in a manner which could not possibly have resulted from the wind. These were, first, oaks split down the center for a length of twenty to twenty-five feet; second, poplars and beeches, for lengths of from six to twelve feet, were shivered into sticks of uniform thickness (for example, a beech tree, sixteen inches in diameter, was split into more than five hundred sticks a centimeter thick, two centimeters broad and three and one-half centimeters long); third, firs and other resinous trees had their stems cut clean through, leaving almost even surfaces.

These phenomena, and others of kindred nature, can be ascribed only to electricity. How else could we explain the case of two casks standing alongside each other, the one of which, the filled one, was completely destroyed (exploded), while the other, the empty one, remained uninjured?

## "LITTLE BLACK BOY DREAM."

How an Englishman Was Saved From Being Murdered by an Indian Lad.

The most remarkable dream, or rather series of dreams, ever related is that which has gone down into history as "The Little Black Boy Dream." Mr. Seaford gives the story on page 302 of the second volume of his "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams." It is also fully related and illustrated in "Signs, Omens, Dreams, and Apparitions." An Englishman, whom we shall call Mr. Hartley, was residing in India. He wished to make a trip into the interior and took with him only an Indian lad of 12 years. On the first night after leaving, Mrs. Hartley aroused her brother-in-law, who was sleeping in an adjoining room, her screams having been occasioned by dreaming that the "little black boy was murdering her husband." While the brother-in-law was quieting Mrs. H— screams were heard upstairs and on investigation it proved that another lady of the household had had a dream precisely similar to that of Mrs. H—. They were all pretty well worked up over the matter until the afternoon of the following day, when Mr. Hartley returned, although he had expected to be absent a week. He gave as his only excuse for not continuing the journey that the night before he had dreamed that "the little black boy" intended to murder him!

It is needless to add that the Hartleys always believed that "the little black boy" was prevented from committing murder by the three providential coincident dreams.

## The Soldier Was a Diplomatist.

A good story of the duke of Wellington is told. After one of the battles in Spain he invited a young officer who had exhibited conspicuous bravery to dine with him in his tent. Riding by some short while afterward, the duke overheard the young man exultantly proclaim:

"I am going to dine with Wellington to-night."

"You might vouchsafe me the prefix of 'Mr.' at least, Captain —," remarked the duke, dryly.

"Not at all, my lord," retorted the unabashed youth; "I should not speak of Mr. Cesar, or Mr. Alexander, so why should I talk of Mr. Wellington?"

## It Was a Needle.

As Dr. J. S. Morey of Royerford, Penn., was examining Howard, a two-year-old son of James Kline, he noticed a spot in the right side where the flesh was quite hard. Closer examination disclosed the fact that something was lodged there, and after cutting the flesh, a long, rusty needle was removed. The supposition is that the child swallowed the needle some time ago, and that it was gradually working to the surface.

## Pope Innocent and the Witches.

The belief in witchcraft is believed to have been inherited by the early Christians from their pagan forefathers. The witchcraft craze itself was at its height during the latter years of the Dark Ages. In the year 1484 Pope Innocent issued a bull directing the inquisitors to seek out and punish all known witches. Nearly 100,000 persons were executed in one year as a result of the issuance of that bull.

## Unexpected.

It was his first season at the seaside, and to the critical observer there were noticeable in his manner traces of nervousness. Yet he boldly wandered along the beach with the girl in the red blazer. The conversation had reached a juncture which left him no alternative. "Be mine," he urged with trembling voice. "Yes," she rejoined. He pressed his hand to his brow. "This is so sudden," he faltered.

## Laughing Crows.

There is a species of crow in India which assembles in flocks of about twenty or thirty in the recesses of forests, and whose note is exactly like the human voice in loud laughing, so that a person ignorant of the real cause would fancy that a very merry party was close at hand.

## INSISTED ON HIS RIGHTS.

Mild-Mannered Passenger Demanded a Seat Before Giving His Ticket.

A west-bound train had just pulled out of the Union station at Albany, says the Express, and the conductor was harvesting tickets. All the seats were taken and several passengers were obliged to stand up. Among the latter was a diffident-looking, mild-mannered man, who, much to the conductor's surprise, refused to give up a ticket.

"When I get a seat you get a ticket," he remarked mildly but firmly; "you are probably aware that the company cannot collect fares from passengers whom it does not provide with seats." "Oh, come now, that don't go; I want your ticket, see?" Thus spoke the conductor, in a tone that indicated that he believed he would intimidate the mild-mannered man.

"No seat, no ticket," laconically observed the latter.

"We'll see about that," growled the conductor, who was becoming quite warm in the region of the collar.

"I would if I were you," remarked the passenger, still mildly, smiling pleasantly.

Then the conductor hustled around and found a brother conductor who was going up the road away, whom he induced to give up his seat to the mildly firm passenger.

"There's a seat for you; now give me that ticket," said the conductor in a ferocious tone.

"Certainly, here it is." And the mild but firm passenger handed out a pass good to Chicago.

## SUPREME CONTEMPT.

A Little Story Which Shows How Deceitful Appearances Are.

A good story showing how appearances are sometimes deceitful comes from Russia. At a certain famous restaurant in St. Petersburg six somewhat dandyish officers of the Imperial Horse guards sat drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man with a shabby and an unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him.

It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers. By the by, as they became more and more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, etc., he called for the waiter and said: "Bring six bottles of your best champagne!"

The waiter hesitated. "Did you not hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap" was the next order. It was brought. "A towel!" The waiter handed him one. "Now, open the bottles!" The waiter did so.

The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid a 100 rouble note on the table, and, casting a look of withering contempt on the officers, strutted out of the room.

## Labouchere Smells a Job.

The promotion of Lord Wolseley to be a field marshal at such a very early age is in reality the first step toward an arrangement which the court has for some time been anxiously endeavoring to carry out. Within the next few months the duke of Cambridge is to resign his office as commander in chief, and he will be succeeded therein by Lord Wolseley, who is to hold that post for five years, after which he will be replaced by the duke of Connaught, whose appointment is intended to be permanent. Lord Roberts is to succeed Lord Wolseley at Dublin. It will certainly be funny if this monstrous job is successfully launched under a liberal government.

## Hot Water.

There is a custom practiced in Northern China of using hot water every morning to wash the face and hands. Men, women and children must have a basin of clean, hot water when they get up or before they eat their breakfast, in which to bathe feet and hands at least. Even beggars have hot water, or use none at all. Seasons do not affect the custom. In summer, when one would think a cold bath would be grateful, hot water is used all the same. No one would insult his guest by offering cold water to wash in. The water is almost scalding hot, and the towel for wiping is first used as a wash-rag.

## Breaking the News Gently.

It is related that it once fell to an Atholman man to break the news to a woman that her husband had been killed. "Do you know," he said, calling at her house, "that with your light hair and pretty complexion you would break every heart in town if you dressed as a widow?" She blushed and laughed. "And you are one," he added. "Your husband was just blown to atoms down in the boiler works, but then black is so becoming to you."

## Another Use for Paper.

Among the latest things made out of paper are artificial straws for sipping cobbles and various iced drinks. Everybody knows that real straws are apt to be defective, but the imitations never fail to draw. After they are rolled they are treated with paraffine to render them watertight and nonabsorbent. The same patent covers mouthpieces for cigarettes, which are manufactured in a similar fashion.

## Lobsters.

Lobsters are not peace-abiding crustaceans. They cannot be persuaded to grow up together peaceably. If a dozen newly-hatched specimens are put into an aquarium, within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat, and promising youngster. He will have eaten all the rest.

## CRANKS AT THE CAPITOL.

Disturbances Occasionally Take Place in the Galleries of the House.

The recent appearance of a demented negro in the gallery of the house of representatives recalled numerous similar occurrences to some of the older members. In the forty-fifth congress, when the 4th of March came upon Monday, a deadlock over an appropriation bill led to a session which lasted until Sunday forenoon. While the house was thus in session, continuing the legislative day of Saturday, an evangelist, who had been in the habit of holding street meetings near the capitol, arose in the reserved gallery and in a loud voice invoked the curse of the Almighty upon congress for desecrating Sunday by remaining in session. He was promptly hustled out, but in the midst of the excitement a member arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I agree with the man who has just been ejected from the gallery. I do not think we ought to be in session on the Lord's day. I move the house adjourn." The motion immediately carried.

Once, in the Forty-eighth congress, while Samuel J. Randall was speaking, an Irishman in the gallery stood up and said: "Oh, Mr. Randall, what do you talk so much for? Why don't you do something and stop talking?" This man was also promptly sent out of the building.

But no one ever gave the capitol officials so much trouble as Dr. Mary Walker. She had an idea that she was entitled to the floor under a vote of thanks, and she would slip in among the members at every opportunity. Once, it is said, she took a seat in a chair by the speaker's desk, and when the gavel fell at noon she refused to budge. The only way by which the doorkeeper could get rid of her was to carry her out, chair and all, and this was done with more speed than politeness.

## FANCIES OF INVALIDS.

A Gentleman Who Longed for a Dish of Grilled Elephant's Foot.

About the manner of serving their food patients sometimes have curious fancies. In one case a woman persistently refused to take her beef tea unless the bread which accompanied it was cut in the shape of diamonds, while in another it was always necessary to serve the food in a blue basin, for out of nothing else whatsoever would she take nourishment.

A boy who was attacked with scarlet fever showed great disinclination to take food, but finally agreed to swallow what was necessary, provided he was fed in the following way: The beef tea, or whatever was to be given him, was put into a silver teapot. The spout was placed in his mouth, and in this manner the food was poured down his throat.

An elderly gentleman who had passed much of his time hunting in Africa, on being asked if he fancied any particular dish, replied that he would like a bit of elephant's foot! Under certain circumstances, we believe this dish is a dainty and nourishing one, but the price of elephant in this country being prohibitive, this elderly nimrod was forced to content himself with a beefsteak instead.

A clergyman with a broken leg had a great longing to put on a pair of stilt, a pastime which he had never yet tried; while a man whose leg had been amputated, although admitting the impracticability of the wish, declared that a passion for skating had so seized upon him, since the loss of his limb, that he regretted being operated upon chiefly on that account.

## Asparagus.

Asparagus, deservedly a favorite vegetable, was extensively cultivated by the ancient Romans, but was not introduced into England before 1660. In some parts of Europe the seeds are used as a substitute for coffee, and a spirituous liquor is made from the ripe berries. Asparagus is both lithic and diuretic; and its roots were once extensively used in medicine. The young tender sprouts or stems, from six to ten inches long, are the edible parts, and those that are entirely green are the most tender and delicate. The white asparagus is, as a rule, very tough, the tips alone being eatable. In some old recipe books directions are given for boiling asparagus one hour, but this is a great mistake. Twenty or thirty minutes is long enough to cook it sufficiently.

## The Seven Hells.

The Moslem's believe in the existence of "Seven Great Hot Hells" bearing the names of Jahannam, Latha, Hutamah, Sa'ir, Sakar, Jehim and al-Kariah. The first is to be the endless abode of the Dahriyah, a sect which denies the creation; the second for Manichees and Arabs, the third for Brahman's the fourth for the Jews; the fifth for Christians and the sixth for the Magians. The seventh, the "great, great, hot, hot hell," is to be reserved for liars and hypocrites.

## Tolstoi on Ibsen.

Blumenthal, the great theater manager of Berlin, was once talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself," Tolstoi replied; "he just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."

## Savages and Iron.

The Baluban tribe of Central Africa are famous for their skill in casting their forging iron. They construct tall cylindrical furnaces of clay with tuyeres of clay and an ingeniously devised wooden bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighboring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balubans.

## NOT THE BEST.

The Old Man Stuck to the Colors Even in the Face of Beauty.

The adage concerning the folly of disputing about questions of personal taste is well supported by an anecdote related by Colonel T. A. Dodge. He says:

"Many years ago, in Richmond, while I was standing with a friend in his doorway, while he gave some instructions to a colored servant, there happened to pass one of the beauties of the city. We both took off our hats, courtesy in our attitudes, admiration in our hearts.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said I.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he echoed.

"Just isn't she, Uncle Ned?" he added, turning to the old servant.

"Miss Ellen's a mighty fine leddy," responded Uncle Ned in a deferential, but somewhat hesitating tone.

"Why, what do you mean, Uncle Ned?" insisted my friend, rather nettled and curious withal at the old dork's manner.

"Well, Mars' Tom, said the ole man, 'to tell de hones' truf, we niggers doan' tink de white leddies is so handsome as de brack ones.'"

## IT WAS MATHEMATICAL.

It Was an Intellectual Sort of a Snake That He Had an Interest In.

Said a well-known recounter of snake stories the other day by way of a round up of several:

"I can't call any more to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake stories, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I've got a regular living curiosity down at my place. One day my eldest boy was sitting on a stool in the back yard doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake curled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all the sums. We've tamed him so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the quickest head at figures you ever saw. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a prize cow for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the listener curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the other a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species."

## Rescinding an Obnoxious Order.

Apropos of the official order for the wearing of tall hats and frock coats at Punchestown races, in England, it is said that once upon a time a general officer issued a similar order for the guidance of officers when out of uniform in Edinburgh. He was led to rescind it, however, after being accosted on the street by an officer arrayed in a tall hat, frock coat and a Rob Roy tartan kilt.

# WONDERS.

## THEY NEVER CEASE.

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