

Ingham Co. Democrat.

MASON, MICH.

D. P. WHITMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS

THE WIDE WORLD.

A Catalogue of the Week's Important Occurrences Concisely Summarized.

Intelligence by Electric Wire from Every Quarter of the Civilized World.

THE VERY LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

STANLEY HEARD FROM.

Tippecanoe Men Deliver Letters Dated Stanley Falls, Aug. 23.

A Zambiar dispatch says: Letters dated Stanley Falls, Aug. 23, have been delivered here by Tippecanoe men.

The West African Telegraph Company has received the following dispatch from St. Thomas, dated Friday, 2 p. m.:

In the Stanley Falls advices it is stated that Stanley wrote that Emin was in possession of vast stores of ivory and many oxen, and that he has abundance of food.

A Cincinnati special, dated the 23d inst., says: Fire broke out at 12 o'clock to-night on the sixth floor of the building on the southeast corner of Court and Elm streets, occupied by L. A. Strobel & Co.

A malicious falsehood. The only foundation for the sensational story of the plot being laid to take Gen. Harrison's life telegraphed to the New York Herald appears to be the fact that he spent a night in the country with a friend just before election.

Shot Through Eight Inches of Steel. An important experiment was had at the navy proving grounds, Annapolis, Md.

They Turned Up All Right. Montreal special: The information comes from Bucherville that all of the farmers supposed to have been lost on their river there in the late blizzard have turned up all right.

A Bad Place to Fall. Thomas Keenan, of Zanesville, O., a conductor on the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus train No. 38 was standing on the platform talking to the brakeman after his train had passed Dresden Junction, when he fell in a fainting fit under the cars and was cut to pieces.

Burned to Death. At Indianapolis, while Mrs. Staff, a colored woman, was away from home, the house caught fire. Her two children, aged 3 and 5 years, were burned to death before assistance could be rendered.

Boiler Explosion. A boiler exploded in a spoke factory at North Vernon, Ohio, fatally scalding eight men. One of the number was James Lett. Particulars of the accident are very meager.

Hopkins Pardoned. Benjamin E. Hopkins, cashier of the wrecked Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati, has been pardoned by the President.

EASTERN OCCURRENCES.

JOHN WEISMAN, aged 25, who was romantically married six months ago to a Pennsylvania girl in answer to an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, was found dead at his home in Shelburne, Mass., with a bullet-hole in his heart and a pool of blood beside him.

CHARLES O'BRIEN, a saloon keeper at Williams' Bridge, New York City, was found unconscious in the street and died soon after. It is thought he was murdered.

JOHN MYERS DOREMUS, who murdered his son Jacob, June 7 last, was hanged at Hackensack, N. J. Doremus killed his son with a carving knife because the latter remonstrated with him for abusing his mother.

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A MILK train on the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad encountered a cyclone near Newford, Md., on July 23. As the train was passing a large tree was torn up by the roots and went crashing down upon the cars, breaking through the roof of the baggage car and ripping off the top of the passenger coach.

THE old Doly tavern on Blue Hill road, in Canton, Mass., has been destroyed by fire. The building was a noted stopping place in revolutionary times.

WESTERN HAPPENINGS.

A SPECIAL from Santa Ana, Cal., says that William Bartley, aged 76 years, with his wife, aged 80, his adopted daughter, aged 23, and the wife of David J. Bartley, aged 43 years, all residents of El Modena, started for that city, when crossing the Santa Fe tracks near the outskirts of the city, the wagon was struck by an approaching train, and all the occupants killed, one of the women being thrown twenty feet in the air.

NEAR Springfield, Mo., an attempt was made to wreck the Texas express train on the St. Louis and San Francisco Road, but a wild engine was the sufferer, and the 200 passengers on the express train were saved by the heroism of the fireman of the wrecked locomotive, who, though suffering from a broken ankle, dragged himself a mile and flagged the train.

AT Hawk Creek, Montana, C. V. Strong killed William Hous, a stockman, who had on various occasions threatened to murder Strong.

EUGENE BARTLETT has lived for five years near Bross, Kingman County, Kansas, with his two daughters and young son. He took with him from Kentucky an old servant, a negro woman, known as "Good Old Rebecca." The servant became impressed with the idea that she was being "hoodooed" by the daughter, Jennie, about twenty years old, and told the young lady that she must quit her work or be hanged.

THE Indiana Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion was instituted at Indianapolis by ex-President Hayes and a number of dignitaries of the organization.

NEAR Avoon, Iowa, Joseph Hall, a young man in the employ of John Kelly, a rich bachelor, heard a noise in the barn at night and went out to investigate it. He was found later unconscious on the barn floor, his head battered in by a heavy bar, and died next day.

THE Hon. Findlay Decker, Register of the Treasury of the United States from 1852 to 1860, died at Nashville, Ind., aged 82.

HENRY KOLLAM, of Loson, Minn., was driving Misses Cora and Olive Wilcox to their brother's house, when a sudden lurch of the buggy threw Miss Olive and Mr. Kollam out, he falling beneath the horse's feet and being kicked to one side of the road.

FANNY JONES, colored, is under arrest at Westminster, Md., charged with killing a 4-year-old child by inhuman treatment. The child had been left with her by its mother to be taken care of, and she tortured it to death.

SOUTHERN INCIDENTS.

THE latest version of the affray at Wabash, Miss., in which the blacks fired upon a posse of whites, is that Constable Seth Cobb was endeavoring at the time of the shooting to serve upon George Maury, colored, a warrant sworn out for the arrest of Maury by Tom Nicholson.

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M. H. Maury. The wounded are: William Vaughn, John W. Dew, J. T. Maury, G. T. Nicholson, William Haro and J. G. Thomas. Nathan and Maury were killed. The negroes fled to the mountains, and are about two hundred strong and well armed.

W. W. SMITH, a Justice of the Arkansas Supreme Court, died at Little Rock.

COLONEL J. HANSON THOMAS, Treasurer of the Florida Railway and Navigation Company, who served with distinction on General Lovin's staff during the war, died at Jacksonville, Fla.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

THE railroad miners of Western Pennsylvania, at a delegate convention representing 9,000 miners, held at Pittsburgh, decided to join the Miners' National Progressive Union.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

THE funeral of Prince Alexander of Hesse took place at Darmstadt.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has voted to expend \$17,000,000 in military and railway improvements.

THE police have discovered an extensive forgery business in London, and have made many seizures of fictitious £5 Bank of England notes.

MME. DI MURSKA is dangerously ill at Munich.

MURSKA is secretly constructing three submarine boats. Three new cruisers, one of 9,000 and two others of 6,000 tons each, are about to be commenced.

IN the French Senate, during the debate on the budget, M. Challemel-Lacour said the present was not the moment to consider French finances, but the future of France. The main cause of existing evils, he declared, was radicalism.

DISPATCHES from Sakun give the details of a combined attack upon the rebel position by the British and Egyptian forces.

THE Liberal Committee of Utah has issued the following address to the country:

THE Liberal Territorial Convention, consisting of Republicans and Democrats alike, desires to call the attention of the country to the fact that the duties of Utah are being neglected.

FRESH AND NEWSY.

DURING a severe storm that struck Montreal and raged all one day and night, the wind blew at times fifty miles an hour, causing many accidents.

THE recent snowstorm in New Brunswick was the severest for years. At Moncton more than a dozen trains were held because of the black-ice north of Campbellton.

MARKET REPORTS.

Table with market reports for Chicago, including prices for various commodities like wheat, corn, and sugar.

Table with market reports for St. Louis, including prices for various commodities like wheat, corn, and sugar.

Table with market reports for Indianapolis, including prices for various commodities like wheat, corn, and sugar.

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CARROLL'S LAST ATTEST

COPY OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE MADE IN 1836.

It Was Attested by Charles Carroll of Carrollton—An Interesting Paper Found in Utah Gathers Oppose Statehood—One of the Old Defenders.

An interesting historical document has been unearthed in the library of this city. It is an engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence in vellum, bound in folio form, and attested by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, then the only surviving signer of the original document.

The document also contained the autograph signatures of President John Quincy Adams and his cabinet, the New York State and other officials. The attestation by Mr. Carroll is as follows: "Grateful to the Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation and upon myself in permitting me under circumstances of mercy to live to the age of 89 years and to survive the fiftieth year of American independence, and certify by my present signature my appreciation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord, on the thirtieth seventh hundred and seventy-six, which I originally subscribed, &c."

It is now the last surviving signatory of the original document, and he is now the last surviving signatory of the original document, and he is now the last surviving signatory of the original document.

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DE LESSEPS' GREAT SCHEME FALLS FOR VARIOUS REASONS.

THE Panama Canal Company Announces That It Will Not Be Able to Continue—Action of the French Chamber of Deputies—Late News by Wire.

The Panama Canal Company has defaulted on the payment of a coupon's interest, \$750,000 francs on \$900,000 francs, which is the par value of the bonds issued prior to the lottery bonds.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted to suspend the company, which, by legally postponing the evil day three months, enables the company to evade the ordinary penalties of bankruptcy.

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THE SENATE AND HOUSE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—Important Measures Discussed and Acted On—List of the Business.

Mr. GIBBS presented to the Senate on the 17th inst., a statement from thirty-nine citizens of Orangeburg, South Carolina, declaring that they had been prevented from exercising the right of suffrage last month, and petitioning for a writ of habeas corpus to restore them to the polls.

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ASLEEP.

BY CHARLES C. HAIN.

I am sleeping, and the little one tired of play,
Bent and weary on that summer day,
Lies down to rest on the mother's breast...

MY SENTINEL.

BY GEORGIA MILLARDE AMBRIDGE.

The last rich rays of sunset fade
Before my longing gaze,
And on bright, dewy daisies near appears
From out the twilight haze...

A MAD MARRIAGE.

The Heiress of Lawrence Park.

A STORY OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

BY MRS. E. B. COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.

HER FATE.

Crash went the music, and the curtain flew up like magic upon the last act. There was a hush of expectancy, and then the fairy-like form of the danseuse floated airily over the stage once more...

"How can I thank you?" she was beginning, but he interrupted her. "By saying nothing about it, dear Miss Lawrence," he intervened. "And you will let me call soon?"

The look that she gave him said more than her courteous reply; he bowed his head swiftly, and pressed his lips upon her white hand.

Then he was gone, and Ruby entered the house, little dreaming of all that would lie between them before they met again.

She ran lightly up the velvet-carpeted staircase; Mrs. Chillingworth, who was to remain at Lawrence Park for the night, had already sought her own room.

At the door of her father's chamber, Ruby paused. "I wonder if papa is asleep?" she said, softly. "I wish I could see him before retiring; but I do not like to disturb him; it is so late! And I will tell him about my wonderful escape—"

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" The cry rang out upon the still morning air, like a knell of doom; dying away into a broken gurgle of horror.

A few moments later, a trembling, white-faced group had gathered about the door of the library, from beneath which a slender, dark-red stream was issuing.

It was human blood! And then a strong hand burst open the door, and they saw a sight which would haunt them to their dying day. The chandelier was still burning, throwing its garish glare over the awful scene, and making the daylight quail.

And there, upon the velvet carpet, prone upon his face, lay Gilbert Lawrence, of Lawrence Park—with a dagger thrust in his heart—stone dead, and had been for hours.

Silence—awful, deathlike silence—and then! Who can describe the scene which followed? Cries, sobs, confused ejaculations, as the servants, flocking to the room, pale and terrified, recoiling at the fearful sight with horror and alarm.

It was a scene which they who saw it were destined never to forget. The blazing chandelier threw a strange, unearthly glare over the beautiful disordered room, mocking the early sunlight which crept in at the windows, the blinds of which had not been closed all night.

The pretty bronze clock which had stood upon the white marble mantel had been thrown upon the floor, and lay in the struggle for life, and a marble table in the center of the room, just under the blazing chandelier, were writing materials, and a sheet of note paper upon which these words had been traced, "Gabrielle, I have made my will in favor of—"

And here the sentence broke off, unfinished; the pen had fallen upon the table; and the secret—if secret it was—remained untold. For the hand that had traced these lines was still forever—the master of Lawrence Park lay there dead and cold, with a great gaping hole in his breast from which the life had ebbed, his white face upturned to the garish gaslight, set and stony; the sightless eyes fixed straight before him in a vacant stare.

The furniture was disarranged, and a chair overturned near. Beside that ghastly figure lying there in such pathetic silence, Mrs. Chillingworth—aroused from slumber by the old housekeeper—kneeling, pale and hysterical. She had been an old and valued friend of Gilbert Lawrence, and the chosen confidante of his motherless daughter. Yet she knew little of his past life, and nothing of that secret of hidden sin which he had carried with him to the grave. At her side stood the old family physician, silent and grave, bending over the dead man with eager interest.

"Dead for hours!" he exclaimed, tersely, at last. "And—good heavens!—stabbed to the heart, evidently. Yet I see no trace of the weapon with which the deed was done! A cold-blooded murderer!" he went on, shaking his head slowly—"a most atrocious murder! Perhaps it—but I must wait until the coroner arrives, Mrs. Chillingworth!" stooping to lay his hand upon Mrs. Chillingworth's arm, "has the awful news been broken to—to—has any one told Miss Lawrence?"

Clarice Chillingworth lifted her white face with its look of intense suffering, and an expression of horror dawned within her eyes. For the moment she had forgotten the poor motherless child up-stairs, who must now learn that she was fatherless, too! Mrs. Chillingworth uttered a low cry.

"No! no! Good heavens! no!" she moaned. "Who can tell her? Who dares tell her? There never was such love before between father and daughter as the love which Gilbert Lawrence and his child bore for each other! I would not dare to tell her! I would not be the one to break the news to Ruby Lawrence—not for the wealth of the round world. And—" pausing with a groan of horror. "Good heavens! I believe that—she is coming!"

Down the broad staircase a slim, white-robed figure came tripping lightly, all unconscious of the dark shadow that had fallen over her young life like a pall. And as she came fitting down the stairs—poor child!—she was singing softly to herself—the last song that touched her lips for many a dreary day!

"And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping, And over her strength on mine shall lean, And the stars shall fall, and the saints be weeping, Ere I cease to love her—my queen—my queen!"

Half way down the stairs she hesitated. A glimpse of the crowd below, the unusual bustle, dawned upon her; the song died upon her lips; she caught her breath with a gasp. One swift

glance over the barren balustrade; a dash down the stairs and into the library; then a piercing shriek fell upon the silence—a cry which they who heard it never forgot to the day they died.

A woman's panto; "a dead, low hush, as of a soul departing, and spirits kneeling over it," then the little white-robed figure fell upon her knees beside that still form—that ghastly, awful form, with its white marble face upturned to her own; never to brighten at her coming, the silent lips never to utter loving words again—never any more.

In her trailing robe of snowy cashmere, with her long gold hair afloat, she looked like a wraith as she knelt there; her arms wound around the silent form, while she moaned in bitter anguish.

"Oh, papa! papa! papa! Speak to me, darling, just one word! Open your dear eyes and look at me! It is Ruby, your Ruby, your own little girl! Oh, papa! papa!"

And the wild cries would have melted a heart of stone. Dr. Hall turned aside and wiped his eyes. Mrs. Chillingworth crouched in a corner, crying softly to herself, while the anguished lamentations went on.

All at once there was a subdued bustle in the entrance hall outside; the slow, measured tramp, tramp of feet; a monotonous whispering. Dr. Hall laid his hand gently upon the bowed head.

"My dear!" (how his kind voice trembled). "My dear Miss Ruby, come with me, will you not? It is best that you leave the room for a time."

She lifted her wild, white face, with its great violet eyes, dry and brassy—for she could not weep.

"There are necessary forms to be gone through with," Dr. Hall went on, slowly. "My dear, the—the—coroner has arrived!"

A strange, dazed look crept over her death-white face. The doctor went on, gently. "A mere form, Miss Ruby—necessary nothing to be gone through with. We must have no stone unturned, that we may discover how and by whose hand your father died!"

She started to her feet, as with an electric shock. Into the white, set face, a look of resolution crept slowly.

"How, and by whose hand—he died?" she repeated, mechanically. "That is what I—must know! Dr. Hall, I shall not leave this room! Surely, it is my place to—to know!"

So she was permitted to remain, and the coroner commenced his sad task. It was a strange affair, shrouded in mystery. The post mortem resulted in the verdict that "deceased came to his death by a wound in the region of the heart, inflicted by a sharp weapon in the hands of a person or persons unknown."

But, there was no trace of any weapon to be found in the room, or upon the premises without—none. No clew to the presence of an intruder. All at once, Mrs. Chillingworth's eyes fell upon a spray of purple pansies lying upon the velvet carpet at her feet, near where the dead man lay. Dr. Hall stooped and picked them up.

"They must have fallen from Ruby's bonnet last night!" observed Mrs. Chillingworth. "She was in here with her father!"

"Yes, I was here with papa!" said Ruby, mechanically. "but, Aunt Clarice, I did not have any flowers with me! Poor papa! he looked so white and cold, and I—I fancied that I heard some one speaking to him before I entered the room!" she added, as though she were speaking to herself.

"Miss Lawrence!" She glanced up with a start, to find Arthur Wynne standing at her side. And so they had met again. Met, with this awful, this hideous shadow resting between that time and now! He bowed lowly.

"Dear Miss Lawrence!" he began, in a low, pained tone, "pardon me! I would not have dared to intrude at this dreadful time, but I have something to say to you!"

"You are probably not aware that I have been by profession a private detective officer. I no longer work at my profession, because I have had a fortune left me, which occupies my attention to the exclusion of other objects. I have therefore retired from active service, but I wish to offer my assistance in this horrible trouble."

"Henceforth my time, talents, and professional skill shall be devoted to this object, the unmaking of the villain who has done this foul deed; the exposure and punishment of the wretch who is guilty of this dastardly crime! Miss Lawrence, will you allow me to help you?"

She lifted her eyes to his face with a look of terror, and a strange tremor passed over her slight frame. Then she bowed her golden head.

"I accept your offer gratefully, Mr. Wynne," she faltered. "I have no other hope in life but to track my father's murderer down to justice! I have nothing else to live for, now."

Her voice faltered, and broke into silence. Her slight form swayed like a lily in the wind. Mrs. Chillingworth sprang to her side and put her arm about the trembling figure.

white hand that she held, and flew to the spot. She stooped and examined the stain, falling back with a groan of horror, as she saw that it was blood—half congealed—upon the velvet skirt. And, upon the floor beneath the chair, a point lace handkerchief literally soaked in fresh blood—the very one she had seen in Ruby's hand last night at the theater. What did it mean?

Trembling in every limb, Mrs. Chillingworth carefully lifted the dainty web of lace-trimmed muslin. In one corner the name of Ruby Lawrence in full was faintly marked.

Entirely overcome by this strange occurrence, Mrs. Chillingworth stood, pallid and half swooning, when the sound of Dr. Hall's footsteps returning to the room fell upon her ears. She turned swiftly, and rolling the velvet dress and blood-stained handkerchief up together into a ball she opened the door of the wardrobe, thrust the bundle within, and closed and secured the wardrobe door, just as the physician made his appearance.

A little later Ruby Lawrence came back to life once more, back to existence, which, in the long, barren future, she was destined to ensue.

Ah, poor Ruby! better for her had she died then and there! Just then the sound of carriage wheels was heard driving up the avenue at full speed. There was a bustle in the hall below, followed by a wild shriek that rang through the house; a woman's voice, in a cry of anguish and despair that was horrible to hear.

CHAPTER V. A MAD PASSION.

"Adele! Listen to me! I must speak! For the love of pity, give me a little hope to cling to; hope for the future! I cannot live without you, Adele! And you have led me on with your sweet smiles and tender words until my heart lies under your feet! I am desperate, maddened with the love I bear you—Adele St. Cyr!"

"I bear you—Adele St. Cyr!" She drew back with a gesture of disdain. "Adele Lawrence!" she corrected, softly. "You forget, Mark, that I have a claim, though as yet unacknowledged, for that name! You forget that the poor ballet-dancer will be a lady some day, and will hold her own with the best! That wealth will some day be mine, and with it social position, and the proud ladies who to-day pass me by, as though to touch me were contamination, will some day be proud to claim my friendship, will sue for my favor! it is with this hope that I live—yet you forget!"

An inarticulate cry rushed to his lips; his dusky face was working with passion; he drew nearer her side, his little form trembling like a reed which the tempest bends in its grasp.

She was seated at the piano in her own little drawing room. She wore a rich house dress of warm brown velvet, with rare lace at the wrists and at the fasteners there with a single diamond, which gleamed like a drop of dew amid the meshes of costly lace. Diamond solitaires were in her ears; no other ornament did she wear. She was beautiful—exceedingly—white she sat before the instrument, her white fingers straying lightly over the white keys.

To the man who watched her, with eyes full of adoration, she was the most beautiful, bewitching creature upon whom the sun had ever shone. He had known her long, and his soul had grown and strengthened, until it was the very mainspring of his existence. There was no mad act that he would commit to win her for his own.

The white fingers swept the keys with a light touch, and the sweet strains of Mon Reve floated upon the silence, while he stood watching her with his soul in his eyes. He had come to keep his appointment with her mother, but she was not there, and it was no hardship to wait. At last, hurried footsteps without, the door opened quickly—it was Gabrielle St. Cyr!

Her face, as white as a dead woman's, wore a look of triumph. What had happened? She closed the door behind her, and turned the key in the lock; then she came to the piano, and laid her hand upon Adele's arm.

"Adele!" she cried, her voice trembling with strange emotion, "I have wonderful news! Listen! Adele—Adele—the fortune of which we have dreamed, and for which we have toiled, and schemed, and suffered, is ours at last! If only you have nerve and courage sufficient to play your part. If only you will—"

"I will do—and dare—anything!" he interrupted the girl, fiercely. Her dark eyes flashed like fire. "Alas, there is nothing in the world that I would not do for money; ay, her voice sank to a sibilant whisper, "even crime! Try me and see!"

Mark Alayne's dark face flushed, and his eyes shone with an awful light. He turned aside, lest his face should betray him.

"I'll remember that, my lady!" he muttered softly, between his set teeth; "and when I am ready I will remind her of her own words. What would she say, I wonder, if she knew—if she knew—all?"

He was breathing hard, like one in pain, as he began to pace up and down the room, in an absent, preoccupied way.

"Mark!" It was Gabrielle who spoke. "Stop! You, too, must hear my story. Strange, wild, incredible as it will seem to you, it is all true, nevertheless! I will tell it, and when you have heard all, I will unfold my plot! Then we shall see of what stuff Adele's nerves are made, and if she will dare to play a part upon the world's stage that would appal a brave heart even to contemplate! Listen!"

She sank into a seat and began to speak in a low, eager tone. In her dusky gray alpaca dress with her small head lightly lifted, and that strange new light, the light of victory, in her eyes, Gabrielle St. Cyr was beautiful beyond compare. She looked like an empress issuing commands to her courtiers, as she went on speaking swiftly and softly; that victorious light deepening upon her face, a look which boded ill to the enemy who might chance to fall into her merciless hands.

The moments passed. A half hour was spent in the telling before the tale was told. Then she came to a halt, glancing swiftly into the faces before her.

"Adele! Mark! We three must work together. Do you believe that you two can carry out your share of this plot, without failure or flinching? There is one thing more. It seems that there was a paper; that Gilbert Lawrence wrote a full confession of the truth last night after his daughter had left him, wrote it for her benefit, that she might know the evil that he had done. This confession is also his last will and testament; it is all in one! That paper is all we have to fear! We must get it into our hands, and all will be fair sailing. And then—"

Mark Alayne arose to his feet and faced the two women before him with pale face and eyes which held a look not good to see.

"Wait, Gabrielle," he said, decidedly, "there is something to be settled first before I can pledge myself to help you. I have a question to ask Adele, and it must be answered without further delay, and as well now in your presence. Have I your permission to speak?" he added, his burning eyes upon her face.

She nodded.

"Go on," she said, slowly, "you know that I am your friend, Mark."

He smiled faintly, a smile which belied the savage glitter in his dusky eyes.

"Adele!" he cried, passionately, turning to her. "I want my answer; I must have it now. I have loved you, ay, worshipped you, for long years! I have been your humble slave! Must I expect no return? Adele St. Cyr, will you be my wife? No one has ever loved you as I love you! Be mine, and we will work together for this fortune."

"And if I refuse?" she queried, lightly.

"It will be the worse for you," he cried. "I have it in my power to make you suffer in a way which you little dream. Answer me, for I must know. Will you marry me, Adele?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Different Ideas in Style.

The beauty of Catherine of Russia, it is said, consisted in her green eyes. A Danish clock-maker says, which is about all that was required to captivate the poor Czar.

Queen Elizabeth had red hair—not the gorgeous Titian red—but an out-and-out tawny-red.

Lucretia Borgia was a model of beauty in her time, and is said to have had scarcely any neck at all.

A Kamskatala belle is four feet high, and one of Patagonia ranges anywhere from six to seven feet.

Lady Jane Grey had a long, thin neck and a multitude of suitors who were always discoursing on her beauty.

The Circassian beauty is a young woman with dark, piercing eyes and kinky hair, standing straight out around her head.

Ben Johnson was inspired to write of a beauty with "flowing hair, a sweet neglect, and a face marked with simplicity."

The beauty Byron dwelt on most is said to have had glossy hair, slanting eyebrows, glowing cheeks, and constant blushes.

Solomon the Wise sang that his love (one of his loves) was comely, but black, and there are also black beauties away down on the Congo.

This is the way Spenser, they say, described his beautiful lady: "Her eyes are like sapphires, teeth like pearls, hair like gold, and her hands are of silvery whiteness."

Helen of Troy had a long nose, ending in a good deal of a lip and running down in a straight line from her forehead. Yet both by Memelans and Paris, and indeed by the entire Trojan and Greek nations, she was considered one of the handsomest women of the age.

STORIES ABOUT LINCOLN.

His Peculiarities While Sitting for His Portrait.

Baptist Pastors in New York listened to some interesting remarks by A. J. Conant, the artist, on "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Conant said his first acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln came about through his being requested to paint Mr. Lincoln's portrait for the first exhibition of the Western Academy of Art at St. Louis. It was his custom, he said, in painting this to go to Mr. Lincoln's office in the old State building, as Mr. Lincoln was at that time (1850) busied with political affairs and could not find time for formal sittings.

The first time Mr. Conant visited Mr. Lincoln for this purpose he found the expression upon his face quite the reverse of the melancholy and serious one he had supposed he wore. It was so bright, animated, and genial that Mr. Conant at once made up his mind to depict it if he could. With this in view it was his custom to tell humorous stories, which, when they touched Mr. Lincoln's fancy, made him forget for the time his absorbing affairs.

One day Mr. Lincoln told how, when "running," as he termed it, his grocery store at Salem, near Springfield, he got his first taste for law. A farmer drove up with a broken-down horse and a wagon filled with household "plunder," and he asked him what he would give "for the hull load." Lincoln looked over the bit of old pots, pans, kettles, and stuff, and gave him half a dollar. The man went off and Lincoln stored the stuff. Some weeks after the purchase Lincoln had occasion to use one of the barrels, which were filled with some of the old "trunk" bought in the fifty-cent purchase, and as he turned out the contents of one of them, under the old rusty pane a dilapidated copy of Blackstone's Commentaries came to light. Lincoln eyed it curiously and laid it aside. Later in the afternoon he picked the book up and began to read. He soon became absorbed in it, and from that day on he read all the long leisure hours which fell to the lot of the country grocer. This was the first inkling he had of any taste in the direction in which he afterward attained such success.

The other story the artist told was one which he had himself told Lincoln, and which he had used on several occasions, on two of which he had been interrupted before he got to the point, "and," said the artist, "if there was anything which amused Mr. Lincoln it was this. It caused him always to remember the man from whom he got the story. The story was of a Missouri man who went to a stable to get a horse to take him to a convention to which he was going as a delegate with a hope of nomination. The stable keeper was of a different political persuasion, and gave him a horse which he calculated would break down before he got there. His calculation proved true, and the man lost the nomination. On his return to the stable, the disappointed Missourian asked the stableman if he was training that horse for a horse. The man said, 'Kinder guess he wasn't.' 'Well,' said the man, 'if you are, he'll never do it, for he wouldn't get a corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection.'"

This story Lincoln had twice tried to tell, once from the rear of a train, and was carried away by it before he got to the point, and a second time, when present at a gun testing, when the gun was fired just as he reached the Missourian's reply.

Pen Picture of "Mulberry Bend."

Within a stone's throw of the New York City Hall, and the offices of the great newspapers, midway between two of the busiest thoroughfares of the busiest city of the New World, is an eddy in the life of the city where the scum collects, where the very off-scourings of all humanity seem to find a lodgment. In the great "humb-bull" tenements, in the rickety old frame buildings, in the damp, unwholesome cellars, on the sidewalks, and in the gutters reeking with filth and garbage, is a seething mass of humanity, so ignorant, so vicious, so depraved that they hardly seem to belong to our species. Men and women, yet living, not like animals, but like vermin! Every door and alleyway is a sewer from which pour invisible rivers of foul gases, pestilential odors, and fumes of disease. Villanous-looking men lounge about the doorways and seem every strange face with that suspicious which is born of a sense of evil doing; black-eyed women, some of them scarcely past the age of girlhood, and others as wrinkled, ugly and repulsive looking as the witches of our story books, sit upon the curbstones, unconcernedly nursing their babes and earning a scanty livelihood by retailing stale bread at two and three cents a loaf. Paddlers, vicious and vociferous, sell spoiled fish, tainted meats and decaying vegetables from rickety wagons drawn by skeleton horses. Drunkards, thieves of every nationality, hankling youths lounge around the entrances to the liquor shops, the last successors of that all-powerful "gang" which took its name from its warning cry of "W-y-ho," and here and there is a blue-coated policeman, with club in hand and revolver ready, alert for the siletto or slung-shot, which is bound to come to him sooner or later if he remains on the post and does his duty.

The Bend is not a pleasant neighborhood by day, in the dim sunlight which struggles down between the tall tenements and renders visible the sidewalks reeking with filth, the gutters choked with decaying garbage and animal matter, and the wretches who are compelled to live here and who make the place what it is.—American Magazine.

A Well-Preserved Balaklava Hero.

The late Lord Lucan, of England, who survived the charge of the Light Brigade, was a man of eighty-eight when he died a few days ago, but he looked hardly more than forty or forty-five. His face was adorned by whiskers, and he always wore a tight-fitting frock coat and a flat-trimmed hat. His great age was doubtless attained by the excessive care which he devoted to his dietetic apparatus. He ate only certain kinds of food, and his meals were always weighed for him so that he might not overeat. The result was he maintained a youthful appearance for years after middle life had been passed, and up to a short time ago was able to sit a horse to perfection.

He Wasn't One of the Hands.

Former Harvard graduate (meeting old college chum out West)—Gruppins, old boy, I'm delighted to meet you. So you did go into journalism, after all. This is a nice little printing-office you have, too. But where are all your boys? Are you running the shop to-day with only one hand?

Gruppins (somewhat embarrassed)—Glad to—er—see you, Croxton. I'm not exactly running the office to-day. This gentleman isn't one of the hands, Mr. Croxton; my friend Mr. Gill. Mr. Gill is the—er—Sheriff.

Friendship and Importunate Begging Feed Not at the Same Dish.

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Washington Letter.

From our regular correspondent. WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21, 1888. Mr. Cleveland, it seems, is about to have another fight with the republican majority in the senate.

The latest Blaine rumor is that the Washington Post is to be purchased and run as a Blaine organ in order to help him control the next administration.

The republican senators have been making a strong pretense of being opposed to a Christmas recess.

Ex Senator Mahone of Virginia, scored another failure this week. He sent out invitations for a number of southern republicans to meet in conference here, his object being to get himself endorsed for a position in Harrison's cabinet.

A joint resolution re-affirming the "Monroe doctrine" in connection with the building of the Panama canal, has been introduced into the senate.

Senator Call presented an immense petition from residents of Florida asking for the institution and maintenance in that state of a federal system of quarantine.

Ex Senator Warner Miller seems to be getting alarmed about his chance of getting into Harrison's cabinet.

A curious thing happened here last week in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad bill. Mr. Ingalls having decided that the bill for the funding of the debt of that road had the right of way, to the exclusion of everything else after the tariff bill is disposed of.

The next day Senator Mitchell of Oregon introduced a bill which is particularly favorable to the Central and Southern roads.

A Journal for the Farmer. The Western Rural, published at Chicago, by Milton George, a practical western farmer, is the largest, best, family and reform journal published in the United States.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Mother, she gave her Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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MASON'S HONORED CITIZEN.

Judge H. P. Henderson Causes Rejoicing at Ogden City, Utah.

Judge Henderson recently gave a decision in a matter of great importance to the people of all Utah and particularly of Ogden City, denying that city the right to divide into wards, a scheme undertaken by the Mormons for the sole purpose of getting political control.

That our readers may know what our honored citizen is thought of in his judicial capacity in Utah, we extract the following editorial from the Daily Tribune, of Dec. 12, a Gentile paper published at Salt Lake City.

"There is just cause for rejoicing throughout Utah to day. There is reason for thanksgiving by every Gentile freeman and the face of each Liberal should be wreathed in smiles.

"We publish the outlines of the opinion of Judge Henderson, and the bare synopsis given, indicates that it is a sound decision. The legal points are so fortified by reason and argument, that even the blinded followers of priestly rule will be compelled to admit in their hearts that no other conclusion could have been reached by an honest and clear-headed judge.

"The Mormons have played a desperate game and have lost. They counted noses in Ogden and found that they could not win on a square vote, so they resorted to trickery, their usual weapon, and gerrymandered the city through a villainous ordinance.

"Ogden is a Gentile city! It is this not for rejoicing? The glacier moves and the ice chains are breaking. Let the Liberals poll every vote in Ogden in February, and then let us all move together in the grand assault upon Salt Lake, the center state of Zion. Liberals of Ogden, we salute you.

Don't Buy Your Arctic Until You have seen the Colchester Arctic with the "outside counter." It is the best fitting and best wearing Arctic now made, and is made upon honor for reputation.

Wolf robes and horse blankets, at L. C. Webb's, the clothier.

Burnham & Co. of Lansing, have a letter in this paper in regard to our statement last week, to the effect that Mrs. James Rowe of that city, had died of small-pox.

Marrriage Licenses. The following marriage licenses have been granted since our last report:

Wm. L. Thomson, Danville, 405; Annie A. Dean, Danville, 406; Frank H. Taylor, Lansing, 407; Jeanie A. VanDerhoop, Lansing, 408; John Hill, Kansas City, 409; Anna Thorsen, Delhi, 410; Oliver Weaver, Three Rivers, 411; Lucina Tate, Lansing, 412; Anna Thorsen, Delhi, 413; A. H. Gault, Delhi, 414; Wm. T. Beckett, Alhambra, 415; Emma Hillier, Delhi, 416; R. S. Mully, Hamilton, 417; Lucy Hall, Leslie, 418; E. A. Whitson, Lansing, 419; John W. Beaman, Lansing, 420; John W. Beaman, Lansing, 421; Lewis W. Lesney, Delhi, 422; Sarah E. Fisher, Grand Ledge, 423; Emma Sevelly, White Oak, 424; William Starr, Lansing, 425; Joseph Thompson, Mason, 426.

Funerals. DECEMBER 25, 1888. Levi Davis died to day. He was 78 years old and one of the early pioneers of Ingham county.

Palace Meat Market. Will lose none of its popularity while under the management of its present proprietors.

Fresh Salt Meats. POULTRY AND GAME. Cash for Hides and Pelts!

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Best 26c tea in the city.

A. L. VANDERCOOK, West Alhambra.

"December's pleasant as May."—Miss Culkenburgh of Ohio, is visiting the family of James Merrick.—E. M. Hoyt is now the oldest time voter in Alhambra, having voted several times when Meridian, Lansing, Delhi and Alhambra constituted one township.

Every \$2 worth of goods purchased for cash at E. Culver's entitles you to a chance in his grand gift distribution.

Island Corners. DECEMBER 26, 1888. Miss Eva Felton is visiting at Middleville.—Mrs. Stirn and three children—Kate, Anna and John—started for Ohio, Nov. 20, to spend the holidays with relatives.—Robt. Thorburn and wife of Lansing, passed Wednesday of last week at A. J. Thorburn's.—Mrs. Foote was called to Meridian last Tuesday by the serious illness of her mother.—The Christmas tree at the Island was an unqualified success.—Miss Clara MacIntyre is in Ohio, renewing acquaintances with old friends and relatives.—Henry and Tom Clark spent Christmas at their father's home in Milford.

SCHOOL REPORTS. Following are the names of pupils in district No. 11, Wheatfield, not absent for the month ending Dec. 21, 1888:

Following is the average standing of the pupils of the grammar department of the Onondaga school for the term ending Dec. 21, 1888. The following branches were taught, viz: Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, arithmetic, civil government, U. S. history, philosophy, geography, algebra and geometry:

Some Foolish People. Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Coughs that are induced by the use of inferior medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and \$1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

COAL. For the present we quote all sizes best grades, \$5.50, delivered in city, in ton lots or over.

Mason Markets. WHEAT, Red, No. 2, per bushel, 81; WHEAT, White, No. 1, per bushel, 80; WHEAT, White, No. 2, per bushel, 79; CORN, in the ear, per bushel, 25; OAT, per bushel, 18; RYE, per bushel, 15; POTATOES, per bushel, 30; BUTTER, per lb., 18; EGGS, per doz., 15; CHICKENS, per doz., 1.00; TURKEYS, per doz., 1.50; LARD, per 100 lbs., 10.00; BEEF, dressed, per 100 lbs., 8.00; PORK, dressed, per 100 lbs., 7.00; HAMS, per 100 lbs., 9.00; SHOULDRS, per 100 lbs., 7.00; CABBAGES, per 100 lbs., 1.00; ONIONS, per 100 lbs., 1.00; PEAS, per 100 lbs., 1.00; BEANS, per 100 lbs., 1.00; LENTILS, per 100 lbs., 1.00; RICE, per 100 lbs., 1.00; MAIZE, per 100 lbs., 1.00; SUGAR, per 100 lbs., 1.00; MOLASSES, per 100 lbs., 1.00; SYRUP, per 100 lbs., 1.00; BUTTER, per lb., 18; EGGS, per doz., 15; CHICKENS, per doz., 1.00; TURKEYS, per doz., 1.50; LARD, per 100 lbs., 10.00; BEEF, dressed, per 100 lbs., 8.00; PORK, dressed, per 100 lbs., 7.00; HAMS, per 100 lbs., 9.00; SHOULDRS, per 100 lbs., 7.00; CABBAGES, per 100 lbs., 1.00; 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Our Great
Peremptory Clearing
SALE
—OF—
Dry Goods, Cloaks
and Carpets

COMMENCES
Saturday, Jan. 5

We propose to make
this the **Liveliest Sale of**
Dry Goods ever held in
Michigan. Our Entire
Stock of
\$100,000 Worth
of Desirable Merchandise
is to be offered at
Prices heretofore unknown
to the commercial world.

Wait for this Grand
event and you will be
richly repaid. Particulars
to be hereafter announced
by special service of our
staff of distributors.

Burnham & Co.
Lansing, Mich.

Your Folks and Our Folks.
Frol Peck of Chicago, was home Christmas.
Roll Dart of Woburnville, spent Christmas in Mason.
Cap Parkhurst of West Branch, spent Christmas in Mason.
Geo. T. Bristol made a business trip to Detroit on Monday.
Wm. H. Raynor has been seriously ill for several days past.
Francis Deumore and Will Grow spent Christmas at Ypsilanti.
Postmaster Mohan has been ill several days during the past week.
Miss May Lincoln is home from Pontiac, spending the holiday season.
Mrs. A. A. Squire is spending the holidays with her people at Etchfield.
E. Howles and family are spending the holidays at Linden, their former home.
Mrs. J. H. Stewart-Hyman of Grand Rapids, is a guest at Mrs. S. J. S. Smith's.
Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Millbury are spending the week with relatives near Toledo, Ohio.
Mr. and Mrs. Decker of Albion, were guests at John M. Fleming's over Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Andrews of Ingham, are visiting with relatives at Dexter this week.
Poston Examiner F. I. Darling spent Christmas with his family and friends in Mason.
Judge M. Huntington has been quite ill during the past week, but is somewhat better.
Mrs. Allen Beech and son of Flint, were guests at Capt. J. G. Snook's the first of the week.
A. B. and P. W. Costello and C. P. Taylor of Lansing, spent Xmas with relatives in the city.
Charles Clark of Grand Rapids, visited his parents and friends in Mason, the first of the week.
H. L. Chapin of Detroit, spent several days with his family in this city, during the past week.
Mrs. S. H. Decker and children spent Christmas with the family of L. H. Huntington, at Lansing.
Mrs. Warren Pinson and little daughter spent Christmas with the former's parents at Manchester.
Mrs. S. H. Decker is spending the holidays with friends at Ypsilanti, Detroit and intermediate points.
J. L. Sutter of London, Ontario, is spending the holiday with his family, at the Fuller homestead, Ypsilanti.
A. J. Bayner and family of Leslie, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. H. of Ypsilanti, were guests at C. J. Bayner's Christmas.
Frank Stroud and wife of Jackson, spent Christmas with parents and other relatives and friends in Mason, their former home.
C. G. Castorin and his sons, Gay and Carlo, and Mrs. Mary Kittredge have been spending a few days with friends in Detroit.
O. Fuller of the St. Johns Republic, at his residence in the Fuller homestead, Ypsilanti, gave this office a pleasant call.
Fred Dill of Ypsilanti, started for Los Angeles, California, last Friday evening, his brother George having secured a good position for him.
Frank W. H. Voss, who is preparing for the production of Queen Esther at Williamson, spent Christmas with his mother and friends in Mason.
Mrs. Jeannette Blackwood, a former teacher in our city schools, now of Detroit, is spending her holiday vacation with relatives and friends in Mason.
Sheriff DeLoock has already commenced moving some of his household effects into the jail and Sheriff Hall is removing to the Leeds house on East Ash street.
J. S. Swinell and wife of Webster, New York, and S. P. Bennett and wife of Eaton Rapids, spent Christmas with their brother John B. of this city. Also Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Priest of Ypsilanti.
Everette M. Horton, for 25 years in the employ of the Illinois Central railroad, with headquarters at Chicago, paid his father, Isaac W. Horton, and other relatives and friends in Mason a visit the first of the week.
Mrs. Emma D. Cook and son Henry have been visiting friends and relatives in Mason and vicinity during the past week. Mrs. Cook is now teaching at Stanton and was called here by the death of her father, Wm. W. King.
County Clerk-elect Jan. F. Rouse of Lansing, spent yesterday in the clerk's office, and next week will remove to Mason and resume the duties of the office. County Clerk Whittier remains with him until he becomes familiar with the office.
Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Crittenden, who have been residents of Mason and vicinity for many years past, leave this morning for a visit with friends and relatives in Washington Territory, where their son Clarence is now located. They hear with them the best wishes of their old acquaintance.
Norman B. Jenkins of Ohio, Mr. Noyes and family of Lansing, Alex. Dred and family of East Jordan, Mrs. C. J. Miller and family of Tuscola county, Mrs.

Stimerson, Chas. Dana and family of Ann Arbor, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Oliver of Washington county, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Dutton and wife of Lansing, Prof. Patton, Mr. Johnson, Arthur and Fred Castelin of Lansing, and Mr. and Mrs. Boyce of Paw Paw, were among the guests from around who attended the Jenkins-Noyes wedding Tuesday evening.
Our "January thaw" came early.
Cash paid for live poultry. **HURT & TRIM.**
500 books at Kimmel's book store, at 31 cents.
The place to buy diaries is at Ford's Bazaar.
Fur caps! Fur caps! At L. C. Webb's, the clothier.
Elegant holiday goods at Stroud & Co.'s furniture store.
Save money and buy holiday goods at Star Drug Store.
Read John D. Swart's local notice of cash sale at Aurelius Center.
Roller Patent Flour 64c, Monday, Dec. 31, at Hunt & Trim's.
One bushel of potatoes 34c, Friday, Dec. 28, at Hunt & Trim's.
Water white oil 10c per gallon, Saturday, Dec. 29, at Hunt & Trim's.
One pound of crackers and one can of oysters 25c, Tuesday, Jan. 1, at Hunt & Trim's.
E. Culver, the jeweler, will make his distribution of holiday gifts next Monday evening.
Miss Alice Lyon has been engaged as teacher in the ward building, vice Miss Mattie Bristol, resigned.
The Democrat force extends thanks for a liberal supply of cake and cigars from the Jenkins Noyes wedding.
Burnham & Co. of Lansing, occupy their space in the Democrat again this week and have something new for your perusal.
Supervisors M. J. Pollok, James Blackmore and Chairman Elston are at work on the annual settlement with the county treasurer.
The discounts are all off and no rents to pay, at L. C. Webb's, the clothier.
Edward Sullivan of Wayne county, whose examination for rape, in which Mrs. Gaylord of Flint was complainant, was held before Justice Rice yesterday and Sullivan was discharged.
The W. R. C. have a few goods left which they will sell cheap, and anyone wishing anything in the line of toys and funny goods can find them at the home of Mrs. Dr. Moffett, on Ash street.
A beautiful line of holiday slippers, very cheap; call and see them, at Brown Bros.
The examination of John Bishop, charged with embezzlement, was held before Justice Hammond yesterday. The case was held over to give Prosecuting Attorney elect Day an opportunity to examine the testimony.
John Frey, a tramp, was sent to jail for ten days by Justice Hammond on the 19th, and on the 24th he sentenced Jay Rice, of the same profession, to ten days in the county jail, but suspended sentence in consideration that he move on, which he did.

The Shamrock.
This neat Irish play, in which Edwin Hanford, pronounced by press and public a finished character actor, plays the leading character, will be produced at the Rayner opera house, to-morrow evening. The prices are 50 and 35 cents; children 25 cents. Reserved seats at Williams' drug store.
The Cincinnati Post says: Edwin Hanford, the author of the play, heads the company, and Miss Nellie Irwin, a well-known and popular actress, is leading lady. "The Shamrock" is very interesting all the way through, but the third act, when Shiel O'mour finds his long lost sister is by far the best. "Shiel" (Mr. Edwin Hanford) sings bring down continued applause. The third act brings Shiel to London, and the fourth back to Ireland, and ends in the orthodox manner.
Extra heavy all wool suits, \$7 each, at L. C. Webb's, the clothier.
Open Letter.
LANSING, December 25, 1888.
Editor Ingham County Democrat.
Dear Sir:—The statement which appeared in the last issue of the Democrat, saying that Mrs. James Rowe had died of small-pox, is absolutely false, and doubtless originated from the same source as the outrageous and extravagant stories put in circulation by a class of unscrupulous and mendacious liars for purely selfish and mercenary motives. This is clearly indicated by the action of parties in several neighboring villages, who, not satisfied by venging their venomous tongues, placed signs and posted notices on the principal avenues leading to this city, advising people to keep away from Lansing on account of small-pox. We believe the Democrat published the statement regarding Mrs. Rowe in good faith, but truth and justice demand a correction, as that lady is not only alive, but as we are credibly informed, has not been seriously ill, and up to the present date we know of but two cases of genuine small-pox that have occurred in Lansing during the year 1888, and further, the health of Lansing is as good as any city of its size in the state, and the death rate, we believe, is lower than in some of the small cities and villages whose traders have been shooting this false alarm for the purpose of intimidation, hoping thereby to revive their shrinking trade. We give them due notice that their tactics in this case will not win on the home-strict.
BURNHAM & CO.

Great Discount Sale
—OF—
CLOTHING!
HOYT & BATES
Will commence a Discount Sale of SUITS
OF CLOTHES, on
Saturday, December 1st.
We expect to make prices equal to anything
ever made in Ingham County. Call and see our
prices.
Yours,
HOYT & BATES, Mason.

SLIPPERS. SLIPPERS.
SLIPPERS! SLIPPERS!
—AT—
Webb's Cash Shoe Store!
You can find the LARGEST STOCK and
LOWEST PRICES.
Don't buy a Single Pair until you have seen our
Stock and Prices. REMEMBER we are
Headquarters on
WARM GOODS
And make the Lowest Prices.
A Tetrapterous Twirl given with each bill of
\$1.50 or over.
SLIPPERS. SLIPPERS.

REYNOLDS BROTHERS' GREAT AGGREGATION!
MASON,
EATON RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, CHARLOTTE,
The Greatest Slaughter of DRY GOODS Ever Known!
BEGINNING DECEMBER 20, We will begin to Empty our Shelves at such prices as will make a GRAND RUSH. We are not content with another's selection, no more than you are to wear your neighbor's shoes, hence THEY MUST GO, and go quickly. We bought the Immense Stock of Dry Goods of E. M. Slayton at a Great Reduction, and for SPOT CASH. We are in a position to BENEFIT THE CONSUMER. You should throttle time now if you ever expect to, as such Golden Opportunities are rare indeed. It would be utterly impossible to quote prices on our Entire Stock. We can mention goods well known, but the GREATEST SLASH will be in goods not so easily UNDERSTOOD IN PRINT.
A Personal Visit is What We Desire. If you Come and See We know you'll come Again
We Quote for Instance:
Best Prints made only 5 cents per yard,
Indigo Blue Prints at 6 cents per yard,
Best Dress Ginghams 6 1-2 cents per yard,
Staple Ginghams, 4 3-4c and 6 cents,
The Best 5c Brown Cotton in America,
Lonsdale Bleached, (broken pieces), only 7c per yd,
A Fair Bat, 7c per lb, No. 1 Quality Bat, 10c, worth 15c,
Double Fold Dress Flannels, 21c, worth 35c per yd,
The Famous Jamestown Dress Goods 15c and 20c per yd.
REYNOLDS BROS.,
The Original, the Genuine Busy Bargain Men.

