

The Clarkston Advertiser.

CLARKSTON, MICH.

JAMES SLOCUM, - - Proprietor.

If the new scheme to compress whiskey into cubes is feasible, it will be an easy job for a drinker to square himself.

It was a Boston girl who, after enjoying a high old time, wrote home that she had been having an "elevated antiquity."

When a man says he is sixty-eight years old, and feels as young as he ever did, we wonder that a man that near the grave should lie so cheerfully.

The time is coming when it will be easier for a very rich man to go through the eye of a needle than to keep out of the United States Senate.

President Eliot of Harvard has gone to Egypt for "absolute quiet and intellectual rest." He could have saved time and money by going to Philadelphia.

If the fiddler would do away with the credit business, the salvation of the world could be accomplished. None of us would dance if we had to pay him in advance.

Every time a woman thinks of owning a cow, she begins to build air castles. There is nothing that will do as much toward nourishing hope in a woman's breast as owning a cow.

When a man is sick, his greatest trouble is that no one comes to see him, and he gets lonesome. When a woman gets sick, the greatest trouble is that so many come to see her that they make her worse.

It is related of the Princess Alix that when she was in Wales she put on a pair of corduroy trousers, a blue flannel shirt, an old cloth cap and heavy miner's boots, and went down in a coal mine. If this sort of a person fails to manage a Russian Czar, it will be rather remarkable.

Any man of good moral character who can pass an examination in French, German, camera lucida, drawing, microscopic work, geography and practical ornithology can get a job in the Department of Agriculture at \$600 a year if he will agree to put in eight hours a day. There is no great rush for the place, notwithstanding the magnificent salary.

When the newspapers are called on to record that a girl has been sued for abducting a young man and forcing him to marry her; that a husband has complained that his wife is cruel to him, and that she is not contribut-

short \$2,000 in her accounts, is there not room to doubt that woman is as perfect as we have always supposed her to be?

The meanest man in the country has discovered and put himself on exhibition. He attached, for a small debt, the body of a stranger at Crescent City, Fla., and the friends of the unfortunate dead had to forward the money before the corpse was shipped to them. This is the first fiendish crime that has been reported from the South in some time to the account of which the words "There is talk of lynching the wretch" have not been added.

William Garrett, of Joliet, having asserted in a recent lecture that wire nails are so cheap that if a carpenter drops one it is cheaper for him to use another than to stop and pick it up, the Iron Age tests his assertion by figures. The carpenter's time being worth 30 cents an hour, the dropped nail would cost him 0.083 of a cent if he took ten seconds picking it up. Sixpenny nails cost 1.55 cents per pound of 200, therefore each nail costs 0.0077. At this rate the carpenter could better afford to let the nail lie than to spend even one second recovering it. All of which is interesting as a study in comparative cheapness, but not of any particular economic purport—unless, indeed, it should occur to some thrifty employer of labor that if carpenters' pay is so high that they can better afford to waste nails than waste time he will reduce the pay.

For the present things will probably go on as they have been going. There is slight fear of revolution. The saving feature of the situation is the absence of any "man on horseback." The hour may have come, but not the man. A Bourbon restoration, with the present pretender for king, is not to be dreamed of. Where Paris failed, Orleans was not successful. For a year a wave of Napoleonism has deluged France. But there is no Bonaparte to ride to empire on its crest. The Napoleonic legend lives; the Napoleonic dynasty is worse than dead. Nor is there any new man to seize the opportunity, not even the pinchbeck Boulanger. And since the socialists are yet a small minority, the republic seems secure. Yet it is a security based on the weakness of its foes rather than upon the strength of its friends. Six months ago the Republicans had the fairest of prospects. They had a large and for the first time apparently stable majority, and they were backed by the tremendous popular feeling aroused by the murder of President Carnot. They have not improved their opportunity. They have not been profitable servants of the nation. And today they must pay the penalty of their unfaithfulness—they and all France.

When we pass a chicken coop in front of a grocery store, and hear a rooster crow, in spite of the fact that he is as miserable and unfortunate as a rooster can well be, we wonder what he is crowing about. Some men are the same way about bragging; it is in them, and must come out, whether there is any occasion for it or not.

Hog-raisers should keep an eye on the South, or, at least, on South Carolina. The planters in that State are being turned away from cotton to hogs, which means smaller purchases of meat, or none at all, from other parts. A leading journal, to stimulate the hog product, has been offering a prize to the South Carolinian who can show the best hog-raising record, and two hogs are exhibited that grew at the rate of 42 and 42.2 pounds per month, and weigh 468 and 591 pounds.

The career of Mr. William Cook, of Oklahoma, makes gay reading. Thwarted in love, he gathered a band of daredevils around him and took to the mountains. Thence he descended at intervals upon the plain and robbed trains, banks and government paymasters. His "army" grew with his success. He perfected an organization which levied toll on a great territory. His death was reported a number of times. Each time it turned out that it was not William, but the other man who died. To find this illustrious career brought to a sudden close by a commonplace deputy marshal, to read of William "throwing up his hands like a tenderfoot," is painful. It recalls the unseemly departure hence of Mr. Kipling's border desperado who perished under the weight of the terror-stricken babu. No doubt we shall hear of William later, arraigned before the hanging judge at Fort Smith and dispatched in a bunch of half-breeds and squaw men. So passes the little glory of the world.

A British butcher never, never will be enslaved! He has put on the smock of war and whetted his knife and cleaver on the steel. Sir Albert K. Rolit, president of the London Chamber of Commerce, has volunteered to lead him, and the ever-amusing London Telegraph has called upon the patriotic impulse to rise "in the breast of every meat eater in the kingdom" against the Chicago slaughterer. The way of it is this: Before the Chicagoans seeking a new field for conquest invaded Britain the British butcher was accustomed to buy his beef reeking from the slaughter-house. The beef shrank when it was hung and to compensate the butcher he was allowed a rebate. When the Americans entered they were forced to accept this custom, although by the time their beef arrived in England it had shrunk as much as it could shrink. No sooner had they become firmly entrenched than they decided not to allow the reduction; the result is a patriotic rear from the British butcher. The establishment of great shops for the sale of American beef exclusively. One cannot turn a corner in London nowadays without confronting one of the familiar names of Swift, Morris or Armour. The maddening aspect of the situation to the patriotic English butcher is that he is unable to raise the loyalty of the "British meat eater." Whatever sentimental notions the British may cling to regarding colonial advance and the honor of the British flag and its supremacy on the sea, they have none regarding the staple foundations without which empire is a shallow dream. They will not have their beer taxed; they will buy their beef where they can buy it cheapest and best. They flock to the American shops, and so sure are the Chicagoans of their field that at the first mention of a boycott they announced that they would not sell beef to a sign that would not display a sign to the effect that American beef was sold there. The man who sells the best at the lowest price in any market is the man who wins the trade. The Chicago packers can undersell the world. At the same time we should not fail to record our haughty defiance to the British butcher. We bid him do his worst. The American eagle and the Texas steer, one and inseparable, now and forever.

The Evolution of a Bonnet.
How it happened is unknown to the writer, but in some way of those emblems of vanity and barbarism that the ladies long ago discarded, a common wire bustle of prodigious size, found its way into a large barrel of clothing sent to a missionary for distribution among some of the poorest and most ignorant negroes in the South.

An elderly negro named Mose Jackson happened to be present when the barrel was opened. He had nearly a "baker's dozen" of half-naked children and some of the clothing was given him for them. The bustle aroused a little indignation in the missionary and she threw "the thing" aside, when Uncle Mose picked it up and asked if he could have it.

"Oh, yes," said the missionary, "take it along with you. Perhaps you can make some use of the wires in it."

The next Sunday Mrs. Mose Jackson appeared at the little mission church in a bonnet that was the envy and despair of all the sisters present, and a matter of no little surprise and dismay to the missionary. After church the missionary made it convenient to take Mrs. Mose Jackson and say to her:

"See here, Mrs. Jackson, where did you get that dreadful bonnet?"

"W'y, laws, Miss Jones, I made dis yer bonnet my own se'f, an' I nebba spend no money on hit. De trimmin's I had in de house an' de frame was de one what come in de bar'l de good ladies in de norf sent an' you done gib hit to Mose fo' me, an' mighty 'bliged I is fo' hit."—Detroit Free Press.

CRIME AND CASU

Francis Schoonmaker, of J., a prominent politician, at the Chicago Beach Hotel, \$2,500 from Christopher Strober, Conn., on false pretenses. Schoonmaker has been hiding in the Chicago hotel for a week past in endeavor to avoid arrest. He is a stockholder in the United States National Bank of Lima, Ohio, and has been arrested. He had a \$3,300 claim against the estate of Job Male, a deceased millionaire. The executor of the estate produced receipts for the claim had been paid, and it is claimed, immediately began to trace Schoonmaker down.

The will of the late James G. Fair was stolen from the clerk's office at San Francisco some time Monday afternoon, and there is not the slightest clue to the perpetrators of the crime.

Charles K. Hughes, Jr., is accused of using \$140,000 fraudulently while cashier of the First National Bank of Lima, Ohio, and has been arrested.

Disappointment in love was undoubtedly the cause that led Vigo Anderson, a musician famed as the finest flutist in the United States, to commit suicide in his rooms at a musicale to which he had invited several friends. Developments in the tragedy show that it was plainly a case of premeditated self-destruction.

While trying to rescue an employee, John C. Walsh was killed in an explosion under the sidewalk of Gaynor's Hotel, at Chicago. William Francis, the employee, was severely burned and is at the county hospital. His recovery is doubtful.

S. C. Hamrick, a former divinity student, was arrested at Richmond, Ind., charged with forgery and embezzlement.

A jury was secured and the taking of evidence begun in the Hayward murder trial at Minneapolis.

Crawford Crosby, alias Cherokee Bill, a noted outlaw, was captured at Novata, I. T., by two men who had secured his confidence.

Rev. Benjamin F. Stutsman was arrested at Goshen, Ind., charged with entering a schoolhouse and insulting a teacher.

A sled load of young people went over an embankment near Salem, Ohio, four being seriously hurt.

At Todd Postoffice, a few miles from Kurtz, Ind., two men entered the home of John Hollenberg by breaking in the door. Upon being awakened Hollenberg arose in bed, when the burglars opened fire upon him, one ball striking him in the breast. Mrs. Hollenberg and two sons then arose and, with a corn knife, a board and fists, after a desperate struggle succeeded in driving the burglars away, but not until the skull of one of the sons was fractured and one of the robbers was severely cut with the corn knife.

Investigation of the wreck of the Elbe shows that 314 persons lost their lives in the disaster.

A Southern Pacific train was held up and robbed Wednesday night near Wilcox, A. T.

Ex-State Treasurer Taylor, of South Dakota, is said to have been traced to Central America.

Cherry Amy Douglas, a 12-year-old girl, was killed by falling from the front porch of the gas station at Chicago. To avoid disturbing a sick mother by ringing the bell, she attempted to reach the window from the porch and tap on the pane. She slipped and fell, dying two hours afterward.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Eleven trained ponies and thirty-five educated dogs, in winter quarters at Bloomington, Ind., were burned to death.

A mother's love and courage showed strongly Wednesday when Mrs. Mary Walsh left a fourth-story window of her home at New York, and, with her two children in her arms, climbed down an icy iron ladder to escape from the flames that had possession of her rooms. The fire started while Mrs. Walsh was in bed with her children. Her husband, a letter-carrier, was gone to work half an hour before. Mrs. Walsh woke to find her rooms in flames. The force of the fire and smoke had already blown out a rear window in the house. Mrs. Walsh caught up her two children and ran through the flames to the fire escape. A beam had fallen across her shoulders as she ran through the burning room, and left an ugly bruise. The surgeon at the hospital to which they were taken said he thought the children would die.

The college for colored girls founded two years ago at Jackson, Miss., by Miss Mary E. Holmes, of Rockford, Ill., was burned. The high school building at Benton Harbor, Mich., was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is \$12,000; fully insured.

The Deaconess Home on Jennings avenue, Cleveland, was destroyed by fire Friday morning and four persons were burned to death. The dead are: Albert Allmeyer, Minnie Baumer, an 8-month-old baby, Jacob Krause. The fire started in the basement, presumably from the furnace, and before it could be extinguished four of the fifteen patients in the house and hospital were dead and the building almost entirely destroyed. Brave work on the part of the firemen and police alone prevented a further loss. The Deaconess Hospital has been in existence but a short time. It is a branch of a large hospital in Chicago, and is of no especial denomination.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Richard Mansfield is ill with an ulcerated sore throat at Little Rock, Ark., and has been compelled to cancel his engagements.

Dr. E. B. Studer and Miss Amanda Heberer eloped from Peoria, were married at Milwaukee, and are now en route to San Francisco, which will be their future home.

Justice Howell E. Jackson, it is feared, is extremely ill. His brother, General W. H. Jackson, has gone to him at Thomasville, Ga., and a special car has been sent to bring Judge Jackson to Nashville. It is feared that his condition is serious.

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, United States Attorney General under Grant in 1870, died at his home in Concord, Mass., aged 79.

Henry Whipperman, who had voted for every Democratic Presidential candidate since 1829, died at Logansport, Ind.

John W. Norton, the theatrical manager, died from the injuries received in the railroad wreck at Coatesville, Ind.

Ward McAllister, New York's foremost society director and organizer of the 400, died at 9:30 o'clock Thursday night at his home, 16 West 36th street. At his bedside were Mrs. McAllister and their son and daughter and Mr. McAllister's brother, Rev. Dr. Marion McAllister, of Elizabeth, N. J. Mr. McAllister suffered very little pain during his illness and his death was peaceful. Grip was the immediate cause of his death.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Opponents of the railway pooling bill in the Senate threaten to filibuster if necessary to secure its defeat.

President Cleveland is satisfied that bonds will find a ready sale and believes the financial crisis is over.

Solicitor General Maxwell has resigned owing to differences with Attorney General Olney regarding the income tax.

The report of the experts employed under the jurisdiction of the Dockery Commission on a bill to regulate the engrossing and recording of public land patents recommends that the private land claims division and the pre-emption division be consolidated as a miscellaneous land claims division, and that the railway division and the swamp lands division be consolidated as the land grants division; that all patents be prepared and recorded under division of the recorder of the land office in order to provide uniform methods, to concentrate the records and to comply with law; that the patents and lists be prepared by the use of typewriting machines, by which duplicate copies can be made, saving the time of at least twenty clerks and the possibility of errors in the transcribing; that the abstracts from registers and receivers be consolidated and one abstract, signed by both officers, substituted. The total estimated saving by the adoption of these recommendations is \$28,881.

President Cleveland's announcement that he would protect the credit of the nation by making the next issue of bonds \$100,000,000 and payable in gold, if necessary, and furthermore place them in the European market direct, has stopped the greedy bankers of Wall Street in their game of withdrawing gold from the treasury by means of treasury notes and storing it in their vaults. Instead, on Friday these same bankers paid into the treasury \$2,000,000 in coin in exchange for paper orders for \$5,000,000 in gold for export were cancelled; and this promises to be the order of things for some time to come. Foreign exchange dropped greatly, and the men who have been withdrawing gold in the hope that the credit of the nation would be shaken and send the yellow metal to a premium, may now get what comfort they may from the fact that they had their pains for their trouble. When Europe becomes convinced that the United States is determined to meet her obligations as she has promised, then the demand for gold for export ceases.

Congressmen Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Heard, of Missouri, had a fist fight in the House of Representatives Friday, the result of an altercation over some Hawaiian resolutions. Both men were arrested by the sergeant-at-arms.

FOREIGN.

Brazilian troops under General Pinha were routed by the rebels near Santa Marta with a loss of 240 killed.

Chinese advisers report that the Japanese were repulsed in an attack on Wei Hai Wei, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded.

Costa Rica has joined the other Central American republics in assuring Guatemala of support in the event of war with Mexico.

The North German Lloyd steamer Elbe, Capt. von Gossel, from Bremen Wednesday for New York via Southampton, has been sunk in collision with the British steamer Cathie, bound from Rotterdam for Aberdeen. The exact loss of life is unknown, but report has it that it was nearly 400. About twenty are known to have been saved. The disaster occurred before daylight Wednesday morning, at a point some thirty miles from the Hook of Holland.

Advices from Haytien ports announce a disastrous fire at Port de Paix, which is said to have destroyed two-thirds of the town.

Dispatches from Chefoo announce that the Japanese have captured Wei-Hai-Wei. The Chinese loss is placed at 2,000 men.

United States Commercial Agent Huntington, at Castellammare, Italy, in a report to the State Department, suggests that United States grain-growers might secure a market for nearly four million bushels of wheat per annum, which is the amount of foreign wheat used in Italy in making macaroni, if some provision were made for the entry into the United States at a reduced duty of Italian macaroni made from American wheat. The Italian Government already allows a full drawback of the duty on foreign wheat milled and exported from Italy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A strong movement in behalf of annexation to the United States is under way in Newfoundland.

Armstead Hoskins, an aged colored man, who has been a resident of St. Joseph, Mo., all his life, died, having been frightened to death. Hoskins claims to have seen a ghost and was thrown into convulsions from which he never rallied.

Judge Grosscup of Chicago granted a stay in the whisky trust receivership proceedings at the request of attorneys for the stockholders. The petition on which receivers were appointed was signed by a New York broker's clerks.

Chicago packers will use the new grain rate schedule as a leverage to force down provision rates.

President Ives of the Northern Pacific advises junior security holders to withhold assent to the plan of reorganization. Gov. Altgeld says it is not the intention to give instruction free in the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons if it should become part of the State University.

The last of the horde of gamblers and lottery fakirs who have for years infested Kansas City, Kan., practically unmolested by the authorities, have moved out. This ends the crusade begun against them last summer and brought up in the Legislature as soon as it convened in Topeka this session.

Eastern railroad lines have rigidly upheld the Buffalo agreement for a month, thereby increasing their profits \$125,000.

Officers of the steamer Cathie, which destroyed the Elbe, say they did not see the boat after the accident.

At Jeffersonville, Ind., a family of four persons ate diseased pork. It is thought the father will die from convulsions.

At New York the grand jury found two indictments against William E. Midgley, former president of the American Cacu-

ality Insurance and Security Company of Baltimore, which failed some eighteen months ago for over \$2,000,000. The new indictments are for forgery in the third degree.

Moses Avenier, American Railway Union man and a Lake Chose switchman indicted with the American Railway Union leaders, was dismissed by Judge Grosscup at Chicago.

The only band of buffalo in existence southeast of the Yellowstone Park is on the Red Desert, northwest of Rawlins, Wyo. There are probably sixty or seventy-five head in the band. A bill for the protection of these animals has been introduced in the Wyoming House. Violations of the law will be punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than three nor more than ten years.

A copy of the first edition (1633) of George Herbert's "The Temple" was sold at auction at New York for \$1,050. The purchasers were Dodd, Mead & Co., said to be acting for Philip Armour, of Chicago.

The House of the Wyoming Legislature is considering a joint bill expressing as the opinion of the people of Wyoming that the proposed additional issue of bonds by the national government is a move in the eastern part of the country on the part of the bankers to force the country to a gold basis and to drive the national government from its constitutional supervision of the currency of the country. The Wyoming delegation in Congress is asked to fight the administration bill.

George E. White, the cattle king of Mendocino County, was ordered by the Superior Court to pay his divorced wife \$100,000 for her separate estate. White, who was a reputed millionaire, applied for a divorce on statutory grounds in 1885. His wife filed a cross complaint, and as no evidence was produced in substantiation of White's allegation the divorce was awarded to Mrs. White, and the cattle king directed to pay her alimony of \$200 monthly. By secreting and disposing of his property and pleading poverty White has evaded payment of this money. The court ordered the payment of the lump sum as a final settlement.

The Rev. S. M. Brown, of Kansas City, Mo., declared himself opposed to the Sunday school as a means of spreading the gospel at the meeting of the Blue River Baptist Missionary and Sunday School Association. Mr. Brown said: "I object to the Sunday school because it makes one service for the younger people and a different one for the older people. I think the Sunday school has filled its mission in the greater part, and that it is even now fast declining."

The directors of the Denver Chamber of Commerce have sent the following message to Senator Vest: "We believe twenty-one States west of the Mississippi, the entire South and a majority of the voters of the East honor and commend your conscientious and patriotic stand for bi-metalism." A mass meeting was called at Denver for next Tuesday evening to protest against the proposed \$500,000,000 bond issue.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

In the Chicago wheat pit, Tuesday, cash grain sold down to 49 cents. May wheat also declined. Corn and provisions tumbled in sympathy.

Commenting upon the financial question in the United States, Mr. Burns, managing partner in London of J. S. Morgan & Co., said: "All that we want is the issue of a loan specifically payable in gold. If that be done Europe will respond to any demand made by America. There is a general belief in the ability of America to pay in gold if she wishes to do so, but there is now some doubt as to her good faith."

The People's Savings Institution of Northeast, a suburb of Erie, Pa., made an assignment to E. A. Davis, the cashier. The bank was incorporated fifteen years ago. The president was Sampson Short and the treasurer Alfred Short. The deposits are about \$193,000 and other liabilities make a total of \$359,000. The bank officers claim assets of \$500,000.

Prager Bros., dealers in dry goods at Portland, Oregon, have been closed by the Sheriff on confessed judgments aggregating \$88,651.

The directors of the National Bank of Commerce at New York have passed resolutions favoring opening gold accounts.

Judge Nelson has ordered the sale of the Duluth and Winnipeg Road unless within five days it pays the principal and interest on \$2,000,000 bonds.

Brooklyn strikers are seeking Federal aid in punishing street car companies for carrying mail signs unlawfully.

The assignee of Banker Kingsland who wrecked banks at North Branch, Minn., and at St. Charles, Minn., finds his affairs in very bad shape. The liabilities will reach \$30,000 and the assets about \$2,000, consisting of odds and ends he could not carry away. Kingsland is said to be in Chicago now.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75@6.00; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00@4.50; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.00@4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 50¢@51¢; corn, No. 2, 41¢@42¢; oats, No. 2, 26¢@27¢; rye, No. 2, 51¢@52¢; butter, choice creamery, 23¢@23½¢; eggs, fresh, 22¢@25¢; potatoes, ear lots, per bushel, 65¢@75¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3@5.50; hogs, choice light, \$3@4.50; sheep, common to prime, \$2@4; wheat, No. 2 red, 51¢@52¢; corn, No. 1 white, 40¢@40½¢; corn, No. 2 white, 32¢@32½¢.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$3@5.75; hogs, \$3@4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 50¢@51¢; corn, No. 2, 38¢@39¢; oats, No. 2, 29¢@30¢; rye, No. 2, 52¢@54¢.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50@5.50; hogs, \$2.50@4.50; sheep, \$2@4.50; wheat, No. 2, 53¢@54¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 42½¢@43¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 32¢@32½¢; rye, No. 2, 53¢@55¢.

Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50@5.50; hogs, \$4@4.50; sheep, \$2@3.50; wheat, No. 1 white, 54¢@55¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 41¢@42¢; oats, No. 2 white, 33¢@33½¢; rye, No. 2, 51¢@53¢.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 52¢@53¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 40¢@41¢; oats, No. 2 white, 32¢@33¢; rye, No. 2, 52¢@53¢.

Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50@5.50; hogs, \$3@4.50; sheep, \$2@4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 57¢@57½¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 45¢@46¢; oats, No. 2 white, 35¢@35½¢.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 51¢@51½¢; corn, No. 2, 43¢@44¢; oats, No. 2 white, 31¢@31½¢; barley, No. 2, 54¢@55¢; rye, No. 1, 52¢@53¢; pork, mess, \$9.25@9.75.

New York—Cattle, \$3@5.75; hogs, \$3.50@5; sheep, \$2@4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@56¢; corn, No. 2, 47¢@48¢; oats, white, Western, 37¢@41¢; butter, creamery, 16¢@25¢; eggs, Western, 25¢@26¢@27¢.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Must Refund Traveling Men's Fees—Muskegon Woman with a Shotgun—Labor Commissioner's Report Full of Interest—Brings a Quicer Suit.

Corporations Ask Their Fees Back.
The Supreme Court having last decided that the act of 1893 requiring foreign corporations which do business in Michigan only through itinerant agents to be invalid, action has been commenced to compel the State Treasurer to pay back fees collected from such corporations. The Moline Plow Company, of Moline, Ill., is plaintiff in a case to be heard in the Supreme Court. Over \$10,000 has been collected from the class of corporations mentioned.

Michigan Farm Laborers' Condition.
The report of State Labor Commissioner Morse deals quite extensively with farm industries and farm labor for 1894. Of 5,600 male laborers canvassed 67 per cent. were American born. The German, English, Canadian and Irish constitute 31 and other nationalities 12 per cent. The average age is 30.6 years and their labor supports 13,136 persons. The average daily wages was 92 cents, a decrease of 13 per cent. the last year. The total earnings were \$1,018,388. The savings were reported at \$190,891, distributed among 2,527 persons. Forty per cent. report scarcity of work, and 60 per cent. find no scarcity. Only 1,005 own their own homes and one-half of these are incumbered. An average interest rate of 6 per cent. prevails, and the average rental is \$2.59 per month. Only 828 belong to fraternal organizations and only 576 carry life insurance. Three thousand four hundred and sixty-six are of the opinion that immigration injures their occupation, 1,529 say no, and the others are non-committal. The showing is not a gratifying one for the agricultural classes.

Woman Shoots Several Persons.
Mrs. Hattie Nicholson, at Twin Lakes, north of Muskegon, has a niece, Lillian Nicholson, who has been employed in a boarding-house. The aunt went to her the other night and demanded her wages, which were refused. She told the girl she had a letter at her house which she must come after. The girl went and was horsewhipped. Some of the boarders, with whom the girl was a favorite, went to get the letters and the girl's clothes. The woman fired at the crowd, wounding several, but none fatally. The Sheriff put her in jail.

Pine from Canada.
Alpena lumbermen have made a big deal for Canadian pine with which to stock Alpena mills. The deal includes the timber limits of the Blind River Lumber Company, of Georgian Bay. The price paid was \$93,000, General Alger having offered \$125,000 for the same property last year. The limits are estimated to cut 75,000,000 feet, and the timber is said to be of the finest quality of Canadian timber. The timber will all be towed to Alpena and will keep the now idle mills going for considerable time.

Recover Campaign Assessment.
Walter J. Hasse, who was discharged from the auditor general's office Dec. 1 after two years' service, has sued Auditor General Turner and State's Accountant Tompkins to recover \$20 which he contributed to the campaign fund last fall. Hasse says he made the contribution with the understanding that he was to retain his job during the coming two years in the event of Turner's re-election.

Record of the Week.
Muskegon Salvationists held meetings in two feet of snow while the wind was blowing a gale.

The Bortree corset factory, of Jackson, has been sold on chattel mortgage to Louis F. Boos, the musician.

Chippewa County owes the State \$20,000. The amount was not placed on the assessment roll, consequently the county has to go still deeper into debt.

Dr. George C. Pease, of Fulton, died suddenly, aged 50 years. He was a member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine, also of the Shriners and the Knights of Pythias.

Otto Shepherd, of St. Clair, while skating, stumbled and fell. An ice-boat, which he was trying to escape, struck him in the head and he died in a few minutes. He was 18 years old.

Albert Helling, a professional fire-eater and sword-swallower, recently with Lee's circus, swallowed an 18-inch sword at the Muskegon Opera House while practicing for the Elks' minstrels, and will probably die.

An Ortonville lady lost a pair of skates and a Bible. In advertising her loss she minutely described the skates, even to the number of holes in the straps, but the Bible she mentions only incidentally.

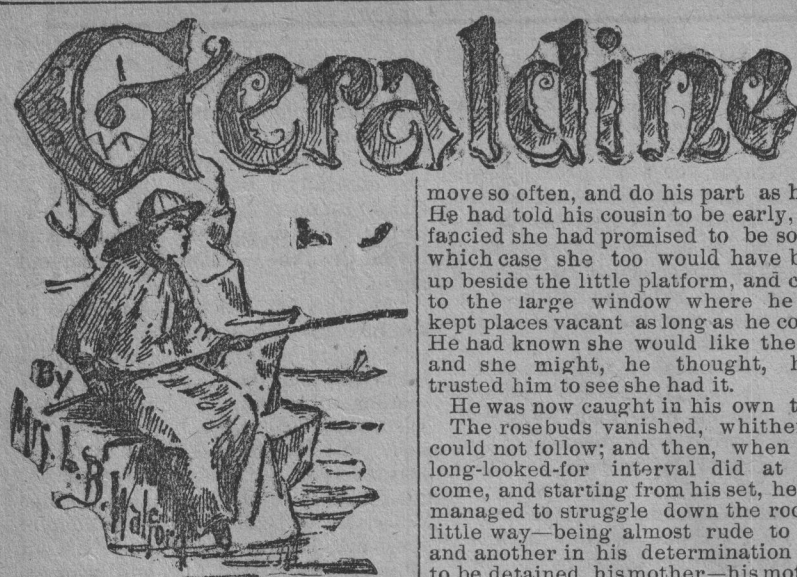
There has been so much scrapping between the city councils, mayors and boards of public works at Ann Arbor that the people are calling loudly for a new charter that will do away with the nuisance.

Last summer a Flint and Pere Marquette switch engine was backing cars across a Bay City street without a watchman. It ran over Charles McRorie, aged 9, cutting off both legs. A jury awarded \$6,666.66 damages.

Another mean man has been discovered. This one is in Charlevoix County. His wife died at the insane asylum. Although he has plenty of money, he refused to contribute the \$5 necessary for decent burial, and the body went to the pickling vat at Ann Arbor.

The managers of the G. A. R. exposition to be held at Kalamazoo next month are receiving autographs of Senators, Congressmen and other noted men. David B. Hill wrote: "I am a Democrat. David B. Hill." Gen. Alger has promised to loan his war relics.

A bold attempt to liberate twenty-two prisoners at the



CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

So now we know as much about the matter, or very nearly as much, as Geraldine did herself. She had been equipped for her morning ride, whip and gloves in hand, ere she had broached the subject, and there had been no time for discussion, nor for mentioning the idea to Cecil, who was in waiting outside; more than this, an opportunity for conveying the decision to Bellenden unheeded had to be watched for—and altogether it seemed as if she were engaged in something contraband.

Bellenden was in the row that morning, and it seemed to young Raymond that the confidence of the previous night had not deserted him. He was riding, moreover, which he had not once before done, so that he could now join company with the cousins if he chose—and he did choose. He put his horse alongside of theirs as a matter of course, and their was nothing to be said.

Presently Geraldine murmured something to him aside. She bent over her saddle to do so, affecting to steady a fidget on the part of her horse, but it could scarcely have been anything to do with "Sir Lancelot's" restlessness which brought the instantaneous look of pleasure into her companion's face as he listened. What could it have been?

Bellenden looked, indeed, as he felt, greatly pleased. "We can take a fourth, you know," he observed, "would one of your cousins like to come?"

"They have been already, all except Cecil," here Geraldine stopped suddenly. What was she saying? She did not want Cecil asked, would have been sadly put out had he been so, and here she was, as it were, hinting for an invitation for him. So it was taken, evidently.

"Shall I ask him?" said Bellenden, after a moment's pause.

No answer. He glanced at her, saw that he should have none, and was more contented than ever.

In truth, it had been the merest slip of the tongue on Geraldine's part, the bald statement of fact, since she was already beginning to wish that the ring of the door-bell would not quite so frequently mean young Raymond's voice in the hall, and step upon the stair, and what it was not to be taken so completely for granted that he was to be of the party whenever anything was arranged between her and Ethel and Alicia. They could not now go to a concert, nor a flower-show, nor a picture gallery—they could scarcely walk, shop, or drive, but what the brother would be met somewhere, even if he had not started with the rest at the outset. To be sure, if he had been now as before, the merely attentive cousin and useful companion, his company might still have been welcome; but alas! a girl's unerring instinct had told her of late that the time for this had past.

Those constant visits, those uneasy looks, those close and frequent cross-examinations, those fitful days of moody depression succeeded by bursts of light-heartedness and relief—all carried their own tale.

To ask him now to make a fourth as Bellenden's guest? And for herself, to have to sit by Bellenden's side, conscious of those jealous, watchful eyes following every movement, those sharp ears on the catch for every word? She could not do it.

"Gently—gently, Sir Lancelot."

"Your horse is fidgeting for a canter, Miss Campbell."

And off they all went, and not another word was said about the opera; but the affair came off nevertheless.

The strawberry tea brought no improvement in matters, in so far as its givers were concerned.

Geraldine and her grandmother arrived late, and stayed downstairs eating ices and drinking coffee, until after the recital had begun, Mrs. Campbell considering that she might please herself and take any liberties she chose in her daughter's house; and accordingly, when the large room was full to the brim, and not a chair to be had—upon seeing which granny protested that she was glad it was so, for she preferred remaining in the cooler atmosphere of the landing outside, to any amount of fine recitation in a panting, breathless, overcrowded drawing-room.

Geraldine was of the same opinion; she had been surfeited with amusements of late and the sounds from within excited no curiosity or desire for more in her bosom.

Presently she drew her chaperon out upon the balcony, cool and tempting under its shady awning, and banked in with flowers; and Cecil, who, as ill-luck would have it, had got wedged in at the very far end of the largest room, close by the platform upon which he had had to introduce the reciter, and from whence subsequent escape had been impossible, could just perceive the wreath of rosebuds for which he had been looking, flit past in the far distance, hopelessly out of reach.

He must now perforce wait for the half-hour's interval ere anything could be done.

Never had speaker been so wearisome; never had performance seemed of such unending length!

Fans were fluttering, lace scarfs were being loosened, positions were being changed, yawns were being stifled, and it became evident that every one was hot, and tired, and longing to move, and bored to death, and the lucky author of the mischief knew that he had only himself to thank for the general ennui. He had selected a few long pieces, instead of a greater number of short ones, his idea being that once by Geraldine's side, he should not be required to

move so often, and do his part as host. He had told his cousin to be early, and fancied she had promised to be so—in which case she too would have been up beside the little platform, and close to the large window where he had kept places vacant as long as he could. He had known she would like the air, and she might, he thought, have trusted him to see she had it.

He was now caught in his own trap. The rosebuds vanished, whither he could not follow; and then, when the long-looked-for interval did at last come, and starting from his seat, he had managed to struggle down the room a little way—being almost rude to one and another in his determination not to be detained, his mother—his mother again! caught him, and all unwittingly frustrated every advance by presenting a lady of consequence, for whom his arm to the tea-room was required.

What a place of torment was that warm, whizzing, buzzing tea-room to him.

Geraldine was not there, as he had faintly hoped she might be; but innumerable other ladies were, and as all, or nearly all of them, were known to him, and as men were few, it followed that he had to wait on one and another, procure tea for this fair, coffee for that, and carry cakes, and butter-rolls, and strawberries about, till his very soul sickened within him.

In the fullness of her satisfaction at the time when the tea-party had been in embryo, his mother had ordered with so liberal a hand that no fewer than three kinds of cool, budding, delicious cream-iced, clotted, and plain—were now offered with the strawberries, to be accepted according to taste; and this choice, necessitating delay and compliment, was the last straw on the camel's back to the unfortunate lover.

He thought he should never have done, never get upstairs again. As fast as he had satisfied some other appeared; and his own dame was not to be persuaded into impatience to re-ascend. No; she thanked him, but she was quite comfortable, and quite willing to wait a little while where she was. She had found some friends to talk to. Would he come for her presently?

Still no Geraldine. He had just made up his mind to rush upstairs and bring down his cousin, regardless of obstructions, when he was beckoned up by his rightful charge, and the chance passed, since, when he had deposited her above upon a sofa, the room had nearly filled again, and the second part of the programme was about to begin.

He would not be caught again, he vowed; and told himself he knew better than to be found inside the doorway; so flew back to the landing, and hovered there, peering this way and that, hanging over the banister, scanning the hall below, making short discursive flights into the balcony, but never once taking a real look among the seated audience until the whole thing was over, and they, too, had risen.

And then, just as he was about to ask his mother and his sister whether the vision of the rosebuds was not a delusion on his part, and Geraldine had never really been near the place at all, whom should he see but her fair self coming down from the far, far end of the room, from behind the platform indeed, where young madam had ensconced herself during all the latter part of the entertainment, having seen her cousin safely pass downstairs in the interval, and feeling secure that he would not re-enter the great room on his return.

She had been disporting herself on the balcony, Bellenden with her, during the early portion of the afternoon, and we may be sure he had not left her afterwards.

They had both enjoyed the recital, and had listened to it with a politeness born of contentment with their own situation and the surroundings. Granny had been with them, well enough pleased, too; granny was beginning to have her own ideas about Sir Frederick, and to think that his punishment had perhaps lasted sufficiently long; and so no one had helped poor Cecil, and his mother, who ought to have been his chief support, had done him an actual injury.

"A great success, Charlotte," gouth the old lady, blithely, to her daughter as she now passed out; "a very pleasant party. If I had your rooms I should have liked to try something of the kind myself. But though our little house suits me admirably, it is not intended for entertaining. Another year, perhaps, we may be accommodated a little more commodiously."

"I had all three kinds of cream at once, Cecil," whispered Geraldine as if he were sure to laugh and be delighted; I had, indeed; and they were—or rather it was so good. And such strawberries! It was the strawberries that kept granny and me downstairs we could not tear ourselves away from the strawberries, could we, granny?"

"They were delicious, certainly," assented granny. "Charlotte, you must tell me your green grocer, or did these come from your own garden?" for they were now in a family group, and could ask family questions.

No, the strawberries had not come from their garden—there were none so fine in their garden; but these had been supplied by Lady Raymond's own particular market-woman—her market-woman, with whom she had dealt for years and years, and who had never disappointed her, and might be depended upon for anything else she undertook. Before she had finished a gratified eulogy, Cecil saw Geraldine twitching his grandmother's sleeves to go.

"You are in a great hurry," said he, moodily.

"Because we are late. I am not in a hurry to go, but in a hurry to be gone. Therein lies the difference. If we are not gone within a few moments we shall have to scamper through all the evening afterwards, and my poor dear does not like to scamper."

One of two things in the little speech had a strange flavor of Inchmaree in his ears as he listened. He had never, for one thing, heard granny called his cousin's "poor dear" before in London. He had not seen her coaxed, and hustled in that childish fashion of late. Geraldine herself, moreover, looked saucier, brisker, more mischievous and frolicsome than she had presented herself to the world as a grown young lady. He fancied she gave a little

saip as she ran downstairs to the carriage. Where were they going that evening? he wondered. He had not known of anything being "on." Was it too late to ask?

He was still undecided when the carriage rolled away; and perhaps it was well, for he might not have been invited to join the party, and, whether he had a not, he would certainly have disapproved of it.

The ladies were going to pass an out-of-door evening in the illuminated gardens, then growing to be the novelty most talked about, and a night for which had often been planned, but some other amusement had as invariably intervened. Geraldine had actually not been yet, in consequence; and now, on Bellenden's suggesting that he could procure for her and Mrs. Campbell admission to the lighting-tower if they would permit him to accompany them, who could have refused so good an offer? From the electric-lighting tower, he assured them, incomparably the best view of the scene was to be obtained; and the mass of people the thousands of colored lights, and the silvery fountains, with their ever-changing hues and tints flying up into the dark sky overhead—the whole was a sight worth seeing. For his part, he liked the place, there was so much to be seen, and so many curious things to be investigated. He liked the aquarium—had they really never seen a large aquarium, and Geraldine was so fond of sea creatures? He must take her, at least, to look at the anemones. The anemones were finer than any he had seen anywhere.

And with the last topic had come a certain hesitation, and both had known of what the other was thinking.

But it had all ended well. He had been bidden to dine in Mount Street at any early hour, and the carriage had been ordered to be at the door for the three to go to the gardens at seven after 8 o'clock. It was the remembrance of this early dinner, which had set Geraldine to twitching her grandmother's sleeve at the Raymonds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Cure for Bores.

Of the Hungarian statesman Francis Deak it is related that he used to rid himself of troublesome visitors by telling them the following story:

"Once, when in Paris, Napoleon I. paid a visit to a hospital for old soldiers. Here he perceived among the rest a man who had lost one of his arms, and he entered into conversation with him.

"Where did you lose your arm?" asked the Emperor.

"At Waterloo, your Majesty."

"Then, no doubt, you curse the Emperor and your country every time you look at your mutilated limb?"

"No, indeed," protested the veteran, "for the Emperor and my native land I would readily sacrifice my other arm, if needs be."

"I can hardly believe that," the Emperor quietly remarked, and passed on. "But the soldier, anxious to prove that he was in earnest, immediately drew a saber from its sheath and lopped off his other arm."

Here Deak would pause and fix a penetrating look on his visitor.

"Well, what have you to say to such a man as that?"

"A sublime act of self-sacrifice. A truly noble character!" This was the style of reply invariably given.

"But the story has one flaw," he would gravely add.

"What is that, pray?"

"It is simply impracticable. How could a one-armed man contrive to cut off his only remaining arm?"

Religious Musical Boxes.

Swiss music boxes of an elaboration almost unsuspected by the average New Yorker are sold by German-speaking Swiss in the German quarter. They are of all shapes and sizes. Not only may the German drink his beer to the tune of the "Watch on the Rhine," played by a contrivance in the false bottom of the mug, but there are also musical flower pots, cigar temples, work boxes, and artificial birds in cages. Odder still are a musical crucifix playing a Te Deum, pious statues with like musical attachments, and pictures for the stations of the cross that play appropriate sacred music. These things cost all the way from \$2 to \$250, and some made specially to order bring much higher prices. The musical phonograph has somewhat injured the sale of musical boxes of the nickel-in-the-slot variety, though they are still made and sold.—New York Sun.

The Frost Fish.

A curious fish, the "frost fish" of New Zealand, has been recently exhibited in Edinburgh. It was brought over to England by one of the meat-carrying steamers in the refrigerator, and is described as nearly five foot in length, with flat sides about four inches deep, and at the thickest part not more than one inch through. It has a long, hard, sharp head, armed with several sets of formidable teeth, a most delicately transparent back fin running from head to tail, about as fine as a film of gelatine; the taper at the tail not more than a quarter of an inch across, and the tail is of very small size for such a fish, measuring not more than two and a half inches across the outer edges. Judging from its present appearance the fish in its natural state must be as silvery as a herring, though without scales. The "frost fish" is said to be excellent eating.

Powers of the French President.

The President of the French Republic has no veto power, certainly not in the same form as that exercised by the President of the United States. But he has powers not possessed by our President. He can adjourn the Chamber of Deputies at any time, although not more than twice in the same session, for any period not exceeding a month; he can close a regular session at any time after it has lasted five months and, with the consent of the Senate, he can dissolve the Chamber of Deputies at his discretion, but in that case he is compelled to order a new election to be held within two months after dissolution.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PREACHES AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ON "OPPORTUNITY."

The Chance that Never Comes the Second Time—Elements of Commercial, Literary and Political Success—Greatest of All Opportunities.

In the Nick of Time.

Rev. Dr. Talmage again found himself facing a vast audience at the New York Academy of Music Sunday afternoon, while thousands surged around the entrances unable to gain admission. The Academy was crowded shortly after 3 o'clock, and the preliminary service of song was participated in by the throngs that filled the corridors and by many of those at the doors on both Irving place and Fourteenth street as well. The distinguished divine took for his subject "Opportunity," the text selected being Galatians vi, 10, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good."

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose, but words cannot tell what it is. Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven, could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand and lower down and lower down and for a quintillion of years let it sink and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth and reascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds its fulfills its mission.

In the second place opportunity never comes back. Perhaps an opportunity may come like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tell us of insects which are born, fulfill their mission and expire in an hour, but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such overshadowing, far-reaching and tremendous work in such short earthly allowance. You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business men. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office or your house, and you said: "Times are hard now, but better days will come. I have seen things as bad or worse, but we got out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide or something worse—namely a fraudulent turn to get out of his despairful position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all time, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

The Lesson in the Farm Wagon.

Many a day I have ridden across the country, and my father was driving. Of course I said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here who from their own experience know how I felt. At such a time a young man may be hopeful and even impatient to get into the battle of life for himself, but to leave the homestead where everything has been done for you, your father or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys, and your mother always around, when you got the cold, with mustard applications for the chest, or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever, and sweet mixtures to the cup by the bed to stop the cough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take, and then to go out, with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking sensation at the throat and a homesickness before you have got three miles away from the old folks. There was on the day I spoke of a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him in sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large household, and he wound up by saying, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life—and there have been many of them—I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm wagon, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." The fact was my father saw that was his opportunity, and he improved it.

This is one reason why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian Associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city, and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way, and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements and so many of them on the same night and every night after our boyhood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in schoolhouses or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in the great city, and I will tell you what he will be throughout his life on earth and where he will spend the ages of eternity. Opportunity!

Opportunities That Were Seized.

We all recognize that commercial and literary and political successes depend upon taking advantage of opportunity. The great surgeons of England feared to touch the tumor of King George IV. Sir Astley Cooper looked at it and said to the king, "I will cut your majesty's tumor, though you were a plowman." That was Sir Astley's opportunity. Lord Clive was his father's disinclined climbing church steeples and doings reckless things. His father sent him to Madras, India, as a clerk in the service of an English officer. Clive watched his time, and when war broke out came to be the chief of the host that saved India for England. That was Lord Clive's opportunity. Pauline Lucca, the almost matchless singer, was but little recognized until in the absence of the soloist in the German choir she took her place and began the enchantment of the world. That was Lucca's opportunity. John Scott, who afterward became Lord Eldon, had stumbled his way along in the practice of law until the case of Ackroyd

versus Smithson was to be tried, and his speech that day opened all avenues of success. That was Lord Eldon's opportunity.

William H. Seward was given by his father a thousand dollars to get a collegiate education. That money soon gone, his father said, "Now you must fight your own way." And he did, until gubernatorial chair and United States senatorial chair were his, with a right to the presidential chair, if the meanness of American politics had not swindled him out of it. The day when his father told him to fight his own way was William H. Seward's opportunity. John Henry Newman, becalmed a whole week in an orange boat in the strait of Bonifacio, wrote his immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." That was John Henry Newman's opportunity. You know Kirk White's immortal hymn, "When Marshaled on the Nightly Plain." He wrote it in a boat by a lantern on a stormy night as he was sailing along a rocky coast. That was Kirk White's opportunity.

The importance of making the most of opportunities as they present themselves is acknowledged in all other directions. Why not in the matter of usefulness? The difference of usefulness of good men and women is not so much the difference in brain or social position or wealth, but in equipment of Christian common sense, to know just the time when to say the right word or do the right thing. There are good people who can always be depended on to say the right thing at the wrong time. A merchant selling goods over the counter to a wily customer who would like to get them at less than cost, a railroad conductor while taking up the tickets from passengers who want to work off a last year's pass or get through at half rate a child fully grown, a housekeeper trying to get the table ready in time for guests, although the oven has failed to do its work, and the grocer had neglected to fulfill the order given him—these are not opportunities given him—admitted. Do not rush up to a man in the busiest part of the day, and when a half dozen people are waiting for him, and ask, "How is your soul?" But there are plenty of fit occasions. I will point out some of the opportunities. When a soul is in bereavement is the best time to talk of gospel consolation and heavenly reunion. When a man has lost his property is the best time to talk to him of heavenly inheritances that can never be levied on. When one is sick is the best time to talk to him about the supernatural latitude in which unhealth is an impossibility. When the Holy Spirit is moving on a community is the best time to tell a man he ought to be saved. By a word, by a smile, by a look, by a prayer, the work may be so thoroughly done that all eternity cannot undo it. As the harp was invented from hearing the twang of the bowstring, as the law of gravitation was suggested by the fall of an apple, as the order in India for the use of a greased cartridge started the mutiny of 1857 which appalled the nations, so something insignificant may open the door for great results. Be on the watch. It may be a gladness; it may be a horror, but it will be an opportunity.

A city missionary in the lower parts of the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said, "Why do you not go home?" She said, "They would not receive me at home." He said, "What is your father's name, and where does he live?" Having obtained the address and written to the father, the city missionary got a reply, on the outside of the letter the word "immediate" underscored. It was the word "immediate" that started the wanderer to come home. That was the city missionary's opportunity. And there are opportunities all about you, and on them written by the hand of the God who will bless you and bless those whom you help, in capitals of light, the word "immediate."

But there is one opportunity so much brighter than any other, so much more inviting and so superior to all others that there are innumerable fingers pointing to it, and it is haloed with a glory all its own. It is yours! It is mine! It is the present hour. It is the now. We shall never have it again. While I speak and you listen the opportunity is restless as if to be gone. You cannot chain it down. You cannot imprison it. You cannot make it stay. All its pulses are throbbing with a haste that cannot be hindered or controlled. It is the opportunity of invitation on my part and acceptance on your part. The door of the palace of God's mercy is wide open. Go in. Sit down and be kings and queens unto God forever. "Well," you say, "I am not ready." You are ready. "Are you a sinner?" "Yes." "Do you want to be saved now and forever?" "Yes." "Do you believe that Christ is able and willing to do the work?" "Yes." Then you are saved. You are inside the palace door of God's mercy already. You look changed. You are changed. "Hallelujah, 'tis done!" Did you ever see anything done so quickly? Invitation offered and accepted in less than a minute by my watch or that clock. Sir Edward Cressy wrote a book called "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo." But the most decisive battle that you will ever fight, and the greatest victory you will ever gain, is this moment when you conquer first yourself and then all the hindering myriads of perdition by saying, "Lord Jesus, here I am, undone and helpless, to be saved by thee and thee alone." That makes a panic in hell. That makes celebration in heaven. Opportunity!

On the 11th of January, 1866, a collier brig ran into the rocks near Walmer beach, England. Simon Pritchard, standing on the beach, threw off his coat and said, "Who will help me save that crew?" Twenty men shouted, "I will!" though only seven were needed. Through the awful surf the boat dashed, and in fifteen minutes from the time Pritchard threw off his coat all the shipwrecked crew were safe on the land. Quicker work to-day. Half that time more than necessary to get all this assemblage into the lifeboat of the gospel and ashore, standing both feet on the rock of ages. By the two strong oars of faith and prayer first pull for the wreck and then pull for the shore. Opportunity!

"Over the city went the cry, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!" Let the world go. It has abused you enough, and cheated you enough, and slandered you enough, and damaged you enough. Even those from whom you expected better things turned out your assailants, as when Napoleon in his last will and testament left 5,000 francs to the man who shot at Wellington in the streets of Paris. Oh, it is a mean world! Take the glorious Lord for your companionship. I like what the good man said to one who had everything but religion. The affluent man boasted of what he owned and of his splendors of surroundings, putting into insignificance, as he thought, the Christian's possessions. "Ah," said the Chris-

tian, "man, I have something you have not!" "What is that?" said the worldlyling. The answer was, "Peace!" And you may all have it—peace with God peace with the past, peace with the future, a peace that all the assaults of the world and all the bombardments satanic cannot interfere with.

The Goal.

Opportunity! Under the arch of that splendid word let this multitude of my hearers pass into the pardon and hope and triumph of the gospel. Go by companies of a hundred each. Go by regiments of a thousand each, the aged leaning on the staff, the middle aged throwing off their burdens as they pass and the young to have their present joys augmented by more glorious satisfactions. Forward into the kingdom! As soon as you pass the dividing line there will be shouting all up and down the heavens. The crowned immortals will look down and cheer. Jesus of the many scars will rejoice at the result of his earthly sacrifices. Departed saints will be gladdened that their prayers are answered. An order will be given for the spreading of a banquet at which you will be the honored guest. From the imperial gardens the wreaths will be twisted for your brow, and from the halls of eternal music the harpers will bring their harps and the trumpeters their trumpets, and all up and down the amethystine stairways of the castles and in all the rooms of the house of many mansions it will be talked over with holy glee that this day, while one plain man stood on the platform of this vast building giving the gospel call, an assemblage made up from all parts of the earth and piled up in these galleries chose Christ as their portion and started for heaven as their everlasting home. Ring all the bells of the heavens at the tidings! Strike all the gongs at the joy! Wave all the palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!

MRS. SAGE'S PARROT.

An Interesting Bird of Varied Conversational Abilities.

In the front window of Mrs. Russell Sage's private sitting-room there hangs in a gilded cage a big green parrot with stout lungs. In the morning, when Mrs. Sage's hair-dresser visits her, and when she sees her butcher and baker and wax candle maker, the parrot's speech—according to a woman reporter who visits Mrs. Sage at this time—is curt and businesslike. His morning stanza, literally rendered, is like this:

"Wha, wha, whopsey dum dum; Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Wha, wha, whopsey tum tum; Come up! Come up! Come up!"

In the afternoon when Mrs. Sage is meeting the directors of the Woman's Hospital, or is conferring with the Daughters of the Revolution, or making arrangements for furnishing the new Sage dormitory of the Emma Willard Seminary of Troy the verse changes to the following philanthropic and benevolent strains:

"Owa, owa, owa go slow! Give away! Give away! Give away! Come and go! Come and go! Come and go!"

To-day! To-day! To-day!"

In the evening when Miss Helen Gould and her young friends are enjoying one of their delightful reunions in the parlor of the Sage mansion and when the wail of the parrot is heard in formally to pay their respects to the eldest member of the exchange, the parrot raises his voice so as to be heard below stairs in the drawing-room and renders in its most pleasing strains:

"How de doo? How de doo? Come in! Come in! Come in! Glad to see you! Glad to see you!"

Where you been? Where you been?" This is delivered in the strains of "Annie Rooney," and is repeated over and over until the guests below notice the song and make laughing inquiries about the bird.

Mrs. Sage, who is the most charming of all the old-time matrons now remaining in New York society, asserts with the most serious air imaginable that the verses are Hawaiian and were learned from Queen Liliuokalani, who owned the parrot before one of the Hawaiian commissioners brought it north as a present to Mr. Sage. She further asserts that the stanzas are really requests for breakfast, luncheon and tea.

Duck-Incubating in Canton.

I don't remember having seen half a dozen chickens anywhere in and around Canton, but I suppose I must have seen a million ducks, alive and dead. Large buildings are erected entirely for their incubation. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that not one out of every ten thousand Cantonese ducks ever saw its mother, or knew any other preceptor of its duckling web-steps than the duck-boy.

The incubating buildings were heated by wood fires, and divided into rooms where the eggs were differently arranged. Formerly the temperature was judged by those in charge, but of late years this method has been abandoned, and in the house that I saw thermometers were hanging in every room. In some rooms the eggs were placed in flat padded baskets, in others in deep barrels padded and lined, or again, in other rooms they were covered with matting upon enormous shelves with a high heading running all round. This was when the time approached for the young ducks to break the shell and to come out. When fairly out, they were kept for some little time upon these shelves and fed upon soft rice, but rarely more than a few days elapsed before a duck-brood came along and bought up a whole household of them. If by any chance the young birds were not sold, boys attached to the establishment took charge of them, and herded them out.—Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., in the Century.

Immense Dynamite Blast.

A blast of 1,100 pounds of dynamite in twenty-seven holes was made recently at a quarry near Providence, R. I. The face of a cliff was blown off and fully 10,000 tons of stone dislodged.

Defies Analysis.

All known chemical elements are represented in sea water. They are not always capable of being detected by chemical analysis.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

It Is Always Right to Do Right.—“Ye Shall Know Them by Their Fruits.”—Neglect Not Your Present Opportunities.

A Sunrise Somewhere.
Let us lay to heart the comfort
In this sweet reflection found.
That however dense our darkness,
Somewhere still the world around
Dews are glistening, flowers uplifting,
Wild birds warbling, as re-born,
Lakes and streams and woods and moun-
tains,
Melting in the kiss of morn.

Ne'er was night, however dismal,
But withdrew its wings of gloom;
Ne'er was sorrow, but a day-star
Hinted of the morrow's bloom;
Ne'er was woe, but in its bosom
Was the seed of hope impregnated;
There is still a sunrise somewhere,
Speeding, speeding round the world.

Self-Knowledge.
“Lord, many times I am a weary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;
Take Thou my part against myself, nor
share,
In that just hate.

Best of friends might loathe us, if what
things perverse
We know of our own selves they also
knew;
Lord, Holy One! if Thou Who knowest
worse,
Should loathe us, too!”
—Archbishop Trench.

Leave It to Him.
“Let not thought of discouragement
enter into our souls; let no doubt about
final results intrude upon our minds;
let the work be wrought in God; let
faith take hold upon His promises, and
let the results be with Him.”—The
Safeguard.

Work Your Way Up.
Take the lowest seat and work your
way up. Let a man be called up al-
ways. Do your work wherever you are,
and do it faithfully and so contentedly
that they will want you still higher.
The more you do your work well, the
more they will want you still higher
and higher. Be drawn up. Do not
force yourself up. That leads to chie-
anery, to pretence, to mistakes, and
even temptations and crimes.—Henry
Ward Beecher.

Giving to God.
“Giving is not intended to make God
richer, but to make man greater. It is
not the gift God wants; it is the giver.
“God loveth a cheerful giver.” If we
keep this continually in mind and lay
it to heart, it will keep us advancing
along the way of true development in
the fellowship of deepest life with
God. Giving is as necessary for the
soul's development as exercise is for
the body's.”

Trust God for To-morrow.
To-morrow is not for us to rejoice in
or to fear. It may never come to us,
and if it comes its bringings may be
very different from our thought. Suffi-
cient unto the day is the evil thereof,
and the good thereof. However trying
to-day may be, it can be endured for
to-day; and to-morrow may be without
trials. However joyous may be to-day,
to-morrow may be far better. Therefore
let us have heart and hope to-day, and
trust God for to-morrow.

Causes of Joy.
“He that hath so many causes of joy,
and so great, is very much in love with
sorrow and peevishness, who loses all
these pleasures and chooses to sit down
upon his little handful of thorns. En-
joy the blessings of this day if God
sends them; and the evils of it bear
patiently and sweetly; for this day only
is ours, we are dead to yesterday, and
we are not yet born to the morrow.
But if we look abroad, and bring into
one day's thoughts the evil of many,
certain and uncertain, what will be
and what will never be, our load will
be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.”
—Jeremy Taylor.

Religion Teaches the Rich Man.
“Religion teaches the rich man and
the employer that their work-people
are not their slaves; that they must re-
spect in every man his dignity as a
man, and as a Christian; that labor is
nothing to be ashamed of, if we listen
to right, reason, and to Christian phi-
losophy, but is an honorable employ-
ment, enabling a man to sustain his life
in an upright and creditable way; and
that it is shameful to treat men like
chattels to make money by, or to look
upon them merely as so much muscle
or physical power.”—Cardinal New-
man.

Lives Looked Up To.
It is not what the best men do, but
what they are, that constitutes their
truest benefaction to their fellowmen.
Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is
not the most active people to whom we
owe the most. Among the common peo-
ple whom we know it is not necessarily
those who are the busiest, not those
who, meteor-like, are ever on the rush
after some visible change and work. It
is the lives like the stars which simply
pour down on us the calm light of their
right, faithful being, up to which we
look, and out of which we look, and out
of which we gather the deepest calm
and courage.

Do Not Delay.
“If unhappy delays have cost some
men the loss of battles and other men
the loss of profitable bargains, there
are innumerable cases in which delays
have cost the salvation of the soul. The
time element is made prominent
in the Bible. It abounds in such urgent
words as ‘straightway,’ ‘now,’ and ‘to-
day.’ One of the most pathetic scenes

described by our Lord is that of the
tardy guests clamoring for admission
to the wedding feast, who are told that
“the door is shut.” At the day of final
judgment we may well believe that
those who come there from gospel-
lighted lands will be divided into two
classes—those who seized their oppor-
tunity, and those who lost it. The happy
hosts on the right hand of the Judge
will contain those who “knew the time
of their visitation,” who obeyed the
heavenly voice, who improved the in-
fluences of the Holy Spirit and pressed
in while the gate stood open. And
among these happy ones the happiest
will be those earnest laborers for Christ
who caught every opportunity to do
good, and, by co-operating with the
divine spirit, won precious souls to the
Master.”—Theo. D. Cuyler, D. D.

The Christian and the Moralist.
Very good people sometimes feel of-
fended because the pulpit draws so
sharp a distinction between religion and
morality. If we do right, say they, we
are right, and should be so recognized.
There is some truth in this argument.
It is always right to do right. Morality
is indispensable to experimental piety.
It is a monstrous delusion to suppose
that faith is or can be a substitute for
decent conduct. God requires faith,
and he requires good actions also.
There is a vast deal of scriptural holiness
in right behavior. It is therefore
always safe and wise to commend the
morality of the moralist for exactly
what it is. It is morality, and as such
it is essential to religion, but it is not
religion itself. A Christian is neces-
sarily a moralist, but a moralist is not
necessarily a Christian. A moralist is
one who measures up to the require-
ments of the civil law or society, but
a Christian is one who obeys a higher
law also. The Christian's conduct in-
cludes everything commendable in the
conduct of the moralist, and he has also
an experience to which the moralist is
a stranger. The aspirations which stir
his soul, and the motives which guide
his conduct are beyond the ken of the
superficialist, who glories in his good
deeds and demands heaven as a recom-
pense. Christianity is a religion of
motives. As Archbishop Whately says:
“It substitutes an eternal motive for an
earthly one; it substitutes the love of
God for the love of the world or the love
of self. There may be, and are, many
persons, who practice temperance and
other virtues which Christianity incul-
cates, but who never think of doing so
because they are so inculcated. It
would be as absurd to ascribe a knowl-
edge of mechanics to savages, because
they employ the lever; or of the prin-
ciples of astronomy to brutes, because,
in walking, they preserve the center of
gravity, as it is to call such persons
Christians. A Christian is one whose
motives are Christian faith and Chris-
tian hope, and who is, moreover, able
to give a reason of the hope that is in
him.” The Christian practices moral
duties because he knows they are pleas-
ing to God and for the good of man.
He sees something above and beyond
the duties themselves. Morality is not
the end of his conduct, but only an ex-
pression of the law of right grafted on
his soul. He claims no reward for good
conduct, because he is taught that at
best he is but an unprofitable servant.
His most exemplary moral acts fall so
far short of the love he would manifest
for God and his neighbor that he can
claim no merit for them. He lives to
love God and do His will, not simply
to serve society and demand approval
for it. Moralists would become sweeter
and better moralists by experiencing
the grace that saves, and learning the
motives which actuate the true servants
of God. Christian society is the best
society on earth simply because Chris-
tian morality has heart in it, faith be-
hind it, hope above it and truth, love
and warmth all around it.

Notes and Comments.
In New York the total attendance taken
at all forms of religious worship
amounts to about 900,000 in a total popu-
lation of 1,800,000, including the sick,
the disabled infants, octogenarians, and
persons in public institutions. There
are more Methodists than Baptists in
New York, more Presbyterians than
Methodists, and more Catholics than
Presbyterians.

The election of Rev. Dr. Thomas
Spurgeon as pastor of the Metropolitan
Tabernacle, London, to succeed his
father, will disappoint many American
friends of Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson. It
has been frequently stated and never
publicly denied by Dr. Pierson, who is
a Presbyterian, that he was baptized
by immersion in order to qualify him-
self for election.

The office of archpriest of St. Peter's,
Rome, to which Cardinal Rampolla has
just been appointed, is considered the
most important office in the church next
to the papacy; and the titular dignity is
designated by the Italians as “Mezzo
Papato.” Cardinal Rampolla, who is
51 years of age, was born in Polizzi, in
Sicily, and is regarded as the ablest of
all the cardinals.

The Presbyterian Church of Wales is
in a condition of healthy progress. Its
churches have increased by eleven dur-
ing the last year, numbering now 1,282.
It has 139,648 communicants (increase
2,283), 292,628 adherents (increase
4,443), with 192,000 Sunday scholars
and teachers. It has 706 ordained min-
isters and 359 lay preachers. In 204
churches only English is used in the
services.

Up to March 1 the receipts of the
Missionary Union were \$349,986, in-
cluding \$24,000 from invested funds
and \$145,411 from the women's so-
cieties. In order to close the year with-
out debt \$366,701 must be received dur-
ing the present month. The Home Mis-
sion Society is in almost as bad a case.
It needs, in order to avoid a debt, \$190,-
000. Last year the receipts for March
were \$64,000. Therefore unless a spe-
cial effort is made this year there will
be a deficit of something like \$125,000.

Discouraged Them.
“Minister—So you say that you saw
some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bob-
bie. I hope you did something to dis-
courage them.
“Bobbie—Oh, yes, sir, I stole their bait.”
—Hartley Life.

“Bucking the Center.”
A picture of a man on a horse, bucking the center.

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some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bob-
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LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

The Bicycle Cult.
Dealer—Here is a bicycle for \$150.
Customer—Fine wheel! Beautiful! A triumph of art, I must say. Wish I could afford to pay that much, but I can't.
“Well, I'll let you have it for \$50.”
“Eh? Only \$50? Why didn't you say that at once?”
“Because if I had you would have said it was a miserably made machine, not worth taking home.”—New York Weekly.

The Evils of Poverty.
Prison Visitor—My poor man, how did you get in here?
Convict—Hard luck. I didn't manage to steal enough to fee a first-class lawyer!—Truth.

A Sure Sign.
“I tell you,” said Mrs. Hunkles, as she let the illustrated paper drop in her lap, “our Senator is gettin' ter be bigger in national affairs.” “What makes you think so?” “These here comic pictures air making him uglier an' uglier.”—Dallas (Texas) Times-Herald.

Two Episodes in a Man's Life.



Before the wedding—giving his fare-
well bachelor dinner.



Six months after the wedding—get-
ting his dinner.—Brooklyn Life.

The Only Safe Way.
She—Do you think a girl ought to let a man kiss her before she marries him?
He—Yes, if she expects to be kissed at all.—New York World.

A Modest Man.
Dumbarton—An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Flasher—Thank you, old boy. Very few men would have had the quickness of perception to adjust that remark to my appearance.—Richmond Dispatch.

And She Has a Large Circulation.
Funnymen—See that young lady bicyclist in bloomers? Reminds one of a good advertisement, doesn't she?
Dullhead—How's that?
Funnymen—Proportions are perfect and display is excellent.—Printer's Ink.

Would Take All Their Time.
Ragolet—Say, Nevvy, dis paper says de czar has an income of \$25,000 a day. Wish we was czars, eh, Nevvy?
Nevawork—Naw. Jist tink of de work we'd have doin' de incum tax man.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

He Did Not Take It.
“Say, pop, do people take snuff now-a-days?”
“Sometimes, my son.”
“Oh, then, it's all right.”
“What is all right?”
“Why, I heard mamma telling Aunt Amy that you wasn't up to snuff.”—De-
trait Free Press.

Excited His Admiration.
“What's the matter?” said the police-
man to the pugilist. “I was jes' lookin' at dat girl across de street.”
“The one with the big fashionable sleeves?”
“Yes. Say, if her muscle fills dem she must be able to hit a ton.”—Washington Star.

Early Monday Morning.
Hubby—Why are you dressed so early? And Monday morning, too?
Wify—The first one at the bargain counter has the pick of the 25-cent gloves.—Cincinnati Tribune.

“Bucking the Center.”



—Life.

Discouraged Them.
“Minister—So you say that you saw
some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bob-
bie. I hope you did something to dis-
courage them.
“Bobbie—Oh, yes, sir, I stole their bait.”
—Hartley Life.

A Splendid Catch.
The Old Lady—Would John be a good catch for Mary?
The Old Man—Splendid! He's in the foot-ball business and his life is insured for \$10,000.—Atlanta Constitution.



Horrible!
Street Car Magnate—What is this re-
port about an accident?
Clerk—Two street cars collided and many passengers were killed or in-
jured.
Street Car Magnate—What a pity.
Clerk—before the conductor had collected all the fares.
Street Car Magnate—Horrible!—Chi-
cago Record.

Only from Nature.
“I hear so much about your beauti-
ful pictures, Mr. Cadulium; do you
think you could paint my portrait?”
“I don't think so. You see, I only paint
from nature.”—Boston Budget.

According to Plan.
“Why do you leave me alone every-
evening?” asked Mrs. Mullins, tearful-
ly, as her husband put on his hat pre-
paratory to going out.
“Why, my dear,” replied he, “I mar-
ried you for yourself alone.”—New
York Sun.

If She Thought.
Belle—I wouldn't marry a man whom
I thought knew less than I did.
Blanche—Nor I; but I wouldn't mind
if I merely thought that he thought so.
—Kate Field's Washington.

Real Metaphor.
Max—Jack won that Detroit helress
hands down.
Jax—Well, how did you expect him
to win her—feet up?
Max—Cert. He made love to her in
the surf.—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

Cause of the Delay.
“I wonder why Maxim's flying-ma-
chine is so long about getting out?”
queried the scientific boarder.
“As near as I can figure it out,” said
the Cheerful Idiot, “the trouble seems
to be a defective flew.”—Cincinnati
Tribune.

A Tragic Complication.
“So you refuse me?” said Charley Cal-
low, bitterly.
“Of course,” said the charming
girl.
“Won't you even be a sister to me?”
“No, I'm engaged to marry your
father. I'll be a mother to you.”—Wash-
ington (D. C.) Star.

He Reminded Her.
Mrs. Quiggs—Your husband reminds
me of some one.
Mrs. Neighbors—He reminds me of
his mother every time the cooking does-
n't suit him.—Philadelphia Record.

Hard to Explain.
Little Johnnie—When did Santa Claus
begin going around at Christmas?
Brown—A couple of thousand years
ago.
Little Johnnie—Why, pa, they didn't
have stockings in those days.—Judge.

Easy to Explain.
The retirement of Jim Root from the
stage is easily explained. He would
rather ride in the cab of an engine than
count ties.—Utica Observer.

Another Phenomenon.



Dear Old Party (with a view to a lit-
tle moral teaching)—Now, do either of
you little boys say naughty words?
Elder Brother—Well, mum, I ain't
much of a hand at it, but young Bill
here's a treat. Cuss for the lady, Bill.

No Such Possibility.
“Doctor,” said Mrs. Weed, “I can't
get it out of my head that possibly my
poor dear husband was buried alive.”
“Nonsense!” snorted Dr. Peduncle.
“Didn't I attend him myself in his last
illness?”—Life.

How He Knew.
He—I observe my company is not
agreeable to you.
She—How did you observe it?
He—By the clock. You've turned it
forward instead of back.—New York
Herald.

Latest in Biscuit.
Missus—I broke my Sevres plate.
You are discharged. How did you
break it?
Servant—I carelessly dropped one of
the biscuits you made yesterday on it.
—Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter.

THE END OF THE BRIDE.

**A Sad Picture of the Child-Wife Sys-
tem Tolerated in India.**

A little girl in India went to the mis-
sionary school; she was a pretty, clever
little thing, and so attracted the teacher
that she ventured to visit her in her
home. She found the child overshadowed
by the horror of her approaching
marriage. As a baby she had been be-
trothed, but, according to custom, she
lived in her father's house till she was
12; then she was to be taken from her
own people and given over to her hus-
band, a hideous little man, deformed,
his face scarred with disease, of bad
character, and notoriously given to
drink.

The child was terrified of him, and he
derived a ghoul-like pleasure from her
terror; used to jump at her in the dark,
make faces at her, and told her that
once really married to him and in his
home he and his old mother would make
short work of her beauty with a red-hot
fork, so that it would soon be difficult
to choose between their two faces.

At last the fatal day arrived. The
missionary's heart ached for the little
friend she was unable to help, and as
she went about her work she prayed
that God might save his hapless
creature.

At noon the child's mother burst into
the house. “Nahomi is dead,” she
cried, and the two women hurried to
her home. There was Nahomi, lying
stiff and cold on the floor, looking very
slim and childish in her bridal dress
and smooth, flower-crowned head.

It appeared she had spent the morn-
ing in restless agony of anticipation,
and (to quiet her) her miserable mother
had beaten her, and that afterward she
had fallen into an apathy of despair.

She had washed her little person and
her hair, had braided it neatly, had put
on her bridal gown, had decorated her-
self with flowers and jewelry, and then
had gone quietly into the yard behind
the house, where a great datura tree
hung its great white trumpets against
the blue sky, dug up and ate a little of
its poisonous root, and then crept back
into her home, where she now lay,
cold, stark—free.

TRIALS OF POVERTY.

**One of Them Brought to Light in the
Case at Hand.**

The writer can vouch for the authen-
ticity of this story. In an Eastern State
there had been a series of barn burn-
ings, which had destroyed thousands of
dollars' worth of property. In some
cases residences and stores had caught
fire and there was no end to the dam-
age. Fine horses and vehicles, hay,
grain of every sort and the odds and
ends of property which is generally
stored in barns all went. The citizens
of the little village were greatly in-
censed and left no means untried to
catch the offender. Finally during the
thirteenth fire the guilty man and his
confederate were caught. Popular in-
dignation ran so high that had the
crime occurred in Kentucky or the
West, the men would have been lynched,
and as popular novels say, “This
story would never have been written.”
But they were thrown into jail to await
trial. The day before the trial a promi-
nent man called upon the chief offend-
er's wife and found her crying bitterly.

He looked about in vain for some
means of comforting her, but could only
pat her on the shoulder and say:
“There, Mrs. S., don't take on so.
Maybe they'll clear him.” though down
in his heart he hoped they wouldn't.
But she only wailed louder.
“Oh, it isn't that. But to think Jim's
to be tried to-morrow before a big
crowd of people and he hasn't got any
stickpin for his necktie. He is awful
proud, Jim is, and when he was arrest-
ed he told me to get him a stickpin if I
could, but I haven't been able to save a
cent. Oh, it's awful to be so poor.”
And the kind-hearted man actually
took out a dollar and told her if she
could find a stickpin at that price to get
it for Jim to wear at court and save the
family pride.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Hiding in a Large City.

I once knew a man who had a large
flour store in West street, whose resi-
dence was kept secret from all his
clerks. All they knew was that he
appeared at the store in the morning
and left at night, and they also knew
that he resented all inquiries. Once I
wanted to see this man out of business
hours, and on asking the head clerk
where he lived, to my astonishment he
said he did not know. Yes, New York
is a good place to hide, and thus Capt.
Howgate, who has been for a dozen
years wanted in Washington for an
extensive fraud, has during half of
that time been keeping a book shop in
one of the most prominent streets in
this city.

Captain Howgate knew that few of
his old associates were of bookish
taste, and therefore his trade was well
adapted to his object. Second-hand
book dealers find customers in students
and bibliomaniacs, and they make their
purchases at auction where men of
similar taste resort. There is, however,
a vast difference in the business, for
uptown one will find small shops (like
Howgate's), while down town there
are several of immense extent. These
men purchase whole libraries, but pay
very low prices—rarely more than the
cost of binding—and occasionally they
get book rarities of unusual value.
Hence such a dealer must have a vast
acquaintance with the world of litera-
ture.—New York Correspondent Troy
Times.

How the Chickens Got Out.

A correspondent who spent the sum-
mer at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks,
bears witness to a pleasing display of
ingenuity on the part of a domestic hen,
a creature not commonly supposed to
possess any high degree of intelligence.
The chickens were getting large
enough to injure the sprouts, and Mr.
Frazier, their owner, put them into the
hen-yard, laying first laid boards edge-

wise on the ground against the slats
all the way round the yard.

To his surprise, the chickens were
soon found in the garden. They were
put back into the yard, and the fence
was carefully examined. There was no
sign of an opening large enough for the
tinliest chick to squeeze through. And
for all that, the chickens were soon out
again.

This time Mr. Frazier determined to
see how the thing was done. He had
not long to wait. The fugitives were
hardly back in the enclosure before the
mother sat down near the middle of the
yard, as if she were brooding. The
next moment two of the chickens
hopped upon her back; whereupon she
rose, and with slow and stately mien
proceeded to bear them to the edge of
the yard, where she ranged herself
alongside the board that had been ex-
pected to prove an insurmountable bar-
rier to all chickens.

No sooner had she brought her pre-
cious burden within reach of the board
than they hopped upon it, passed be-
tween the slats, and were on their way
to the garden in triumph.

The maneuver was repeated till the
hen had conveyed her entire brood, two
by two, to the top of the board—but not
till after another witness had been
called to enjoy the novel sight.

CROSS EYES MAY BE CURED.

**A Visual Defect Removed by the
Early Use of Glasses.**

Strabismus or “cross eyes,” are now
safely and almost painlessly corrected.
The desired result may be obtained by
the wearing of proper spectacles in ear-
ly youth; but, according to the Phila-
delphia Record, if the evil is not then
corrected, an operation later on will be
necessary.

The removal of a “cataract” from the
eye is one of the most delicate opera-
tions performed by the oculist. A cata-
ract is formed by the lens of the eye
becoming opaque, so as to appear gray-
ish or otherwise, when it shuts out the
light from the optic nerve. The oculist
of to-day cuts into the ball of the eye
and removed the darkened lens, and
the optician supplies the defect by arti-
ficial lenses that make good the sight.
The demand for glass eyes is increas-
ing as the character and quality of the
eyes improve. Unsightly eyeballs are
now removed in part, leaving enough
of the muscles to rotate the glass shell
that is placed over them. Where the
work is properly done, the possessor of
the glass eye can move it about with
all the naturalness of a real optic, and
in many cases it is very difficult to tell
the manufactured article from the gen-
uine. All the wild stories about sub-
stituting rabbits' eyes for human eyes
or the statements to the effect that ocu-
lists can take eyes from their sockets,
wipe them on a coarse towel and re-
store them unimpaired to the happy
patient, are all moonshine, and anyone
who is called upon to listen to such
tales is perfectly justified if under such
circumstances he should wink the other
eye.

Looking Ahead.

Mrs. Carter was an economical wom-
an. She seldom indulged herself in the
luxury of a new gown, and whenever
she did, she was particular only about
the wearing qualities of the material.
A favorite niece generally assisted her
in making her choice.

“Now, Amelia, you're sure this cloth
is all wool. I can't see so well as I
could once,” said the old lady when her
last new gown was being purchased.
“But what color do you want, aunt?”
“Land! I don't know as I care much
what color it is, so long as it's black,”
responded Mrs. Carter.

So, after a little discussion, a good
piece of black cashmere was purchased
and taken home. But the niece no-
ticed that Mrs. Carter did not seem
wholly satisfied. “I'm afraid you would
rather have had some other material
than cashmere,” she finally suggested.
“No, I don't know as I should. Cash-
mere wears considerable well,” was the
response; “but black aint the color it
used to be, and I've been a-thinking.
I aint never had no loss by death, and if
I keep on wearing black what under
the sun am I going to mourn in when
some of my folks are taken? I believe
I'll see if I can't get the store to take
this back and give me a black that has
some kind of a tint to it, so as I shall
feel a change when I go out of colors.”

A Motorman.
On the battlefield a general must
sometimes think quick and act without
hesitation. A motorman recently
showed himself to be gifted with these
admirable traits.

In Plainfield, N. J., an electric car
was dashing along, when the motorman
saw a child balancing itself on a high
window-ledge. The man saw at once
that the child would fall on a pile of
bricks. Giving the brake a sudden turn
and twisting off the current, he sprang
from the platform before the car
stopped, and reached the sidewalk jus-
t in time to catch the baby.

Probably nothing will ever sound
sweeter to him than the thanks of the
child's mother, and the hearty praise
bestowed on him by the occupants of
the car.

Pleasures of Home Life.

“What a cozy home

THE "NEW WOMAN."

She does not "languish in her bower,"
Or squander all the golden day
In fashioning a gaudy flower
Upon a worsted spray;
Nor is she quite content to wait
Behind her "rose-wreathed lattice-pane
Until beside her father's gate
The gallant Prince draws rein."

The brave "New Woman" scorns to sigh,
And count it "such a grievous thing"
That year on year should hurry by
And no gay suitor bring;
In labor's ranks she takes her place,
With skillful hands and cultured mind;
Not always foremost in the race,
But never far behind.

And not less lightly fall her feet
Because they tread the busy ways;
She is no whit less fair and sweet
Than maids of olden days,
Who, gowned in samite or brocade,
Looked charming in their dainty guise,
But dwelt like violets in the shade,
With shy, half-opened eyes.

Of life she takes a clearer view,
And through the press severely moves,
Unfettered, free; with judgment true,
Avoiding narrow grooves.
She reasons and she understands;
And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown
To lift with strong yet tender hands
The burdens men lay down.
—Chambers' Journal.

GREAT SPELLING BEE

"I allus held," said the Chronic Loafer, as he stretched his legs along the counter and rested his back comfortably against a pile of calicoes, "thet they ain't no sech thing as roarinborin allus. I know some sals they is electric lights, but when I seen thet big un last night I said to my missus, an' I hol' I'm right, thet et was nothin' but th' iron furnaces over th' mo'n'tain. Fer, s'pose, ez th' Teacher sals, they is lights up et th' north pole, does you uns believe we could see 'em all thet distance? Well, now!"

He gazed impressively about the store at the close of this discourse. The Miller, the Shoemaker and the G. A. R. Man were disposed to agree with him, but the School Teacher was sarcastic.

"If you had ever studied physical geography," he said, "you would know that the aurora borealis is not a light made upon terra firma, but a peculiar magnetic condition of the atmosphere for which there is no apparent accounting." He looked toward the Chronic Loafer. "And the manner in which you pronounce it is exceedingly ludicrous. It is not a roarinborin allways. It is spelled a-u-r-o-r-a-b-o-r-e-a-l-i-s."

The Tinsmith, who was seated upon a nail keg, rubbing his hands in the warm rays of the stove, chuckled softly. The Chronic Loafer noticed him and felt convinced that the correction of his own grammar had caused the other's mirth.

"What's you uns so tickled about now?" he asked gruffly.

"I was jest thinkin'," the Tinsmith replied, his countenance assuming its natural expression, "of the time my ole frien' Quincy Muthersbaugh spelled down John Jimison, who tot up to Happy Grove school. He done et on thet very word. My, but thet there was a bee."

"Now, 'fore you git grindin' 'way—sence you've got on spellin'—I want ter tell a good un on—"

"Let him tell us about Quincy Muthersbaugh," the School Teacher interposed, decisively. "Your good un can keep."

Compelled to silence, the Chronic Loafer rolled over on his back and gazed dejectedly into the dim recesses of the ceiling, while the Tinsmith began:

"Some folks is nat'ral spellers, jest as others is nat'ral musicians. Ag'in, et's jest as hard ter make a good speller by education as et is ter make a good bass horn blower. Fer a feller thet hain't thet inborn idee of how many letters is needed ter make a word 'll never spell no better than th' man thet hain't a nat'ral sence of how much wind's needed for a note 'll play a bass horn."

"I cannot wholly agree with you," interrupted the School Teacher. "Give a child first words of one syllable, then two; then drill them in words ending in tion until—"

"We won't discuss thet, Teacher, fer et don't effect our case. John Jimison was a nat'ral speller. You never seen th' like. Give him a word of six or seven syllables an' he'd spell et out like et was on a blackboard right before him. When he was 20 he hed spelled down all the scholars in Happy Grove, an' 'd won 'bout six bees. Then he went to th' Pikestown Normal school, out in the western part of Pennsylvania. When he come back you never knowed th' beat. He hed stiedied Lating an' algebray, but I guess he must a spent considerable time a-brushin' up his spellin', fer there was only one feller 'bout these parts who could keep him fer any time at all. He was my frien' Quincy Muthersbaugh. You uns knows Quincy. He tot two winters up et Kishikoquillas school, an' went west after he mawried. He was a powerful good feller—still—an' a fine teacher an' speller—but John Jimison hed th' advantage of a normal school education, an' know'd it, fer you uns never seen th' like of th' way he kerried on when he was teachin' ter Happy Grove."

"Thet was th' winter we hed so much snow. It hed drifted in th' roads, so we drove through th' fiels, if you uns remember. What with church sossibles an' singin' school an' spellin' bees they was a heap sight goin' on."

"Not a week passed but me an' Quincy Muthersbaugh went some'eres, an' 'fore I know'd et both him an' John Jimison was keepin' comp'ny with Hannah Siders. She was jest as pretty as a peach, plump an' rosy, with th' slickest nat'ral hair an' teeth you ever seen. She was powerful fond of education, so when them two teachers was after her she jest couldn't make up her min' she favored both. But et seemed ter me

like Quincy was her favorite without he knowin' it. He'd go see her and set down an' never say nothin' much; but she kinder tho't him pleasant company. He was good-lookin' an' sure an' no fool. Jimison was amusin', toler'ble in his looks an' hed th' advantage of a normal school education, an' kinder dazzled her. Et allus 'peared ter me, still, as if he was a bit conceity, but then he took with th' girls."

"Hannah Ciders didn't know which of them two ter choose. Et seems she figured on et all fall an' well inter th' winter. She begin ter get thin an' lose all her color, an' both them fellers was near wild with anxiousness an' continual quarrelin'. Then what yer s'pose they done?"

"Et 'll take a long time fer 'em ter do much, th' way you tells et," the Chronic Loafer grumbled.

"She give out," continued Tinsmith, not heeding the interruption, "thet she'd take th' best educated. Thet tickled Jimison, who blowed round ter all his friends how he was jest ready. He was goin', he put et, 'like th' male knights of old, ter tilt in th' turning-months fer his lady.' They agreed ter hev it out on th' quiet at th' big spellin' between their schools th' followin' week. I tho't Quincy was gone. He jest went ter work, though, an' fer sev'ral days before th' bee I seen nothin' of him. He was stedyin' th' spellin' book."

"The night come, an' sech a crowd as they was et th' Happy Grove School. They was sleighin', and fer a quarter of a mile in front of th' buildin' they was nothin' but horses hitched ter th' fences. Th' schoolroom was all decorated with greens an' lighted with lle lamps fer th' occasion, an' was jest packed. All th' seats was filled with girls, an' th' men was lined four deep 'long th' walls an' banked up on top of one 'nother at th' back. On one side of th' platform, settin' on a bench 'long under th' blackboard, was th' sixteen best scholars of th' Happy Grove School, led by John Jimison. He was smilin', an' confident, an' gazin' longin' at Hannah Ciders, who was on one of th' front seats an' 'peared rather nervous. He was all togged out in a new Prince Albert coat fer her benefit."

"I was standin' be th' stove meltin' th' snow off me boots, when I hed a few words with Quince Muthersbaugh. He seemed jest a little excited, but 'lowed et 'ud come out all right. Then he took his place with his sixteen scholars on th' other side th' platform an' th' proceedin's begin."

"Teacher Long, from over in Lemon Township, called out th' words from a speller, while me an' another feller kept tally. The first word given out was sopeny, an' Quincy missed et. He spelled et 's-u-p-e-n-a.' I jest felt sick when I marked down one again' his side. Jimison took her, spelled her all right an' commenced ter smile. Muthersbaugh looked solemn. The feller nex' on his side spelled supercedes correct, while th' man nex' John Jimison missed superannuation, an' then Happy Grove an' Kishikoquillas was even. They kep' thet up an hour an' a half, an' I tell yer et was most excitin' ter see them trained spellers battlin'. When they quit Happy Grove hed two less misses then Kishikoquillas. Jimison commenced ter smile triumphant, but Quince didn't do nothin' 'cept set there quiet like."

"After a recess of ten minutes they begin ter spell down. All th' scholars lined up in a row an' whenever one missed a word they hed to go set in th' audience. They spelled an' spelled, tell final they was no one left but Quincy Muthersbaugh an' John Jimison, jest standin' there glarin' et each other an' singin' out letters. Et was a grand sight. Hannah Ciders was pale and tremblin', fer she knowed th' vally of an idle word then. Th' audience was most stretchin' ther necks outen joint, they was so interested. Two lamps went out an' no one fixed 'em; th' air was jest blue with th' steam made by th' snow meltin' off th' fellers' boots, an' th' stove begin to smoke, an' th' room was suffocatin', an' no one tho't ter put up a winder, an' excitement was so bad."

"Sech words as penultimate, concatenation, pentateuch an' silhouette come dead easy ter them teachers. They kep' glarin' et each other an' spellin' like their life depended on et. Poor Long's voice got weaker an' weaker a givin' out words. I was thet nervous I could hardly see. They spelled all the ations and entions, all the words endin' in ism, die and ness, tell et seemed they'd use up th' book. Quincy was gettin' more excited; Jimison's knees was tremblin' visible."

"Then Long give out Rorybory Allus. You could a heard a pin drop in thet room. Jimison be begin slow, as ef it was dead easy; 'A-u-r-a, Aurora; b-o-r, Aurora Bor; e-a-l-i-s, Aurora Bo-realls."

"They was a mumble went over th' room, an' he seen he was wrong an' yelled: 'A-u, I mean.'"

"Too late," says Long. "Only one chance et a time tell one or th' other spells et. Th' gentleman who gits et right first wins, accordin' ter rules."

"Jimison was white as a sheet an' his face an' hands was a-twitchin' as he stood there glarin' et Quincy. Muthersbaugh looked at th' floor like he was stedyin'. I seen Hannah Ciders lean for'd an' grip th' desk with her hands, an' then I know'd she'd made up her min' which she favored."

"He begin; 'A-u, au; r-o-r, ror, Auror; a, Aurora; B-o-r, bor, Aurora Bor; e, Aurora Bore; a-l, al, Aurora Boreal'—Then he stopped an' looked at th' floor and stiedied."

"I jest stood up. I was thet excited, fer I knowed what was wrong. I seen tears in Hannah Cider's eyes as she leaned for'd, not breathin'; I seen Jimison grin an' know'd he remembered he'd left out th' u an' 'ud spell et sure jest as quick as he'd get a chan'et. I believed Quincy was goin' ter say 'a,

an' thet et was all up with him, an' thet Hannah Ciders know'd who she favored too late, fer she wasn't a girl ter break a greenen'."

"Then sudden a feller run in th' door an' yelled: 'Some uns run off with Teacher Jimison's horse an' sleigh!'"

"You uns never seen sech a panic. Th' weemen jumped up an' yelled; th' men jest piled out th' door; John Jimison climbed out th' winder, an' Teacher Long dropped his spellin' book an' follored. Ter my surprise Quincy Muthersbaugh never moved; he jest stood there lookin' at Hannah Ciders an' smilin', while she was gazin' back, as red as a beet. I was gettin' out th' winder among th' last an' turned 'round ter see ef Quince was behind me; thet's how I come ter notice et. I jest stopped an' looked et both of 'em. Fer three minutes them two stared et each other an' I stared et them, not knowin' what ter make of et. Meantime the room was cleared. Outside we heard th' sleigh bells ringin' as th' fellers started off after th' thieves; we heard John Jimison and Teacher Long callin' to 'em ter go in this an' thet direction; we heard th' weemen complainin' because they'd so many hev ter walk home."

"Then th' rear winder, right back of where Quincy was tandin', slid up an' his young brother Sam stuck his head in, an' when he seen th' coast was clear, whispered: 'I jest give th' alarm in time, Quince, didn't I? I've hitched Teacher Jimison's horse right here behind th' schoolhouse, an' you kin take her home jest as soon as th' last of these here fools gits away.'"

"Quincy smiled an' said: 'I tho't you was never comin' an' I'd hev ter spell et out.'"

"But th' winder was shet down an' his brother was gone."

"Then he steps down off th' platform an' walks up ter Hannah Ciders, an' says: 'Th' last syllable e-a-l-a-s.'"

"No," she says, quiet-like, 'et's e-a-l-i-s. But thet ain't no difference.'"

"I slipped out th' winder an' started home. 'Bout ten minutes later John Jimison's horse and sleigh passed me on th' road, an' from what I seen I jedged et wouldn't a done him much good, anyway, ef he had a spelled down Quincy Muthersbaugh."—New York Evening Sun.

TWO CRACKS AT PENUCKLE.

Congressmen Henderson and Dunn to Battle at Cards.

In all the boundless west there is no one that can hold a candle to Representative Henderson, of Iowa, in playing penuckle. His fame begins at the Ohio, reaches over the rolling prairies, ripples across the Rio Grande into the lair of the Mexican and loses itself in the towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains, says the Washington Post. When he announces that he is to play, all the lesser lights of penuckles bend their heads in silent adoration; the Iowa State Band—the pride of the Missouri Valley—no longer toots the resonant horn, and over the wide expanse of land and sky the silence reigns supreme. Representative Dunn, of New Jersey, a pugnacious Irishman, who feareth not gods or men, much less the young penuckler who comes out of the West, is something of a hand at the game himself. He can keep track of the twelve cards in a way that makes your head swim. He can count 200 and 400 while you are wondering which is the trump, and as for the nine spot, he can corral them with an ease that is as graceful as it is marvelous. Well, Mr. Dunn and Mr. Henderson have challenged each other to penuckle combat. Now is the sky lurid with prophecy of the great and momentous struggle. Behind Mr. Henderson, in serried ranks, stands the entire Republican membership of the House, with the Western men cheering loudly and rampant for the success of their hero. Mr. Dunn has rallied the Eastern Democrats, and pocketbooks filled with gold, silver and legal tenders wave in the air and obscure the azure heavens. Ten games are to be played. Already the champions have met around the table and have separated from their friendly skirmish with honors even. Wait until the match is played! The glory of the West and of the East will then be pitted against each other. Either the snowy summits of the Rockies are to shine in refulgent beauty or else the mosquitoes of New Jersey will sing a paean of praise.

Following Line of Least Resistance.

Proofs of the truth of this proposition are constantly passing under our eyes. If we upset a jug of water on table or floor, the stream of liquid does not follow a straight line, but moves in little curves and bends, caused by the existence of obstructions very likely so minute as to be unnoticeable, yet of sufficient importance to influence the direction of the stream of water by making its passage over the spots where they exist slightly more difficult than where they do not.

We observe the same phenomenon on a large scale in the beds of rivers, and the advantage of lightning conductors is also due to the principle of least resistance. Though in this instance there is no fluid stream, yet there is a notion of something and the motion is more easily transmitted by means of metal than by stone, brick and wood of buildings. Consequently, if the latter are provided with well-constructed lightning conductors, the electric discharge will take place by their means and without affecting the rest of the edifice, although the accidents which still occasionally occur indicate that protection from lightning is not yet completely understood.

Organic growth also takes the direction of least resistance, though here the conditions are so much more complicated than in the case of inorganic motion that the principle is less readily distinguished.—Good Words.

Female Labor in France.

One-third of the females of France over fourteen years of age are farm laborers.

A DOG'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

He Was Not Born to Be Killed by a Railway Train.

A number of gentlemen were talking one night of the wonderful sagacity shown by various animals, illustrating their assertions by incidents that had actually occurred and come under their observation. The horse seemed to be in large favor with the party, when one of them remarked:

"Do you know that a dog sometimes shows more presence of mind than a man?"

The speaker was an engineer on the Chicago and Great Western Railway, his run being from Dubuque, Iowa, to Elma.

"Several months ago," the engineer continued, "we left Dubuque nearly an hour late with orders to make up the time between there and St. Paul. Our schedule time was fast enough, but I resolved that the orders should be obeyed on my half of the route anyway, and my faithful engine carried those coaches like the wind. We were rounding a curve just beyond which was a pile bridge hidden from view by the hill. As the engine rounded the curve to my horror there was a man in the center of the bridge who had evidently not heard the warning whistle. The engine was reversed and the air-brakes applied. The jarring of the bridge attracted the man's attention. He glanced around, hesitated but an instant and began to run to the farther end. It was too late. The engine ground him to pieces."

"Following this sad catastrophe I always approached that bridge with a shudder. I could see that poor man's agonizing look and feel him cut to pieces beneath the ponderous drivers. Warning signals were placed on the bridge, but my train always 'sloved up' around the fatal curve."

"Last week I was ordered to take out a special car containing several railway officials. Instructions were to make the best time possible. I did not 'slove up' around the curve this time, but gave a longer and more shrill whistle as we approached the spot. Again we were about dashing on the bridge when I saw a dog leisurely walking across. Another whistle. The dog looked around—"

"And jumped, of course?"

"Jumped? No, indeed. He looked around, glanced hastily at each end of the bridge, and, concluding the time was too brief, coolly dropped between two ties to a cross stringer beneath and the train passed over him in safety. Say, boys, the President of the United States can't get me to run fast around that curve again."

Too Expensive a Place.

Paul Lacroix, a French writer and bibliophile, was at one time seriously out of health, and took refuge in Italy. Bronchitis had fastened itself upon him, and his pallor and general feebleness of appearance were so marked that he sometimes saw people point the finger at him in the street and say to each other in an undertone, "A consumptive!"

He had taken lodgings in Rome, when one day the proprietor of the house mounted the stairs, rapped at the door and came in. Lacroix was just then in a coughing paroxysm.

"Signor," began the householder, "who is responsible for you?"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Frenchman.

"If you should die, who would pay the expenses?"

"I hope not to die yet awhile," answered Lacroix. "Besides, I am not very ambitious. A modest burial would suit me."

"But who will pay me?"

"Why, man, I pay you myself every week."

"No, no. I am speaking of this bed, this armchair, this table, this carpet, everything in the chamber. Everything will have to be burned after the death of a consumptive."

"My dear sir," said Lacroix, "I am not rich enough to die in Rome; I will go to Naples."

The next day, indeed, he set out for southern Italy. But he lived for many years to tell the story of his banishment from the Holy City.

Napoleon and His Pipe.

Napoleon was a snuff-taker, in a mild way, smelling of the tobacco rather than snuffing it, but never learned to smoke. Once only, according to his valet, Constant, he tried a pipe. The attempt, of which Constant gives a humorous account, was in this wise:

An Eastern ambassador, Persian or Turkish, had presented the emperor with a handsome oriental pipe, and one day the fancy took him to use it. Constant, at his master's request, got everything in readiness, and applied the fire. It remained, of course, for the emperor to set the tobacco alight by drawing in his breath. So his valet told him.

"But," adds Constant, "at the rate his majesty went to work the thing would never be done. He contented himself with opening and shutting his lips, without breathing the least in the world."

Finally he put the pipe into the valet's hands and commanded him to light it, which the valet did and returned the pipe to his majesty. Napoleon took one good puff, and was as awkward this time as before. The smoke got into his windpipe, and instead of being expelled through the mouth it came out of the nostrils and the eyes. So Constant says, at all events.

The emperor was nearly strangled, and as soon as he recovered breath he cried:

"Take it away! The horrible thing! It makes me sick!"

It was more than an hour before he recovered his equanimity, and that was the end of his career as a smoker.

Razors of Ancient Days.

If a man at the very beginning was hirsute, when did he afterward yearn to get rid of at least a portion of his

hair? That brings us down at once to shaving. At first the hairs on the jaws and chin must have been plucked out singly. Could a process of this kind, carried out during immeasurable periods, have produced a comparatively beardless race, as are our Indians? If man shaved first with a shell or a bit of flint, his sufferings must have been intense. Prehistoric men in Great Britain, Ireland, France, and Italy used bronze razors, for we find them to-day. Generally these razors had a tang, with a hole in the tang, so that they could be suspended. The razors are rounded on the edge, and resemble in shape those of the Chinese.—New York Times.

RUBBER AND GUTTA PERCHA.

Thought of Recent Introduction Are Used for Any Number of Purposes.

At present it seems as if we couldn't possibly get on without india rubber and gutta percha. Though both are of comparatively recent introduction, the number of purposes to which they are applied is so immense that the world without them would at least be very different in some respects. Without those two substances submarine cables would be almost impossible, telegraphy would assume many unlike modifications, goloshes would not exist, water-proofs and mackintoshes would be a beautiful dream, and a rubberless world a hideous reality. Elastic, in the sense in which woman uses the word, would never have been evolved, tobacco pouches would still be of silk or leather, combs would be of horn, and buttons, paper knives, penholders and pipes much dearer than at present. As for machinery, where would it be without india rubber clutches and tubes and cups and valves and buffers? Where would engineering be without the endless minute applications of the elastic gum? Where would surgery be without the innumerable devices, the syringes and squirts, the belts and bandages of which india rubber forms the sole and, as it seems to us now, indispensable basis? Fancy putting out fires without the invaluable hose; fancy whirling manufactories without the inevitable gearing. The bicyclist would miss his pneumatic tires; the artist would miss his ever-handy eraser.

One or the Other.

In a certain small New Hampshire town any person who is at all confused as to which of two conflicting statements he ought to believe, is sure to be answered by any old inhabitant to whom he may confide his doubts: "Well, you're in 'most as bad a fix as Tommy Gregg was that time."

Tommy Gregg was an "apprenticed farmer's boy." He was as kind-hearted as the day is long, and as slow in his speech and movements as any man could well be. This combination of characteristics often led the other young men to "poke fun" at him, a liberty which he never resented, although his temper was by no means as slow as his tongue.

One warm summer afternoon two boys, returning from the corn field, saw Tommy Gregg fast asleep in his master's ox cart, under the shade of a tree in a lane just off the main road. He had been carting stone to an old "cellar hole dump," and was taking a rest before starting for home in the afternoon sun.

The boys, bent on a joke, unhitched the oxen and drove them a little distance up the road, well out of sight of the cart. Then they sat down by the roadside and waited for Tommy Gregg to wake.

In about fifteen minutes he yawned, stretched himself, sat up and looked about him.

"Well," he drawled, in nasal tones easily heard by the boys hidden in the bushes close by; "well, naow, who do you ca'late you be, myself? If you're Tommy Gregg, you've lost a yoke o' oxen; but if you ain't Tommy Gregg you've found a cart!"

Gently.

A peculiar instance of breaking a misfortune "gently" belongs to the life of the young man who was Earl of Barmore in the eighteenth century. Soon after he had become a pupil at Eton, his grandmother, the Countess of Harrington, died, and the head master of the school was asked to break the news gently to his sensitive pupil.

The master called the boy into the class room and asked him, with an austere air, a series of questions in regard to his studies, and then commanded him to construe some lines from Virgil. Before the task had been accomplished he informed the pupil, somewhat harshly:

"Your grandmother is ill, my lord," but in the same breath he bade him go on with his Latin. After a few more lines had been construed, he stopped him again with the assertion:

"She is very ill, my lord!"

The earl expressed his grief, but was again ordered to proceed with his task. He obeyed, but was interrupted the next moment by his master's exclamation:

"She's dying, my lord!"

"What! Dying?" cried the bewildered youth.

"Come, come, my lord!" said the learned pedagogue. "She is dead! Now you know the worst. Go to your seat and make the best of an irretrievable misfortune!"

A Sad Retribution.

A little Southern girl, who is a remarkably well-behaved child, one day confided to her aunt that she thought the Jones children were "awful."

"You can't imagine how bad they are, auntie. They tell stories, and disobey their mother, and everything; and if they are so when they are little, I just expect they'll every one grow up to be Yankees."

As soon as a man is dead he becomes a great man.

CHURNS AND SHOE BRUSHES.

Among the Electrical Devices Showed at the Buda-Pesth Exhibition.

Electricity not only rings door-bells, lights houses and cooks food, but it sweeps the floors, washes the dishes, blacks boots and shoes and so on through the whole catalogue of domestic operations. If no machine has yet been invented to dress and to feed a man it is only because the inventors have been so busy that they have not got around yet to the electric valet and the electric knife and fork. If any one thinks there is any exaggeration about this, says the New York World, he ought to have attended the exhibition of machines of this sort that has just closed at Buda-Pesth, Hungary. This exhibition, which was organized by the Hungarian Commercial Museum, was a great success, and probably will result in greatly increasing the use of small electric motors for domestic purposes. All sorts of curious electrical machines were exhibited, including wood-working and metal-working machines, clothes-washing machines, sewing-machines, ventilators, ice-making apparatus, blowers and looms. These different machines were run by thirty-two attenuating current motors and forty-two continuous current motors. Thus the contest between these two types of current which has been waging almost since the first introduction of electricity may still be said to be carried on on even terms, the advantage being a little in favor of the latter. One of the most interesting machines exhibited was an electric churn, of which the motor was of the alternating current type. Both the motor and the churn were fixed upon a table. The power was transmitted from the motor to the vertical axis of the churn by an arrangement of pulleys. In the floor-polishing brush the motor was situated above the brush proper, rotating at a high speed, and the whole device was pushed over the floor by a long handle, like that of a lawn mower. The motor was fed through a flexible conductor of sufficient length from a tap in the wall. In the electric shoe brush a motor in the lower part of the machine worked two brushes placed in front. The upper was grooved, so as to fit over the boot, while the lower cleaned the sole. These are only a small part of the wonderful things shown at Buda-Pesth. Electricians are now talking of a permanent exhibition of the kind, to be held in Paris and to be kept supplied continually with new electrical curiosities.

AS TO TRIPTOLOGY.

Some Instances of the Habit Among Persons of Distinction.

Horace Walpole humorously described as "triptology" George III.'s habit of repeating three times any remark he might make. It was emphatic thinking aloud, and the author of "Gossip of the Century" gives these instances of the "triptological" habit. The king was very fond of the Weld family and frequently stayed at Lutworth castle, their family seat. One evening he attended a ball there, and the daughter of the house, a handsome woman, danced so gracefully that the king expressed aloud his admiration in the characteristic form:

"Fine woman, fine woman, fine woman! Dances well, dances well, dances well!"

The habit ran in the royal family, and his son, the duke of Cambridge, inherited it. The duke attended church Sunday mornings and would express in an audible tone, and with threefold repetition, his approbation of the services and opinion of the sermon. On one occasion the officiating clergyman pronounced the exhortation: "Let us pray."

"Aye, to be sure, why not? Let us pray, let us pray, let us pray," repeated the duke from his pew.

On another occasion, when the ten commandments were being read, the duke thus emphatically indorsed the eighth:

"Steal! Of course not! Mustn't steal, mustn't steal, mustn't steal."

William IV. did not inherit his father's "triptology," but when any question was brought before him on which he was not prepared to express an opinion he would say: "That's another matter."

On his deathbed, watching through an open window the sun sinking below the horizon, he said reflectively to the archbishop of Canterbury, who stood near:

"Ah, my friend, I shall not see another sunset."

"We don't know that, sirs," answered the prelate, "and I pray heartily that your majesty may see many more."

"That's another matter," replied the king.

He Died Honorably.

The recent degradation of Capt. Dreyfus of the French army, as a traitor, contrasts very significantly with the way the French soldiers went to honor the memory of the Chevalier Latour d'Auvergne, who fought in the ranks, refused promotion and died on the battlefield, saying that this was the death he had always wished for. And ever afterward, at the muster roll of his regiment the sergeant would call his name in the proper place on the roll and the oldest man in the ranks always replied: "Dead on the field of honor."

New Postal Idea.

In Williamsburg, N. Y., the Italian colony has a postoffice of its own. The office was established as an experiment by the postal authorities

RAISING SUGAR BEETS

GERMAN GROWERS ALARMED AT AMERICAN PROGRESS.

Farmers in This Country Have the Advantage of More Fertile Soil and Can Raise a Crop at One-third the Cost to Their Foreign Competitors.

German Merchants Angry.

European economists are alarmed at the prospect that the United States, the greatest sugar country in the world, and always relied upon to absorb the surplus European product, will at no distant date produce all of its own sugar. Frank Mason, United States Consul General at Frankfurt, Germany, has submitted to the State Department a special report on American competition in sugar production, which is full of interesting statistics on the subject.

Among other things he shows that the crop of beet-sugar last year exceeded by 760,000 tons the product of the preceding year. The production of cane sugar has doubled in the past twenty years, while that of beet sugar has trebled. Careful examinations of the possibilities of beet-sugar production in the United States have been made by European correspondents who show that certain districts, notably California and some of the more Southerly and Westerly States, enjoy decided natural advantages over all the beet-producing countries of Europe.

Four elements enter into the competition, climate, cost and fertility of land, cost of labor and the effective economy of the machinery and methods of cultivation and sugar manufacture. In all but one—cost of labor—the United States has the advantage. An English correspondent shows that whereas beet-growing in Germany, notwithstanding the cheapness of labor, costs on an average of \$50.30 per acre; in California, in spite of high wages, the net cost does not exceed \$17.50 per acre, a difference of \$32.80 per acre in favor of the Pacific coast. Land is also cheaper, and the California farmer works a rich virgin soil, while his German rival is restricted to old, worn-out lands which must be sustained by the constant use of fertilizers.

These facts have, as Mr. Mason shows, awakened apprehension among European economists and sugar producers, and have greatly depressed the movement in England to plant beets instead of wheat.

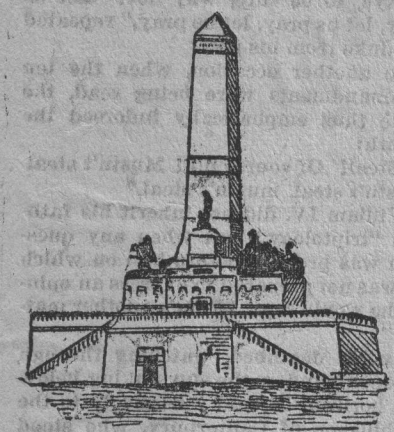
A report has been received by Secretary Morton from United States Consul Morss in Paris showing the cost of a complete equipment for beet sugar mills of different capacities. The cost of a mill of a capacity of 16½ tons is shown to be \$136,794; of 11 tons, \$138,116, and of 5½ tons, of \$94,600. The machinery upon which these estimates are made, says Consul Morss, is of the latest and most improved patterns, and the installations contemplated are first-class in every respect. The figures represent the cost of the material free on board cars in the station at Havre, and do not include the maritime transportation, insurance, etc., which remain at the charge of the consignee.

CRUMBLING TO RUINS.

Unless Repaired Lincoln's Splendid Column Will Fail.

The Lincoln Monument is about to fall down. This is the alarming condition in which a committee from the Illinois Legislature has just found it. The tomb of the great emancipator is suffering from neglect. Something must be done—and done with celerity—or the stately obelisk may be an irretrievable ruin. There is a widespread demand that the State of Illinois take charge of the monument, fix it up, and make it free to the world. That this will be done during the present session of the Legislature seems highly probable.

The money with which the Lincoln Monument was built came from all parts of the land. Lincoln was scarcely dead when the movement was started for the erection of a monument at his old home. The original cost of the Lincoln Monument was about \$230,000. But its construction was faulty, and only a few years ago the State was called upon to expend several thousand dollars in mak-



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

ing repairs. The interior structure is of brick. So inferior was the quality of brick used that a few years of time have crumbled them. Rain has stolen in between the slabs of granite and caused decay. The flat roof of the broad terrace leaks here and there. The monument association, which controls the monument, has found itself powerless to check the ruin of Lincoln's tomb. The custodian has always been permitted to collect 25 cents from visitors, but this is the custodian's compensation. Repeated attempts have been made to have the monument transferred to the State, but up to this time all negotiations to this end have failed. In the catacomb of the Lincoln Monument are the bodies of Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, two of their children and their only grandchild, Abraham Lincoln, son of Robert T. Lincoln. The monument is the Mecca of the patriots of the world.

WHISKY TRUST INVESTIGATION.

Judge Grosscup Means to Find Out if There Was Crooked Dealing.

At the opening of the whisky trust litigation in the Federal court at Chicago Saturday morning it was Judge Grosscup's evident intention to learn whether there was any truth in the rumor that the receivers had not been acting in the interest of the property before going into the question of removal of the receivers. He called Receiver Greenhut to the stand and asked him if he dealt in any whisky trust stock Monday or Tuesday.

Greenhut said he bought between three and four thousand shares Tuesday, but did not sell. Receiver Lawrence said he neither bought nor sold. Attorney Levy

CAPT. KURT VON GOESSEL



Kurt von Goessel, captain of the founded North German Lloyd steamship Elbe, was born in Ratibor, Prussian Silesia, where his mother still lives. The Von Goessels are connected with many of the most aristocratic families in Germany. Captain von Goessel's only brother is a general in the German army, and under William I. was a member of the general staff.

Von Goessel ran away to sea when he was fifteen years old. He became an enthusiastic sailor, and eventually commanded a fine sailing ship. More than twenty years ago he passed the examinations required by the Lloyds and entered their service as a fourth officer. He took command of the Elbe about three years ago. For three years previous to that time he was captain of one of the com-

pany's vessels that went from Bremen to Singapore through the Suez Canal. Before that time he commanded a Lloyd boat that sailed from Bremen to Rio de Janeiro, and from that port to Baltimore.

Captain von Goessel's family consists of his wife and three children—a girl, 17 years old, and two sons, one 12, the other 3 years old. They live in Bremerhaven. They formerly lived in Hanover, but moved north to be nearer the captain when he was in port. The captain was 44 years old, fine looking, and stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet. He was broad shouldered, well built. He had bright, blue eyes and wore a flaxen beard. He was an economic as well as a popular captain, and time and again received premiums from his company for the economical administration of the affairs of his boat.

Mayer began arguing on the motion tooust the receivers.

Mayer, in his argument, arraigned Greenhut and the directors of the trust as receiving large emoluments not only as directors but as managers of the trust distilleries and through their connection with the coopersage, coal and other companies doing business with the trust. Attorney Burry, for the receivers, presented affidavits from directors to the effect that the receivership was necessary and urging the retention of Greenhut because of his intimate knowledge of the company's affairs. After further argument the court took the matter under advisement.

TWELVE THOUSAND MILLIONS.

What It Has Cost to Run the Country for Thirty Years.

Figures are proverbially dry, but an exception to the rule is found in a statement presented to the National House by Representative Coombs (N. Y.). It is an epitomized statement of the expenses devolving upon the Government because of the war and the proportion of them paid during the thirty years since 1865, as well as the other expenditures of the Government during the same period. The showing is given in support of the contention made by the President in his special message that this generation has already paid more than its share of the Government debt.

The table follows:	
The interest-bearing debt in 1865 was.....	2,396,561,186
Bonds afterwards issued for redemption.....	195,500,000
	2,592,061,186
Bonds and interest-bearing debt outstanding now not including those issued in aid of Pacific railroads....	679,188,130
Paid and retired since 1865.....	1,912,893,056
Premiums paid on loans and redemptions.....	119,849,883
Paid in pensions.....	1,721,334,663
Administration expenses, pension department, estimate.....	60,000,000
Interest on public debt.....	2,468,332,731
Greenbacks, retired, about.....	97,160,569

Amount paid on account of war debt.....	\$ 6,370,570,905
Other expenses paid in the same period:	
War Department, for support of army, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the payment of war claims and fortifications.....	\$ 2,672,481,470
Navy Department, for support of navy and building of a new navy.....	746,917,248
To the Indians.....	204,242,050
Expenses of civil administration.....	2,020,033,500
Total.....	\$ 6,652,674,277
Add war expenses as above.....	6,379,570,905
Grand total.....	\$12,032,245,282

ARMENIANS NOT GUILTYLESS.

Press Correspondent Tells of Their Outrages Against the Turks.

A letter has been received in London from the special correspondent of the Associated Press, who was sent to Armenia from London to investigate the reported Armenian atrocities, and who at present is in Armenia. For reasons that will be readily understood, the name of this correspondent is withheld, but he is a newspaper man well known in America, and he was instructed to make an impartial investigation of the stories told of Turkish cruelty. He spent a week or more in Constantinople before starting for Armenia, during which time he investigated the reports current there and continued his journey. His first letter has just reached here, after having been posted by a trusted messenger at Tiflis, Russia. It contains the first authentic news from Armenia direct, and says:

"Whatever secrets may lie under the snow on the Armenian mountains, it seems beyond dispute from what I have heard from many lips, that the published stories of ferocious butchery and red horror in the Sassoun villages have at least a reasonable foundation of truth, and that any change authorized by further investigation will deal more with numbers than with the degree of horror. But

no matter what light we throw upon the spasmodic wickedness of the Turk or upon the ingenious deviltry of the revolutionary conspirators, we find it is still the innocent that suffer most. The Turk declares the Armenians have inflicted shocking outrages upon Turkish men and women, and from what is already known of conspiracy methods it is quite likely the assertion is true. The facts are known at the embassies in Constantinople, and possibly they have been transmitted in reports to the various governments."

QUEEN LIL ARRESTED.

Charged with Complicity in the Recent Rebellion—Dynamite Found.

Advices from Honolulu announce that ex-Queen Liliuokalani has been arrested, charged with complicity with the insurgents in the recent rebellion. In addition all the insurgent leaders have been captured and are being tried by court-martial. Three leaders pleaded guilty of treason, but martial law was maintained. The rebellion against the repub-



LILIUOKALANI.

lic turned out a complete fiasco. After the first engagement the rebels scattered and some time later Wilcox, Mole, Buttemen and others of the leaders of the insurrection were captured and are now on trial for treason by court-martial. Shortly after their capture the ex-queen was arrested and her house searched and stores of arms and dynamite bombs were found. Order in the islands was completely restored. In addition to the arms found in the queen's house a large quantity imported for the use of the rebels has been seized.

News of the arrest of ex-Queen Liliuokalani caused surprise at the State Department in Washington. The officials decline to discuss the matter. It is known, however, that they believe she is likely to forfeit all property and be exiled. There have been no suggestions that this Government interfere in her behalf. It is expected the queen's friends will make a diplomatic representation to Great Britain and the United States to secure her release.

Notes of Current Events.

The men connected with Cotner University at Lincoln, Neb., who were accused of robbing a grave, were discharged.

Lewis Cooper, an electric lineman, was killed at Elwood, Ill., by the breaking of a spliced pole on which he was working.

The discovery of gold at the mouth of Little Cottonwood, eighteen miles south of Salt Lake City, Utah, is causing considerable excitement.

Oregon's House of Representatives has declared against the Reilly funding bill and in favor of immediate foreclosure proceedings against the Pacific roads.

Gen. A. P. Martin, chairman of the Boston Police Commission, has written to Governor Greenhalge, recommending the organization of police departments of the cities and towns of the Commonwealth on a footing similar to that of the State militia.

MONEY MELTS AWAY.

UNITED STATES TREASURY IS ALMOST EMPTY.

Government Finances in a Worse Condition than at Any Time Since the War—Little Prospect of Relief Through Congressional Action.

Gold Flows Out.

THE condition of the United States treasury on Saturday morning was worse than it has been at any time since the close of the war. If the Government were a national bank the Comptroller of the Currency would close its doors and place a bank examiner in charge. If it were a private firm or corporation it would be placed in the hands of a receiver. Not only have the entire proceeds from the sale of bonds last November been exhausted, and the reserve fund depleted way below the danger line, but the gold coin in the treasury has been reduced to about \$12,000,000, and the difference between that amount and the total of gold is represented by bullion—bricks of uncoined metal. When the first bond issue was ordered last January there was \$65,650,175 in gold in the vaults. In November, when the President issued the second loan, it had again dropped to \$57,667,709. Friday the reserve fund was officially stated to be \$58,924,000.

It has taken just about a year to exhaust the \$116,000,000 of gold that has been borrowed by the Government to meet the difference between its revenues and expenditures, leaving the treasury in a worse condition than it was before, because the annual interest charge has been increased indefinitely at the rate of \$5,800,000. Of the \$116,000,000 in gold that was brought into the treasury by the sale of bonds it is estimated that \$76,000,000 has been shipped to Europe and \$40,000,000 concealed in the vaults of banks and trust companies, the tin boxes of speculators and timid people and the stockings of misers, who expect to see gold at a premium soon. There has been a deficit of \$44,500,000 in the public revenues during the five months past, and even the most sanguine student of financial affairs will not venture a prediction that this condition will soon improve. In the meantime the gold in the Bank of England has increased from \$136,920,000 on Jan. 25, 1894, to \$176,790,000 on Jan. 25, 1895, and in the Bank of France from \$340,560,000 to \$421,620,000.

Senator Aldrich believes that a bill authorizing the issue of treasury certificates or exchequer bills from time to time in order to cover temporary deficiencies in the revenue can be carried through the Senate as a separate measure, but other members believe that action will finally be taken by means of amendments attached in the Senate to the sundry civil appropriation bill. A provision for a bond at a lower rate and for a shorter term than under existing law might possibly be carried as part of an appropriation bill, although some of the Republican Senators doubt whether such a proposition could receive a majority in both houses or would be allowed by the silver men to pass the Senate.

Expect a Sensation.

A sensation is expected when the Howgate case comes to trial. Capt. Howgate of the army, formerly assistant chief of the weather bureau, was indicted some years ago for forging vouchers by which the Government was robbed of several hundred thousand dollars. He managed to escape before his trial and lived in New York under a false name until last November, when he was arrested by a detective named Drummond, who had shortly before been dismissed from the secret service force. It is said that Howgate's whereabouts have been known to the Government authorities for several years, but for some mysterious reason he was permitted to remain at large, although a reward of \$5,000 was offered for his arrest. Drummond learned Howgate's fictitious name and location while he was in office, and as soon as he was dismissed from the service arrested him in order to secure the reward. The fraudulent vouchers, upon which the indictment was found, have disappeared from the files of the treasury, and the District Attorney has been unable to find any trace of them. Nor is he able to discover who is responsible for their disappearance. There are whispers to the effect that the reputations of certain men of high position, both dead and living, are involved in the case, although no names have been publicly mentioned, and it is not believed that the District Attorney will be able to convict even Howgate for lack of evidence. It may be shown that he did not enjoy the results of his frauds alone, although the influence of those implicated may prevent the real truth from being disclosed, and will certainly prevent any one from being punished.

Relies in the Rubbish.

In the file-room and document-rooms at the Capitol, secreted under piles of useless Government publications and the accumulated dust of years, lie many precious papers and books, whose existence is forgotten, or at least is unknown. Not long ago one of the file clerks of the House of Representatives found eight autograph letters of Washington in the midst of a pile of old records which his superior officer thought he "might just as well get rid of."

At another time he discovered in a pigeon-hole the original of the letter Martha Washington wrote in response to a resolution declaring it to be the sense of Congress that the father of his country should be buried in the crypt of the Capitol, in which she gives her objections to that plan. Last summer the assistant librarian of the Senate discovered on the top of a bookcase in a dark store-room a dozen volumes of official reports that could not be duplicated for love or money, and were supposed to be out of existence.

There are doubtless other books and manuscripts of equal value in the dust and dark that should be carefully preserved. It would be a good thing for Congress to employ some man who knows all about such things to go through the files, and select the chaff from the wheat. The rubbish can go to the paper-mill, but the important records should be arranged for preservation. As it is now, every new clerk that comes in, and changes are made frequently, overhauls the files and makes the room he needs by throwing out what he considers useless.

Uses New Money.

The President of the United States always uses new money. He never gets any old notes, except in change when making purchases. His salary is paid him in installments of \$4,166.66 each on the last day of every month, and the treasurer always makes it a point to send him notes of the latest issue. Mr. Cleveland, as his predecessors have done, keeps a private bank account with Riggs & Co., and makes a deposit regularly the first of every month, reserving enough from his salary to pay current expenses and setting a good example by putting the rest aside for a rainy day.

STEVE ELKINS.

Nominated by Republicans of West Virginia for Senator.

Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, whom the Republicans have nominated to succeed United States Senator J. N. Camden, was born in Perry County,



STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

Ohio, in 1841. He is the son of a farmer. In early life his family removed to Missouri, where he graduated from the State University. In 1864 he was admitted to the practice of law. Shortly afterward he removed to New Mexico, and during the first year of his residence there was elected to the Legislature. President Johnson appointed him to the position of United States Attorney for the Territory, an office which he held till his election to the Forty-third Congress in 1872. He served two terms. Mr. Elkins was appointed Secretary of War by President Harrison, and since the close of Harrison's term, has been devoting his attention to his railroad and coal interests. His wife is a daughter of Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. Mr. Elkins is several times a millionaire.

WIDOW OF THE "PATHFINDER."

Helpmeet of the Republican Party's First Candidate for President.

The remains of General John C. Fremont were recently laid in their last resting place in Rockland Cemetery, near Sparkill, N. Y., and a handsome monument will soon be erected over the spot. The widow of the famous "Pathfinder," who was the Republican party's first candidate for President, is now about 70 years of age and is living in Los Angeles with her daughter, Mrs. Fremont was the daughter of Thomas Benton, the famous United States Senator, and was born in Virginia. She became Mrs. Fremont when a mere girl and was so closely identified with the adventures and aspirations of the young explorer, soldier and politician that "Fremont and Jessie" became the rallying cry when Fremont ran for President.

TWO BRAVE GIRLS

Who Helped to Rescue Eighteen Shipwrecked Norwegians.

The Norwegian Government will shortly take steps to reward in a suitable manner Captain Robert Broadbent, of the life-saving station at Santa Rosa Island, Fla., and his two brave daughters for saving the lives of eighteen persons on a shipwrecked Norwegian vessel five months ago.

The Santa Rosa station is located six miles from Pensacola on a sand reef forty-three miles long and varying from 400 yards to a mile in width. The station is in charge of Capt. Broadbent, who resides on the island with his wife and four daughters. One stormy night in August last the keeper's watchful eye discovered a vessel stranded a few miles west of the station. The life-saving crew was not on duty, and the only help avail-



ISABELLE AND SARAH BROADBENT.

able was the captain's two buxom daughters, Isabella, aged 16, and Sarah, aged 13. With the aid of these two brave girls the captain manned the beach apparatus and hastened to the scene. The life line was shot aboard the vessel with all possible haste, and eighteen despairing and frightened people were landed and conveyed to a place of safety. The young ladies labored heroically, and although the task was an arduous one they never faltered until the work of rescue was completed. After the shipwrecked people were landed on terra firma the vessel sank. The wrecked craft proved to be the Norwegian bark Catharine.

Many a man's gravest mistake has been attempting too much.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

STORY OF A WOMAN TO WHOM NOISE WAS TORTURE.

Prostrated by the Least Excitement

—Physicians Baffled by Her Case, (From the Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.)

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 5515 Vernon avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a Gate City representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too."

"My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake shore drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes, my complexion underwent a change and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all."

"Madam," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet, you will never recover." So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the Gate City one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions, and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk, for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now," laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Mulberry Trees.

It is said that no insect but the silk worm will eat the leaves of the mulberry tree. In seasons when the grasshopper or the army worm abounds every other tree and plant may be stripped of its foliage by the devourers, but the mulberry will escape to the last. Kansas locusts will eat everything else first, and, when all the rest is gone, with a wry mouth will then tackle the mulberry leaves. It seems to be the one food specially designed by nature for the support of the silk worm.

A GOOD advertisement is the best solicitor. It appeals to the people who may want what it tells about, but does not intrude upon people who care nothing about the thing.

Helping His Friends.

From Ney, DeFiance County, Ohio, Charles A. Bergman writes to the Sterling Remedy Co., of Chicago, that he thinks No-to-bac is one of the greatest remedies on earth. One box of No-to-bac, purchased at the local drug store, cured him of the tobacco habit, and he is now recommending No-to-bac to his friends.

If there is anything below the clouds that will make an angel red around the eyes it is an old bachelor trying to tread a needle.

1,000 Bu. Potatoes Per Acre.

Wonderful yields in potatoes, oats, corn, farm and vegetable seeds. Cut this out and send 5c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their great seed book and sample of Giant Spurry. CNU

EVERY desire is insatiable and therefore is always in want.

LUNG COMPLAINTS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c., are speedily relieved, and if taken in time, permanently cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Expecto-rant. You will find it also a certain remedy for Coughs and Colds.

SLEIGHT of hand—refusing a marriage offer.



Mr. Arthur J. Menday

Woodland, Wash.

"I Am Cured"

"Eczema appeared three years ago, and since then I have tried all kinds of remedies for the cure of the disease and had given up all hope of ever being cured. At last I was told to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Ointment. I did so, and I am happy to say that

I Am Cured

of that dreadful skin disease. I have taken sixteen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and used five boxes of the Ointment. I would have written before, but I wished to wait

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

until I was confident the disease would not return again. I am in good health and I am perfectly cured. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." ARTHUR J. MENDAY, Woodland, Washington.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.



ON THE ROAD

to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, wifehood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nerve tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

"FALLING OF WOMB."

MRS. FRANK CAMFIELD, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were of the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said, they could not cure me."

MRS. CAMFIELD.

Pierce's wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me."



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound CURES

Irregularity,
Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. Every time it will relieve

Backache, Faintness,
Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.
Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," an illustrated book of 30 pages, containing important information that every woman should know about herself. We send it free to any reader of this paper.

All druggists sell the Pinkham medicines. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.
RISEING SUN
STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the wood. The Riseing Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.
HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

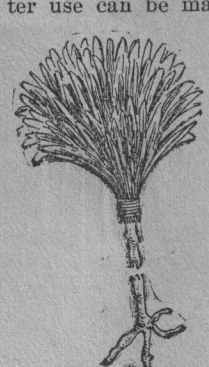
OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

How a Potato Specialist Handles His Product—Time to Kill Pigs—A Home-Made Barley Fork—Irrigation on a Small Scale—Farm Notes.

Turkey Feather Duster.

Turkey feathers are used for several purposes by feather dealers, but no better use can be made of them by the



housewife than to make a stout duster. I recently stopped at a house in Berkshire County, Mass., says a correspondent, where the daughter had a flock of a dozen turkeys. In the corner of the kitchen was a duster as shown in the cut. It consisted of a common rough stick with croches at the end resembling the turkey foot. At the opposite end was a bundle of feathers tightly fastened. The handle of unornamented natural wood made the duster ornamental as well as useful. The longer the duster was kept, the owner said, the more uses were found for it.

Handling Potatoes.

"For several years I have been using bushel boxes for marketing early potatoes while the skins slip, and for handling the crop in the field all through the season. This is one of the ways in which the potato specialist can get ahead of the small raiser," says Terry, in his "A B C of Potato Culture." "I think we handle our crop for less than half what it used to cost us before we got these boxes made. Our boxes are 13 inches by 16 and 13 deep, all inside measures. They were made a little deeper to allow for shrinkage. The sides and bottoms are made of three-eighths stuff, and the ends of five-eighths. Hand-holes are cut in the ends.

"The upper corners are bound with galvanized hoop iron to make them strong. The price paid for them was from \$25 to \$30 a hundred at a box factory. Some light wood should be used, of course, so as to make them as light as possible. They need not weigh more than 6 or 7 pounds. Early in the season, while the skins slip, our potatoes are dug and laid (not thrown) into these boxes, and the boxes are covered as fast as filled."

Method in Feeding Hens.

It is a source of complaint that the large breeds eat more food than the smaller ones, and do not give as good results in eggs. This depends, however, upon how they are fed. If the food is placed before them in unlimited supply, so they can eat their fill, there will be but one result—excessive fat. All grain fed to large birds should be scattered over a surface of ground, so as to make them as much exercise as possible. If they have plenty of range, it is best to feed nothing at all except at night, in order that they may work during the day, and thereby keep not only in better health, but avoid taking on too much fat. If confined, however, the grain should be scattered in some kind of litter, such as leaves, as the object should be to compel them to hunt for each grain rather than to fill themselves in a few moments, only to sit on the roost and fatten like a hog. Such hens are useless, and do not lay, but are always ready for market.—The Fancier.

Growing Small Fruits.

It was reported at the recent meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, Trenton, N. J., that at the present time the cultivation of small fruits is almost entirely in the hands of small land owners, who grow from one to three acres of berries, or only just about so many as can be picked by the family themselves, while a few years ago all the small fruit planting was in the hands of fewer people, who planted large acreages, anywhere from 25 to 100, on the different farms; but the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory pickers at a reasonable price just when wanted has driven these large cultivators entirely out of the business, and, except in the neighborhood of large cities and towns, evidently this is to be the drift of things in the future.

Spraying.

The use of poisonous sprays as insecticides has become very general. They are applied not only to field and garden crops, small and large fruits, but to shade trees. There are those who believe that many insectivorous birds are destroyed by eating poisoned insects. I do not know that this is true, and hope it is not, but the possibility of such a calamity ought not to exist. There is opportunity in this direction for chemistry to perform noble service, by devising an insecticide effectual for its purpose, yet harmless to birds.—Exchange.

Irrigation on a Small Scale.

Reports from all sections of the country are favorable to sub-irrigation on small plots. By the use of windmills sufficient water has been stored in small reservoirs to supply all the needed moisture for vegetables and small fruits. Experiments during the past year have added much valuable information on the subject, and it looks bright for market gardeners in the future. If they can obtain a supply of water whenever desired it means not only safety from drouth but double yields of crops.

The Price of Cattle.

Any one who will study the quotations from the principal cattle markets can see that the wide gaps in prices between thin, half-fat and fleshy, ripe cattle is a wide one. Even without any advance on best grades

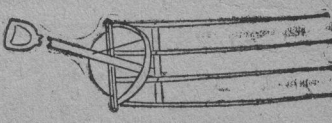
it will certainly pay to feed corn or other grains rather than sacrifice cattle that could be made much better by feeding a while. If fifty or one hundred pounds added to the weight of a steer will increase the value of every pound of his entire weight it will be policy to add them.—National Stockman.

Fields that Do Not Pay.

It needs a thorough understanding of the capabilities of any farm to make it pay the most that is possible for it. Very often these possibilities are not learned except after costly experience. There are some fields that have fertility enough to produce good crops, but are so covered with stones that plowing costs more than it ought. Such fields should be kept in grass as much as possible until the farmer finds time to clear away the obstructions to the plow. Steep hillsides may be rich enough to be cropped, though they are not apt to be. They should generally be kept in grass, for if cultivated and left naked through the winter, much of the surface soil will be washed away by spring floods. As a rule, on most farms nearly all the profit is made from a few fertile fields. These are the places to put the bulk of the manure, gradually extending the manured area as it can be got in good condition for plowing.

A Home-Made Barley Fork.

Most farmers have two or three useless grain cradles which may easily be converted into serviceable implements. Cut off the cradle fingers 26 inches from the point and shave $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of the large end of each to fit into a $\frac{1}{2}$ hole. Split out a piece of tough wood 20 inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square, and bore four $\frac{3}{4}$ inch holes through the stick 6 inches apart and drive the fingers in and wedge them tight. Split out another tough piece 19 inches long, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, into which bore four gimlet holes 6 inches apart; bore a gimlet hole in each finger 6 inches from the head piece and with four rivets long enough to reach through, fasten this piece securely to the fingers on the outer side. For the handle, an old shovel handle is the best thing, as the crook makes the fork easy to use. Where the handle rests on top of the head piece it should be fastened with a little bolt or a stout rivet; and where the end of the handle, which should be flattened, goes under the other cross-piece it can be secured by a rivet. The bow to keep the barley, etc., from sliding down the handle can be made of a



A HOME-MADE BARLEY FORK.

piece of barrel hoop, the ends of which are inserted into $\frac{1}{4}$ inch holes bored in the head piece and braced from the handle by a piece of the small round braces in the cradle. The head piece should also be braced by one of the little round braces passing through the handle.—Farm and Home.

Protecting Young Orchards.

All young orchards are likely to be injured by mice in winter, especially when the ground is covered by heavy snow. Frequent visits to the orchard, piling the snow and compacting it around the trees, are the best preventives. If mouse tracks are seen, trace them to the hole where the animal has made its home. A few grains of corn soaked in strychnine will keep the mouse or any of its family from leaving the hole alive. The poisoned grain should not be left around the tree on the surface of the ground, for it will destroy the animals that make mice their prey, and which should be encouraged rather than destroyed.

The Time to Kill Pigs.

It usually pays best to kill pigs by the time they weigh 150 pounds, and from that up to 200. If allowed to grow much heavier than this the cost of food in proportion to gain is increased, except when the hogs become too sluggish and fat to take exercise, but after that the grain is at the expense of healthfulness of the meat when killed.

Farm Notes.

Don't wait until you build the big barn before sheltering the cows. Build the shelter for them and they will help you build the barn.

There is no better crop for the winter feeding of sheep than oats and peas mixed. It is very nutritious, and is eaten with avidity by the sheep.

The exact temperature for loosening the hair from the skin of a pig at butchering is 180. The pig should remain a full minute in the water at this temperature to give time for the hair to be loosened.

The shrinkage of value of horses last year is estimated to be over \$25,000,000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will no doubt aggregate \$60,000,000 since the commencement of the present depression of values.

The New York statutes now forbid the use of barbed wire in the construction of any division fence, unless the person, association or corporation desiring to use such material shall first obtain the written consent of the owner of the adjoining property.

If a horse balks, do not whip him, but let him stop and think it over. After a little reflection and a few tosses of the head he will often start of his volition. Talk to him kindly, pet him, loosen a strap or a buckle, and he may forget his obstinate spell. An apple or a bunch of grass from a roadside may win him.

According to Professor Brewer the first plowing match on record was on the farm of Col. Humphrey, of Humphreysville, Conn. His neighbors gathered with their teams in early dawn, each to plow his acre, and the one finishing first to win the prize. The winner turned his last furrow at 9 o'clock, using a pair of oxen.

Speaking from her Experience,

After years of practical use and a trial of many brands of baking powder (some of which she recommended before becoming acquainted with the great qualities of the Royal), Marion Harland finds the Royal Baking Powder to be greatly superior to all similar preparations, and states that she uses it exclusively, and deems it an act of justice and a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.

The testimony of this gifted authority upon Household Economy coincides with that of millions of housekeepers, many of whom speak from knowledge obtained from a continuous use of Royal Baking Powder for a third of a century.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Horseman's Get Up, 1662.

"If the sword be not bought," writes Sir James Verney, "I had much rather have one according to the mode, and the rather because a black one is more agreeable to my phancy. * * * I hope you have given my tailor full directions about the belt for I can by no means trust to his judgment. As for the saddle you mention, I am very much obliged to yourself for borrowing it to Sir Rich: Temple for lending it, if he knows for whom it is; but my fear is that I shall not become a saddle of that worth, if it belongs to him as Kt. of the Bath and I question whether I may have it for both Asises. * * *

"As for the horse I have at Sutton, I fear he will be too high for a low fellow to get upon; if so I shall be bold to send for yours. I am unwilling to look like a Jackanapes on horseback. * * * You mention toppers to be laced, which I suppose are to be worn upon my legs, if so I fear there will be so much toppers as there will be but little bottom to be seen. My legs all are short enough in conscience already, and if the fashion must needs make them shorter, I must strut it out as well as I can."—From the Verney Manuscripts. Longman's Magazine.

A Terrible Visitant.

Pain is always a terrible visitant, and often domiciles itself with one for life. This affliction is preventable, in cases of rheumatism, by a timely resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks the encroachments of this obstinate and dangerous malady at the outset. The term "dangerous" is used advisedly, for rheumatism is always liable to attack the vital organs and terminate life. No testimony is more conclusive and concurrent than that of physicians who recognize the excellent effect of the Bitters in this disease. Persons incur a wetting in rainy or snowy weather, and who are exposed to draughts, should use the Bitters as a preventive of ill effects. Malaria, dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility are also among the ailments to which this popular medicine is adapted. For the indigestion, soreness and stiffness of the aged is highly beneficial.

Out of the Coconut-Tree.

The coconut-tree furnishes the South Sea Islanders with almost everything they want. They eat the meat and drink the oil. From the shells they make all their bowls and dishes and drinking cups. Its leaves are used for thatching the roofs of the houses and for umbrellas to shelter them from the sun and rain. The wood of the tree makes very strong beams and logs for burning, and the milk of the coconut is given to young children to quench their thirst.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If you don't want to spoil your children you may have to spoil a good many rods in raising them.

Piso's CURE is a wonderful Cough medicine.—MRS. W. PICKERT, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y. Oct. 26, 1894.

If you have Rheumatism

Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

Consumption

was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion



will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Buy only the genuine with our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

Bad Smells in Arabia.

To the Arabs a bad smell is an invisible demon, and when a true believer is met by one it his duty to pray for help against the enemy.

How It May Happen.

"Jemmy crickets, she's got the rickets," whispered one bean to another in the company of a very pretty girl. Truly she was very beautiful, but there was a twitching about the nerves of the face which showed suffering. "No," said the other, "it's neuralgia, and she's a martyr to it." St. Jacobs Oil was suggested as the world-renowned cure for it. Did she try it? Yes, and was cured by it and married "one of the fellows" afterwards. The use of the great remedy for pain will not bring about a marriage, but in its cure of pain it will bring about conditions of health to make life more enjoyable. No man or woman ought to marry who is a sufferer from chronic pains. We should not wed woe to win only wretchedness.

Meaning of the Precious Stones.

The meanings attached to the different precious stones are as follows: The garnet is constancy; the amethyst, sincerity; the bloodstone, courage; the sapphire, innocence; the emerald, success; the agate, long life; the carnelian, content; the pearl, tears; the diamond, purity; the opal, sorrow; the turquoise, happiness; the malachite, prosperity.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

Grass Is King!

Grass rules. It is the most valuable crop of America, worth more than either corn or wheat. Luxurious meadows are the farmers' delight. A positive way to get them, and the only one we know, is to sow Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures. Many of our farmer readers praise them and say they get four to six ton of magnificent hay per acre from Salzer's seeds. Over one hundred different kinds of Grass, Clover and Fodder Plant seeds are sold by Salzer.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It with 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get a sample of Grass and Clover Mixture and their mammoth catalogue free. CNTU

The coachmen of New York are very kind to their horses, especially when engaged by the hour.

To Enjoy Life

the physical machine must be in good running order. A little care—the use of Ripans Tablets—will give you every morning the feeling that you are "glad to be alive."

THROUGH by daylight—the eight-hour man.

ATTEND the Fort Wayne Business College.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.



Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

GREAT FALLS, Population 12,000. Wheat 60 cts. Dairy supply short of demand. Building of the biggest copper refinery in the world will be commenced here this spring. For fine ranches and other business openings write to de Patron Gliddon, Great Falls, Mont.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.



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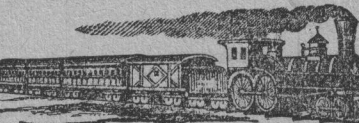
The standard cure prescribed by physicians everywhere for the common every-day ills of the household.

Constipation, Headache, Heartburn, Dizziness, Biliousness, Dyspepsia.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

Or by Mail, one bottle, 15 cents; twelve bottles, \$1.

RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, 10 Spruce St., New York.



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— VIA —

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In connection with the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, Texas & Pacific Railway, International & Great Northern Railroad, and Southern Pacific Railway, known as the ONLY TRUE SOUTHERN ROUTE, has placed in service a Through First-Class Sleeping Car and Tourist Sleeping Car, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 A. M., via St. Louis to Little Rock, Malvern (Hot Springs), Austin, San Antonio, Laredo (where a direct connection is made with through sleeping cars for the City of Mexico, El Paso, Los Angeles and San Francisco. This is the only line from Chicago which can offer this excellent service. Call or write to any ticket agent of the Wabash or connecting line for printed matter showing time, route, rates, description of cars, etc., or

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F. H. TRISTRAM, C. P. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

\$5 CORDOVAN, FRENCH SHAMMEL CURE.

\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO

\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.

\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S

EXTRA FINE

\$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES'

\$3.25 \$2.17.75

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All our shoes are equally satisfactory

They give the best value for the money.

They equal custom shoes in style and fit.

Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.

The prices are uniform, stamped on each shoe.

From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes.

If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

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DROPSY TREATED FREE

with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE.

Ten Days Treatment Furnished Free by Mail.

DR. H. N. GREEN & SONS, SPECIALISTS ATLANTA, GEORGIA

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

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Successfully Prosecutes Claims

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau

3 yrs in last war, 19 adjudicating claims, city since

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief for ASTHMA.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

F. W. N. U. No. 6-95

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

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Friday, February 8th, 1895.

SPRINGFIELD.

Ed. Kerton is at Groveland.
N. J. Ellis has purchased a fine pacer.
Mrs. N. J. Ellis is visiting friends in Detroit.
Dame Rumor says "a wedding in the near future."
Seymour Turner and Jack Burke spent Sunday at Rose.
Miss Gertie Ballard is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Allen, of Big Lake.

A number from here attended the services at the Baptist church at Clarkston last Sunday morning and enjoyed listening to C. E. Conlee of Detroit.

R. Wilders of Ortonville, and Rev. G. H. Hudson of Clarkston, are holding meetings at the school house this week until Saturday night. Everybody come.

There will be a valentine social at Sam Cheesnut's next Wednesday evening Feb. 13. Every lady is requested to bring a valentine. Proceeds for the benefit of Rev. G. H. Hudson. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

CLINTONVILLE.

Dannie Davidson has resigned from the mill.
Soon the wedding bells will ring in our town.

George Linderman's little daughter has an abscess on her head.

Our school teacher spent Sunday with Mrs. Rodenbo at Orion.

Mort. Leggett attended the Hitchcock-Randall wedding at Detroit.

I think the zero weather had better let up so we can continue our surprise parties.

Edwin Walter and wife and Abe. Riker and Mae Seeley spent Wednesday at Lute Morgan's.

John Stewart, Sr., and J. sold their potatoes to Oscar Carpenter of Eames, at 40 cents per bushel.

The jolly one horse load of this place had a tip over when returning from James Lessier's where they spent an evening last week.

Matie Owen and Fannie Whitesell visited at Henry Owen's last week and attended the surprise at George Douglass' Friday evening.

WHITE LAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams were at Milford on Sunday last.

Ed. Steinbaugh made a business trip to Holly one day last week.

Charles Everts and Jay Dewey made a business trip to Pontiac last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steinbaugh were calling on friends at Milford last Sunday.

J. & L. McGrain have sold over 25 cutters this winter and have more orders yet to fill.

The donation at the Hall last Tuesday evening was well attended and all had a pleasant time.

John Travis of Milford, called upon friends here last week. It seemed good to see him once more.

We were glad to see Mrs. Pepper out to church on Sunday last. Mrs. Pepper's health has been poor for sometime past and she has been confined to the house.

The social held at Andrew Garner's last Friday evening was a success. The proceeds amounted to \$8.00 and will be expended in buying a flag for the school.

Mr. Fisher has received news of the death of his aunt who resides at Farmington. She was 94 years of age. Mr. Fisher was not able to attend the funeral.

Mr. Crotey is buying potatoes and beans here, paying \$1.45 for beans and 40 to 45 cents for potatoes, 50 cents for some grades. This seems to be a pretty good price for the farmers.

GROVELAND.

Good sleighing—Fine weather—Extremely cold and frosty. Thermometer at zero.

Samuel Bowren and wife have moved on the John Shaughnessy farm. A good place.

Almon Barron is getting in some beautiful clear ice. The blocks are nearly two feet thick.

Will the legislature annul the law creating township boards of review, they are an irresponsible board and a useless bill of expense.

The debate at the school house in Dist. No. 4, is put over until next evening Saturday, Feb. 9th, on account of the meetings at the church which are doing good work.

A large and earnest meeting was held at A. D. Perry's Jan. 30th, to agree on measures to oppose the laying of the Thread river drain, one of worst outrages ever attempted on the people of this town.

Uncle John Campbell has received from Gov. John T. Rich his eleventh commission as Notary Public. He has served in that capacity continuous for past forty years. He was one of the originators, a charter member, and one of the first directors of the Monitor In-

surance Co., of Oakland county and help to frame its present charter and by-laws. He has resided on his farm here for the past six years; has been a republican since the birth of the party.

Harvey D. Phelps, aged 60 years, while suffering under severe distress and aberration of mind, came to his death by hanging last Thursday morning. He was a good citizen, a kind and obliging neighbor, an industrious, honest man, respected and beloved by all. He was an affectionate and careful father and a true and loving husband. He leaves a widow and three married daughters to mourn his loss. This sad event casts a gloom over this town and village of Ortonville and vicinity. He was a F. A. M.

WATERFORD.

The Ribbon social Thursday evening was well attended.

Geo. Hall has been promoted from the sixth to the seventh grade.

Geo. Young started with potatoes for Geo. Gross Friday evening.

Malcolm Lawrence and Miss Thurza Hayden are on the sick list.

The lecture at the M. E. church Monday evening was well attended.

The service at the M. E. church Sunday evening was well attended.

Mrs. F. Harger of Orchard Lake, is visiting friends and relatives here.

The M. E. Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. J. M. Ganong's Thursday afternoon.

Dora Norton spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Sashabaw Plains.

A number of the little ones are not able to attend school on account of the cold weather.

H. Lewis and the Misses Walter and Bardsley of Clarkston, were in town Sunday evening.

As there is no place for dancing here the young people went to Drayton Hall and enjoyed a very pleasant time Saturday evening.

A nice time was had by some of the young people, who silently got up a load and surprised Mr. and Mrs. John Maybee Wednesday evening.

DAVISBURGH.

Lena Pepper spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Mrs. Rhome has a niece from New York visiting her.

John Burnaby made a business trip to Detroit last week.

Our dramatic company will hold forth at Ortonville tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. John Aurand spent one day of last week at Pontiac.

Rev. Mr. Ross of Discoe, preached at the M. P. church Sunday evening.

Elia Reed is spending the week visiting friends in Detroit and Pontiac.

Horton Terbush of Pontiac, spent Sunday with his grandfather, D. B. Horton.

Mrs. Frank Ely entertained the Alpha society and their best fellows last Saturday afternoon.

Roll Brownell of Flint, made his best girl happy by spending Saturday and Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Benton will soon become residents of our village. Mr. Benton will go in partnership with J. Burnaby.

The young people who attended the play "Wild Mab" at White Lake, Monday evening, report a first-class entertainment in every particular.

The Crusaders will begin their special meetings at the Brick church this evening (Thursday). A good attendance at all of the meetings is earnestly desired.

A number of Ollie May Pepper's young friends gave her a very pleasant surprise last Friday evening. A tempting tea was served and the evening was a great success.

One of the oldest residents of our village, William Carter, was happily surprised by a number of his friends on his 83d birthday which was last Saturday. They had a very pleasant time and his friends wish him many happy returns of the day.

The Old Time Minstrels will appear at Harmony Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 9, and are sure to give a first-class entertainment. They appeared at Thayer's Opera House, Flint, recently, and in speaking of them the Flint Globe evidently made a mistake in their title and gave credit to The Premier Minstrels, however they spoke of the company very highly and also spoke of the merits of each one. Ollie Sloat, formerly of this place, will officiate as pianist.

FOUR BIG SUCCESSES.

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, Holly, or at F. Hammond's Drug Store, Clarkston.

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

Senate.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 31.—In the senate Wednesday bills were introduced to make valid the testimony of the husband or wife against the other in criminal cases; appropriating \$25,000 for a home for the blind at Saginaw; appropriating \$32,000 for improvements at the Kalamazoo asylum; providing a plan for the paroling of convicts by the board of control of the institution in which they are confined.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 1.—In the senate Thursday joint resolutions were passed submitting a constitutional amendment to the effect that all electors be able to read the state constitution in English and to write their own name; also to abolish the system of cumulative voting in the election of representatives to the state legislature. Bills were noticed in the senate, prohibiting the marriage of first cousins, appropriating \$4,000 for the support of the home for discharged prisoners, and for the use of the Abbot and the Myers voting machines.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 2.—In the senate Friday Senator Thompson's new health board bill for Detroit was reported unanimously from the cities and villages committee. This is the bill which contemplates legislation of office Dr. McLeod, health commissioner of Detroit. The most important bills noticed were: Making an appropriation of \$75,392 for support of the fish commission for 1895-96; repeal of the law which exempts all railroad companies organized north of the forty-fourth parallel from taxation for ten years, prohibiting the killing of deer until November 1, 1897, requiring the display of United States flags by all school districts in the state; authorizing the incorporation of trade and labor councils; exempting the upper peninsula from the operation of the franchise tax law; authorizing judges of probate to appoint their registers, and authorizing the making of contracts for caring for United States prisoners at the Detroit House of Correction.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 5.—The senate adopted suitable resolutions upon the death of Senator Watts. Eulogies were spoken by Lieut. Gov. Milner and Senators Brundage, Clapp, McLaughlin and Kilpatrick. A committee of five from each house will act as honorary pallbearers, and the senate will attend the funeral in a body at Jackson on Wednesday.

House.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 31.—In the house Wednesday bills were introduced as follows: For the compensation of persons isolated by order of health officers to prevent the spread of communicable diseases; limiting the validity of marriage licenses to sixty days from date of issue, and providing a penalty of \$100 for not returning same to the county clerk on expiration of limit; providing for the incorporation of supreme, grand and insubordinate lodges of the Mystic Order of the New Kaaba; providing for examination of physicians appointed by the court of plaintiffs in suits for personal damage, and providing a penalty for refusal to submit to such examination.

Mayor Pingree's board of health fight has been transferred to the legislative halls. Both houses adjourned at 4 p. m. to make way for a hearing on Senator Thompson's bill to wipe out the present board and substitute one which, he says, will relieve the city from its smallpox epidemic. The opposition to the present board was based on the allegation that Mayor Pingree had made a political machine of the board, which is now wholly incapable of handling the smallpox epidemic. Mayor Pingree spoke at great length. Personalities predominated on both sides and but little argument was injected into the speeches.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 1.—In the house Thursday a joint resolution was introduced providing for the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. A bill was introduced which provides for an immediate assessment upon the stockholders of insolvent banks to the amount of their liability, which is an amount equal to the stock held under the present banking law.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 2.—The first of the general bills prepared by the municipal commission passed the house Friday. It proposes a general charter under which all villages in the state must incorporate.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 3.—In the house Monday the following bills were introduced: Appropriating \$9,572 for improvements at the Marquette prison; prohibiting the shooting of quail and their shipment out of the state; reducing the rental of telephones from \$4 to \$3 per month for a single instrument and \$2.50 for each additional; for the establishment of a normal school in the upper peninsula; also, a joint resolution fixing the compensation of members of the legislature at \$750 per annum and no mileage allowance and five dollars per day for extra sessions not to exceed twenty days; also a joint resolution providing that at the general election of 1896 members in odd-numbered senatorial and legislative districts be elected for two years, and those with even numbers for four, half of the new members being elected each subsequent two years.

TO SUPPRESS EPIDEMICS.

BILL Prepared Giving the State Board of Health Plenary Power.

LANSING, Feb. 3.—The Michigan state board of health formulated a bill which it will urge upon the legislature, that promises to place epidemics and contagious diseases under more speedy control. It provides that whenever it appears that the local health authorities are unable to control an epidemic, the governor may authorize the state board to assume supreme control and take whatever measures it may deem necessary to stamp out the disease. Another bill requires that the more modern methods of restricting contagious diseases be taught in the public schools.

AFRAID OF WHITE CAPS.

Inhabitants of a Michigan Township Are Warned of Impending Punishment.

BIRMINGHAM, Feb. 5.—The hamlet of Walnut, in this township, has been in a state of terror from white caps, who have sent letters to many persons warning them to leave town, and many of the farmers are sleeping with shot-guns within convenient reach. Farmer Williams found a notice on his door warning him to leave, under penalty of having his wells and cattle poisoned. He had pluck, and, as a result, the sheriff has three warrants for prominent young men, and two more are under surveillance. The local justice also received a white cap notice.

Victim of a Live Wire.

IRONWOOD, Feb. 2.—Edward Jacobson, a timberman, was electrocuted in the East Norrie mine. The electric light wires in the shaft where Jacobson was working were not insulated, but ran through iron pipes. He sat down and rested both hands on one of these pipes and was instantly killed.

A Hunter Killed.

VASSAR, Jan. 31.—Ernest Williams, a young man about 16 years of age, living at Juanita, 6 miles from here, was accidentally shot and killed while hunting rabbits. He was walking on a log when he slipped and fell, his gun was discharged, killing him.

Abbott Found Guilty.

HILLSDALE, Jan. 31.—After being out six hours the jury in the Abbott trial returned with a verdict of manslaughter. His attorneys at once asked for a new trial and he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$5,000, his brother and sister becoming surety.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. A. Wilson, Holly or F. Hammond Clarkston.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Phos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at C. A. Wilson's Drug Store, Holly or at F. Hammond's Drug Store, Clarkston. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

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,
PONTIAC'S
CLOTHIER.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$6,000.

ORGANIZED DEC. 21, 1892.

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL BANK
LEGITIMATE SUCCESSORS TO
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF PONTIAC, MICH.

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

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

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

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1870. 1895.
THIS YEAR OUR QUARTER CENTURY.

—THE—

BEEHIVE, PONTIAC.

NO BUSINESS CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE STATE.

MID-WINTER ANNOUNCEMENT.

PONTIAC, Jan. 23, 1895.

To the Ladies of Oakland County:

Instructive—entertaining—profitable—useful. We furnish the

IMPERIAL,

A Monthly Journal for the Home, at 50 cents per annum. IMPERIAL PINNED PATTERNS—the newest patterns, can now be obtained through the Beehive with pinned models, thus obviating all mistakes. Orders taken at the Beehive. This is a new and very handy feature of our growing business. In this way our customers can be furnished at a very moderate cost with the very newest and latest styles. The "Imperial Mode," a monthly fashion sheet, furnished GRATIS. Apply to

JOHN POUND, The "Beehive."

Second Door South of Court House

DRUGS.

For good goods and fair prices, call on E. A. URCH, dealer in general merchandise.

Drugs carefully compounded.

E. A. URCH,

Clarkston, Mich.

EVERYONE KNOWS

and nobody denies that the place to get your Photographs, generally, is where they can be procured the cheapest and of guaranteed quality, and preeminently that place is at **W. C. PETTY'S ART STUDIO**, Clarkston, Mich.

Open on Saturdays for sittings only.

The Quality Is Right
And The Price Is Right

on Blend Roasted Coffee at 30 cents a pound and on Best Uncolored Japan Tea at 45 cents a pound. For sale by

M. BOWER.

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.

Pure Drugs and Medicines.

Choice Family Groceries, Sponges, Combs, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

F. HAMMOND.

CORN.

The undersigned wishes to announce to the farmers that he has now on hand and will keep, a first-class grade of corn, which he will sell at all times at the lowest market price. Highest market price paid at all times for wheat, rye, barley, etc.

E. JOSSMAN.

Furniture Goes Down!

I have a few more goods to dispose of before the spring trade opens, consisting of

Chamber Suits in Maple	\$12 00
Chamber Suits in Antique Oak	18 00
Odd Dressers, formerly \$10 00 and \$12 50 now	\$8 00 and 10 00
Odd Comodes, formerly \$5 and \$5.50, now	\$4 00 and 4 50
Chiffonier, formerly \$10, now	8 00
Spring Cots	\$2 00 and 3 00
Couches and Lounges at less than wholesale price	
Parlor Tables	75c to \$6 50
Parlor Cabinets	5 00

I have one of the best Springs in the market. Mattresses in all varieties and prices. These articles must be sold to make room for my spring goods. Remember this as it will not appear again, I also handle the Victor Extension Table, the best in the land.

JEP. LINABURY.