

# Ingham Democrat.

VOL. XII.

MASON, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1887.

NO. 8

## LOOK OUT

For a Big Stock of

## CARPETS!

ALL NEW PATTERNS!

In about One Week, at  
**E. M. SLAYTON'S,**

Two Doors South of Postoffice.

## Ingham County Democrat.

Published every Thursday

by  
**D. P. WHITMORE,**  
MASON, MICHIGAN.

PROCES: One Year, \$1.50; Six months, 75 cents; Three months, 40 cents.

### Business Directory.

#### ATTORNEYS.

**H. P. HENDERSON,** Attorney at Law, Office over First National Bank, Mason, Mich.  
**HUNTINGTON & HENDERSON,** Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office over First National Bank, Mason, Mich.

#### PHYSICIANS.

**S. H. GUILYER, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, Office over Howard & Son's Grocery, Mason, Mich.  
**DOCTOR A. B. CAMPBELL,** Physician, Surgeon, Office over 11 M. Williams' drug store, Mason, Mich.  
**J. B. DODGE, M. D.,** Homoeopathist, Office in Darrow block, Residence corner A and Oak Sts.  
**A. LOCKE, M. D.,** Homoeopathist, Office over Farmers' Bank, Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

#### UNDERTAKING.

**S. P. STROUD,** Undertaker, first door west of the Democrat office, Mason, Mich. 517

#### DENTISTS.

**D. L. MOFFETT, DENTIST,** Office over Holmes & Co.'s store, Mason, Mich. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Vitallium Air. Artificial teeth without plates. All work warranted.  
**A. P. YANDESEN, DENTIST,** Office in Darrow block, Mason, Mich.

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#### FINANCIAL.

**J. M. DRISSEY,** Insurance, Loan and Collection Agent. All business promptly attended to. Office in Farmers' Bank, Mason.

#### INSURANCE.

**FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY** of Ingham county. Safest, cheapest, best. For information write to O. P. Miller, secretary, Mason. Gen. W. Platts, president, Okemos.

#### JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

**J. A. BARNES,** Justice of the Peace, Insurance and Collection Agent. Office up stairs, over Farmers' Bank. 50

#### REAL ESTATE AGENT.

**JOHN DEUSBAEK,** Real Estate and Loan Agent, Main street, south of postoffice, Mason.

## MICHIGAN CENTRAL



### The Niagara Falls Route.

SOUTHWARD.		NORTHWARD.	
Leave Mason	10:25 a. m.	9:32 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
Arrive Jackson	11:20 a. m.	1:12 a. m.	1:15 a. m.
Arrive Kalamazoo	1:50 p. m.	3:42 a. m.	3:45 a. m.
Niles	3:25 p. m.	5:30 a. m.	5:35 a. m.
Okemos	4:40 p. m.	7:00 a. m.	7:05 a. m.
Arrive Grand Rapids	8:00 p. m.	8:00 a. m.	8:05 a. m.
Arrive Ann Arbor	8:30 p. m.	4:36 a. m.	4:40 a. m.
Ypsilanti	6:16 p. m.	4:52 a. m.	4:55 a. m.
Detroit	8:45 p. m.	6:00 a. m.	6:05 a. m.
St. Thomas	11:20 p. m.	6:55 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
Buffalo	4:35 a. m.	3:55 p. m.	3:58 p. m.
Leave Jackson	5:30 p. m.	4:36 p. m.	4:40 p. m.
Mason	7:00 a. m.	5:24 p. m.	5:28 p. m.
Arrive Lansing	8:20 a. m.	5:48 p. m.	5:52 p. m.
Owosso	9:22 a. m.	7:13 p. m.	7:17 p. m.
Saginaw City	10:50 a. m.	8:35 p. m.	8:39 p. m.
Bay City	11:45 a. m.	9:30 p. m.	9:34 p. m.
MacKinaw City	8:50 p. m.	5:30 a. m.	5:34 a. m.

M. J. McREAY, Ticket Agent, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt. Mason, Chicago.

## PATENTS!

Obtained, and all other business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to for MODERATE FEES.  
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.  
Send MODEL or DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS WE OBTAIN PATENT.  
We refer here, to the Postmaster, the Sup't. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own state or county, write to  
**C. A. SNOW & CO.,**  
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**GRANITE & MARBLE MONUMENTS**  
W. M. DUNN, MASON, MICH.

### Democratic Caucuses.

The Democrats of the city of Mason are requested to meet—those of the first ward at the Democrat office, and those of the second ward at the Donnelly House—in caucus, on Friday evening, Feb. 25th, 1887, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of electing five delegates from each ward, to attend the county convention, to be held in this city on the following Saturday, Feb. 26.

DEMOCRATIC CITY COMMITTEE.

### Greenback City Caucus.

A national greenback caucus will be held at the court house, in this city, Friday evening, Feb'y 25th, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention, to be held on Saturday, the 26th inst.

A. W. PARKHURST,  
J. A. SHERMAN,  
C. W. VAN SLYKE,  
Committee.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Fresh roasted coffee every day at the Bee Hive.

Attend the caucuses to-morrow evening. Don't forget it.

Ball & Sherman have new locals for your inspection this week.

Special bargains in nupkins and table linens at Marcus Gregor's.

Root Bros. are putting in more vats, etc., increasing their facilities for pickling eggs.

The March term of the circuit court will convene at Lansing one week from next Monday.

Bert Crippen of White Oak, recently shot an eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of wings.

Remember the teachers' association, to be held in this city next Saturday. Programme published last week.

Sheriff Call is having an office and other repairs made about the jail, in accordance with resolutions of the board of supervisors.

Honora W. Asseline of Ingham, has purchased A. J. Walker's tenement house on D street, occupied by Wm. Barker, for \$700.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will give a 10 cent tea in the church parlors on Wednesday evening next, at six o'clock p. m.

We receive subscriptions at this office for any newspaper or magazine published. Leave your subscription with us and avoid all trouble and annoyance.

The horizontal pipe of the flowing well on the court house square is broken off so no water can be got there, though the reservoir and watering tank are supplied.

We notice that both the democratic and greenback conventions have been called at the court house next Saturday. One of the conventions will probably secure another room.

Petty Bros., blacksmiths, have leased the checkerboard on Ash street, for five years and will soon take possession of the same. Some of the property owners naturally "kick."

Witbeck & Yocum, who have been occupying the checkerboard front, have removed their stock of wagons, carriages and agricultural tools to the old Worden barn, on Main street.

New spring goods are beginning to arrive at Marcus Gregor's.

The city of Jackson has donated for its railroads over \$250,000, over and above what was paid for stock, and \$60,000 for the Michigan Central shops. That kind of liberality booms a town.

Jacob Betser, the carpenter, has this week been awarded \$10 per week by an accident insurance company in which he held a policy, on account of the injuries he received some four or five weeks ago.

At the Farmers' Institute held at Fitchburg last week, a vote was taken upon the proposed constitutional amendment, which stood: Amendment, yes, 31; amendment, no, 2. This question is safe in the rural districts.

There will be a citizens' meeting held at the court house next Sabbath afternoon, at three o'clock, in favor of the constitutional amendment relative to the sale of intoxicating liquors. Singing and addresses; home talent, male and female.

Robt. L. Howett of Lansing, will deliver the last lecture of the South-east Vevay course on Friday evening next. Subject, "Should Foreign Immigration be Prohibited." This is a question of importance and as discussed by Mr. Hewett will become one of interest.

James H. Irish showed us a relic a few days ago, in the shape of a lead spoon, which he made and used to eat with when a prisoner at Andersonville. It is enough to take away a man's appetite to look at it now, though he says the boys used to appreciate borrowing it.

Robert L. Hewett, compiler of statistics in the secretary of state's office, Lansing, will address the Farmers' Club next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, upon "Foreign Immigration." A full attendance is desired as other questions of importance will come up for discussion.

Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fortyeo Swan of Leroy, who died on the 7th inst., was a most estimable young man, being a model christian and a shining example to his many young friends. His death was not only a great loss to his family, but to the community, as well.

### Hon. Geo. R. Wendling.

Third entertainment of the Ladies' Lecture Course, Wednesday evening, March 2. Hon. Geo. R. Wendling will deliver his popular lecture upon "Saul of Tarsus." No one should fail to hear this powerful and thrilling oration. Lecture will begin at 7:30. Admission 35 cents. No extra charge for reserved seats with single tickets. Persons holding season tickets can get reserved seats by paying 10 cents. Tickets on sale at H. M. Williams.

Twenty oranges for 25c at the Bee Hive.

Next Sunday is the commencement of Lent.

Four—A pair of shell frame eye glasses, at this office.

To-day the sun rises at 6:44 and sets at 5:43. Day's length, 10 hours and 59 minutes.

S. E. Flensburg of Leslie, has just been allowed an increase of pension by Uncle Sam.

The Weekly Anzeiger is the name of a German paper to be published at once in Lansing.

F. W. Webb, our stirring boot and shoe man, in Cook block, has an advertisement this week. Be sure to read it.

Leo A. Bettendorf of Jackson, piano tuner, was in town three days last week, doing a good stroke of business.

The Rock school of practical education at Lansing ended its existence last Monday morning. Prof. R. we hear will resume the ministry.

First gun for the amendment! Rev. Mrs. E. B. Lane will address the people of Mason and vicinity at the court house, on Wednesday evening, March 3.

The signal service flags are displayed in front of S. A. Paddock's office on Columbia street, the same being connected by telephone with the up town office.

The ladies of the Library Association not only served an elegant tea in the new armory Tuesday evening, but the varied musical programme was decidedly enjoyable. The gross receipts were \$26.

The Mason crewmen now makes about 1,000 pounds of butter per week. Next Monday the firm will increase its force, and the cream gatherers will commence buying fresh eggs for shipment.

Prof. Barr of Albion College, was in the city yesterday to examine our school with a view of making this a college school, whereby our graduates can be admitted on diploma, without examination.

At the recent meeting of the directors of the Ingham County Agricultural Society it was decided to hold the coming fair in Mason, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 12th, 13th and 14th of October next.

A meeting of the officers of the Ingham County Pioneer Society has been called at the office of Judge Huntington, Friday, March 4 at one o'clock p. m. It is desired that every officer be present. Besides the president, secretary and treasurer there is one vice-president from each township.

The reunion of the 12th regiment of Michigan Infantry was held at Lansing on Tuesday and is pronounced a successful meeting. Several different companies were represented and between 30 and 40 of the old veterans participated in the enjoyment of the day. H. C. Freeland of this city, was present and re-elected secretary of the association.

Washington, Beaman of Waterloo, has this week received a handsome rustic family monument from W. M. Cline, the marble works man of this city. It weighs over five tons. Mr. B. has shown good taste in erecting this artistic stone to the memory of himself and family, who are all still living and enjoying themselves on their beautiful Jackson county farm.

E. R. Eastman of Jefferson county, N. Y., writes to City Treasurer Green of Lansing, making inquiries about the Michigan Cereal Company, and says this company has already naked in about \$50,000 from the farmers of that county for barley at \$10 per bushel. After it is too late the farmers of Jefferson county will wish they had listened to the timely warning they doubtless received.

Aubrey Nellis of the first ward, went to his barn Monday morning to feed a mulley cow he had just purchased, but not finding her supposed she had been stolen. When he went up stairs, however, he found her busy eating hay. Joe Price took hold of the halter and Aubrey with a firm grip on the tail, they steered her, down the stairs with perfect safety. Joe says he verily believes this cow could climb a tree all right.

It seems that Judge Henderson does not escape the severe colds he used to be subject to in Michigan. The Ogden Daily News of a recent date says "He still has that bad cold clinging to him. He has so much work ahead that he can not spare the needed rest to doctor himself. The court lasted until 9 o'clock last evening. As soon as he gets through at Ogden on Saturday, he will have to travel Sunday, to be in Provo by Monday, to open court there."

Last Tuesday was the birthday of the "father of our country" and an unusually large crowd of people from the country was in town. Co. F, First Reg't of State Troops, under command of Capt. Mehan, turned out at two o'clock p. m., about forty strong, and made a very fine appearance. The new and clean overcoats, which the captain had procured from the state department, covered up nearly the whole of the state uniform, which our company has worn for nearly ten years in actual service, and the boys looked like newly uniformed veterans. The public parade lasted about an hour, and was witnessed by a thronged street of gushing maidens and proud mammae. We'll wager a good Havana that Co. F is composed of the finest drilled boys in the first regiment.

### ASHAMED OF ITS OFFSPRING.

A Noisy Time at the Republican Convention, Saturday.

The republican county convention held at the court house in this city last Saturday proved to be, by all odds, the most interesting—to an outsider—held in this city for many moons.

The delegates assembled—a goodly number—considering the business of the convention and there was only the appearance of the best of feeling all around.

A. A. King of Ingham, was chosen chairman and B. F. Hall of Lansing, secretary.

Only preliminary work was executed in the forenoon, and after dinner the committees made their reports, which were adopted, and the convention commenced the election of 17 delegates to the state convention and 20 to the judicial convention, resulting as follows:

STATE DELEGATES.

William Mix, Antrim; Wm. M. VanBurton, Frank I. Moore, Edward Cahill, and Col. D. H. McCone, Lansing; S. W. Mayer, Delhi; M. B. Pickett, Morristown; Samuel Steiner, Okemos; A. G. Miller, Stockbridge; P. B. Holmes, Mason; A. H. Phillips, Abingdon; E. D. Lewis, Williamston; J. W. Chapin, Veroy; D. B. York, Wheatfield; M. E. Ramsey, Leslie; F. H. Pillsbury, Leelanau; G. W. Bennett of Lansing.

JUDICIAL DELEGATES.

M. B. Carpenter, John Robinson, Horace Topham and L. A. Baker, Lansing; Alonzo Cheney, Antrim; L. W. Baker, Delhi; Cyrus Everett, Lansing Township; W. L. Madsen, Abingdon; P. G. Woodworth, Leslie; J. M. Dresser, Mason; G. E. Patrick, White Oak; Wm. H. McMillan, Williamston; E. H. Angell, Morristown; H. A. Kings, Ingham; Garrison Fletcher, Wheatfield.

Delegates at Large—J. C. Cannon, Mason; John Haddock and A. H. Whitehead, Lansing; and J. D. Phelps, Mason.

Had it not been for a slight delay in the proceedings, caused by the convention waiting to hear from Jackson, this professed great moral party might have perhaps avoided a decidedly noisy and exciting scene.

The great fire-eater, S. D. Bingham, was called out, and as he dealt herculean blows at the democratic administration, great beads of perspiration stood out upon his face like the words on the back of a toad.

He cased up on the democrats long enough to energize the republican party for submitting the prohibition amendment, and, though he didn't exactly say so, one might naturally have inferred that this great leader(?) would do all in his power in favor of the amendment.

Mr. Bingham sat down and before he had fairly commenced to mop his face, Mr. Barker, a worthy republican delegate, arose and said that in accordance with the sentiments just expressed by his friend Bingham, he would introduce a short resolution.

The resolution was in substance as follows: Resolved, that we, as delegates to the convention here assembled, approve and will use all honorable means to secure the adoption of the proposed constitutional amendment.

Mr. Bingham sprang to his feet and explained that he was willing his party should get all the glory for submitting the question but they must recognize it as his. He should vote against the amendment. He asked to have it tabled. It was supported and for the next hour or so discussion was lively, from one to six persons talking at a time.

The leaders were bent on doing away with the resolution without discussion, but their supporters would not be choked off, though all kinds of tactics were used. They could not prevent discussion, but they did prevent a vote on the resolution by adopting a substitute which means absolutely nothing, declaring that the question had no place in the convention and must be settled by each individual as his conscience and judgment dictates.

During the circus, an effort was made to adjourn, the chairman threatened to leave the hall, and others muttered, and altogether it was a good show, and if repeated the audience would be large.

The whole gist of the argument of those opposing the resolution was: We, the great republican party, acknowledge ourselves the male parent of this prohibition child. It is weak and may die anyway, and certainly, if we recognize it at this time, we will lose votes; but let the people outside of politics make it healthy, strong and popular, and we will gladly father it. Until then, it must stink for itself. It is already causing us a world of trouble. We are afraid to assist it as we might by endorsing it, and we may lose votes if we kick it out into the cold and cruel world. We hope it will die and with it the prohibition party. Then our object is accomplished.

The Institute at Fitchburg.

Ingham County Pomona Grange hold a farmers' institute at Fitchburg on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Owing to the bad weather that usually accompanies a farmers' institute the attendance was not large. The exercises were all that could be desired. Col. Ives of Mason was present, and never missed an opportunity to say a good word for the proposed amendment. The discussions which followed each paper were interesting and spirited.

At the close of Mr. J. B. Thorborn's paper on "Pleuro Pneumonia from a Breeder's Standpoint," the following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the farmers of this institute, congress should promptly adopt stringent measures in endeavoring to stamp out pleuro pneumonia in the United States; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, in behalf of the Ingham County Grange, be sent to the chairman of the committee on agriculture in the house of the representatives at Washington, accompanied with the statement that we believe this is the opinion of most leading farmers of our county.

Thursday evening, after a very interesting and instructive lecture by J. H. Forster, on the "Great American Desert" the grange held a session for the purpose of conferring the fifth degree. The next institute will be held at North Aurelius, May 20 and 21, 1887.

### Judge Huntington will speak at the Wilson school house to-morrow evening.

On the eighth page will be found an interesting letter from Rev. F. L. McCoy.

There will be a warm sugar social in the basement of the M. E. church, to-morrow evening for the benefit of the infant class.

Ned, son of Chas. Lowe, while riding his father's horse Tuesday evening, the animal fell in turning a corner, and Ned's leg was badly hurt, though not fractured, as at first supposed.

In conversation with S. A. Paddock yesterday, he informed us he believed the outlook for business in his line—all kinds of building material—was never better. Notwithstanding his hand was quite badly hurt, recently he is again able to be at his office and that his prices bring the people.

J. L. Fuller received a dispatch last Friday morning from Mrs. Fuller, who is at Fergus Falls, Wisconsin, announcing the death of her sister, Mrs. Adams, nee Miss Ida Polar, whose illness was recently mentioned in the Democrat, and who died on Thursday afternoon last, of quick consumption. Deceased resided in Mason for a time and has many young friends here who will regret to learn of her untimely death.

The readers of the News will perhaps be surprised to learn that the sermon published in that paper last week, entitled "Frauds Detected" and represented to be by the great divine, Rev. T. DeWitt Talnage, was a bogus sermon sent out as a decoy to catch the publishers of "patent insiders" used by the News, whom it is claimed were securing the sermons in no legitimate manner. The bogus sermon was taken from "Addresses to the Young and Innocent," by Dr. Wells of Glasgow, Scotland, published in 1878 by Carter & Bros., New York.

Rev. Frank Hoyt has shown us an oil painting which he executed himself, of his attractive home, formerly known as the Barney Rayer farm, just west of the city, but which Mr. Hoyt has appropriately named "Blowood Farm." The painting was Mr. Hoyt's first attempt and while not perfect, it is a very good likeness of the buildings and surroundings, and it is not only a handsome adornment but something that will always be highly prized by the family.

The tramp nuisance in this city never was greater than at the present time. The number steadily increases and the cost is enormous. The justices can make more if all plead not guilty, though they are only too anxious to get lodgings at the jail. 26 lazy vagabonds were in the jail Tuesday night, 7 were released Wednesday morning and before night 9, including no doubt, the 7 released in the morning, were lodged in jail. The way this business is carried on is a disgrace to the laws of the state but we are not sure there is anything else for the taxpayers to do but to quietly submit to it.

Between 40 and 50 of the friends of Harry Hodges of Vevay, made him a surprise visit on the evening of the 11 inst., the occasion being his 20th birthday. It was a sumptuous supper was served and Harry was presented with a handsome plush shaving case, containing everything necessary for doing his own shaving. Miss Lottie Markham made the presentation speech and we venture the assertion it was sharper than the razor, and we only regret we did not receive it in time for publication last week, when we should have been able to use it in full. It was not only a decidedly witty production, but contained many noble thoughts, and much that Harry would do well to impress upon his memory.

The Lansing Daily Journal says: "It will surprise many of our citizens to learn that Representative Rumsey has given notice in the house of the introduction of a bill to repeal the act requiring two terms of the Ingham county circuit court to be held in Lansing." We believe it is safe to say this was also a surprise to the people of Mason, as this was the first intimation of the fact the people had received. We do not question Mr. Rumsey's motives. He doubtless believed there was sufficient reason for his doing this, though we are not acquainted with the facts. This we do know: The people of Mason entered into the compromise two years ago in good faith, and we trust our Lansing friends were fully as sincere, and until they violate that agreement they may rest assured the people of this vicinity desire no agitation of the matter and ask for no change. We disliked to lose two terms of the court and fought it the best we could. We lost and for the sake of peace we are willing to let matters rest just as they are.

### Business Locals.

Solid Satisfaction Is guaranteed if you trade at BALL & SHERMAN'S.

Girl Wanted. A good competent girl wanted to do household work, to whom good wages will be paid. Mrs. ELLIEN FLORA.

For Sale. Having rented the farm, I have for sale three colts, one 3-year-old, one 2-year-old and one yearling. They are of the Chandler stock. Mrs. J. S. HURON, Leroy, Feb. 14, 1887. 7w4

One of the Hardest Things A merchant has to do is to keep quality up and prices down; but they are doing it at Ball & Sherman's.

House to Rent, with Good Barn. Enquire of L. C. WEBB. 7w7

350 Lace Ties, Pillow Shams, &c., on Saturday at one-half the usual price at Holmes & Co.'s.

500 Cords of Green Wood Wanted, in exchange for Horse Blankets and Robes. C. F. BROWN.

Gloves and Mittens. C. F. BROWN'S.

At cost at

## GREAT BARGAINS

Continue to hold forth at

## FORD'S BAZAAR.

Don't fail to take advantage of them.

\$600.00 worth of Gold and Silver Watches will be sold at less than first cost.

Spectacles cheaper than ever.

Now is your time to make money.

Respectfully,  
**R. E. SCOTT,**  
At Ford's Bazaar.

## COAL

Of all kinds—at lowest living prices.

S. A. PADDOCK.

Leave Your Spectacles At home; you will find all goods just as represented at Ball & Sherman's. Square dealing is what we preach, practice and guarantee.

Change of Firm. E. Woodworth having purchased the Drug Store of A. J. Edwards & Co., expects to carry a full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Drug Sundries and such articles as are usually kept in a first class drug store. The business will be represented by M. C. MERRILL, Druggist.

\$1,200 Will Buy a Fine Residence On south-west corner of Cherry and D streets. Enquire of T. R. MORTON.

For Sale. Two mares with foal. Inquire of A. L. VANDECOOK.

Feather Bone Whips. At C. F. Brown's.

Special Sale Of Laces this week at Holmes & Co.'s.

It's a Fact. That the Ladies all say that Ball & Sherman have the finest line of Laces and Embroideries ever shown in this city; take your pencil and make a note of this.

New Goods At Holmes & Co.'s, including Inghams, Calicoes, &c. On Saturday we will offer one of the best unbleached cottons made at 6c per yard, a yard wide and extra heavy.

Wanted—1,000 Men To know that I have the largest exclusive retail stock of Harness Goods in Ingham county. C. F. BROWN.

# Ingham Co. Democrat.

MASON, MICH.

D. P. WITTMER, PUBLISHER.

The appearance of the great Arctic white owl in the territory bordering along the lakes is among the notable phenomena this year. It is a large bird, white as snow, with a wide stretch of wing. Along Lake Erie a number have been killed.

Dr. WINTHROP, Prince Bismarck's chief foe in the Reichstag, is described as a little man very ugly to look at, with eyes like a frog and mouth reaching from ear to ear. He is opposed to Bismarck ostensibly on patriotic but really on personal grounds, his grievance being that in 1886 by the annexation of Hanover he was eliminated from a fat office which he had held in that kingdom.

Dr. MILLER, who was sent on a diplomatic mission to Mexico, has already made some valuable discoveries. He explains that pulque is pronounced "pofko," and that it is a white, milkyish fluid that is already prepared from Kahare's own distillery. It is consumed by all the people in prodigious quantities, being capable of exciting, if not intoxicating, those who drink it in large quantities.

Young Mr. Fair, son of Senator Fair, of Nevada, on record of the most expensive drunk on record, when he tried to shoot ex-representative Page, of California, because the latter refused to take a drink with him. Young Fair had been promised a cool \$1,000,000 if he would go for a year without drinking, and had scored up seven months of the allotted time, but the temptation to go on a tear that would cost a round million was too glittering for his little mind, and he fell.

JAMES GILBERT, of Chili, Ill., has a horse which when a colt came into the possession of his father by a trade with the Indians. At that time the colt was 2 years old. He was ridden all through the late war by Mr. Gilbert, and escaped unharmed. Being what is called an Indian pony, he is lithe and graceful and a good traveler. If the horse lives until next May he will have reached the extreme age of 51 years. He is well cared for and fed on bread and all soft feeds, as his teeth are entirely gone.

The fruit dealers of Chicago admit that California can raise the finest fruit in the world, and that they would be very glad to handle California fruits in preference to foreign fruits; but unfortunately the California fruit men, they say, have a bad trick of putting up inferior goods under standard labels. For instance, a box of raisins will have a thin layer of prime raisins on top, while the rest will be almost worthless. Moreover, it is said the California fruit men do not seem to realize how important it is nowadays to pack goods in attractive packages.

Nor far from Tahlequah, I. T., a three-year-old became lost in the woods in the afternoon, and was not found until noon the next day, at which time the youngster was discovered about six miles distant playing around an old tree top, with one shoe off and his hat lost. The little fellow seemed happy. As he cannot talk plain, they could not find out how he had enjoyed his night's rest in the woods, whether he walked all night or slept, and the night was a cold and frosty one. How he escaped being devoured by the numerous wolves of the neighborhood is another mystery.

ANDREW D. WHITE, gives this incident of Von Ranke, the historian, whose lectures he listened to: "He had a habit," he says, "of becoming so absorbed in his subject as to slip down in his chair, holding his finger up toward the ceiling, and then, with his eyes fastened on the tip of it, go mumbling through a kind of rhapsody, which most of my German fellow-students confessed they could not understand. It was a comical sight—half a dozen students crowding around the desk listening to the professor as priests might listen to the sibyl on her tripod, the other students being scattered through the room in various stages of discouragement."

There is a white-oak tree near the base of "Slip-down" mountain near Fairburn, Ga., that measures fourteen feet in circumference. The body up to the first limbs (which are about thirty-five feet high) is nearly the same size. This mountain has a sharp peak, is about one hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular on the north side, next the river. From under this precipice gushes a bold spring of pure, cold, sparkling water. The top of the mountain gives splendid access to the surrounding scenery. From the opposite side of the river the precipice will reverberate from one to three syllables, depending somewhat on the condition of the atmosphere.

An old gentleman traveled all the way from Cape Cod to Deadwood a few weeks ago to hunt up a grandson whom he had made up his mind to adopt as his heir. On reaching that flourishing mining center and making cautious inquiries he found the young man standing in the door of a saloon and smoking a cigar. Without making his pres-

ence known he took the first train for the East, and has just killed his entire fortune on a needy theological seminary. In view of the great good which the old man's wealth will now be the means of doing on account of this youth's bad habits, it seems unkind to other educational institutions that may be struggling with poverty to point out to young men the moral of this affecting little story.

A CHICAGO friend of Senator Charles Farwell, denied emphatically that Mr. Farwell deserved his reputation as a poker player. "Mr. Farwell," he said, "is a sharp, shrewd business man. He is a royal entertainer and a cultured gentleman. The attempt to fasten the reputation of a poker-playing gambler on him is an outrage. Long John Wentworth, an old political opponent of Farwell, started the story in 1869 at a Congressional Convention where Farwell was a candidate for Congress. In speaking against Farwell's nomination, Wentworth drew a pack of cards from his pocket and scattering them on the floor, exclaimed: 'These are the tools Farwell works with.' Farwell plays poker occasionally, and understands the rudiments of the game, but there are very few Americans who don't. There is no sense, however, in calling Mr. Farwell a poker player.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON lectured recently at the Royal Institution in London on "The Probable Origin, the Total Amount, and the Possible Duration of the Sun's Heat." He observed that, although during the historical period of 3,000 years no alternation in the temperature of the sun's rays had been recorded, and geology showed for a much longer period the continuity of life on the globe, yet philosophical inquiry showed that there must have been, and still must be, changed conditions. Adopting Helmholtz's theory that the solar heat was derived from the shrinkage of the gaseous or fluid mass of the sun, and reducing the hypotheses to mathematical calculations, his conclusions were that the period of the sun's duration of incandescence could not have existed longer than 20,000,000 years, and could not endure for as much as 10,000,000 longer.

Mayor O'BRIEN, of Boston, has brought to the attention of the Board of Aldermen of that city an evil with which all of our large communities are afflicted in common. It is the assignment of wages by employers of the city to money lenders or Shylocks. In this connection the Mayor said: "I have in my possession a list of the men whose wages are now assigned in the different departments, and much to my surprise the aggregate number is 230. I am assured by the Treasurer that this is a small number comparatively; that some times in years past it has reached much higher figures. The amounts collected by assignees under their assignments aggregate \$12,000 monthly, or a yearly total of \$154,000. This, too, when in three-fourths of the departments the employees are paid weekly. It is easy to see what a source of income this has been to the few unscrupulous men who have been engaged in this business. In no case is the rate of interest charged less than 5 per cent. a month, and in some cases it amounts to 120 per cent. a year.

The installment of Hay and Nicolay's Life of Abraham Lincoln in the February Century contains a characteristic story, illustrating the sterling honesty of the great War President. At the time Lincoln ran for Congress against the Rev. Peter Cartwright his friends imagined that the canvass would be a very difficult and expensive one. Consequently a purse of \$200 was made up and given him by Joshua Speed to cover his expenses. After his election Mr. Lincoln returned \$199.25 of the amount to Mr. Speed, with the explanation that as he had used his own horse and been entertained by his friends he had only spent 75 cents of the money given him. Abraham Lincoln would not have been very much of a politician nowadays. Indeed, as politicians having other people's money in their hands go, his scrupulous and exact honesty will be quite generally regarded as something extraordinary if not finical and fussy. Of course this happened in old times, but, somehow, it is refreshing to read about these old-fashioned virtues, even if they have passed away.

**Train Them at Home.**  
There are colleges for females called seminaries, where people send their daughters to get polished. They should be able to teach their children good breeding at home or give up the child-raising experiment, it seems to me. The seminary system of rubbing down their scholars grinds them down pretty smooth, but unless the sparkle is deep-set it is in danger of giving out before the polishing is complete. Parents who have sent their daughters to seminaries to be so polished as to be calculated to shine only in a sumptuously furnished parlor are the ones who can't understand why young men prefer to go it alone, and can afford to spend their money playing pool rather than get married to one of their scintillating jewels. The reason is because young men can't afford to furnish the setting required for such costly ornaments, and by the time they become prepared to stand the cost the jewels are faded or are lost.—Philadelphia Call.

We can never have much confidence in the uprightness of others until we have discovered some degree of uprightness in ourselves.

## ARMY ANECDOTES.

### Bold Boys of Both Belligerents Tell of Battles, Bullets, Bayonets, and Boiled Beans.

#### Soldiers and Sailors' Stirring Stories of Solid Shot and Scrambling Shells.

#### The Bivouac of the Dead.

By THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum and roll has beat  
The soldier's last march:  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
The brave and dashing foe.  
On Cannons' distant cannon-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn sound  
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer to the foe's advance  
No shouting from the ranks  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind:  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream allures;  
No heaving horn nor screaming fire  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their bivouac awnings are red with rust,  
The pit med heads are heaped in dust,  
Their hazy banner lies in vain,  
Isow their martial shroud,  
And plumeless funeral tea is waved  
By the red stains from each brow,  
And their proud forms in battle gashed  
Are free from anguish now.

The ringing steel, the flashing blade,  
The tramp of stirring blast,  
The charge, the dromedary cannoneer,  
The din and shout are past;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with hero's delight,  
These friends and heroes shall foot  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the drenched northern hurricane  
That sweeps his broad platoon,  
Flashed with the trumpet yet to gain  
The down the morning's strife  
One hero fell the trophy and leapt  
To seek the foe on the plain;  
Above the pitiless sky he wept  
Above our gallant train.

Sons of our consanguine ground,  
You must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound,  
Along the lifeless air,  
By the red stains from each brow,  
Shall to your later grave;  
Shine gleams from War's richest spoil—  
The ashes of our brave.

No mirth their parents find they rest,  
No sweet repose to their souls  
Born in a Spartan mother's breast,  
In unity a bloody shield:  
The "mission of the native sky"  
Sons of our gallant train,  
And kindly hearts and eyes watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embathed and soothed dead!  
Dear to the blood you gave,  
No impious foot shall tread your grave,  
No hand shall touch your grave:  
No hand shall touch your grave:  
No hand shall touch your grave:  
Where you lie proudly sleeps,  
The ashes of our brave.

You must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound,  
Along the lifeless air,  
By the red stains from each brow,  
Shall to your later grave;  
Shine gleams from War's richest spoil—  
The ashes of our brave.

My own mind was made up at once.  
The bearing of the accused officer, his previous good service, his statement, which was perfectly in harmony with the evidence, had prepared me to vote for his acquittal. The circumstance was an unfair one, and could not be relied upon; but his conduct seemed to me to be far from criminal. Indeed, I thought that not even discretion could be justly urged against him. The most correct and abstemious subordinate officer in the whole army, placed in the same situation, might easily have exposed himself to the same charge.

In our deliberations, expressed these views as fondly as I could; but the majority was largely against them. One of the most strenuous for conviction, to my surprise, was a Captain of C's regiment. Should I mention his name here, it would be recognized as that of one who has won a high place in literature. Two or three of the junior members mildly agreed with me; but when the vote was taken, at least three-fourths were for the finding of "guilty"; and this, immediately following the third sentence, "To be cashiered."

Courts-martial are always sworn to secrecy; to divulge any of their proceedings before the same are published from headquarters, would of itself be an offense for which an officer might be dismissed from the service; and thus poor C. was compelled to remain for weeks longer under ignominious arrest, ignorant of what his fate was to be, while a Lieutenant commanded his company. Such was his condition on the 19th of September, when the battle of Winchester came on. His situation required him to stay two or three miles to the rear, with cooks, tentsters, wagons, and mules, listening to the sound of the battle. His soldierly spirit could not brook this restraint; anything was better. He seized a musket, fell into the ranks of the company that he had more than once led to battle and marched with it to the field. If his Colonel saw him in that place, he was immediately interfering with him; at such times, men are always needed. All that desperate and sanguinary day he did a soldier's full work with his musket, coming out of the fight unhurt, and resuming his former degraded position.

He had friends who did not fail to lay these facts before Sheridan; and we may be sure that they were a response in the breast of that hard-fighter. A general order from army headquarters was issued after announced that before the battle of Winchester the proceedings, findings, and sentence in the case of Captain C.,—Connecticut Volunteers, had been approved by the General commanding, and the accused dismissed from the service; but that, for gallant conduct in fighting in the ranks at that battle, Captain C. was, "by direction of the President," reinstated, and would resume his sword immediately.

I was more than pleased; I was delighted. I sought out C., and, of course, not divulging the votes or the opinions of any other member of the court, I told of my own. His eyes filled with tears as he grasped my hand and thanked me. "But you did me no more than strict justice," he said. "The real case was precisely as you put it to the court."

Among the good stories that are told of General Butler, the following deserves a place. It was told me by Captain Phelps, who commanded a Massachusetts battery, which was of the small army that accompanied Butler to New Orleans in the spring of 1862. The Captain related it to me at his quarters near Lake Charles, La., the following winter.

"That summer," he said, "there was little fighting, because we had only men enough to hold New Orleans and a few outposts. I was—or thought I was—sick enough to go home. A leave of absence would not be allowed, and at last I got myself into that frame of mind where I was willing to resign. But a resolution would not go through without the strongest kind of a certificate of ability. Well, I got one about as strong as it could be made, the doctor certifying that he had examined me, that my system was full of malaria, and that in his opinion my death was inevitable from disease. Armed with this certificate, I went to my command, and with permission to present my resignation personally, instead of sending it up through the 'regular channels,' I went to New Orleans.

"I came from Lowell, and had some acquaintance with Butler before the war; he was a considerable confidant. I got past his Adjutant General, into his private office, and, presenting my papers, requested him to read them.

"He devoured them in about a minute, and then turned his eyes on me. 'I observe,' Captain Phelps, he said, 'that the surgeon says you will die any day.' 'Yes, General; he thinks so.' 'Your resignation is not accepted. The fact is, Phelps, since you're bound to die, you'd better die in the service, where you're of some use, than to go back and die in Lowell, where you're of no use to anybody.' 'After that I got mad—and died!'"

Our Assistant Surgeon had a keen sense for milk; would take buttermilk if he could not get the fresh article. In July, 1864, before Sheridan was put in command, while General Hunter was hurrying me about in a distracted kind of way from Harper's Ferry to Frederick and back, and when dozens of soldiers were dying daily with sunstroke, we found ourselves one sultry afternoon half way between the Ferry and Hilltown, in that wild region known as the lower Rappahannock. We were passing a man-looking house, in front of which a salt mule woman, with arms akimbo, was viewing with undisguised scorn and contempt the march of the Yankee hirings over that portion of the soil which fronts her dwelling. The doctor then told me a chance for milk and, riding up to the house, he politely inquired:

"Madam, have you any milk to spare? I shall be glad to pay for it."

So loud and emphatic was the answer that half the regiment heard it: "No, sir! we haven't got no milk; we haven't got no bread; we haven't got no meat; we haven't got noth'ing to eat; we haven't got nothin' to drink—we're clean done good a spout—and you kin just tote yourself away from here."

O, the shouts that greeted the disappointed searcher for milk! The laughter that eased our sufferings for the moment! The friendly jokes over that interview which Dr. B. has heard ever since!

The stern, ghastly realities of war are never known to the veterans; the people can never realize them, never half understand them.

Burned into my memory, starting as plainly to view as a scar on the face, is the scene that rival grim war, stripped of its glitter and glitter, its pomp and pride—showing the grinning skull of the Molech.

With hundreds of others, I fell before the works at Fort Hudson in the desperate assault of June 11, 1862. It was my great good fortune to be carried from the field. Half a mile back in the woods, at least a quarter of an acre of ground had been walled in with cotton bales, to be used as a temporary hospital. So rapidly were the victims of that sorrowful morning brought in on stretchers, that by sunrise there was scarcely room to lay another. They covered the ground in long rows, some dying as they lay, some bleeding to death, some bravely controlling the expression of their agony, others praying, shrieking, some blaspheming. Surgeons were busy with saws, knives, and bandages; Chaplains were doing what they could to strengthen the dying, and receive their last words. The air was sick with chloroform—heavy with horror! Nothing upon the battle-field ever affected me so!

to comrades, for help, were heard, growing feebler and feebler. When night came with its friendly darkness, a few of the stouter ones were rescued alive, but in such a pitiable condition that death seemed preferable. There was a truce two days later, when the dead were taken away and buried. Where buried? In the pressure and confusion of that desperate fighting, when disease and the bullet were fast thinning our ranks, and that little army held on to Fort Hudson as with the clutch of death, there was hardly time, there was lack of men, to bury the dead. But it mattered little; the bodies of the gallant sufferers were found with corruption when removed from the places where they had fallen; their faces were black; no one could be distinguished. They went into a long, deep trench together.

"—in one rude burial tent,"

At Cedar Creek, Virginia, October 19, 1862, when our army had regained its camps at the close of the day, the slain of the morning lay where they had fallen, stripped of clothing. It seemed cruel, barbarous, at the time; but most of this treatment was probably not wanton. Many of the Confederates were poorly clad and shod, and robbed the dead only that they might face the day's duties. For the rest, they were ghosts in human form that infested every battlefield, after the fighting is done, who are capable of any atrocity. Sixteen of my regiment lay there, cold in death. They were tenderly buried in a row by a stone-wall, each grave marked with a croaker-box tablet at the head for future identification.

The stone house on this field that had been Sheridan's headquarters was filled with the most desperately wounded, who could not survive; load after load of others was taken back to the villages on the pickets. Three days later I rode back to Newtown to see some of the wounded. Every house was a hospital. A surgeon with coat off and bare arms stood with his assistants by a table in the middle of the street; as rapidly as they could be attended to, those who must suffer amputation were one by one brought out. I could not look upon this horrible scene—my more courageous I could face the enemy's lead; but I glanced under the table before leaving, and saw that at the ground was actually heaped with limbs—hands, feet, legs, arms, thrown down together.

Could the sufferers have been allowed to remain in the village a month very few of them would have died of their wounds. But the army fell back, and the wounded had to go home. There were not ambulances enough to carry them all; many were transported six and ten miles in wagons, without springs, over the stone road. Some reached Winchester before accommodations had been prepared for them, and lay one fresh night out doors, covered only by a canvas. A large bill of mortality was the consequence.

Such is war. None know its havoc, its cruelty, even at the best, as do the veterans; none will join more fervently than they in the prayer that this reunited country may know it no more forever. Amen and amen!

The march of Banks' army on the Red River retreat from Alexandria to the Mississippi was attended by some fighting, and by some incidents that were ludicrous enough. At Simmesport, on the Atchafalaya, several hundred very hot and dirty soldiers (it was in May, 1864, and sultry as the tropics) went down to the river to remove some of the Louisiana soil from their persons. The channel of the river at that point was soon thick with them, swimming, diving and cutting up all kinds of pranks in the water. Their diversion came to an untimely end. On this march General Taylor's forces were both in front and rear, and on the move there was fighting both by the advance and rear guard. On this occasion several of his forces had ridden up to the opposite bank of the river, and, screened by the bushes, recommissioned what they could see of our forces. Their silent scouting being over they concluded to take a farewell shot at the Yankees in the water. Three or four carbine rounds were heard, and the balls came splashing and skipping among them.

And such a panic! The natural supposition was that half the Confederate army was on the opposite bank, and that a murderous volley would come next. The bathers scrambled for the shore; they never stayed upon the shore of their going, but went at once. Nor did they try to dress. Each man snatched up his own—or some body else's—clothes, and made the most rapid movement possible for camp. The reception they got there—the merciless "raving and clanking"—may be imagined. Some of the Thirtieth and Sixteenth Corps (Western men) were witnesses of the scene, and one of them called out to a naked fugitive, who was trying to hide himself long enough to get dressed: "O, I say, soldier! Is that the Nineteenth Corps' uniform you've got on?"—Chicago Ledger.

**General Anger.**  
Christopher Colan Anger was born in New York in 1821; entered the United States Military Academy in 1839, and was graduated in 1843; served in the Mexican war and on the plains; commanded at West Point in 1861, being then a Captain. He commanded a division in the Fifth Corps, and was severely wounded at Cedar Mountain. Afterward he joined Banks' expedition to New Orleans, and commanded the District of Baton Rouge. After the war he commanded the Department of Washington, the Plateau, and the Missouri; in the meantime being made a Brigadier and brevetted a Major General in the regular army. His commission of Major General of Volunteers was dated August 9, 1862. He was retired about a year ago.

## THE JERSEY CENTRAL ROAD.

### The Property About to Pass into the Control of Austin Corbin.

#### His Brokers Hold Enough Stock to Insure the Retirement of President Little.

[New York special.]  
It was rumored in railroad circles to-day that President Little of the New Jersey Central might resign before the date of the annual election, in which case he would be succeeded by Austin Corbin. The latter and his friends are supposed to hold enough stock to control the May election, and why it should be held if not for that purpose is a mystery on "Change. Corbin's brokers have had another block of 10,000 shares of Jersey Central stock transferred to their name. This makes about 40,000 shares now held by them, and it is understood that, with the holdings by parties friendly to them, is sufficient to give them control of the road at the coming election. There seem to be preparations to continue the receivership indefinitely, as a company has been organized under the title of the Jersey Central Improvement Company, the object of which is in positive means for the development of Jersey Central, in which the receiver's funds cannot be invested. The capital stock is \$1,000,000, and \$350,000 has already been issued in payment of stocks and bonds of the Cumberland and Atlantic Railroad, which was lately added to the Jersey Central system.

Austin Corbin is President of the Reading Railroad. He is a native of New Hampshire, and is about seventy years old.



His father was a lawyer with a small practice and after he had given his son an academic education, he left him rely upon himself for his law studies. Like many another great and successful man, he taught school or availed, and out of his earnings as a pedagogue he saved money enough to pay for a course in the Harvard Law School. He graduated with high honors and began the practice of his profession at Newport, Rhode Island. He soon perceived that the West afforded him better opportunities for advancement and he went to Davenport, Iowa, intending to practice law there. He soon saw there were great opportunities for making money through loans to Western farmers, and, procuring capital from New Hampshire friends, he engaged the business very successfully. He became interested in railroads, and in 1881, unsuspected by anyone, secured from the lands of Messrs. Drexel & Morgan a controlling interest in the Long Island Railroad system. He also became largely interested in the T. B. & W. Railroad, of which he is at present President. For years he has been interested in schemes for rapid transatlantic travel, and believes that steamers can be built which will run from the terminus of the Long Island Railroad, at Montauk Point, to England, in six days. Mr. Corbin has made his way from poverty up to his position as the owner of \$25,000,000, and still he works hard, and will have to work hard as President.

#### WIZARD EDISON.

Some of His Wonderful Inventions—What a Cincinnati Man Tells About the Work of the Great Electrician.

[Cincinnati special.]  
A gentleman who has just returned from Florida, where he spent a month with Edison, said, in an interview to-day, speaking of the recently reported invention of a "miraculous food": "He has already perfected this discovery so that an army need carry no food. All it needs is to take along two or three of Edison's machines and turn the elements into food, as it is needed. But he has been doing other things. For instance, he has invented what he calls the 'mimograph.' It is like a telephone, only you look in it instead of putting it to your ear, and you see what is going on at the other end. By putting a mimograph on the end of a telegraph wire at St. Louis, fixing the corresponding instrument at this end, you have a perfect picture of what is going on there. He has also invented a telegraph transmitter that writes its own message in typewriter. You put your message in a box at this end, turn a crank, and at the other end the typewriter rattles off with lightning speed. 'To amuse his wife he rigged up a buggy with electric motors in the hubs of the wheels. It would go at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Then he invented a new way to catch fish. All he does is to run a wire on the bottom of the sea or river, and he has some electrical effect or other so that every fish that swims above it immediately dies and comes floating to the surface.'

#### A Negro Murderer Lynched.

[Nashville, Texas, special.]  
Monday Deputy Sheriff Upchurch was shot by Jim Richards, a negro, at Dedias, thirty miles from here. Upchurch had Richards under arrest, and the latter, watching his opportunity, jerked Upchurch's pistol out of its scabbard and inflicted the fatal wound. About sundown Monday evening over seventy-five masked men, armed to the teeth, took Richards from the custody of the guards and swung him to a neighboring tree.

An editor having charged a certain Government official with receiving a comfortable sum for his influence, the official wrote the following note of explanation: "DEAR SIR—The statement made by you that I received money for my influence is a wicked lie. I am as far out of my such charges as the babe unborn. I got no money whatever, and I am an honest man. The parties in charge of the scheme never offered me anything. Yours truly."

STRANGE but true: A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peevish frame of mind.

THE BOY BANDIT.

Chapter I.—The Resolve.

"Give me a bit of your jujube paste?"

The speaker was a boy of some twelve summers and an equal number of winters, to say nothing of a large number of springs and several hundred falls.

The most casual observer would have been willing to make a deposition before the nearest magistrate that beneath a somewhat commonplace and phenomenally dirty exterior (for our hero had a haughty contempt for conventionalities) this boy concealed an indomitable will and a collarless shirt.

The person whom he addressed was a girl of about his own age. She was peerlessly beautiful, and wore store clothes, and had an aristocratic air.

Every nerve stretched to its utmost tension, the boy awaited her answer. With a quick movement she placed the coveted confection out of his reach, uttering, as she did so, these words: "Now, I won't, neither."

"The iron had entered his soul. 'So be it,' he hissed, in a strange, unnatural voice. 'This is the bitterest blow of all. To-night I leave New York forever. Henceforth William Bork is dead. But in his place will spring to life one of whom men will speak with bated breath and bulging eyes; one whose feared and hated name will be—"

"What? What?" wailed the girl. "Barbarous Bill, the Boy Bandit, the Holy Terror of the Yosemite."

As he uttered these words the jujube paste fell from his companion's nervous fingers, and with a low cry she sank fainting to the ground.

The boy seized the confection and eagerly devoured it. Then as he strode rapidly away he muttered, hoarsely: "Tremble, haughty girl, for the end is not yet come."

Chapter II.—Revenge at Last.

One year has passed. The snows of another winter have fallen and passed away; the patent-medicine men have all issued new editions of their almanacs; the veteran actress has completed her eleventh annual furrowed tour.

In the cavern in the heart of the Yosemite which they make their rendezvous are seated Barbarous Bill, the Boy Bandit, and his lawless gang—all stalwart, black-bearded ruffians from Sullivanville, but mere puppets in the hands of their boy chief.

"A way with you!" shouts the youth, suddenly springing to his feet. "A party of travelers will cross yonder pass in an hour. Go, capture them and bring them to me. There will be a gyal among them," and the outlaw's voice grew tremulous. "For your lives do not let her escape you."

One of the band, a man of herculean build, attempted to make some feeble objection, but an instant later a blow from the young chief stretched him senseless upon the floor of the cave.

In an hour three captives were brought in—an old man, his wife, and their daughter, whom the reader has already met.

"Aha! Matilda Mulligan," hissed the boy, with a demoniac smile, "you are in me power at last!"

Chapter III.—Revolt.

Barbarous Bill had stepped out to shoot a few bears and other wild animals, and the prisoners were alone with the band.

"What in thunder is the reason," asked old man Mulligan, "that you fellows obey every order of that young cub? Are you attached to him?"

"No," replied one of the gang, sullenly, "we fear and hate him, but we must obey him."

"Why?"

"The men exchanged wondering glances. 'Why—why—because it's the regular thing. We never read a dime novel in which the Boy Chief was not held in awe and unquestioningly obeyed.'"

"Well, if I were one of your band I'd give him a switching he'd never forget and then clear him out."

"It's a great scheme!" shouted the outlaws, in wild enthusiasm at the novel idea. "Well try it."

Barbarous Bill returning at that moment, one of his gang took him over his knee and administered corporal punishment until the youth howled for mercy.

It only remains to be said that the next day the Boy Chief returned to New York with Mr. Mulligan, and is now acting as errand-boy in a shoe store. I hate to make my story end in this tame way, but I cannot tell a lie.

—F. A. Stearns, in The Bits.

The Castor Bean in America.

Few persons, perhaps, in this section are aware of the extent of the cultivation of the castor bean in portions of this country. Its prominence as a crop in Illinois is due to the repeated failure of the wheat crop, which it has in a measure superseded. The plant is a native of Egypt, Africa, and its chief nursery in this country is Egypt, Ill. It attains a height of about four feet in Southern Europe and America, but in India reaches the size of a tree. It was known to and used by the ancients. The Greeks called it croton. The natives of Ja.erson and Franklin, Ill. nois, claim the largest acreage devoted to it. In Southern Illinois a territory of over 20,000 acres is given up to its cultivation. To pay expenses and yield a fair remuneration the bean must bring at least \$1.25 per bushel. Last year it sold on an average at \$1.40, and farmers were encouraged. The same kind of soil that is favorable to wheat and corn serves for the bean. It requires a sandy loam, and is said to be ahead of clover in its fertilizing qualities.

—Sawannah News.

PROBABLY no application of science is developing more rapidly than photography. Among recent appliances is a detective camera in the form of a watch, with a charm to hold a supply of miniature dry-plates; and a telescopic camera in which distant objects are brought near by diastatic aid and photographed.

A LESSON WITH A MORAL.

Whom Will Our Eyes Be Opened to This Great National Calamity?

The year 1888 played sad havoc with many prominent men of our country.

Many of them died without warning, passing away apparently in the full flush of life. Others were sick but a comparatively short time. We turn to our files and are astonished to find that most of them died of apoplexy, paralysis, or nervous prostration, of malignant blood-humor, of Bright's disease, of heart disease, of kidney disease, of rheumatism, or of pneumonia.

It is singular that most of our prominent men die of these disorders. Any journalist who watches the telegraphic reports, will be astonished at the number of prominent victims of these disorders.

Many statements have appeared in our paper with reference to the effect that disease had carried off so many prominent men in 1888, are really one disease, taking different names according to the location of the fatal effects.

When the valuable horse perishes, it becomes the man's days' tale of the sporting world, and every day, their aggregate loss is enormous, and not one of the greatest to the country.

So it is with individuals. The cause of death of prominent men creates comment, especially when it can be shown that one unimportant disease carries off most of them, and yet vast numbers of ordinary men and women die before their time every year from the same cause.

It is said that the blood is kept free from uric acid, that heart disease, paralysis, nervous prostration, pneumonia, rheumatism, and many cases of consumption, would never be known. This, uric acid, we are told, will be washed out of the system, and it is the duty of the kidneys to remove this waste.

We are told that if the kidneys are maintained in perfect health, the uric acid, which is kept out of the blood, and these various and universal diseases caused by uric acid will, in a large measure, disappear.

But how shall this be done? It is folly to trust effects. If there is any known way of getting at the cause, that way should be known to the public. We believe that Warner's safe cure, of which so much has been written, and so much talked of by the public generally, is now recognized by impartial physicians and the public as the one specific for such diseases.

Because public attention has been directed to this great remedy by means of an advertisement, because some nostrums have come before the public in the same way, any more than that all doctors should be condemned because so many of them are incompetent.

It is astonishing that good opinions you hear on every side of that great remedy, and public opinion thus based upon an actual experience has all the weight and importance of absolute truth.

At this time of the year the uric acid in the blood invites pneumonia and rheumatism, and there is not a man who does not dread these disorders of disease, but he would not know of them, we are told, if he did the blood of the uric acid.

These words are strong, and may seem like an advertisement, and be rejected as such by unthinking people, but we believe they are the truth, and as such should be spoken by every truth-loving newspaper.

Japanese Shampooing. On a fine day one can scarcely walk a square in any of the more thickly-populated districts of Tokyo without hearing the shrill whistle of the blind street porter, as, with long stick in hand, he slowly feels his way, calling out from time to time his fee for a complete shampoo.

A system of employment for the blind so suited to their condition, affording as it does fair profit and an abundance of healthful exercise in-door and out, certainly deserves at least passing notice.

Shampooing, or perhaps, more properly speaking, massage, as practiced by these blind men (called *anma*), consists of a gentle rubbing, with the palms of the hands, of the surface of the whole body, together with passive exercise of the joints, and a slow kneading of the superficial muscles, more particularly those of the trunk and extremities. The sensation to the subject is usually very pleasant, especially if submitted to after violent or long-continued exertion, as after a difficult climb or a long walk.

Japanese physicians recommend it in fevers, dorsals, and certain other forms of paralytic disorders, as well as in hysteria and some kinds of headache, in lumbago, and in many other diseases; and in convalescence from diseases in which there has been loss of power or wasting of the muscles. The skill and anatomical knowledge sometimes acquired by these unfortunates are truly wonderful, for, besides a gentle touch and an almost instinctive appreciation of the seat of pain, many of them know all the superficial muscles, and can even tell in what position to insert needles for the cure of certain diseases.—*Medical Times.*

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for any money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Men and Soil. "Separated from the soil," said Mr. James Parton, the historian, in a recent lecture, "man never yet has succeeded in thriving. At best, without it, he is a potted plant, and some of his pots are miserably small. I have visited many factories in New England, and I find that wherever the operatives have a good-sized garden, with access to pasture for a cow, the people are healthy, contented and saving. Whenever this is the case, the factory population is able to live without actual starvation or extreme destitution in the event of the mills being closed for even a long period. Whenever they are separated from the soil, as in some of our large and crowded cities, there is squallor, demoralization and despair."

Every Woman Knows Them. The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the other parts, and time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional effort of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all that numerous class of symptoms—and every woman knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the favorite of the sex.

Such is the encouragement given to flattery, in the present times, that it is made to sit in the parlor, while honesty is turned out of doors. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side; commend a fool for his wit or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—*Fielding.*

It is well to give horses a double amount of feed on the evening preceding a long journey, and only half rations of grain or a little hay on the morning of starting.

Useful and Hurtful Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for consumption absolutely useless. These are the various and potent made in great part of alcohol, opium, stimulants, and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They enervate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and bowels, grip the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the laxative effect of which is never procured by pills, or accompanied by a convulsive violent action of the bowels.

On the contrary, it invigorates those organs, the stomach and the entire system, as a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder irregularity, and other irregular ailments.

Running an Account.

It is a convenient thing to have a standing account at a store, where you can go at any time, order what you please, and have it charged, without the worry of having to consider whether you have enough money in your purse to pay for it or not; but it is also true that these items, small though they may be, mount up with appalling rapidity into a sum that always surpasses expectation. Besides this, the very best calculators, and those who generally use a wise economy, buy things in this way which they could easily do without did they take the time for reflection which cash payments would often compel. It is no case, when an article that is so desirable as to be secured, to order it sent and charged for, the temptation overcomes the buyer before the strength which comes from looking at the matter on all sides can help her to resist the impulse to buy. Often purchases are made in this way and regretted, while something that was far more necessary must in consequence be gone without.

Merchants understand that a great deal more is likely to be bought where there is a running account than when cash is paid down, which explains their readiness to trust those whom they have reason to believe will pay what they honestly owe. The excess will, in nine cases out of ten, more than compensate for the loss of interest on the outstanding sums, though there is no question but that they sometimes lose large amounts by the failure of individuals through misfortune, sickness, death, or deliberate rascality to discharge their debts.—*Emory S. Boston, in Toledo Blade.*

A Strong Endowment. Is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is the great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious, and permanent. Sold everywhere.

It hurts nothing to drop a conversation that is out of place. Save, permanent, and complete are the cures of bilious and intermittent diseases, made by Prickly Ash Bitters. Dyspepsia, general debility, indigestion, liver and kidney ailments are speedily eradicated from the system. It disinfects, cleanses, and eliminates all malarial. Health and vigor are obtained more rapidly and permanently by the use of this great natural antidote than by any other remedy heretofore known. As a blood purifier and tonic it brings health, renewed energy, and vitality to a worn, and diseased body.

STRANGE as it may seem, iron is not first. The market reports say so.—*Lovell Courier.*

Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in a horrible throat or lung trouble. "Brooks's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

IF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR GRIP. On life you "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. For weak men, delicate women.

"BUCHU-PAIDA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, etc. \$1.

If muscular, catarrhs, etc., appear to not wear or wash as well as formerly the reason is in the nature of the disease. It is the great blood purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious, and permanent. Sold everywhere.

Are You Making Money? There is no reason why you should not make large sums of money if you are able to work. All you need is the right kind of employment or business. We have a list of 1000 positions, in Maine, and they will send you, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thirty dollars to \$25 per day, and upwards. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. Better not delay.

"Sough on Myr" writes cleaning yellowed by careless washing or use of cheap washing compounds. Washes everything from finest lace to heavy linens. "Sough on Myr" is not four in using this article. Does not rot nor discolor. 5c. 10c.

3 MONTHS' treatment for \$10. Pisto's Remedy for Catarrh. Sold by druggists.

Purify the Blood. We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely necessary. The influence of the Sarsaparilla on the health cannot be over-estimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little ailments" are the direct result of impure blood, and often fatal results. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. BENSON'S CAPSICINE POROUS PLASTER. Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The most potent, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sarsaparilla, Lumbago, Headache, Wounds, etc. In use of all soldiers and sailors. Induced by San Physicians as a drug of the highest reputation. Penetrates the pores of the skin, and drives out the impurities of the system. It is a powerful stimulant, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful sedative, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful cathartic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful emetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful stimulant, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful sedative, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful cathartic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful emetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system.

Why did the Women of this country use over thirteen million cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886? Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

Ex-Mayor Lafroe, Baltimore, Md., says the best cough medicine is Rod's Cough Cure. Dr. Samuel K. Cox, D. D., of Washington, D. C., after a careful analysis, pronounced it purely vegetable, and most excellent for throat troubles. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

If a man borrows money he does not care to have it talked about. He wants to be quietly let a loan.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

As the greatest pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil is recommended by public men of America and other countries. Hon. Bill Plint, Life-Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Canada, found it to act like a charm.

A physician whose specialty is anal diseases has been studying the relation of anal fistula to consumption. It is an old idea that an anal fistula has a good effect in cases of consumption, but this physician says that any improvement in consumptive symptoms which follows the occurrence of a fistula is not permanent. He says: "As a general rule, these fistula greatly aggravate the pulmonary affection by impairing the constitutional powers, especially if attended by copious discharge of pus, and much irritation. The principal indication in such cases is to build up, not to deplete.—*Dr. Foote's Health Journal.*"

\*\*\* Premature decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 645 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"The devil is a cobbler who is always pegging away at soles."—*Whitehall Times.*

CHAFED hands, feet, pimples, and rough skin cured by using Juggler Bar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

A LOCAL candidate in the last election, who had to stand up for the boys very frequently, says, "a public office is a public trust."

He Thanks His Paper. Mr. Editor: I was induced by reading your good paper to try Dr. Hartley's Iron Tonic for debility, liver disorder, and acrochion, and three bottles have cured me. Accept my thanks. Jos. C. Juggler.—*Id.*

WELLS' HEALTH REGENERATOR. If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A tonic restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, renders scalp. The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss. It is "Hough on Dirt," only washing compound that cleans so good. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficial influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health. It is purely vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young. As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at \$1.00 a bottle.

HOW TO USE CATARRH CREAM BALM. Place a particle of the Balm into each nostril and breathe through the nose. It will be absorbed and begin its work of cleansing and healing the diseased membrane. It allays inflammation and prevents a fresh cold.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine an advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St. The Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

CATARRH CREAM BALM. A perfect relief for Catarrh of the Head, Throat, Lungs, etc. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system.

Garden Seeds Catalogues. PATENTS. FARMS. OPIUM. KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

OPIUM HABIT. PATENTS. FARMS. OPIUM. KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

GOBERG. PATENTS. FARMS. OPIUM. KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

DYSPEPSIA. In a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends by impairing nutrition, and depressing the force of the system, to precipitate the fatal result.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia in all its forms. Heartburn, Bloating, Flatulence, Indigestion, and all the ailments which result from a derangement of the stomach and bowels. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful cathartic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful emetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system.

Worcester's Unabridged Quarto Dictionary. A New Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, A New Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, ALSO OVER 12,500 NEW WORDS.

FREE. The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss. It is "Hough on Dirt," only washing compound that cleans so good. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

ROBBINS' ANTISEPTIC COMPOUND. Unparalleled success in Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Croup, Inflamed Throat, Ulcerated Sore Mouths, Quins, Catarrhs, Hoarseness, etc. Made and bottled only by W. W. Robbins, New York, N. Y.

VIRGINIA FARMS VIRGINIA. A perfect relief for Catarrh of the Head, Throat, Lungs, etc. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system.

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IRON TONIC. THE ONLY TRUE. Will purify the blood, regulate the liver and kidneys, and improve the health of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful cathartic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful emetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system.

LADIES. Will purify the blood, regulate the liver and kidneys, and improve the health of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful cathartic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful emetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful anesthetic, and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful narcotic, and restores the vitality of the system.

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Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention for the nomination of one Justice of the Supreme Court to serve eight years...

Democratic County Convention.

A Democratic County Convention to elect 14 delegates to the Democratic State Convention...

In vetoing the Texas seed bill, which provided for the distribution of \$10,000 worth of seed corn...

California Letter.

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 10, 1887. FRIEND WHEATON:—I closed my former letter when we reached Los Angeles...

It is something that must be seen to be appreciated. About 30 miles from San Diego the railroad runs very near the coast...

HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK. AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD," "WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. ROSE STUART AND HER MOTHER.

Rose seemed far more vexed than Helen at the loss of Warren's address. Clarence still fumbled in his pockets...

"Brother Warren gave it to me before he left," said Clarence, thrusting his thumb first in his vest-pocket...

"Where is Amos?" Rose asked. "I left him at Mr. Arnold's. They would not let him come with me...

"Don't forget poor little Amos. I can get along very well if he is only comfortable. I fear he was taking fever when I left...

The vehicle containing the brother and sister rattled away from the village just as the sun was setting.

the green pasture." Then bleating in imitation of a sheep the insane creature ran away.

Rose breathed more freely when she had disappeared in the dark woods. At the top of the next hill they met Bill Jones...

When they reached home Rose found her mother anxiously awaiting their return. She judged from the look of anxiety upon her mother's face...

"Did you see her?" "Yes." "Where?" "At the jail."

Mrs. Stuart was silent. Her large eyes were fixed on the carpet. She wanted to ask something more, but almost feared to.

"With Christian resignation and fortitude, mother. Oh, mother, I never saw a more angelic picture of Christian faith than that girl's face."

"How do you know it?" "No one with such perfect resignation, such supreme confidence in God's goodness, could be a thief."

"How do you know it?" asked the father, gruffly, as he entered the apartment, "how do you know any thing about it, I would like to know?"

"Yes, they do, yes, they do," said Mr. Stuart, with a frown upon his face. "They always do that to make ninnies think they are too pious to do a bad act."

Rose, knowing it was useless to try to get on friendly terms with her father, arose, retired to her room, and after offering a prayer for the poor girl, went to bed.

CHAPTER XVII. THE SUFFERINGS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

The unfortunate beings who are sent to the poor-house deserve the pity of the entire human family. They are always treated to the plainest, coarsest food and wearing apparel...

"Hush—don't tell any one. I got away from the Injins. They wanted to scalp me, but I got away. If you tell them, they'll be on my track again."

"But oh, brother, she looks so awful, I'm afraid of her." The wandering mind of the lunatic seemed only to catch at a part of what Rose said:

"Yes, yes, I'm afraid, too. Don't tell them I'm here, and I can escape 'em. They kill and scalp people. They cut out half my head, and put on half a sheep's head."

"The brother and sister started, very naturally, at hearing the name of a man mentioned whose bad qualities they had been discussing. Crazy Jane now seemed to become more excited, and continued:

Bill Jones and a gallon of cheap whisky would carry more votes on election day than all the sermons Old Blaze might preach in six months...

"You lazy dog," he thundered, "d'ye think we're goin' to keep ye here like a lord, and ye do nothin'?"

"Report me, yeascal," crack, crack, crack came the whip about his body and almost bare legs.

"You'll report on me, will ye?" "You'll report on me, will ye? This is for reportin' on me."

"Does anybody else want to report?" he said, looking around. The old man had fallen upon the ground...

"How do you know it?" "Yes, they do, yes, they do," said Mr. Stuart, with a frown upon his face.

"Where's that?" "Where, what?" "There on the right, don't you see a horrid thing standing at the road-side?"

Clarence looked, and through the gathering twilight he beheld a tall, gaunt form, clothed in rags, with long, disheveled hair, and eyes which seemed to be burning coals.

"Oh, Heavens! help me!" groaned the girl, burying her face in her hands, as the tall, haggard form stepped out in the road, raising one horny hand, pointed her finger at the occupants of the vehicle, and said:

"Hush—don't tell any one. I got away from the Injins. They wanted to scalp me, but I got away. If you tell them, they'll be on my track again."

"But oh, brother, she looks so awful, I'm afraid of her." The wandering mind of the lunatic seemed only to catch at a part of what Rose said:

"Yes, yes, I'm afraid, too. Don't tell them I'm here, and I can escape 'em. They kill and scalp people. They cut out half my head, and put on half a sheep's head."

"The brother and sister started, very naturally, at hearing the name of a man mentioned whose bad qualities they had been discussing. Crazy Jane now seemed to become more excited, and continued:

"There's times when I'm human and I hear 'em. They bring little children there and make 'em lambs, that they may have lamb stew. I heard 'em and I wasn't a sheep then. I saw the tears trickle down its cheeks, then they said they would have the land fixed sure, but I'm a sheep now, and must hunt any work to re-elect us."

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Disgusting as this poor creature was, Amos found that she was a beam of sunshine in that place of horror. His infantile mind could distinguish in her less selfishness than was in many others.

"Is sister here?" "Yes, yes; I'm your sister," the woman answered, with a giggle. "I'm your sister and mother both."

When the table was reached there was nothing on it he could eat. He had watched his father's pigs eat swill far more wholesome and palatable than the mess before him.

"My child is sick, my child is sick," said simple Nancy, taking the boy in her skinny arms. "I'll take him to bed."

"Now you will be well soon." "Where is sister Helen? Oh, sister, why don't you come?" cried the sick boy.

"I am Helen—I am here," said the idiotic woman, striving to console the little sufferer.

He fell into a feverish sleep and awoke at midnight to find all darkness and silence, save the snoring of the idiot on the floor, having given up her bed to him.

Many Of the good things of this life are sorrowfully lost alone on account of Dyspepsia, Acids, Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation...

GO TO THE Star Drug Store FOR PURE DRUGS AND—

Best Brands of Cigars. REMEMBER! Our motto is: Good Goods and Low Prices.

NEW Meat Market At the urgent request of many citizens of Mason and surrounding country, we have been induced to open a New MEAT MARKET!

HIDES AND PELTS THE POPULAR BUTCHER, HERMAN FRAZEL Has been engaged to purchase Stock for our new market, on Maple street, which is a guarantee that we will slaughter nothing but the very best.

Spencer Brothers. Highest Market Price in Cash paid for HIDES AND PELTS

JOB PRINTING AT THIS OFFICE. We respectfully solicit a liberal share of your patronage and will GUARANTEE SATISFACTION in every particular.

San Diego is situated on a bay of the same name and is a very nice city of about 10,000 inhabitants. San Diego bay is 16 miles long and three wide. The city is situated on the north east side. The ground on which the city is located is a gradual ascent from the bay of about a mile; then the country we find alternate hills, the valleys comprising about one-fifth the whole area of the country.

The greatest drawback to this country is the lack of water. Only a few wells in the city are good for drinking purposes, but anything that is wet (except the ocean water) is good enough for irrigation. Every place has a wind mill and some two or three. The hills are comparatively useless, on account of no water, although they afford some feed for stock, but do not think they amount to much even for pasture. The inhabitants claim these hills would produce if cultivated. There is no timber on the hills or in the valleys, but the hills are covered with chemise, (not articles of a lady's wardrobe) but a kind of brush growing from three to six feet high and which is used for wood.

The city of San Diego contains about 49,000 acres, 14,000 of which are reserved for a park. I think she will be like the old hen with 100 eggs; she will have to spend herself to cover them, but the inhabitants are sanguine of its growth. City business lots are very high, \$300 to \$1,000 per foot front. Residence lots, 50x100 feet, range from \$1,000 to \$10,000 each. If any of the boys wish to invest, here is a good opportunity. There are only about 150 real estate agents in this city and they are after every "cinder-foot" as fierce as politicians after voters on election day. Over on the other side of the bay there is another tract of land that boys between that and the ocean, that contains 4,000 acres or more, called Coronado Beach, which is being laid out into city lots, and improvements have already commenced thereon. It is a level piece of land and quite pleasant. There is not much fruit shipped from this port. I have made some journeys into the country, of which I will tell you later. The Chinese are quite numerous here. We attended their New Year's celebration, which comes at various times in the winter. This year it was the last week in January. It was mostly bonns and fire crackers. They burned strings of fire crackers all of 40 forty feet in length, suspended from poles. That was all that we could understand. We made a trip down to Lower California or the republic of Mexico. On the beach, to mark the line between the U. S., and Mexico stands a marble monument of the treaty of 1848. It has lately been badly defaced by tourists here. On Mexican soil, one of our party, about the size of my wife, attempted to gather some shells, but was a little to yenturesome. The result was some wet feet, and some loud talking, but there were no serious results therefrom. No more at present. Yours Truly, J. W. McNameer.

Common Council Proceedings. Mason, Mich., Feb. 21, 1887. Council met and was called to order by Mayor Henderson. Present—Ald. Beecher, Rolfe, Shafer, and VanSlyke. Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE. The finance committee reported on the following claims, recommending their allowance as follows: A. I. Barber, to 4 days on board of election and return, \$ 8 00 David Southwick, to 14 nights on streets, 15 75 Wm. Somerville, to 14 nights on street, 15 75 A. Butler, to lump claim and oil, 3 45 W. H. Clark, to feeding and lodging traps, 1 56 Philip Nico, to work on streets, 47 19

On motion report of committee was accepted and adopted. Yeas, Ald. Beecher, Rolfe, Shafer and VanSlyke. W. R. Coats presented a bill for \$25 for services in connection with water works. On motion the claim was not allowed. Vote as follows: Yeas, Ald. Beecher, VanSlyke; nays, Rolfe, Shafer and Mayor Henderson.

RESOLUTIONS AND NEW BUSINESS. The resignation of Wm. Somerville as nightwatch, to take effect on Feb. 22d, was received and on motion same was accepted. On motion S. E. Rogers was appointed as nightwatchman, to take effect on Feb. 22d.

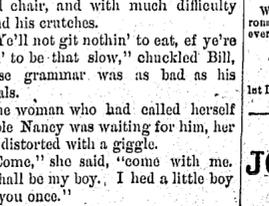
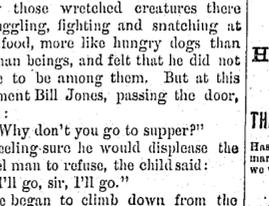
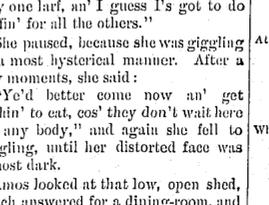
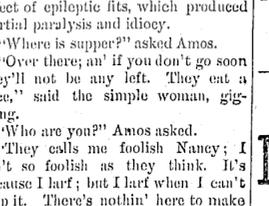
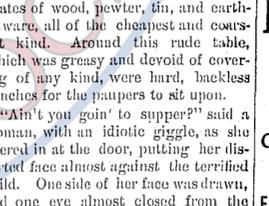
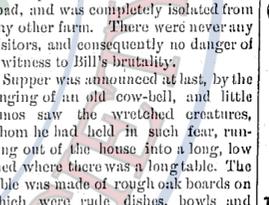
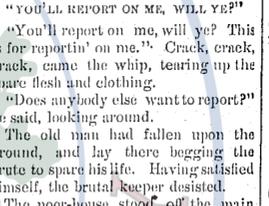
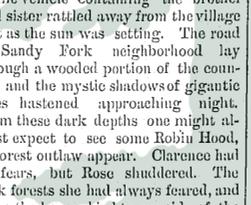
Moved by Ald. Shafer that the street commissioner instruct Mr. Near to put a railing around his cellarway on Maple street immediately. Vote as follows: Yeas, Ald. Beecher, Rolfe, Shafer and VanSlyke. On motion the clerk was instructed to purchase a justice docket for Justice W. H. Clark.

On motion council adjourned for one week. GEO. A. EARLE, City Clerk.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acqua's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by M. H. Williams and O. W. Halstead.

Commissioners' Notice. ESTATE OF WILLIAM ISHAM, DECEASED. The undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Ingham, commissioners on the estate of William Isham, late of Antrim, deceased, to settle and adjust all claims against said estate, do hereby give notice that they will meet for that purpose at Antrim Center, at Swartz's store, on the 25th day of March, and on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1887, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said days. Six months from the 25th day of January, A. D. 1887, is the time limited for the presentation of claims.

JOHN HEMANS, G. W. SWARTWOUT, Commissioners. Dated Feb. 4th, 1887.





THE NEWS CONDENSED.

THE EAST.

The New York Presbytery adopted resolutions emphatically declaring that the Scriptures and New Testament are the word of God.

William T. Brigham, a prominent lawyer of Boston, has been arrested for the embezzlement of \$17,000 from two old ladies for whom he was trustee.

Margie Bradburn, the 16-year-old bed-ridden daughter of a farmer at Banks-ville, Pa., died last November that at 2 o'clock p. m. February 17, 1887.

THE WEST.

The final adjustment of the estate of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, Sr., has just been made at Chicago.

Patrick Tully, an expressman at St. Joseph, Mo., long since secreted \$2,000 in his cellar, with the knowledge of his wife and daughter.

At the Philadelphia municipal election the Republican candidate received 90,497 votes, the Democratic candidate 62,204, and Henry George's candidate 1,054.

A severe earthquake shock was felt at Fredericktown, Mo., last week. The Chicago anarchists are again showing their teeth.

THE SOUTH.

A policeman in Atlanta, having noted that a colored man was regularly calling at residences with a large basket, made the discovery that it contained whiskey, sugar, glasses, and topsoons.

The citizens of Harrison, Miss., finding that the negroes were steadily being induced to emigrate to the swamp country, gave a business man named Hammond twenty-four hours to leave town.

Secretary Manning has placed his resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect on the appointment and qualification of his successor.

WASHINGTON.

Captain Greely, the Arctic explorer, has been appointed Chief of the Signal Service, with the rank of Brigadier General.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland gave a state dinner last week in honor of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Edmunds, Senator and Mrs. Voss, Senator and Mrs. Davis, Senator and Mrs. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick A. Collins, John E. Develin and wife of New York, ex-Mayor Grace and wife of New York, the Hon. Francis Lynde Stetson and wife of New York.

POLITICAL.

Public sentiment in Missouri caused the House to reconsider its vote refusing to provide for the maintenance of the State militia.

Chicago Printer Bennett's nomination has been acted on adversely by the Senate Printing Committee.

The insolvent ground for discharging against him is that he has refused to pay his debts as they should be paid by a practical printer.

The St. Louis Council has passed an ordinance making eight hours a legal day's work for city laborers.

The Chicago steamship Etruria, which has just arrived in New York from Liverpool, averaged twenty-two statute miles per hour for the entire passage.

The storm which has just subsided along the Rocky Mountain range from the British line to New Mexico is believed to have caused the death of 25 per cent of the cattle.

The police of Cincinnati have arrested a man giving his name as Charles E. Baker, on suspicion of being the fellow who has regularly pinched ladies on the street at night until their cheeks or arms were black and blue.

Mormon missionaries named Young and Smith are basily at work in Garrett County, Maryland, in a barn fixed up by a farmer.

At Bethany, Illinois, Morris Hatfield shot his wife in the back and killed himself. For some time they have been estranged.

The meat company organized by the Marquis de More proposes to shut Chicago dressed beef out of New York by making every retail butcher a stockholder.

Lightning fired the cotton docks at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. Two employes were killed by falling walls, and the estimated loss by flames is \$900,000.

The twenty-fourth Senatorial ballot in the Legislature of West Virginia elicited a Republican vote for J. N. Camden, who now has 39 supporters to 38 for Gates, Greenbrier.

The Illinois Board of Agriculture finds the public about equally divided in preference between Chicago and Springfield as a permanent site for the State fair.

Judge Shepard, of Chicago, entered a decree for \$35,000 against the Dalziel National Printing Company, on the suit of the Peninsula Paper Company, and appointed George A. Mason receiver.

The personal effects of the late Mrs. A. T. Stewart are soon to be sold at private auction in the Thirty-fourth street mansion in New York.

proposes to issue in Belgium will be divided into shares of 125 francs each, bearing interest at 5 per cent. The amount will be 150,000,000 francs.

ADDITIONAL NEWS.

A VIENNA cablegram, in announcing the passage of the credits desired for the equipment of the landwehr and landsturm, states that 20,000 applications for officers' commissions have already been received.

Barthemy at Elgin, Ill., find that the oleomargarine law has largely diminished the demand by Chicago manufacturers for creamery butter.

Sister Genevieve, who recently left the convent at Newark, Ohio, is living with a former nun at Chillicothe, and has applied to the Pope for permission to retract her vows.

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CONGRESSIONAL.

Work of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Mr. Cameron's bill for the construction of ten steel-protected cribs for the Southern coast of the United States was passed by the Senate.

A bill providing for an additional Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico, passed the Senate Feb. 17.

The anti-polygamy bill, which had previously gone through the House, passed the Senate February 16, by 37 yeas to 13 nays.

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MANNING'S RESIGNATION.

Text of the Correspondence Between the President and the Secretary.

Predicting a Serious Financial Situation—Mr. Cleveland Expresses His Regrets.

Following is the correspondence between the President and Secretary Manning in regard to the latter's withdrawal from the Cabinet.

MANNING'S LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

My Dear Sir: In view of the near adjournment of Congress, and in order that time may be saved for the selection and confirmation of my successor, I desire to place my resignation in the hands of the President.

When you consulted me last week in regard to the possibility of my resigning, I was again in a measure surprised to find that you had not previously consulted me in regard to the possibility of my resigning.

My Dear Sir: Your formal letter of resignation which I have received, though not entirely unexpected, presents the reality of a severance of official relations and causes me the deepest regret.

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MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature resumed at Lansing on Tuesday, Feb. 15, and at once settled down to work.

The following bills were passed in the Senate: Amending the statute limiting the authority of township boards to vote money for current expenses; to require a certain number of signatures on petitions for the election of all bills allowed by township boards.

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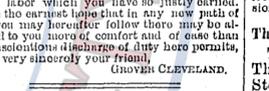
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Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Great Slide.

Through the instrumentality of Pierre Lorillard, America has the longest toboggan slide in the world, being over 4,000 feet in length from end to end, while the Orange chute is only 1,001 feet long, the Saratoga 1,200 feet, and the much vaunted Montreal slide is but 1,000 feet.

The Lorillard slide is known to fame through their immense tobacco enterprise, and also as being enthusiastic fishermen. The Lorillard estates are well-famed, and Tuxedo Park, which Pierre Lorillard has conducted in Jersey, is a well thing conducted on English plans, ideas and principles.

Mr. Lorillard's retirement from the American racing track in the year 1884 was one of short duration, and the recent talk that his firm, Tuxedo, would be sold with the sale of the horses and no foundation, as Mr. Lorillard has said that Tuxedo would not be sold, and that he would keep all the foals of this year of the horses sold—some fifty in number—and that Pierre, Jr., would keep all the geldings, so that in all probability father and son will enter and run district stables.

Mr. Lorillard, Sr., spends lavishly not only upon himself and family, but also upon the employes of his factory. A recent addition to the privileges enjoyed by his workmen is a large library erected for the free use of any employe on the presentation of the factory card. A school is attached which sends three hundred children, and the entire expense of the establishment is borne by Pierre Lorillard & Co., who feel a just pride in the success of this work.

Light-weights. Always has a prior engagement—The crowd. Oyster shells—Dudes' enemies. A sign of hard times—Frozen sidewalks. It can be right, but never wrong—An angle. A Victoria cross—The English Queen out of temper. Live on the fat of the land—Coal-oil monopolists. Were you small or daughters marry?—Probably not. Stamped wrappers—Calico Mother Hubbards. A girl's room—Two nests in a street-car.

Male for Each Other. "Sis," said a bright youth to his sister, who was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, "you ought to marry a burglar."

Forme me. Bob—Ah, yes; pleased, I assure you. Know you well, though, very well. The Bride—Sir! Let me show you the lot of letters from my dear Lizzie. The Bride—Sir! My name is Amalia.

A Negro minstrel, when asked what his trade was, responded that he was a caulk.

Do I dolefulness be righteousness, and solemnity a saving grace, then is heaven made up of priests and hypocrites.

A Negro minstrel, when asked what his trade was, responded that he was a caulk.

UNDER HER PARASOL.

The white waves glimmered in the sun, and the laughing waves of blue brought their tints of seaweed...

Next season by that summer sea we saw her married—that is all. Nor was it strange the keys should be the 'neath her scarlet parasol.

FOR LOVE, NOT RICHES.

BY MRS. H. N. BARRELL.

'Twas a bright, lovely, life-giving morning in June.

The fast express train speeding through some of the loveliest New England scenery was carrying Millie Mayhew home to spend the summer vacation.

From the conversation of the young ladies, which they unavailingly overheard, the silent couple learned that they were on their way to visit an aunt who lived in the village of Laurel Grove.

'I think I shall be delighted with the place,' commented one of the young ladies.

'Oh, no doubt about that, providing you find that perfectly charming place—Laurel Grove—coming into your possession,' tamely retorted the other.

'Now, Kate Vane, you know that you are only jealous because you are afraid that you can't succeed in catching John Fletcher yourself.'

'Oh, come now, sister, you need not fly off like that. You know I'm not the least bit jealous. I am only going to try to outshine you, to pay you off for some of the mean tricks you have played on me.'

'I don't want to marry that horrid old rake, Lute Armstrong, says that he is awful fat; a reckless spendthrift; and extravagantly fond of gambling. Kate informed her sister.

'Who do I care for what Lute Armstrong says? You know a man is expected to leave off some of his bad habits and settle down when he marries.'

'Oh, I hope he is handsome, gallant, and all that!' exclaimed Kate, betraying a strange mingling of vexation and interest.

The above conversation was carried on in boarding-school French, and just at this point Millie leaned over her seat, and in the same direct address to the other ladies.

'Fardon me, ladies, but permit me to inform you that you have been misinformed with regard to Mr. Fletcher's character. And don't you think that it would be more prudent, not to say charitable, not to make comments so publicly on persons to whom you are strangers evidently.'

'What is the gentleman to you?' discreetly inquired Lute Armstrong.

'A very near neighbor, Miss,' with a laughfulness that had something like mischief in it, which a close observer might have noticed.

This remark had the effect of a cold-water douche on the spirits of the other ladies. They sat in silence until the train reached the next station, where they promptly left the coach.

'Then you are a neighbor of this wonderful Mr. Fletcher?' asked the hitherto silent gentleman beside Millie.

'Perhaps you are able to give me a little information with regard to him, that may interest me.'

'No? Not Oh, no! I don't mind telling you, though; you look honest. I have not the honor of that worthy gentleman's acquaintance, and know as little about him as you do, perhaps. I only know that years and years ago he purchased Laurel Grove, but has since been there, and you have had it improved wonderfully. It is the most delightfully lovely place. I wish it were my home.'

'Then may I inquire why you so valiantly defended one who is an entire stranger to you?'

'Oh, the truth is—and I am sure you will own it—I don't like the style of those girls, and I suppose rather mercenary—desire to snub their vanity and behold their chagrin become irresistible. He may be all they picture him; but I don't believe it,' decidedly.

'And why do you believe it?'

'Well, he is a man or something to the Vanderbilt of Stafford—people of culture, refinement, and of high standing in society—and they speak of him in the highest terms, papa says.'

'In that case you might outshine those other ladies and gain the Laurels for a home,' quizzically.

'Oh, mercy! no! I could never do that! blushing, and looking a little confused for a moment.

'Why not? Don't you think you are pretty enough?' with mirth in his deep, rich, resonant voice.

'No, not that. I did not think of that. But then, I'm not very horrid looking, am I?' with a saucy wickery in her manner.

'Oh, no. I think you are quite pretty.' Millie replied that she thought so.

'Well, that settles that point, then. But, do you know that, although I like to be pretty, I don't so much care for a beautiful face as for a beautiful heart?' a shade of thoughtfulness extending her countenance as she moralized, and with a pretty, sweet grace the words fell from her cherry-ripe lips.

'Beauty of the face or form may vanish; but that of the heart never will, and will continue to grow as long as we cultivate it.'

Her companion looked a little puzzled, and blushed for some moments; then she continued: 'I could never marry a handsome man if he were not good, too. Besides, I abhor old bachelors—the reason I could not think of marrying the owner of the Laurels. He must be pretty old now. I was only six when he was here. Oh, my! I would rather marry his gardener or steward, if he were a nice young man, and I loved him.'

'That is strange. Yet I am glad you said that. But do you not think that that would be a misalliance?' questioned her, while just the suspicion of a twinkle lurked in the depths of his dark eyes.

'What is strange? That I would rather marry a nice poor man because he is young and I loved him than a stupid old bachelor for his wealth? Of course it would not be a misalliance if he were worthy.'

'No, not just that. I should have said the countenance is strange; I am the steward of the Laurels.'

'Oh! and she broke out into a low, merry, silvery laugh, while a faint flush overpread her face.

'Then we are to be neighbors,' she remarked, interestedly.

'Yes, I am happy to know.'

'Well, if we are to be neighbors, I suppose we may as well be friends and know each other's names,' suggested she, blithely.

'As you please; I'm sure I should be most happily honored by such an acquaintance. They call me Jack Moses,' she politely replied, with an amused twinkle in his eyes, and a pleased expression overcast his strong, handsome, intelligent face.

'And they call me Madcap Millie; but then I was christened Millicent. My father is Col. Mayhew, of Rock-More Hall,' responded Millie, with a very gracious air, and then continued: 'Now, I suppose we are properly introduced,' drawing her face and form into the apishness of primness, and which her companion could not repress a very broad smile indeed.

Casting a sky glance at him, she caught the amused smile, and compressed her lips in mock staidness.

'For a moment smiles and dimples played at hide-and-seek over her fair, childish face.

The impulse was too strong, and again she broke into rippling, musical laughter, and turning to him, with pretended sternness, she demanded: 'Now, I suppose you see you have spoiled my air of propriety?'

Suddenly, as if a new idea had struck her, she exclaimed: 'Why, Mr. Moses, you must know Mr. Fletcher, and can tell me something about him,' with a pretty, modest eagerness.

'Unfortunately I cannot give you the information desired, Miss Mayhew, having never met the gentleman.'

'And you his steward,' with astonishment in her expression.

'I was engaged through his trusty agent, he quietly replied.

'Now, I thought Millie, I must be a little more decorous or I will disgust him with my boyishness manners.'

For three hours they chatted almost like old friends; and the morning that Millie had expected would drag so heavily had passed very pleasantly indeed, and before she could believe it they were at their destination.

By this time Millie had settled in in her mind that Jack Moses was quite a nice young man; much nicer in fact than the owner of the Laurels possibly could be.

He assisted her in getting off to train. Then, she, leaving Jack to follow at his leisure with the handbags and bundles, rushed across the platform at her brother's arrival, whom she discovered there awaiting her arrival.

'Well, Mad, I see you have as much life as ever. But don't bite off my nose!' protested Aaron, playfully holding her off with one hand, while with the other he vigorously rubbed the spot she had kissed.

'Said Aaron to Moses, he's life off my nose,' quoth Millie, the while pulling her brother in the direction of Jack Moses.

'Come, let me introduce you to our new neighbor—Mr. Jack Moses, the new steward at Laurel Grove. Mr. Moses, my brother.'

Aaron looked surprised, but held out his hand to the gentle, manly-looking steward. They both smiled pleasantly, and apparently favorably impressed with each other, were very soon making some general remarks and explanations incident to the occasion, which ended in a tacit understanding of friendly relations, notwithstanding Mr. Moses was only a steward.

The following day Millie took Rover and ran down to her favorite resort in the grove joining Laurel Grove place, to have a romp free and undisturbed.

But ere she had run and jumped across the little, musical, babbling brook a half dozen times, sometimes leading Rover and sometimes being led by her, a stray company of two or three boys had fallen on the soft grass—knocked down by Rover's awkward playfulness, when she was startled by a merry, rich voice laughing out:

'Miss Mayhew, your escort is not very chivalrous, or he would not be so rude as to knock you down.'

Instantly Millie recognized the voice as that of the steward of Laurel Grove. At first she was a little confused, but soon recovered her wretched composure and talked of the surrounding beauties quite interestedly.

In some way, apparently by accident, they met nearly every pleasant day. Mr. Moses was invited to Laurel Grove Hall by the Colonel and his son, and they sometimes walked over to Laurel Grove place, accompanied by Jack, often spending hours in his company, talking of the proposed changes that were to be made on the grand old place.

One day all pronounced the steward a gentleman of intelligence and culture, quite worthy of their friendships.

Thus a month had passed, when one day Millie inquired of Jack if Mr. Fletcher was coming home at all that summer?

Jack replied that he thought not, as he had communicated to him that he had some very important business at his stopping-place that would require some months to arrange.

A few days thereafter Millie was out for a walk when she ran upon the two young ladies of the train episode, strolling through the grounds of Laurel Grove.

They at once recognized Millie, and their first impulse was to beat a hasty retreat; but after exchanging a few words in an undertone they boldly walked up to her, smilingly addressing her, and entered into a sprightly conversation on the beauties and grandeur of the scenery.

They laughed lightly over their mistake on the occasion of their first meeting, begging Millie, as a special favor, not to mention the ridiculous occurrence to Mr. Fletcher when he should return to the Laurels.

With a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, Millie responded:

'Oh, rest easy about that; I'll not trouble myself to meddle with your aspirations. Besides, if I wished ever so much to do so, I should get awfully tired of waiting in this case.'

'Why so?' inquired Rita, anxiously.

'Don't you know that he is not to honor us with his presence at the Laurels this summer?' with provoking significance in her tone, and a pleased smile.

Rita and Kate looked each other for a moment in perplexity. Then Rita asked, with eagerness in her manner:

'Is that really the truth, Miss Mayhew? How do you know this?'

'I got my information from his steward, the gentleman who was with me on the train that day,' replied Millie, curiously.

Consistent blanching Rita's face, and she emotionally they fled to never again return to that vicinity.

The summer vacation passed quickly with Millie. Life seemed a higher, brighter existence than she ever before had experienced. All nature seemed more beautiful and bright; her soul was thrilled with a new power and an especially delightful sensation of contentment and pure joy.

The time for returning to the Academy was drawing near. It was no longer of any use to try to deceive herself; she loved Jack desirately, and now she could never make a brilliant match. But she didn't care, as she told herself, as one afternoon, she walked along the river banks toward Laurel Grove.

She started, as, near a boat, plunged in deep reflection, she came across Jack Moses. He greeted her warmly, and walked on with her into the willow, and they sat down on the mossy bank of the

babbling brook, she mentally reviewing the situation that so deeply affected her.

A tenderly caressing hand was then a moment laid on her sunny head; then Jack Moses threw himself on the ground, and, with a very gracious air, and then continued: 'Now, I suppose we are properly introduced,' drawing her face and form into the apishness of primness, and which her companion could not repress a very broad smile indeed.

'I don't know why I should change,' she answered, blushing, her voice soft and low, and her eyes drooping.

'Then, Millie,' taking both of her shapely hands in the firm, warm clasp of his strong, arms, and with a thrilling, tender pathos in his richly-sweet, deep voice, 'you would not think me presumptuous for loving you, would you, darling?' he pleadingly asked.

Her bosom heaved; her heart throbbled almost painfully; she raised her dewy eyes to his; again they dropped beneath his ardent gaze. A tremor shook her frame; her hands trembled in his; but no words came from her quivering lips, yet he had his answer.

He poured out his soul in burning, passionate eloquence, and laid his heart at her feet. He took her in his strong arms and pressed her to his heart.

'Oh, my darling! can you give yourself into the keeping of a poor man who would devote his life to your comfort and pleasure—one who loves you better than all else besides on earth? Would you consider it a misalliance to marry me, Millie?'

She wound her arms around his neck and her answer was the seal of her betrothal. He folded her closer within his strong, protecting arms and rained passionate kisses upon her answering lips.

When she had regained her voice she timidly asked:

'Do my parents know, Jack?'

'Yes, darling, they know all, and I long have had their permission to woo and win the heart of the girl I love.'

A happy, contented smile rested on her beautiful face.

'Then loosening his clasp of her little form he continued:

'Now, sweetheart, are you quite sure that you will never regret not having made a brilliant match? Are you quite sure, love?'

'Oh, Jack!' impulsively winding her plump, white arms around his neck, 'I love you! Oh, I love you! how much, I never can tell! I could not loose one heaven of love for all the gorgeous display that Earth's wealth can afford. The wealth of Aaron, whom she discovered there awaiting her arrival, was not the wealth of our love. And you satisfied, Jack, dear?'

'A thousand times yes, my love,' kissing her passionately. 'It is the sweetest knowledge my heart ever possessed, my darling, sweet one. And now, little one, could you forgive me if I have deceived you?'

'A startled look came into her eyes, and her cheeks slightly paled.

'Don't be frightened, Millie, darling. It was my own sweet self that forced me to the deception, else I had no hope of winning you; besides, I wanted to be loved for myself, and not for my wealth.'

'Oh, Jack! and not for my wealth,' she murmured, and a sigh of relief escaped her.

'No, not quite all—I am John Moses Fletcher, of Laurel Grove; that 'stupid old bachelor,' slyly humorous and mildly triumphant.

'You—you, Jack—you, Mr. Fletcher?' continued she, collecting her thoughts, she continued: 'Why, Jack, you said that you were his steward; that you were engaged by his agent, and that you had never met him!' looking questioningly into his eyes, as if to read the truth in their beautifully placed and expressive, dark; liquid depths.

'I am acting as my own steward; I engaged myself, and it is an evident fact that a man cannot meet himself.'

At this explanation, they laughed heartily, and Millie seemed satisfied, as she could not help being with her pure, large heart, overflowing with the joy of perfect, soulful, blissful love.

Her lover accompanied her to her home, where it was arranged that she should return to school for the coming year. Then when the gold and scarlet should deck the stately maples that crowned Rock-More Hall, the owner of Laurel Grove should receive his bride and Millie would accept of the Laurels for her home.

Fencing.

The charm of fencing for beginners is that when you take position before a good swordsman you need not be hopeless of making a point. After a reasonable amount of practice with the foils you are able occasionally to slip through his guard and enjoy the simple vanity of touching the supposed untouchable.

This comes from the perfection of fair play reached after several centuries of minute changes in the positions, weapons, and accoutrements of the masters of fence. No other athletic sport equalizes so closely the powers natural to a man and a woman, a gray-beard and a boy, a Hercules and a consumptive.

'Ladies in the best rank of life fence more and more as they discover its value for health and good looks, instead of leaving it entirely to actresses, who have always used the exercise for learning how to plant and move their feet intelligently. All over Europe the universities foster sword or foil play of one kind or another, and in that nation apart which we call the city of London, a club for fencing has existed these twenty years. The London Fencing Club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and having on its list many peers of the realm, is as aristocratic in its aim as the Fencers Club of New York, of which we will have something to say presently, is democratic. It was founded in 1863 as a club for fencing and gymnastic with a membership of three hundred, and helped to its present quarters by a paternal government. It has two French and three English teachers, and from its nearness to St. James' is of practical use to the officers of the Queen's household troops. On this side of the Atlantic a few large cities have always had professors of the art, but, like unhappy Hulott, of New York, in 1770, seldom has one been able to make a living from lessons in fencing alone. At New Orleans the chances have been better, owing to the large Creole and French population; there often than elsewhere have duels in this century been decided by the sword. One must not forget, moreover, that the German Turn Verein of New York makes something of fencing, and that at West Point and Annapolis it is a branch of study employing a number of instructors, a study which, unfortunately, officers of the army and the navy promptly forget.—Century.

The Pinta was one of the three little vessels with which Columbus set sail for America from Palos, Spain, on the 3d of August, 1492. The Pinta was commanded by famous Spanish navigator, Alonso Pinzon.

How Shot Are Made.

'The mode of making shot came about by accident. Some roofers were repairing a church spire. One of the workmen happened to notice that the solder which fell from his lofty perch was found in tiny globes upon the ground beneath the steeple. From this fact he argued that the roundness of shape must be caused by the effect of the long passage through the air, and the principal of the shot tower was evolved. Till that time all shot was molded. Lead shot, though sometimes made of lead alone, is almost always formed of an alloy of arsenic and lead. The arsenic is introduced in the form of arsenious acid or the sulphuret. The object of the addition of the arsenic is to render the hard, brittle qualities of the lead softer or more ductile, and of the proper consistency to take the globular form. Owing to the rapid decomposition of the arsenic, it is treated by itself in the bottom of the melting kettle. A cover is placed over the substance, and its stem, which rises up through the kettle, is fastened down. The lead is then added above the cover, and when melted the cover is lifted out of the liquid mass, which instantly becomes permeated with the arsenic beneath. The alloy thus produced contains forty-five pounds of arsenic to the ton of lead, and is known as 'temper.' This again is added, in proportion of 1 per cent, to the pure lead, and thus the shot alloy, containing a very small percentage of arsenic, is produced. The temper-pots hold about a ton of metal each. After the shot have reached the bottom of the well they are at once lifted out of an elevator and thrown upon an inclined table over which they slide, falling finally into a wire-gauge rotating cylinder. Then they are rolled and ground together, and in this way the minute burrs upon them are removed. From the cylinder another elevator lifts the shots upon a screening-table. This consists of a series of planes arranged at gradually decreasing heights. Between each two there is an interval. The shot being started at the head of the highest plane will be jerked, roll from one plane to another, jumping over the intermediate spaces. If imperfect, however, it tumbles and goes back to the melting kettle. The good shot, after passing this ordeal, reach the separators. It should be explained that there are usually several tables, each being devoted to a different size of shot. The little leaden globes are next elevated to the top cylinder of a series, arranged on an incline. They are coated in form, and covered with perforated sheet brass. Each cylinder serves as a sieve for a particular size of shot, retaining and allowing all smaller sizes to escape. The shifting goes on until each cylinder has picked out the particular class of shot to which it is adapted. The sizes of shot are standard. The smallest is known as 'dust,' and then comes 'No. 12,' which is .05 inch in diameter, 2,338 shot going to the ounce. The sizes then increase by one-hundredths of an inch up to twenty-three hundredths, of which there are twenty-four shot to the ounce. The shot being assorted, polishing alone remains to be done. This is accomplished by placing the shot, together with plumago, in a box, which is rapidly rotated. The glossy black smoothness is thus imparted. The shot are then weighed, bagged and ready for sale.'

Practically a man should sleep till he is refreshed. The mistake many persons make is in attempting to govern what must be a matter of instinct by volitional control. When we are weary we ought to sleep, and when we wake we should get up. There are no more vicious habits than adopting measures to "keeping awake," or employing artificial, or still worse, resorting to drugs and other devices to induce or prolong sleep. Dozing is the very demoralization of the sleep function, and from this pernicious habit arises much of the so-called sleeplessness—more accurately wakefulness—from which multitudes suffer. That day is not the time for sleep is evident upon the face of the fact that nature has provided the night, wherein no man can or ought to work. The difficulties about sleep and sleeplessness—apart from dreams—are almost uniformly fruits of perverse refusal to conform to the laws of nature. Take, for example, the case of a man who cannot sleep at night, or rather who, having fallen asleep, awakes. If he is what is called strong-minded, he thinks, or perhaps reads, and falls asleep again. This being repeated, lays the foundation of a habit of waking in the night and thinking or reading to induce sleep. Before long the thinking or reading fails to induce sleep, and the habitual sleeplessness occurs, for which remedies are sought and mischief is done. If the wakeful man would only rouse himself on waking, and get up and do a full day's work, of any sort, and not daze during the day, when the next or twenty hours' wakefulness would be rewarded by a sleep of nine or ten hours in length; and one or two of these manifold struggles against a perverted tendency to abnormal habit would rectify the error and avert the calamity. The cure to sleeplessness must be natural, because sleep is a state of natural rhythmical function. You can not tamper with the striking movement of a clock without injuring it, and you can not tamper with orderly recurrence of sleep without impairing the constitution of things on which the orderly performance of that function depends.—The Lancet.

Most people want to live. When the hills of life oppress them they think of the rest of the grave with a feeling akin to longing, but are like the man who was carrying a heavy load of sticks, and much worried called upon Death to relieve him. Death came, with his scythe, and stood ready to receive orders from the poor fellow. But when he saw his wish about to be gratified he shrank in terror, and life looked fairer to him. "I only called you to help me up with my bundle of sticks again," he said to Death. And shouldering his burden he was glad to pursue his way once more.

The people of Southern Indiana perhaps remember a woman who made the confession before all the world once at a camp-meeting that she was happy enough to die.

The preacher, after a thrilling exhortation, called upon all who were perfectly happy to rise. Everybody got up. Then he said: "All who love the Lord, are perfectly happy and want to die and go to Heaven remain standing. The rest may sit down."

A gaunt creature, with hollow eyes, and closely wrapped in a faded shawl, remained alone of all the congregation. She was the exhorter's fifth wife.—Detroit Free Press.

He who commands himself, commands the world, too; and the more authority you have over others, the more command you must have over yourself.

A Famous Dresser.

Hannah Leone's history has never been told, and as it gives an interesting page in theatrical history it is worth relating. Hannah many years ago married a worthless fellow named Leone, and after enduring with him for a few years she finally left him and accepted the position of dresser to Adolphe Neilsen. Hannah is a short, humpbacked woman, but she has pleasing features and some call her pretty. From the time she first accepted the position with Neilsen, up to the time that talented actress' sad death, Hannah performed her duties without ever making a mistake. Her duties as a dresser consisted in packing and unpacking her mistress' wardrobe and in dressing Neilsen for the stage. As Hannah was obliged to know where every article was and at a minute's notice to be able to place her hand upon it, it may be seen that her duties were not only onerous, but that they also required a great deal of headwork to successfully perform.

Hannah exercised some strange occult influence over Neilsen, and it is said that that most beautiful but most wayward woman feared and loved no one but her, and that one look from Hannah's clear eyes had more influence over her than the prayers and entreaties of a hundred friends. Certain it is that Neilsen loved the quiet little woman, for after her (Neilsen's) will was read it was found that she had bequeathed to Hannah Leone the most beautiful and valuable set of jewels of her priceless collection.

After Neilsen's sad death in Paris Hannah returned to this country and for some time remained in privacy, but in 1882 or 1883 she became Modjeska's dresser, and was with the latter until last fall.

Modjeska, like other great actresses, has her pet superstitions. First among them is that if she goes on the stage at the first production of a new piece without rubbing her hand over a humpbacked person's back the play will be a dismal failure. Hannah, on account of her hump, was invaluable to Modjeska, but, owing to some disagreement, she was finally discharged.

The production of "Daniela" in New York a short time since, after everything was ready, Modjeska refused to allow the piece to go on unless she could rub her hand over a humpbacked person's back. The stage manager was in agony until he happened to spy a humpbacked man in the audience. The manager quickly had him called upon the stage, and after Modjeska had daintily caressed his hump with the tips of her fingers she consented to make her entrance upon the stage, and the play moved smoothly on.

Hannah Leone is a finely educated woman, speaking three or four different languages, and it is owing alone to the great love she bore Neilsen that she has never risen to a higher place in the world. She is living at present in New York, quietly, on one of the up-town streets. She has had many offers from great actresses to enter their service, but has not considered any of them favorably.—New York Star.

The Tobacco and Other Habits.

All authorities agree that its use is injurious to the young, but the wisest differ in the views as to the effects upon adults if used in moderation. A glutton can gorge himself to the verge of stupefaction with the most wholesome food, but that is no evidence that food is injurious. And if this zealous young teacher will but use the eyes that are given her and a little of the good sense with which she is endowed she can easily ascertain the fact that the average man, though addicted to the tobacco habit, is a far more robust and a healthier creature than the average man who never touches it. All the tobacco that has been consumed by mankind since Sir Walter Raleigh's court of good Queen Bess with its times has not caused as many deaths as tight lacing and other imprudences in dress among the fair sex, nor has it occasioned one-half the misery upon the children of its devotees. If this teacher is tired of the monotony of instructing the young idea how to shoot in the old-fashioned way and wishes to vary her methods of teaching by posing as a reformer, let the rambler whisper in her ear that she will be just as likely to win success and fame by preaching against tight corsets, disfiguring bustles and French heels, as she will by catechizing her pupils regarding the tobacco habits of their fathers. In either case she will reap her labor for her pains and in 2 no time win the proud consciousness of having made a fool of herself, while very probably in a fit of humiliation she will end her school labors by marrying some nice young man who possesses a splendid collection of finely colored moor-schaums and sparks her on the front stoop amid a cloud of smoke from a fragrant Havana, to which she emphatically avers she "hasn't the least objection." In fact, she rather likes it—with the accompaniment.—Manchester Union.

Terms Cash.

"No use!" called the Greenfield farmer to the young man who was tramping across his farm with a gun on his shoulder.

"Hey! Speak to me?"

"Yes, I said it was no use coming around here any more. The old cat is dead."

"I didn't want your cat."

"Oh, then you know a cat from a rabbit? Sense my mistake, but I look you fur one o' them Detroit fellers. You can go ahead, but every time you shoot at one of my calves for a bar it will cost you \$5 and you'll see a sign of 'No Trust' nailed on the barn."—Detroit Free Press.

A MIDLAND COUNTY paper, in giving an account of a funeral of a little boy, who was killed by being run over by a railway train, says, "The funeral ceremonies were solemn and impressive, and well calculated to warn children of the danger of playing near railways."

KING JOHN of England signed the great Magna Charta on June 15, 1215, at Runnymede.

Six hundred and four B. C. dates the accession of Nebuchadnezzar.

Brother Gardner on a Dead Member.

"It am my painful duty to inform dis club dat Brudder Arbusus Jenkins has passed from nirth away," said Brother Gardner when the triangle had ceased to toll. "He was an honorary member of dis club, livin' in the State of North Carolina, an' he was only 15 cents behind on his dues. It kin not be said o' Arbusus dat he was either a statesman, poet, philosopher, philanthropist, or scholar. He was simply an everyday man, who did not shrink endwise when he got wot."

"As a citizen of de United States he did not go braggin' 'round about our best do greatest nashun on airth, but he had a hickory club laid away fur his own country which might knock de chip off our shoulder."

"As an elector he wot de de polls ebory time dar was a chance to vote, an' sometimes when deir wasn't, an' if he split his ticket it was because he was deeply interested in de matter of honest gov'ment."

"As a laborer he was worthy of his hire. When he wasn't workin' he was thinkin' fur de benefit of his boss. If de boss didn't know dis it was his own fault."

"As a neighbor, he never borrowed coffee an' sugar w'out makin' a mark on de tin cup, so he could return good measure."

"As a member of de community in which he dwelt he upheld de law in de daytime and stole watermelons under kiver of darkness, thereby settin' a good example fur do young."

"As a church member he prayed soft an' low, an' he was half a line behind all de rest in de singin'." In case he happened to be catched wid a hum he happened to somebody else no reflections could be cast on de church.

"As a husband he bossed de cabin, an' as a father he bring his children up to fear de law an' respect de age."

"We shall hang de usual emblem of mourning on de outer door, an' we shall feel a bit sorry dat a fair to medium man has passed away. Dat will be all. We shan't pass no resolutions to send to his wife, who knowed him better dan anybody else, nor will we claim dat our heartful sympathies go out fur de children, who am probably no better dan anybody else. It am 'triff fur us dat we kin say Arbusus was up to de average, an' dat death could have tooker a wusser man an' not half 'triff."

—Detroit Free Press.

Ingham County Democrat

North Aurelius.

Our popular townsman, F. W. Bullen, has accepted a position in a bank at Appleton, Kansas. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hall started for Kansas last Monday evening. We wish them success.—Job T. Campbell of Leslie, will tell us about "American Celebrity" next Friday evening.—A special series of meetings will be commenced at the church next Monday evening.

East Aurelius.

The lecture at the U. B. church last Saturday night was largely attended.—Jacob Stoffer and wife of Alhendon, were the guests of his brother, Joseph, over Sunday.—John Edgar expects to go to Traverse City, where he will work by the month the coming season. He will start about the 15th of March and is to get \$21 a month. The quarterly meeting of the U. B. society will be held March 20th. Rev. B. Hamp, presiding elder.

West Alhendon.

FEBRUARY 22, 1887. Mrs. Andrew Thorburn is very sick.—E. J. Moore went to Lyons yesterday to witness the flood.—Mrs. Chas. Rossiter is seriously afflicted with consumption.—Charles Poler has secured the services of Chas. Kohl for the coming season at \$20 a month.—The West Alhendon debating club will hereafter hold their meetings on Monday evening of each week instead of Thursday. There will be no debate next Monday evening, the society having secured the services of J. M. Dresser to deliver a lecture on that evening. Don.

Meridian.

FEBRUARY 21, 1887. Roads very rough at present.—The West-boys will have a donation for Bro. Day at Chas. Cook's, Wednesday evening of this week. All come.—Mrs. Williams slipped and fell, breaking her arm a few days ago, but is improving.—Jacob Cole is suffering with inflammation of the eyes, so that he has to be kept in a dark room all the time.—Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Wade of Indiana, are here visiting parents and other relatives.—Everybody is complaining of bad colds or distemper.—The continued rain has done much damage throughout the country. Star.

Alhendon and Wheatfield Line.

Nellie, daughter of E. Blanchard, is sick with diphtheria.—J. M. Dresser of Mason, has sold the L. J. Irish farm to Frank Hammond.—Owing to the rain but a small audience listened to James I. Mead last Thursday evening at the DuBois school house. Capt. Cahill of Lansing, will speak March 3d. Subject: "Federal Government." This will be one of the best lectures of the course and you will miss a treat if you fail to hear it.—Preparations are being made for an exhibition, to be held at the DuBois school house March 4th and 5th.—"Uncle Jake" and "Aunt Lizzie" DuBois are in quite feeble health yet.—G. J. Price is getting the material on the ground to build an addition to his barn. C.

Webberville.

S. Anbaugh has just got a pension of eight dollars a month, which dates back almost two years.—George Fisher is going on the road to sell fruit trees.—Dart & Hatch have over 350,000 feet of logs at the saw mill here and have a mill in the woods that will have all they can saw for a year.—Mrs. Sweet of Wyman, is visiting here.—Mrs. S. Weaver was very sick for a few days last week but is better now.—Some of John Bohmet's family have been sick all winter.—H. Spencer is buying stock. He exhibited a cow on the streets that was very fat, weighing over 1,400 pounds. Harry is a square dealer.—Corporation election next Tuesday.—The salvation army draws a full house.—Mr. Feller talks of going to Arkansas to engage in the slave business.—Mr. Coulson of Stockbridge, talks of putting in a restaurant and livery stable here.

Eden.

FEBRUARY 21, 1887. Aunt Phebe Holcomb was taken suddenly and violently ill last Thursday evening, but at this writing her condition is very much improved.—A young son of Menzo Chy is prostrated with diphtheria.—Mrs. Horace Stratton, an old and highly esteemed lady, who has been confined to her bed for more than a year, is gradually failing.—A young lady vocalist, weighing nearly 12 pounds, is a new and permanent fixture at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l Tomlinson, she arrived Feb. 12.—Will Crocker and Will Holcomb will follow the lakes the coming summer. Mr. Holcomb will go with Fred Morgan of Leslie, and Crocker will sail with Capt. Norman Miner.—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sanders made a three days visit among friends in Jackson last week.—The last of the series of club dances at Eden was held last Wednesday evening. Socially and financially the parties have been a success.

Island Corners.

[Too late for last week.—Ed.] FEBRUARY 14, 1887. Jake and Lewis Biebesheimer have gone to Ohio.—H. D. Box sold, this week, to Frank Watson, 20 ewes for \$80.—Law Hulet was badly bitten in the face by a horse last week.—Mrs. Brevoort went to Ohio last Thursday.—Miss Kate Black will teach at the "Island" this summer.—Mrs. Demorest of Greenville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Hulet.—J. A. Allen has rented his farm to a gentleman from Ohio for two years, for \$400 a year. He will soon have a sale of personal property.—The Baptist society of Homeworkeers met at Mrs. Caroline Hulet's last Wednesday, to organize for the present year. Mrs. Kent was chosen president, Mrs. Briggs vice-president, Mrs. Armstrong secretary, and Mrs. C. L. Hulet treasurer.—Miss Lois Allen will teach the young idea at the Bennett this summer.—Jesse Hulet passed a few days last week with relatives at Greenville.—Wilbur and Jay Box are on the sick list.—Miss Mamie Wright is recovering from an attack of diphtheria.

Danville.

FEBRUARY 23, 1887. A. J. Miller, who has been sick for the past two weeks, is some better.—A. Scott, who has been in Detroit the past two weeks, having a cancer removed from his lip, came

home on Tuesday.—Fred Pulling has sold his meat market to Addison Densmore. This assures us of good meat and fair prices.—A. J. Miller has received notice of restoration of pension.—Mrs. U. Aseltine and Mrs. McKnight are on the sick list.—J. A. Richards, while going down cellar with a tub, fell in such a manner as to demolish the tub and injure himself so he is confined to the house.—Neely Wade has traded his house and lot to E. Nichols for his farm, three miles south of here.—There will be a donation at the Union Hotel hall, Friday evening, March 4th, for the benefit of Rev. Wm. Cape. All are cordially invited.—Fred Pulling and Wm. Hall are going to Chousuung to open a first class meat market.—The Baptist Ladies' Aid Society will give a social at the residence of Wm. H. Howlett, Tuesday evening, March 1st. All are invited. There will be a conveyance for those wishing to go.—Claude West goes to Jackson to day to visit friends and relatives.—The dance at Union Hall last evening was well attended.—Lawyer Lehman of Chelsea, is in town on business.—The services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening will be a general temperance meeting to which all are invited. Morning subject: "The necessity of supporting the constitutional amendment as given to the people of the state of Michigan by the legislature." Evening subject: "What effect will the adoption of this act have on the people and the government." Nonovy.

For an impoverished condition of the blood and loss of vitality, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Aurelius.

FEBRUARY 21, 1887. Mr. John Hemans recently slipped and fell, while catching a hog for butchering, striking his face on a sharp stone, and bruising it in a terrible manner. No bones were broken. Dr. Swartwout dressed the wound.—Donation at I. O. G. T. hall on Thursday evening, for the benefit of Rev. R. A. McConnell; supper 75c per couple. All are cordially invited.—About 25 relatives of Mrs. Nelson Isham met by previous arrangement and all agree that it was a good time, never to be forgotten. Mary had her table filled with good things and could have fed as many more; she knows how to entertain company.—The M. E. quarterly meeting Sunday and Monday; a large turn out. Meetings will continue every evening this week.—Mrs. Mimi Woodley is in a very critical condition, not very much hope being entertained for her recovery.—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rider are visiting relatives in Jackson this week.—Miss Livona Dolbee returned home last week from Ohio, and says: "Mad is first, last and all the time out there."—A son at Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Woodley's.—Now a word to farmers: If your hogs are sick, give them salutaris; and to prevent them from being sick, give them plenty of ashes.

Fitchburg.

The uniforms for the band have arrived and the boys look too nice for anything in them.—B. M. Gaylord has completed the job of mupering the church and we must give him much credit and praise for his work; he will also paper the South church and also the W. N. church.—Mrs. Dunham of Flint, is visiting her son, S. W. Dunham.—Mamie is making it warm for her saloons by way of a Good Templars' lodge which numbers 86 members and is still increasing.—A. O. Miller, a cancer doctor, is trying his skill on Mr. Hines' face.—The recent storms raised the Calhoun to a raging torrent and property along its banks was in serious danger, but the storm ceased, the waters subsided and all is again safe.—Mrs. Susan Menahan died on Wednesday, Feb. 16, at the residence of the late John D. Bachelor, after an illness of only a few hours. Mrs. Menahan was a sister of Mr. Bachelor, was 84 years of age, a member of the M. E. church, and believed by all to be a true christian; her remains were laid to rest in the brick school house cemetery.—Maud R. DeCamp, daughter of N. DeCamp, aged 12 years, has just completed a quilt with 1,239 pieces. Now bring on your 12-year-old girls and beat that if you can.

Alhendon and Vexay.

Uncle Jacob DuBois is on the sick list.—Mrs. N. B. Parker was no better at last reports.—Three children in the Guy Blanchard family are sick with diphtheria.—School has been resumed in the Cadiz district, where diphtheria was reported last week.—Mrs. Lee Hantley of Alhendon, has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. L. P. May of New Baldwinsville, Mich.—Wilton Hantley of St. Johns, is visiting friends and relatives here. It will be remembered that Mr. H. was formerly a thorough farmer in Alhendon, but on account of poor health was obliged to leave the farm, and is now running one of the finest farms in central Michigan.—The readers of the Democrat will remember that not long since it was reported that L. D. and Lovell Irish would make Arkansas their future home. These gentlemen have just returned from that state and like many others who go abroad to seek their fortunes, come back with a better opinion than ever for good old Michigan.—During the winter the DuBois Literary Society has had a fine course of lectures; they have also purchased a new organ, to be used in all public meetings, etc., held in the school house; and now the teacher and members of the society propose to close the winter term of school with a two nights exhibition, the proceeds of which will go towards paying for the organ. The principal feature of the exhibition will be a drama, entitled "Fruits of the Wine Cup," and the comical Irish musical farce, "The Hash Brigade." Good music will be in attendance. The date is set for Friday and Saturday evenings, March 4 and 5. Uno.

Liverpool to Bombay.

Our good ship, Arabia, of Anchor Line, left the former city Dec. 12, at 6 a. m., and arrived in Bombay Jan. 11, at 6 a. m. While four weeks seems like a "life on the ocean wave," still, until recently, four and six months were spent in reaching India. Dr. Johnson evidently had such a trip in contemplation when he defined a sea voyage as "voluntary banishment, with a chance of being drowned." I would advise all travelers who can afford it to take the P. & O. Steamship Company's (of London) line. They carry the mails and make the trip in 19 days, taking you about half the way by water. There were 37 passengers on our ship (all cabin) for there was provision for none else. Of this number seventeen were missionaries, three were military men and bigoted subjects of King

1-4 OFF! FOR CASH!

Beginning Saturday, Feb. 5th, and Ending Monday, Feb. 28th At 10:30 O'CLOCK P. M.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING!

For Men, Boys and Children. One Thousand Suits of Clothes, 500 Overcoats, Hats, Caps, Gloves and Mittens, Buffalo and Wolf Robes, Horse Blankets, ALL 1-4 OFF. DO NOT MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY. L. C. WEBB, the Live Clothier of Mason.

Alcohol. Some civil servants and others described in Mr. Cleveland's phrase, "innocuous desuetude." But you can study humanity everywhere, hence let us turn to geography. At 2 a. m., Dec. 19, our ship cast anchor at Gibraltar, and when morning came we rejoiced that 1,260 miles lay between us and Liverpool and looked out with great pleasure upon the pillars of Hercules. Breakfast eaten, we concluded to go ashore and attend church if possible. So closing up every place where coal dust could enter we took a small boat and soon stood on terra firma. The solid ground never seemed more enjoyable, for our passage through the Bay of Biscay was indeed scarily men and rough.

Gibraltar is a barren rock (although I saw oranges growing there) somewhat pyramidal in shape and accessible only at two sides. Since it is the gateway to the Mediterranean and the strongest fortress in the world, Britain holds it fast with a garrison of 6,000 men and supplies for 9 years. We walked from the dock into a crowded market—for these Spaniards evidently despise the 4th commandment—(hence through a subterranean gallery excavated by the English convicts of the last century, and looked at the great guns in the ever present port holes and tried to imagine what would become of the ships in the harbor if these monsters should play on them. There are several tiers of these great internal galleries encircling the rock. The inhabitants of Gibraltar are not promised protection in case of war but may be ordered off at any moment. The English also limit the number of houses that can be built here. At 4 p. m., the ship was full of coal, the anchor lifted and we steamed out for a sail of 1899 miles on the historic Mediterranean. She treated us better than our immortal pioneer Paul, for, with the exception of the time spent passing south of the Gulf of Lyons, the sea and weather were as beautiful as heart could wish. We looked with interest on Malta and thought of its place in secular and sacred history; caught a glimpse of Sicily and sailed all day Christmas south of Crete. At 11 a. m., of Dec. 27, our ship anchored in Port Said and the work of coaling was again commenced. Here we looked at heathen civilization for the first time. Here were boys almost in their "born clothes" diving 30 feet or more into the water to bring up the cans we threw into the deep. Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, etc., etc., to the deck of the checked chapter, huddle, fester, reek and rot together in this Egyptian maze of paltry. I could fill your waste basket describing the two and a half hours we spent here, every moment of which was a surprise. The Indies of our party grew ecstatic over the superb Maltese lace sold at such beggarly low prices and many times did our pocketbooks groan during the lace excitement. At 4 p. m., we entered the famous Suez canal, cut by the French about twenty years ago, between the Mediterranean and Red seas. The canal is 90 miles long and 100 feet wide, and 25 feet deep in the middle. The Suez Co. charge two dollars and a half for every passenger carried through the canal and the same price for every ton of the ship's cargo. Our bill was about six thousand dollars. I understand that the company pay 13 per cent on the whole of their stock. The original company were nearly all French, but during the premiership of the diplomatic Disraeli, England secured here, as in many places, "the lion's share." It took us nearly two days to pass through the canal. There are three reasons for this slow pace: (1) No large ship is allowed to travel faster than 5 miles per hour through the canal. It would be dangerous to try to round the curves at a faster rate, besides the current would wash away much of the banks. As it is, constant dredging is necessary to keep the canal navigable. (2) No ship is allowed to sail at night. This is the rule, but some companies give bonds assuming all damages and run during the bright moonlight or by the aid of their own electric lights. (3) There are telegraph stations at every 5 miles, and your ship must sidetrack at one of these if there is an approaching ship within 5 miles. Over such a highway the delay is sometimes oppressive. The canal is cut through a trackless desert. Far as the eye can look, on either side, no green thing is visible, save at the telegraph stations. Why here? Because fresh water is conducted thither from the Nile. The desert is barren because salt. But the journey of the canal was far from uninteresting. The mirage, the caravans over the historic paths from Jerusalem to Egypt, along which credible tradition says the infant Messiah was borne; the different routes assigned by scholars to the march of the Jews; Mosques, the R. R. with its express train running from Suez to Alexandria, etc., etc., were some of the objects that beguiled the tedium of travel.

On Dec. 29th, at 2 p. m., we sailed past the city of Suez and commenced our journey of 1,308 miles on the Red sea. This was a very pleasant voyage, although part of it was a little too hot for comfort. The Red sea and Persian gulf are the hottest waters on the globe. I slept on deck the

first night of this year under our canvas canopy and lately relished every whiff of fresh air. We were favored with a head wind all through but the sun was warmer than Michigan ever saw. It is almost impossible to cross the sea in summer. Sometimes ships have to turn around and face the wind in order to avoid suffocation. Let your frozen readers by red hot stores think on these things. Our next milestone is Perine, the gateway to the Arabian sea, as Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean. We sailed past this barren rock Jan. 3d, while every Englishman on board repeated the story of its capture by ubiquitous Britain. The story has not yet passed into history and I will record it. When the Suez canal was opened the French saw the importance of laying hold of all forts leading to it. To affect this a French man of war was sent out with sealed orders and commanded not to break the seal until they anchored at Aden, about 60 miles from Perine. The English garrison anxious to divine the mission of the French, made a great feast, liberally supplied with wine and invited the French officers on shore to partake. Wine in, sense and secrets out. The whole mission is explained. The cunning English commander dispatched a ship to Perine and when the French reached there the next day the English flag was floating over Perine! The chagrined French afterwards anchored on the other side of the bay and built a great stronghold on a cape of Babel Mandeb in full sight of Perine. But the Arabs came down and murdered every one of them and the unoccupied fortress stands to-day on one side of the bay and the English flag, etc., on the other, and the history points another prohibition argument? At 10 a. m., Jan. 4, we passed Aden, entered the Arabian sea and our last milestone was now passed and only 1,064 miles separated us from the coral strands of India. We crossed this sea in seven beautiful days, looked with interest on flying fishes and the southern cross, and on Jan. 11, we dropped anchor in Bombay and hale, happy and hopeful, and grateful to the Good Ruler of the Universe who had brought us in safety to the "climes of the sun," we went ashore. As ever yours, F. L. McGov.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, letter, 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 H. M. Williams. A Gift For All. In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from coughs, colds, consumption, asthma, bronchitis, or any affection of the throat, chest or lungs, are especially requested to call at H. M. Williams' drug store and get a trial bottle free, large bottles, \$1.00.

Renews her Youth. Mrs. Phebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, and have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c at Williams' drug store.

Decker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it. Sold by H. M. Williams and O. W. Halstead.

Probate Order. ESTATE OF LYMAN SOULE, DECEASED. State of Michigan, county of Ingham, ss. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Mason, on the 14th day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, Q. A. Smith, Judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of Lyman Soule, late of Auburn, Cayuga county, New York, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Charles G. Briggs, Charles F. Dutton and Howard Soule praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be a duly authenticated copy of the last will and testament and codicils thereto of said deceased, may be admitted to probate in this court, and the execution thereof granted to James A. Parkinson of Jackson, Mich.; thereupon it is ordered, that the 15th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the probate office, in the city of Mason, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted; and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the INGHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. Q. A. SMITH, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) 7w1

WE WILL PAY The Following Prices IN CASH

FOR LIVE POULTRY Delivered at our Poultry House: TURKEYS, 6 Cents; DUCKS, 7 Cents; CHICKENS, 6 Cents; FOWLS, 5 Cents.

BEECHER BROS. MASON, MICH.

A NEW HARDWARE



This is to notify the people of Mason and vicinity that there is a Brand New Hardware Store started in Mason, one door east of Webb's shoe store, where, in addition to the Hardware, may be found the Celebrated Jewitt Stoves and Ranges. Tin Shop in Connection. C. G. PARKHURST.

A FEW OF THE GOODS The Trade are Looking For.

Canned Goods are Growing in Popularity Every Day.

- California Muscot Grapes, California Bartlett Pears, California Yellow Peaches, California Apricots, California Egg Plums, Curtis Bros.' Pine Apples, Curtis Bros.' Red Raspberries, Curtis Bros.' Pitted Cherries, Curtis Bros.' Tomatoes, Curtis Bros.' Strawberries, Baltimore Yellow Peaches, Baltimore Pie Peaches, Baltimore Tomatoes, Two Kinds of Corn, Three Kinds of Peas, Lima Beans, String Beans, Preserved Figs, Pickled Olives, Canned Salmon, Cooked Canned Beef, Cross & Blackwell Pickles, Solid Dressing, Home-made Catsup, DeLand's Baking Powder, Royal Baking Powder, Prize Baking Power, Oysters, the Best in the City, All these and a few others at

HOWARD & SON'S.