

WIDE AWAKE

GROCERY.

We have the Most Complete Line of Groceries and Provisions

In the City, and at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

TRY OUR TEAS! They are the Best in the City

Respectfully, W. M. PRATT.

Hurrah for the Holidays!

Right now we are ready for business with an unusual line of

Christmas Gifts!

The New, the Novel, the Beautiful are included in our splendid line.

Books, Toys and Novelties, Fancy Good Notions, etc.

We offer a Great Variety of Presents for the Old and Young, and at prices you desire to expend.

Our Elegant Holiday Stock is a Popular stock in all respects.

Selected to meet all requirements.

We are glad to welcome visitors, pleased to show goods, and ready to make close prices to all buyers, at

KIMMEL'S BOOK STORE.

In the Post Office.

Ingham County Democrat.

Published every Thursday by W. L. CLARK & CO., MASON, MICHIGAN.

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

This paper can be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts can be made for in New York.

Business Directory.

PHYSICIANS.

R. P. COMFORT, M.D., Physician and Surgeon, Mason, Mich. Office over Clancy Bros. shoe store, 407 1/2.

G. D. GREEN, M.D., Homoeopathist, Office in Polar block, residence, first door east Post, church.

D. O. A. CAMPBELL, Physician, Surgeon, Office over H. M. Williams' drug store, Mason.

S. H. OULVER, M.D., Physician and Surgeon, Office over Webb's Clothing Store, Mason, Mich.

ATTORNEYS.

E. S. AVERY, EDWIN N. BROWN, V. E. BROWN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office over Farmers' Bank, Mason.

GEO. M. HUNTINGTON, GEO. F. DAY, HUNTINGTON & DAY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office over First National Bank, Mason, Mich.

UNDERTAKING.

S. P. STROUD, Undertaker, first door west of the Democrat office, Mason, Mich. Two first-class hearses and better facilities than ever before. 515.

VETERINARY.

D. B. GEO. C. MOODY, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist, (Graduate Ontario Veterinary College.) Treats all diseases of Horses and Cattle. Will attend calls day or night. Office and residence over Ford's Bazaar, Maple street, Mason, Mich.

AUCTIONEER.

JOHN HEMELBERGER, Auctioneer, Property sold at reasonable rates. Mason, Mich. 71-89.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

MARSHALL & CASTELLINI, Loan, Collection, Insurance and Real Estate Brokers, Office over Stroud & Co.'s Furniture Store, Mason, Mich.

JOHN DUNSBAGE, Real Estate and Loan Agent, Main street, south of post office, Mason.

INSURANCE.

J. A. BARNES, Notary and Conveyancer, Loan, Insurance and Collection Agent, Office over Farmers' Bank, Mason, Mich. 27.

FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Ingham county, Safest, cheapest, best. For information write to O. P. Miller, secretary, Mason. E. J. Bullen, president, Mason.

FINANCIAL.

J. M. DRESSER, Office at Farmers' Bank, Mason, Mich., has money to loan. Business promptly attended to.

DENTISTS.

A. P. VANDUSEN, DENTIST, Office in Darrow block, Mason, Mich.

SURVEYING.

A. P. DRAKE, Deputy County Surveyor, Mason, Mich. Drains work a specialty.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

No. 1 salt 85c per bbl. at Hunt & Trim's.

Cash paid for game at Hunt & Trim's.

White Leghorn chickens for sale. See notice.

Bargains in dress flannels at Marcus Gregor's.

Thanksgiving party at the Union hotel, Holt, to night.

Our public schools will be closed to day and to-morrow.

"A Hugh Joke" at Rayner opera house next Monday evening.

There must be something for which every one is thankful to day.

The foundation wall for J. P. Horton's new block is completed.

Another big invoice of shawls received this week at Marcus Gregor's.

Phil McKernan post will elect officers next week Friday evening, Dec. 6.

The front of J. W. Ferguson's store has received a fresh coat of paint this week.

Those having any means of taking a sleigh ride enjoyed the sleighing yesterday.

An important meeting of Phil McKernan post will be held to-morrow (Friday) evening.

Several of the young ladies of this city are gaining a reputation as cigarette smokers.

Burnham & Co., dry goods dealers of Lansing, have a change of advertisement this week.

The most crooked sidewalk on record now graces a portion of Henry Reeves lots on Oak street.

Take your live poultry to C. A. Bennett, at Mason, who pays the highest market price in cash.

A Michigan man has received a patent upon a "cow tail holder." It should be in great demand.

Ingham County Pomona Grange institute at Alameda grange hall, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Regular convention of Mason lodge No. 70, K. of P., to-morrow evening. Let there be a full attendance.

Detroit Free Press four months for 25 cents, one year for \$1.00. Subscriptions received at this office.

Several of our society young men attend the dancing school at Leslie frequently. Some sweet attraction.

All desiring to learn the French tailor system of dress making, should read notice in business local column.

A flannel dress for only \$3.00 at M. H. Day Goods Co., Mason, Mich.

On Monday last Maude Rhodes of this city, commenced her winter term of school in the Hubbard district, Vevay.

The taxpayers of Alameda, Delhi, Vevay, and Ingham townships will be interested in notices in business local column.

A young blizzard, direct from the wilds of York state, swooped down upon unprotected Mason last Tuesday night.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Marcellus Speers of Alameda township, Friday evening, Nov. 22, a boy; weight 9 1/2 pounds.

Married, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1889, by Justice A. W. Parkhurst, John P. O'Neil and Kate Morrison, both of Lansing.

A much needed improvement has been made this week in the way of a cross-walk at the junction of Cherry and C streets.

J. D. Hicks of Vevay, who spent last week in Grant county, reports wheat on the ground as looking most discouraging.

Wm. Johnson, a disorderly person, was brought before Justice Parkhurst last Tuesday, and sentenced to 20 days in jail.

Fred Waggoner, who recently worked in Higby's barber shop on Maple street, has purchased and is running a shop in Leslie.

Covenant meeting at the Baptist church next Saturday afternoon, Nov. 30, at two o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

Ionia, Mich., will have the free mail delivery system after January 1, 1890. Postmaster-General Wanamaker having so directed.

Remember, the examination of teachers for third grade certificates, will be held at Dansville to-morrow, commencing promptly at 9 o'clock a. m.

Thanksgiving festival and concert, by the Sunday school, at the M. E. church to night. Supper 15 cents, admission to concert 10 cents.

The Feltycum is officered as follows: President, W. E. Harkness; vice president, W. E. Potter; secretary Ella James; treasurer, S. O. DeCamp.

Neely & Huntington's dryer, at Bath, closed last Friday and James E. Neely is at home, but will return in a few days to renovate the dryer.

See notice in our business locals of annual election of officers of Mason Lodge No. 70, F. and A. M., to be held at their hall next Wednesday evening.

Lewis Oliver, complained of before Justice Rice, Nov. 14, for assault and battery upon W. B. Lester, will have a trial to-morrow morning at nine o'clock.

Chas. Spencer, employed in Frazel's meat market, gave his right hand a severe cut Tuesday afternoon, while cutting meat. It had to be sown up and put in splints.

Don't fail to attend the great slaughter sale of boots and shoes. They must be closed out immediately. CLANCY BROS. Successors to C. G. Huntington.

M. AND B. M. CARNIVAL.

Beautiful Balloons—Charming Costumes—Cheerful Crowds—Melodious Music—Racy Recitations—Silvery Solos—All Unite to Make Enthusiastic Entertainments.

About five weeks ago a number of the young ladies of this city met and formed a society called the Young Ladies' Social Club of Mason, the object being the raising of funds for the purpose of starting a reading room for the young people of our city. Officers were elected, committees were appointed and arrangements perfected for holding a merchants' and business men's carnival, at which every industry in Mason was to be represented.

The carnival was given at Rayner opera house last Friday evening, and although it was a very inclement night, was greeted with a crowded house, every seat being taken. A well arranged and successfully carried out program was rendered as follows:

1. Selection by Mason City Band.

2. Recitation by Misses Richard Henderson.

3. Grand march by 55 young ladies and three boys.

4. Solo by Mrs. R. G. Coy, with encore.

5. Recitation by Little Faye Whitman.

6. Flower girls—22 little misses—with tableau.

7. Grand march and drill.

8. Overture by Mason Orchestra.

9. Recitation by Miss Edna Ford.

10. Selection by Mason Orchestra.

11. Grand march—breakers.

In the first grand march most of the young ladies carried banners upon which were the names of the business firms which they represented. All were dressed in costume running from the rich to the ludicrous. The drill corps executed some difficult evolutions and for the time for which they have been drilling were very correctly executed. The drilling was done under the instruction of Col. Snook, assisted by Lieutenants Barnaby and Snook.

The entertainment was a financial success beyond expectation; the receipts, including the amount paid by firms for being represented, will reach nearly \$145, which will net the young ladies about \$105.

The carnival was repeated Saturday evening, but was not greeted by as large an attendance. The program was about the same as the first night with the exception of a roll call by Orderly Snook, to which every firm representative responded but two.

As an appreciation of the hard work and earnest efforts with which Col. Snook had labored toward the success of the carnival, the young ladies presented him with a gold headed cane. Presentation speech being made by J. T. Campbell. The Colonel responded briefly and gave the donors to understand that although he appreciated the gift he hardly deserved the "caneing."

Following is a list of the business places represented and by whom:

L. Frank Clark, carriage works, Daisy Dobie.

W. M. Frantz, grocer, Grace Table.

Longyear Bros., druggists, Currie Call.

Dulles & Earle, hardware, Holt Woodhouse.

J. G. Kimmel, millinery, Cora Kimmel.

F. Frazel, city bakery, Allie Cummings.

Jno. C. Kimmel, Jr., new dealer, Maude Kimmel.

INGHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT, Maude Barber.

Hoyt & Water, clothing, Irene Hoyt.

W. M. Frantz, grocer, Grace Table.

H. Frazel, palace meat market, Maude Lyon.

Clancy Bros., boots and shoes, Hie Bennett.

O. M. Hargis, druggist, Margie Woodson.

Wright & Bliss, meat market, Lois Bennett.

C. E. Brown, harness shop, Emma Wolfe.

W. B. Shuman, dry goods, Maude Taylor, millinery.

W. S. Van Slyke, photographer, Ida Van Slyke.

Ingham County News, Katie Underhill.

Miss Livingston, millinery, Alice Barker.

Brown Bros., boots and shoes, Teresa Burns.

A. L. Vandercook, grocer, Ethel Vandercook.

J. Schmitt, musician, Nellie Rice.

Miller Dry Goods Co., Winona Mills.

Howard & Son, grocers, Sallie Sherman.

J. H. Hayes, hardware, Grace Bradt.

W. M. Frantz, grocer, Grace Table.

E. Culver, jeweler, Myrtle Coy and Will Beecher.

M. J. Murray, J. C. R. R., Little Vandercook.

W. M. Frantz, grocer, Grace Table.

M. A. Bangall, millery, Besse Tubbs.

Mason City Band, Miss Handenberg.

Vandercook & Jennings, carriage repairing, Kittle Rice.

W. V. Lane, tonorial parlors, Jessie Hay.

Farmers' Bank, Nanette Tripp.

Sanders Bros., Henry, Besse Tubbs.

H. O. Call, post office, Minnie Huxley.

Donators, who did not want their business represented:

Wilcox & Co., grocers; Hunt & Trim, grocers; F. W. Webb, boots and shoes; Mrs. F. C. Parsons, millinery; Lovett & Son, feed store; and John Gregory, harness shop.

Thanksgiving Exercises.

Following is the program for Thanksgiving exercises at the M. E. church, Nov. 28, commencing at eight o'clock p. m.:

Music, Gentlemen Quartette.

Prayer, Mrs. Brown's Class.

Class Song, Mrs. Brown's Class.

Thanksgiving Bundle, Guy Fields.

Work and Play, Louis Sherman.

Music—Duet, Mrs. J. Kerns, Mary Brockway.

Baby's Supper, Nellie Acker.

Billy Bump, Leon Hawley.

The Land of God, Hazel Kimmel.

Music—Solo, Mrs. E. Capel.

Little Daisy, Bruce Ball.

Thanksgiving, Faye Whitman.

How To Do It, Louie Zell.

Music—Quartette, Mrs. Brockway, Mrs. Kerns, Mrs. E. Lewis, Ida Van Slyke.

Bound—Excelsior, Clifford Blitt, Will Snook.

Music—Duet, Daniel Wright.

Legend of St. Barbara, Edna Ford.

Music—Duet, Pearl Langley.

Supper served from five to eight and nine to ten; price 15c. Admission to exercises 10c.

An elegant line of handkerchiefs for the holiday trade, just opened at Marcus Gregor's.

For a slight infraction of the rules, indulged in after school hours, Miss Elm, principal of the first ward school in Lansing, compelled eight little girls to go up and down a flight of stairs, containing 23 steps, five times or 320 steps in all. The Lansing school board merely publicly reprimanded Miss Elm and still retain her as a teacher, which gives universal dissatisfaction, as the Lansing people were much incensed at her method of original and improper punishment of scholars of her sex.

Business Locals.

One Victoria Bear for Service. Registered. All desiring fine stock should consult M. D. ROBINSON, Ingham. 49w2p

Those who want steady work can get a good paying job by reading the "ad." headed "work for the winter." 49w3p

Attention Companions. The annual election of officers of Ingham Chapter No. 51, R. A. M., for the ensuing year will be held at their hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, 1889. All companions are requested to be present as business of importance is to be transacted. By order of H. P. 49w1 A. B. ROSE, Sec.

Wanted. To purchase, house and lot. Must be comparatively adjacent to business portion of city, pleasantly located, good water and barn. Parties desiring to sell, apply at my office, over Clancy Bros.' shoe store. DR. COMFORT.

Masonic Notice. The annual election of officers in Mason Lodge, No. 70, F. & A. M., will be held in their hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 4, 1889. A full attendance of the members is requested. JOHN H. SAYERS, W. M. JOHN LASEBY, Sec'y. 49w1

Ladies' and gents' solid gold and gold filled watches of best make and material at wholesale prices. Every one guaranteed. E. CULVER.

Art Garland Coal Stove For Sale at a bargain. 391f. CHAS. E. NORRIS.

Lots For Sale or Exchange, On Columbia street. Inquire of 431f. C. L. BOELIO.

Notice. Parties owing us are kindly asked to call and settle, as we need money to settle our bills. Respectfully, 381f. BROWN BROS.

Domestic Sewing Machines For sale. Also machines repaired. S. P. STROUD & CO.

House and Lot for Exchange. For a 40-acre farm within a few miles of Mason. 111f. H. J. DONNELLY.

Jackson Stone Drain Tile And Sewer Pipe of all sizes on hand and for sale by J. W. CHAPIN, Eden, Mich.

For Sale or Exchange. Improved farms and city property. MARSHALL & CASTELLINI.

Money to Loan. On real estate, at the Farmer's Bank, Mason, Mich. 17ly

Poultry for Sale. I have a flock of pure bred White Leghorn chickens which will be sold cheap. J. H. PRICE, at Beecher's Hardware store.

French Tailor System of Dress Making. I have the agency for Mrs. Kellogg's French Tailor System of Dress Making. Those desiring instruction will call at my residence on Columbia street. 49w4 MRS. PHILIP NICE.

Vevay Tax Payers. I will be at the Farmers' Bank, Mason, every Saturday during December, and Fridays at my house, to collect taxes at one per cent. C. A. HOLDEN, Treas. 17p

Notice to Ingham Taxpayers. I will be at the shoe shop of John Curry on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week during the month of December. 49w1p S. F. SKADAN, Township Treas.

Notice to Alameda Taxpayers. I will be at the town hall Fridays and at Farmers' Bank Saturdays during December to receive taxes. UROY HAMMOND, 49w2p Township Treasurer.

Towel racks and splashes at 25 cents and upwards, Japanese make. E. CULVER.

Live Poultry Wanted. Turkeys and chickens. Delivered at HUNT & TRIM'S.

The Champion. Thin back, cross-cut saw, warranted, for 30 cents per foot, at Park & Phillips', Holt. They offer to their customers until after the holidays with each pound of their "Famous" Japan tea, any article that they sell for 10 cents. 47w2

Notice to City Taxpayers. I will be at the Farmers' Bank, every Friday during December to receive taxes free. All taxes not paid during December, a percentage of five per cent. will be added for collection. CHAS. S. CURRY, 47w2 City Collector.

Sportsmen Look Here. I am selling Orange Powder at 25 cents. All ammunition cheap. Cash for game. S. H. BECHER.

The best selected line of silverware and jewelry ever displayed in Mason at E. CULVER'S.

To Delhi Taxpayers. I will be at Park & Phillips' store in Holt Friday of December for collection of taxes. ALONZO THOMPSON, 49w2p Township Treasurer.

For Sale. My New Brick House on Oak street. Inquire of S. B. PIKE.

Ladies' hair pins, hair ornaments, and side combs, at astonishingly low prices—from 10 cents up to \$2.00—at E. CULVER'S.

Ford's Bazaar

There never has been a time since Adam was a boy that you could buy so many nice goods for so little money as at the present time.

And never since America discovered Columbus has there been such a variety in one store to select from as you can now find in Ford's Bazaar.

Call early and call often. We are at home and glad to see you.

Respectfully, FORD & KIRBY.

New Lamps next week.

MONARCH TEA!

Boiled Cider, Genuine Maple Syrup, Cranberry Sauce, Strawberry Jelly, Raspberry Jelly, Currant Jelly, New Mince Meat.

Also Some Nice Presents with Baking Powder. A. L. VANDERCOOK.

Furniture Sale!

HI, THERE! You Farmer Boys and Girls.

What is the matter of your furnishing a room for yourself, when we can furnish you a

Hardwood Bed Room Suit

FOR \$16.00.

CALL AND SEE US. S. P. STROUD & CO.

RAYNER OPERA HOUSE!

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUNNER

An Exciting Story of the War of 1812.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Capt. Montefelt meanwhile, finding it useless to attempt to confer farther with the Americans, had returned to his vessel.

"Mr. Burnett," said our hero, "keep the glass fixed on the port where Miss Gattrell sits."

"I have been watching her."

"See that she is not moved. And could you strike the ship with another shell near her prow, so as not to endanger in any way the life of Miss Gattrell?"

"Of course I could."

"Give them their time, thirty minutes, and no more."

Before half the time was up the man-of-war had trimmed her sails, rounded to, and was wearing out of the harbor as rapidly as she could.

"Captain Montefelt has doubtless concluded that it will pay him better to run the risk of a discovery from the shore than to be exposed to our avenging long gun," Captain Alton remarked, as he watched the departure of the ship.

"They have had news from Baltimore—that I am sure," said Mr. Burnett. "They evidently are afraid things are not turning out well over there, and they want to flow until they receive full particulars of the siege. I suppose they will not put to sea now."

This was a new thought to our hero, and it brought a new fear to his heart. If they should not put to sea with the fleet, would there ever be any hope of seeing her again?

Major Bridges was also on board the man-of-war, and he was the deadly enemy of Captain Alton and Olla. Had he been a hungry tiger or an angry serpent he would not have been a worse enemy of the unfortunate girl.

"Oh, my God!" the lover groaned, as he saw the vessel standing out to sea; "will they cast anchor or go on? It would have been better to have allowed them anchorage in our harbor than to have driven them entirely away."

"It would have been fatal to our plans to have allowed them to remain so near. They could have plainly heard our hammer at work, and could have easily interpreted the meaning."

"So they could, so they could," said the anxious lover, "but what will they do now. Are they going to stand out to sea?"

"They may, but surely they will return."

"And get they may not."

"They are bound to return, Captain, even if they should have information that the battle at Baltimore has gone against them. They would not desert the land forces of Major Bridges and leave them here to be sacrificed by the Americans."

"Oh, no, I guess not, and yet I feel so very apprehensive," said the anxious lover, who was wringing his hands and walking up and down on the works.

"Captain, why couldn't we send one into her stern gun's port?" asked Simon. "She couldn't get a shot out of her if we had a few winks at her."

"No, no, Simon, not for the world would I have that done," said Captain Alton, who still wore his hands in impatient anxiety. "You forget who is on board that vessel, Simon. Remember, Miss Gattrell is on board the man-of-war, and we dare not under any circumstance endanger her life."

"Oh, yes, Cap'n, I had forgot that little bit of information, that's all right, but I reckon it's something you don't want to forget, Cap'n."

"There's another violation of the armistice," there was another violation of the armistice.

"What?"

"The land troops are on the move."

"Leaving camp?"

"Yes."

"Then this must be looked into at once."

"Captain Alton gazed at the sun and found it still an hour high. This had seemed to him the longest day he had ever known. It seemed a day which would never come to a close.

"Mr. Burnett," he said, turning to the deserter, "I am going to leave you in command of the fort, and with a small party I am going out to reconnoiter."

"If this like a commander of a post, Captain Alton? Would it not be more in order for you to remain here, and send me out to reconnoiter, or Simon, or some one else?"

"No, not under the circumstances. You are not acquainted with this country as I am. You know not the forests as I do, and I can go in safety and will be able to make a better report than any one else. There is something mysterious going on, and we must know what it is. We are working for victory now."

Mr. Burnett soon convinced himself that what Captain Alton wished was for the best. They went back to the village, and there Captain Alton selected a dozen men to follow him.

They were all well armed with muzzling rifles, and each in his belt had a brace of pistols and a knife. Captain Alton, in addition to his sword, had only his pistols, but these were long and very accurate, being almost equal to a rifle in range. Among the dozen men selected were Tommy Ruffles, Sam Perry and Al Jones.

Tommy Ruffles, the little tailor, had forgiven Captain Alton for having won the affections of the girl whom he loved, and he was much concerned about the abduction.

Tommy was not the bravest of the brave, but had the pluck to consent, even to volunteer, to accompany our hero on the expedition, which was so fraught with danger. He was a little nervous, it is true, but he would not allow any one to notice it.

"How soon do you intend to go, Captain?" asked Mr. Burnett.

"I will go at once."

"Will it not be dangerous to go before the sun is set?"

"No; there's a thick forest on the north which will screen us during the reconnoissance as well as midnight. There seems to be an effort on the part of the British to go to the beach, and I intend frustrating this design."

"Can you do it with only one dozen men?"

"I can try, and I think I shall succeed," answered the Captain.

All were ready, and with the brave young commander at their head the Americans sallied forth.

After crossing the earthworks on the north of the village they had to go on a narrow tract of cleared land, and plunged into a dense wood with a tangled undergrowth amounting almost to a jungle.

"Keep a sharp lookout," cautioned Captain Alton, who took the lead. "There is no knowing where the British are at present, for beyond a doubt they are moving."

"Has he lucid intervals?"

"Loose intervals—what d'ye mean, Griffith?"

"Does he come to himself at times, and seem to know things?"

"Oh, yes; but it's very short time, and he suffers so much pain that he can hardly stand it, when he does come to himself."

"I will go at once and call upon him," said the youthful commander of Manoa. Mrs. Hatchet went to the doctor's house and roused that professional gentleman from a sweet sleep into which he had fallen, and telling him the condition of the sea captain, urged him to come at once, and hurried back to Captain Gattrell's bedside.

Griffith found the wounded man very feeble. He was restless and feverish. His eyes were closed and he paid no attention to his visitor until he laid his hand on his forehead and asked,

"Do you suffer much pain, Captain?"

"The dying sailor opened his eyes, gazed a moment at our hero, and said:

"Griffith, Griffith, my lad, have you come back?"

"He's rational now—he knows me," said the young officer to himself. "I don't know that his earthly existence is drawing to a close, and if he has any more secrets concerning Olla he will surely reveal them." Speaking aloud, he added: "I have not been far away, Captain. I hope you feel better."

"Yes, shipmate, I'm getting better; I'll soon be in port, shipmate."

"What mean you, Captain?"

"It's been a long, tedious voyage, and very tiresome, Griffith, but I'm nigh' port, and I'll soon cast anchor forever in the harbor where storms never come. I'm tired, Griffith, oh, so tired! This old storm-tossed hull needs rest, and rest soon will come."

The doctor came in at this moment, felt his pulse and gave him a strengthening cordial.

"Doctor, can he talk a few moments?" the Captain asked, taking the physician aside.

"Yes; if he has anything of importance to say he had better say it at once."

"How long will he live?"

"I cannot say. It may be an hour, and it may be two or three days, yet."

"Is he rational?"

"At this moment he is, but in three minutes his mind may be wandering again."

"Oh, my God!" the lover groaned, as he saw the vessel standing out to sea; "will they cast anchor or go on? It would have been better to have allowed them anchorage in our harbor than to have driven them entirely away."

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"I will go at once."

"Will it not be dangerous to go before the sun is set?"

"No; there's a thick forest on the north which will screen us during the reconnoissance as well as midnight. There seems to be an effort on the part of the British to go to the beach, and I intend frustrating this design."

"Can you do it with only one dozen men?"

"I can try, and I think I shall succeed," answered the Captain.

All were ready, and with the brave young commander at their head the Americans sallied forth.

crept up the hill-side among the thickets and trees.

Captain Alton in a very cautious tone gave the command, and the entire party, now deployed as a line of skirmishers, crept more steadily up the hill-side among the trees.

The ground was stony, rough and uneven. Great bowlders of rock had, centuries before, broken from the cliffs above and rolled down the hill, some even reaching the ravine at the bottom.

At the top of the hill the Americans halted. The weather was very warm, and, slight as the exertion had been, they were reeking with perspiration. They were in a dense forest, where scarcely a breath of air could reach them.

"Griffith, where d'ye intend going?" asked Al Jones.

"I hardly know," Griffith answered. "I don't intend stopping until I have ascertained something of the secret moves of the British."

"Would we run right into 'em?" asked Tommy Ruffles, somewhat nervously.

"I don't know, but we may," Captain Alton answered. "We came here to find something of these strange acts of the British, and it is possible that we may come in contact with them before we return."

"But they're a hundred to one," growled the stonemason. "Well, nicks it the most interestin' period o' their existence of we do."

Tommy Ruffles said nothing. Though it was evident that he did not relish this most interesting period for their foes, he kept his place with iron resolution, and determined to die rather than shrink from his post of duty.

The little command of Americans were in the thickest part of the wood, where an object could not be seen a dozen paces away.

Captain Alton really depended as much on his sense of hearing as upon sight.

After listening a few minutes they began to advance. Slowly and cautiously, like beasts of prey stealing upon some sleeping victim, the Americans crept through the woods, over hill and dale.

At every few rods they stopped and listened, then continued still more cautiously through the thickets and woods.

That course was due north, and they were getting between the right wing of the British army and the sea coast.

They came to a small, narrow valley, in the center of which was a cleared spot of ground, where was a small mound.

Upon this mound Griffith halted and told his followers it would be better for them to wait and listen. If they were making any move they could doubtless hear them.

"Griffith, what d'ye think them thr Britsers are going to do, any way?" asked one of the villagers.

"I don't know, Jen; but it certainly has the appearance of concentrating their forces toward the coast, as if they were on the idea of going aboard the man-of-war."

"Go in aboard the ship?"

"Yes."

"What fur?"

"Doubtless to leave the coast."

"Why, law bless me, Griffith, let 'em go, cried the villager; 'ef they're tired of Manoa, they want to give it up, don't try to hinder 'em."

"If the prisoner on board the man-of-war was safe in Manoa we would have no objections to their raising the siege at any moment; but if they should set sail with Miss Olla Gattrell there is no telling when, if ever, she would be released. Besides, her most bitter enemy is aboard that man-of-war."

"Oh, yes, Griffith, it is that scamp Bridges what I heard about a year ago. She met him some'er, and he kinder fell in love with her, didn't he?"

"He pretended that he did, but such an infamously scoundrel as he is incapable of loving any one."

"That was a very inquisitive fellow, continued."

"Didn't he have a little fuss with him once, Griffith?"

"We have exchanged shots, and within the last few hours crossed swords."

"I thought I heard something about that, afore, but I guess I've forgot all that I did hear."

"Quiet!" commanded the Captain in a under tone. "Unless my ears deceive me, I hear the tread of many feet."

All became quiet as death, and in a few moments the tread of feet became more audible.

"That's some 'un, Griffith, sure's you live, that's some 'un goin' round through them woods."

"Remain here—don't move," cautioned Captain Alton. "Unless my ears are deceiving me, the British army is marching down to the coast."

The villagers from Manoa assented, and Captain Alton, accompanied by Tommy Ruffles only, crept over the hill in the direction of the sounds of marching men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SIGNAL.

The quick, nervous ear of Tommy Ruffles was painfully strained.

His eyes were opened to their widest extent, and he jerked his head from side to side, as if he expected some British sharpshooter was about to blaze away at him.

"Griffith—Captain Alton—d'ye see anything?"

"No, Tommy; we will be as likely to discover them as they us, and more so, for they do not suspect our being so near them, while we know just where they are," Captain Alton answered, in a measure to assure his somewhat timid companion.

"I'll-but, G-G-Griff, we are but a handful and they a great army."

"They have no knowledge of our numbers, and so long as they are in ignorance of that fact we are safe. They may think that we have an army concealed in these woods, and we need not tell them that we do not number a score."

"It will soon be pitch-dark."

"Yes; but that will be to our advantage," the Captain said. "While it is yet light let us ascertain from whence come those sounds of marching men."

"The sounds they heard were but a short distance away, and despite all his efforts to take matters coolly, Tommy Ruffles, nervousness increased."

However, he had worked himself up to that pitch that, had he known it was certain death to take a forward step, he would have kept at the side of his companion, who was advancing fearlessly up the ascent among the trees.

The sun was down, and a dark-gray twilight was stealing over the face of nature, which was considerably intensified by the black branches of the dense forest.

They once more halted and Captain Alton said:

"Tommy, do you remember the old road which leads from Belfast around those bluffs and highlands to the beach?"

"Yes."

"We must be near it, are we not?"

"Yes, I don't think it can be very far away, but it's gettin' so dark, Griffith, we kin hardly see anything."

"We'll find the British on that road," Tommy, continued the anxious Captain, who was paying little attention to the lateness of the hour or the new danger it

might engender. "Now hold your breath, Tommy, tip-toe and follow me."

"Highly Tommy was quaking like an aspen, and would have given everything he possessed at that moment to be safe at home, he set his chattering teeth close together, and followed his leader. They crept forward until the sounds of marching men seemed but a few rods away.

"Halt!" a voice in the darkness commanded.

The command was evidently addressed to the marching column, for it immediately came to a standstill, as did the Americans. It was too dark to see anything, but they were near enough to the column to hear what was said, even in an ordinary conversation, by the officers in command.

"Captain Cutler," said a voice in the darkness, "why this halt? Why not march right down to the beach? There may be more demand for haste than we think."

"We'd better be a little careful how we plunge down into that darkness to the beach, especially as we go without our own lights, and more so, as the Americans now listened with the most intense eagerness in hopes that they might get some of the enemy's plans."

"The Yankees are shut up in their holes, and won't dare venture out," the first speaker answered, "and we won't be bothered by them."

"There is no telling; these Yankees are wild as a hawk. It would be just like 'em to have every foot of ground between us and the beach guarded. They are a set of groundhogs, and can burrow in the earth in five minutes. Besides, it is more'n we dare do to take the command so far away from the point we were to hold at all hazards, without orders from the Major."

"That may be so. The Major ought to have left some warning orders instead of slinking away like a coward, as he did."

"He's about it."

"D'ye know why he left, Captain?"

"I've heard there was a woman in the case some way."

"Right you are, Cap'n. When a man starts out to fight his king he must leave women out of the question."

"I echo that sentiment."

"Griff, Griffith, Tommy Ruffles, who had been listening very intently, whispered, "they are talking about Miss Gattrell."

"Yes, beyond a doubt," the Captain returned in a whisper scarce above his breath.

Although Griffith was assured that nothing they had said had been heard, he was anxious to hear all the British had to say, and fearing they might be discovered, cautioned Tommy against talking even in a whisper.

During the momentary discussion between the Americans they were in a measure lost the thread of discussion between the British, and when they came to listen to them they were on a different topic.

"When'll the detail start?"

"In a few minutes, Lieutenant Wheeler is to report. Ah, here he comes now."

Some one approaching the officers said:

"Captain Cutler, I am ready now to receive your final orders."

"Very well, Lieutenant, go down this road and see if the way is clear."

"How far shall I go?"

"We want you to go to the beach—to the water's edge, and signal the ship to send in a boat for the dispatch."

"Yes, Captain."

"Do you know what the signal is to be?"

"No."

"Three rockets."

"Have you the rockets?"

"Yes; here they are."

"Will not the signal be seen by the Americans?"

"What difference will it make? They won't dare to leave their holes, and we can give no other that would be seen after nightfall. Discharge the rockets one after another, and a boat will be sent ashore; then give them the dispatch."

"I would give much to see that dispatch myself," our hero thought.

Was the information to be conveyed to the ship good or bad, Captain Alton asked himself, again being by careful listening to be able to gather the information from the British officers, but they failed to allude to it.

"Lieutenant, how many men are you going to take with you?" he next heard some one ask.

"Sixteen will be sufficient."

"Captain, do you go voluntarily. An idea had entered his mind like an electric spark, and he seized his companion's arm. The idea was conveyed to his companion, and Tommy was almost on the eve of speaking out, so suddenly did the brilliant thought strike him, but he restrained himself.

The plan conceived by both in a second—the time was to cut off the detachment of British, make them prisoners, and capture the dispatch.

"Captain Cutler," said the Lieutenant, "why need there be so much delay in this matter? Why not let the three rockets which are to signal the boat from the man-of-war also signal you to come up with your command?"

"That would not be in accordance with orders. You must inform the boat when it pulls in the condition we are in, our exact position, the danger that threatens, and send this dispatch to the Major; then await his orders."

"Very well, Captain, I understand."

"Is it not dark enough now? I think there is no danger of your being discovered while crossing the beach."

"Yes, sir, it is, or will be by the time we have reached the beach."

Captain Alton thought he could almost see the military salute which the Lieutenant gave on his departure.

Griffith Alton touched Tommy's arm, and by the motion indicated that they were to retire from the scene. Carefully they began a retrograde movement, retreating slowly and cautiously so as not to break a twig or rustle a leaf.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bob Ingersoll on Clover.

A wonderful thing is clover, says Col. Ingersoll. It means honey and cream; that is to say, industry and contentment; that is to say, the happy bees in gate old Bos, the beautiful cottage garden, and at the blessed 'satisfaction' end, in that blessed twilight pause that like a benediction falls between all toil and sleep.

This clover makes me dream of happy hours of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs and brooks and violets, and all there is of painless joy and peaceful human life.

A wonderful word is clover. Drop the "o" and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the "o" and "r" and you have the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Out of the "c" alone and there remains a warm, deceitful bud that sweetens breath and keeps the peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs.

After all Bottom was right: "Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow."

SUBJUGATE THE SOUTH.

DESPERATE PLAN OF REPUBLICAN PARTY BOSSSES.

The President Almost Forewarned by Clarkson and Quay to Undertake a Revival of the Carpet-Bag Regime That Followed the War.

(Washington correspondent Chicago Herald.)

Bargain Blankets!

We offer 200 Pair
White Bed Blankets
at 83c.

Plush Cloaks and Cloth Newmarkets at lower prices than ever before offered in Central Michigan.

Ladies' Plush Sacks, Fine Quilted Satin Lining, Four Genuine Seal Drop Ornaments, at
Fifteen Dollars.

The above cannot be duplicated in the state of Michigan.

Seal Plush Jackets, Modjeskas, and 3/4 Lengths at
\$10, \$12 and \$15.

Genuine Alaska Seal Plush Sacks 40 inches long, Pure London Dye, Real Seal Ornaments, Fine Quality, Quilted Satin Lining, at
Eighteen Dollars.

Our \$20, \$23.50 and \$25 Seal Plush Sacks are Full Seal Trimmed, Genuine English Goods, and as fine as any garments manufactured.

5,000 yards Heavy Canton Flannel at
Five Cents.

Burnham & Co.,

LANISING, MICH.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

SOUTHWARD			
Station	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Mason	8:30	10:24	9:22
Jackson	9:10	11:20	10:30
Chicago	6:10	6:40	7:00
Detroit	11:50	4:10	10:45
St. Thomas	3:25	11:05	2:06
Niagara Falls	7:25	2:51	5:25

NORTHWARD			
Station	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Mason	7:50	11:25	6:59
Lansing	8:25	12:00	6:09
Owosso	9:32	12:55	7:33
Day City	1:25	Owosso	6:30
Mackinac	3:05	Acc'n.	9:50

Mason Markets.

GRAIN	Price
WHEAT, Red, No. 2, per bushel	67 1/2
WHEAT, White, No. 2, per bushel	67 1/2
WHEAT, White, No. 2, per bushel	67 1/2
WHEAT, Rejected, per bushel	65 1/2
OATS, per bushel	29 1/2
CORN, in the ear, per bushel	29 1/2
CLOVER SEED, per bushel	3 00/100
TIMOTHY SEED, per bushel	3 00/100

MEATS	Price
SALT, Saguaw, per barrel	61 00
BEANS, Unpickled, per bushel	61 00
POTATOES, per bushel	25 00
FLOUR, per 100 pounds	2 40/100
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, per 100 pounds	63 00
EGGS, Fresh, per dozen	69 18
BUTTER, per pound	16 00
LARD, per pound	8 00
APPLES, Dried, per pound	10 00
PEACHES, Dried, per pound	10 00

LIVE STOCK AND MEAT	Price
CATTLE, per 100 pounds	2 00/100
HEEP, Dressed, per 100 pounds	4 00/100
HOGS, per 100 pounds	3 15/100
PORK, Dressed, per 100 pounds	4 00/100
HAMS, per pound	8 00
SHOULDERS, per pound	7 00
CHICKENS, Dressed, per pound	7 00
CHICKENS, Live, per pound	6 00
TURKEYS, Live, per pound	6 00
TURKEYS, Dressed, per pound	6 00

BUILDING MATERIAL	Price
WATER LIME, per barrel	1 50
CALCINED PLASTER, per barrel	2 50
PLASTERING HAIR, per bushel	20 00
SITINGES, per thousand	10 00
LIME, Good, per barrel	75 00
LATH, per M. feet	10 00/100

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Remember every \$2 purchase entitles you to one ticket in our annual drawing.
E. CULVER.

Geo. Shaw has found his \$20. His pocket was picked, as he supposed. He lost the money on corner of Ash and D streets while on his way to S. R. Curry's to dinner. C. W. Whitman found the money, saw the notice exclusively in the Democrat, and returned it to Mr. Shaw's father. Another evidence of the value of newspaper advertising. The notice was merely given as a news item, but it had the desired effect, the finding of the owner for the money.

Our stock is complete. We have sold out the old goods, and trade is booming. We have an entirely new stock of goods for your selection, and we are selling at living cash prices. Our new stock of *cook and heating stoves* is unequaled in the city of Mason, in quality and in price. **Warranted** cross-cut saws and axes cheaper than ever offered to the trade before. When we make these statements in regard to our *low prices* we mean *business*. Call on us and be convinced for yourselves. Yours respectfully
J. H. SAYERS.

Your Folks and Our Folks.

The Misses Wolfe give thanks in Lansing to-day. E. B. Wood of Lansing, was in the city yesterday. C. C. Fitch and A. R. Dardy were out last Monday. Don Darling of Jackson, will be a guest at Justice Rice's today. S. E. Opdyke of Owosso, a former Mason boy, was in the city Tuesday. Wm. H. Hayner returned from his trip to Dakota last Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Coy will visit friends and spend Thanksgiving at Parma. P. Whitmore made a business trip to Dowagiac the fore part of the week. Geo. Lawrence of Albion, N. Y., was a guest at S. H. Beecher's last Friday. Bert Gregory, who has been working in Jackson, has gone to Davenport, Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Bennett of Lansing, were guests at E. Culver's last Monday. Simon Backham of Leslie, visited his daughter, Mrs. Geo. C. Moody, last Tuesday. Mrs. M. D. True and Miss Clara Osborn are spending Thanksgiving with friends in Jackson. Mrs. Joseph E. Newson of Jackson, formerly of this city, is in the city to-day, visiting old friends.

Miss Zada Ives of Sunny Side, is spending a couple of weeks with friends at Chippewa and Olive. Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Duda will give thanks and eat turkey with their mother, Mrs. W. H. Clark, at Parma. County Clerk House, with an array of court files, attended a lawsuit at Williamston yesterday, as a witness. Miss Fannie Snow, teacher in the primary department of our schools, will spend Thanksgiving in Chelsea. Lennis Isbell, recently in the employ of C. E. Ball and driver of Jubilee, is clerking at the Allen house at Leslie. C. R. Huntington, with his family and household goods, left last Tuesday morning for his new home at Shepherd. Nina Bristol, who is attending school at Alma college, arrived home last evening to spend Thanksgiving with her people. Mrs. Phillips of Alanson, township, is visiting her son and daughter, E. O. Phillips and Mrs. James Templar of St. Louis. Ella Kiehm, Roy Miller, Hugh and Bert Root, and John Marshall, all students at Albion college, are home for Thanksgiving. Misses Jennie and Clara Osborn of Ingham township, were guests of their aunt, Mrs. M. D. True, the latter part of last week. Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Burns, pastor of the Congregationalist church at Stanton, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. P. Comfort yesterday. Aaron Wilson, who was severely injured by a traction engine on work on last Tuesday, has so far recovered as to be able to get out again. Jimmie Birney, recently in the employ of A. L. Barber, went to Jackson last Saturday night to accept a situation in a wholesale fruit house. Miss Kittle Strickland and Messrs. Arthur and Fred Costin of Lansing, attended the banding party at the Army last week Wednesday evening. Capt. H. H. F. Sayers will eat their Thanksgiving turkey with friends at Eaton Rapids. Frank attends a grand party in that city this evening. Henry F. Gutches, city marshal and street commissioner of Albion, was called to this city to attend the funeral of his brother, Charles, last Tuesday. Earl Part of Whitford will spend Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. Dr. A. E. Campbell, and will make his home with her in the future, attending our public schools. Miss C. Smith of East Alton, has been entertaining her aunts, Mrs. Mary Richards of Lansing, and other relatives from Alton county, Ohio, and Du-Kau county, Indiana. Misses Kittle Blair, Fannie Halsey, Myra Slater and Nellie Youngs of Leslie, witnessed the carnival last Saturday evening. Miss Youngs was a guest at F. W. Sherman's over Sunday. David L. Miller went to Shephard last week to superintend the clothes pin business. He will move his family to that place next week. Andrew Farrer, in whose house Mr. Miller has lived for over five years, very much regrets his removal from one city.

There will be a select dancing and card party at the opera house to-morrow evening. Good music will be furnished. Bill, 75 cents.

Mrs. S. A. C. Plummer of Lansing, state inspector of the W. R. C., inspected the local corps last evening, after which a supper was served to the members and a number of invited guests.

Last evening at eight o'clock numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Coy met at Ball & Sherman's and marched to their residence in the second ward. The assembly was composed of members of the M. E. church and congregation. They presented Mrs. Coy with an elegant gold watch and chain as an evidence of the appreciation of her soprano singing during the past three years while a member of the M. E. choir.

War is ended! Peace is declared! The white dove of peace once more perches over the portals of the Mason post office! The one applicant—as per republican journals—triumphantly chosen! Last Thursday Harry O. Call received the appointment as postmaster of this city, a bond was forwarded, filled out with the following bondsmen—L. C. Webb, A. I. Barber and E. M. Williams—and returned Friday. Mr. Call will soon receive his commission.

With this issue of the Democrat will expire the time of a good many of its trial subscribers. The proprietors will be pleased to have all such renew their subscriptions and hope to receive a large number of favorable reports before the next issue. They will not attempt to force their paper upon anyone who does not desire to take it and will promptly stop all those not signifying a wish to continue the same. To all those who have taken advantage of our trial offer, and do not desire to continue in the future, we thank you.

Mrs. T. Densmore will entertain the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church at her pleasant home, Friday evening, Nov. 29. Menu: Johnnycakes, mush and milk, hulled corn, and corn in all styles will be served. The evening will be given over to music, spelling, and games of various kinds. We hope a goodly number will respond to this cordial invitation. The young people are especially urged to be present on this notable occasion.
Mrs. BECKER, Secretary.

This will be about \$4,000 for Each.

Last year the Detroit Journal organized and carried out a very successful floral exhibition, for the benefit of the Detroit charities, and is now busily at work planning for another and much greater one. The musical feature alone will require the organization of a chorus of 600 voices, and its art department will be of the dimensions of a notable art exhibition. The chiefest interest, however, will center in the floral display, and in the 25 floral booths, to be conducted by the ladies of the various charities. The Detroit Journal predicts that a \$100,000 net cash surplus will be cleared.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to extend our sincere thanks, through the press of this city, to the merchants, the band, the young ladies who participated, and all others who aided us in making our recent entertainment a success.
YOUR LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Charles E. Gutches, for many years a resident of this city, died at his home north and east of the Rogers works, last Sunday morning at six o'clock, after an illness of only a few days, of rheumatism of the heart, aged 49 years. Mr. Gutches had many good qualities and made many friends. He was a veteran of the war of the rebellion, serving in Battery D, third regt. N. Y. Vol. light artillery, and drew a pension from disease contracted while in the service. His funeral was held at the M. E. church Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, conducted by the Rev. A. D. Newton and his body was interred in the city cemetery. Although not a member of the G. A. R. his last funeral rites were attended by a large body of the members of the post of this city. He leaves a wife, daughter and two brothers.

The coming of Miss Newcomb has aroused in the hearts of the temperance workers of this city a realization of their duty and resulted in the organization of a W. C. T. U. last Monday afternoon at the Presbyterian church. There were about fifty ladies present, Miss Newcomb presiding. The next meeting will be held at the Presbyterian church, Monday afternoon, Dec. 24, at three o'clock. All who are interested are cordially invited to be present, as plans for furthering the work will be discussed. The following were chosen officers for the first term:

President—Mrs. Dr. W. W. Root.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Rev. J. A. Barnes, Mrs. W. D. Longyear, Mrs. M. A. Vaughn, Recording Secretary—Mrs. C. M. Marshall, Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. C. W. Chapman, Treasurer—Mrs. L. W. Mills.

A woman giving the name of Jennette Miller, purporting to be from Morenci, and that her husband belonged to the G. A. R. and was a farmer of means near that village, perpetrated a confidence game upon several members of the G. A. R. and the W. R. C. of this city recently. She put up at the American House and told Landlord Losee a pitiful tale about having been the northern part of the state to attend the funeral of her sister, losing a \$10 bill and being put off the train here, because of not having money to pay her fare farther. The kind-hearted landlord gave some G. A. R. men to whom the same tale was related. The old veterans were touched and they put her case in the hands of members of the W. R. C., who gave her money to pay her railroad fare to Adrian and pay her hotel bill, \$3.25 being the amount. Correspondence with the adjunct of the post at Morenci revealed the fact that no such man belonged there and the job was out. She is described as being well dressed and having the appearance of a refined lady. Look out for her.

Painfully Laughable.

The comedy farce, "A Hugh Joke," may be classified as a dramatic gem. The performance is remarkably pure in tone. Musical, both instrumental and vocal—laughable to a painful degree, and interesting throughout. The characters presented are all natural, presenting only the comic side of life. The artists are experienced and finished. The company is not large, but what they lack in quantity is over balanced in quality. The no play like it on the stage in construction, plot and purpose and the entire performance is as successful as it is original.—Gazette and Bulletin, Williamston, Penn.

Marriage Licenses.

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

Name and Residence	Age
John P. O'Sell, Lansing	22
Kate Morrison, Lansing	20
Joseph Hise, Locke	33
Yvonne Blinn, Lansing	19
Wm. H. Lasey, Holt	22
Ruth B. Simpson, Anselius	22
Loanni Rice, Brimley	22
Milnes VanCamp, Danville	22
James Ennis, Lansing	20
Elmer Wright, Lansing	20
Loanni Rice, Brimley	22
Myra Dutcher, Leroy	22
Daniel Eckhart, Anselius	22
John H. Lair, Westfield	22
George S. Strong, Lansing	25
Ma E. Soper, Lansing	25
Jennie Stanley, Lansing	22
Henry A. Woodworth, Lansing	24
Mrs. Louise Strong, Lansing	22

Roll of Honor.

Monthly report of Mason public schools, for the month ending Nov. 25:

Whole number of pupils enrolled to date	472
Number belonging at date	374
Average daily attendance	367
Number of attendances	10,709
Number neither absent or tardy during month	169
Number of visitors	25
Number of non-residents	45

HIGH SCHOOL.

Terence Burns	Gertrude Cross
John Callahan	Mary Callahan
Mary Follows	Millie Fenn
Frank Fries	Nettie Lyon
Earl Leavelle	Anna Leavelle
Carroll Corneil	Guy Raymond
Anna Rowe	Maebel Rowe
Bert True	Mrs. Wood

EIGHTH GRADE.

Frank Vetterman	Clara Beaumont	Maude Cronch
Margaret Callahan <td>Grace Holley<td>Winnie Ives</td></td>	Grace Holley <td>Winnie Ives</td>	Winnie Ives
Nettie Jewett <td>Grace Lyon<td>Joe Robinson</td></td>	Grace Lyon <td>Joe Robinson</td>	Joe Robinson
Frank Severance <td>Lennie Linder<td>Blanche Flora</td></td>	Lennie Linder <td>Blanche Flora</td>	Blanche Flora

SEVENTH GRADE.

Flora Hulse	Edie Perrin	Evert Clark
Roy Bartholomew <td>Carrie Rogers<td>Eddie Fleming</td></td>	Carrie Rogers <td>Eddie Fleming</td>	Eddie Fleming
Clarence Green <td>Clarice Hunt<td>Guy Castellan</td></td>	Clarice Hunt <td>Guy Castellan</td>	Guy Castellan
Maude Horton <td>Maude Kierces<td>Bertie Kierces</td></td>	Maude Kierces <td>Bertie Kierces</td>	Bertie Kierces
Dudley Freedland <td>Fay Palmer<td>Mamie Hinkley</td></td>	Fay Palmer <td>Mamie Hinkley</td>	Mamie Hinkley
Kittie Strong <th>Nettie Griffin</th> <th>Winifred Nollis</th>	Nettie Griffin	Winifred Nollis
Guy Raymond <th>Myra Leavelle</th> <th>Clara Comau</th>	Myra Leavelle	Clara Comau
Alice Padock <th>Maebel Gunn</th> <td></td>	Maebel Gunn	

FIFTH GRADE.

Carey Brace	Fred Dement	Maudie Dement
Maude Dresser <th>Wallie Dewey</th> <th>Maude Dobie</th>	Wallie Dewey	Maude Dobie
Fannie Blinn <th>Gene Baldwin</th> <th>Ernest Parker</th>	Gene Baldwin	Ernest Parker
Coral Southwick <th>Bertha Southwick</th> <th>Alto Smith</th>	Bertha Southwick	Alto Smith
Norman Templeton <th>Clarence Templeton</th> <th>Alto Sweet</th>	Clarence Templeton	Alto Sweet
Leila Lincoln <th>Maude Wilcox</th> <th>Maabel Youngs</th>	Maude Wilcox	Maabel Youngs
Willie Perrin <th>Myra Leavelle</th> <th>Sybil Palmer</th>	Myra Leavelle	Sybil Palmer
John Nosses <th>Ralph Hinkley</th> <td></td>	Ralph Hinkley	

FOURTH GRADE.

Edwin Bennett	Blanche Crittenden	Pearl Curry
Geo. Huntington <th>Myrtle Lincoln</th> <th>Ada Lyon</th>	Myrtle Lincoln	Ada Lyon
Lilla Callahan <th>Myrtle Moore</th> <th>George Shafer</th>	Myrtle Moore	George Shafer
Bessie Tefft <th>Sadie Vandercreek</th> <th>Louis Tefft</th>	Sadie Vandercreek	Louis Tefft
Blanche Vandercreek <th>Harry Vandercreek</th> <th>Bessie Webb</th>	Harry Vandercreek	Bessie Webb
Ide Vandercreek <td></td> <td></td>		

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

Nellie Otis	Emma Beaumont	Alie Hinkley
George Barnes <th>Lee Lasey</th> <th>Floyd Perrin</th>	Lee Lasey	Floyd Perrin
Guy Lincoln <th>Faye Whitman</th> <th>Blagdo Horton</th>	Faye Whitman	Blagdo Horton
Maude Horton <th>Maude Kierces</th> <th>Ernest Kelly</th>	Maude Kierces	Ernest Kelly
Bertha Cannon <th>John Squiers</th> <th>Mattie Green</th>	John Squiers	Mattie Green
Nellie Opdyke <th>George Lockhart</th> <th>Etta Brown</th>	George Lockhart	Etta Brown

FIRST PRIMARY.

George True	Julia Minar	Alie Feebles
John Callahan <th>Gene Baldwin</th> <th>Ernest Parker</th>	Gene Baldwin	Ernest Parker
Nellie Acker <th>Corra Frazel</th> <th>Ellis Swan</th>	Corra Frazel	Ellis Swan
Nellie Brown <th>Batlie Nosses</th> <th>Lena Bradt</th>	Batlie Nosses	Lena Bradt
Maude Horton <th>Maude Kierces</th> <th>Ernest Kelly</th>	Maude Kierces	Ernest Kelly
Willie Southwick <th>Frank Perrin</th> <th>Oria Perrin</th>	Frank Perrin	Oria Perrin
Earl Vandercreek <th>Lyman Minar</th> <th>Berlie Brown</th>	Lyman Minar	Berlie Brown
Harry Curry <th>Owen Harmon</th> <th>Ernest Bellows</th>	Owen Harmon	Ernest Bellows
Orpha Otis <th>Charlie Southwick</th> <th>Edlie Kirby</th>	Charlie Southwick	Edlie Kirby
Royes Lyon <th>Willie Lyon</th> <th>Riley Lyon</th>	Willie Lyon	Riley Lyon

SECOND WARD—4th, 3d and 2d Grades.

Mina Bogert	Harry Gramb	Cyrus Cochran
Lilla Callahan <th>Bertie Brown</th> <th>Ernest Parker</th>	Bertie Brown	Ernest Parker
Clyde Swan <th>Ellis Swan</th> <th>Irvin Snyder</th>	Ellis Swan	Irvin Snyder

FIRST GRADE.

Charlie Callahan	Tring Chandler	Earle Chandler
Maude Dresser <th>Maude House</th> <th>Maude House</th>	Maude House	Maude House
Nellie Harris <th>Louis Harris</th> <th>Barley Myers</th>	Louis Harris	Barley Myers
Jesse Royston <th>Victor Giles</th> <td></td>	Victor Giles	

R. H. GUTCHES, Superintendent.

Nearly Ready

The Detroit Journal Year Book for 1889, will be ready for issue about January 1. It will be sent free to all old and new subscribers of the Journal. It has been thoroughly revised, and nearly all the matter it contains, as well as the cover, is entirely new, the latter being beautified by an elegant floral design. It is a beauty.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Advertised Letter List.

Mason, Nov. 25, 1889.

List of letters remaining uncolled for at the above named office:

Burillo & Co., Mr. W. E. Dobb & Co., Mr. Gerald Barrow, Mr. Maria Foster, Mr. W. H. Fischer, W. P. Lewis, W. H. Lewis, Miss Tempest Marshall, Miss Minnie C. White, Mrs. Lucy Summerville, Mrs. G. (Drop)

Persons calling for any of the above say advertised: **NELIE LEWIS, Acting P. M.**

Card of Thanks.

We desire to extend our sincere thanks to our neighbors, kind friends, and especially the members of the G. A. R., for the kindness shown us in our late bereavement in the loss of our husband, father and brother.

Miss. CHAS. E. GUTCHES, Ma. and Mrs. GEORGE STONEY, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gutches, Ma. and Mrs. HENRY F. GUTCHES.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine is the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for coughs and colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and \$1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

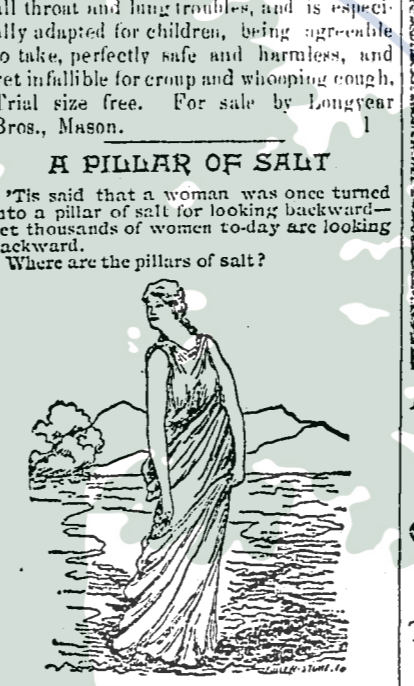
Interesting to Farmers.

No class of people should be so careful in providing themselves with reliable family medicines as those who live far from physicians. VanWert's Balsam for the lungs is particularly recommended to the farming community, as it is wonderfully effective in all throat and lung troubles, and is especially adapted for children, being agreeable to take, perfectly safe and harmless, and yet infallible for croup and whooping cough. Trial size free. For sale by Longyear Bros., Mason.

A PILLAR OF SALT

"She said that a woman was once turned into a pillar of salt for looking backward—yet thousands of women to-day are looking backward."

Where are the pillars of salt?



Well, we'll tell you. There is the Carpet Sweeper. It has been on the market twenty years. Millions have been sold. We make nearly a thousand every day. Yet there are thousands who do not use them. Some have had old styles and abandoned them—no one ever discarded a new style sweeper. Some never tried them. They are looking backward—for the cannibals used brooms to sweep city streets with five hundred years ago. What becomes of those women? They grow old before they ought to. They don't derive the pleasure from life there is in it. They wear their carpets, breathe dust and become slaves to the drudgery of house-keeping. Wouldn't you rather be salt?

We'll mail you some pretty circulars, and tell you of a handsome sweeper for a Christmas present, if you'll drop us a postal card.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Palace Meat Market.

Will lose none of its popularity while under the management of its present proprietor,
HERMAN FRAZEL.

He always keeps the Very Choice of All Kinds

Fresh Salt Meats,

POULTRY AND GAME.

Cash for Hides and Pelts!

WORK FOR THE WINTER!

We want a number of energetic, reliable men to act as agents for the sale of a full line of first-class NURSERY STOCK which is guaranteed true to name. We hire **NO SALARIES**, or if preferred on Commission. The work is steady and our terms liberal. For particulars apply to
W. D. CHASE & CO.,
Geneva, N. Y.

WAR CLAIMS A SPECIALTY.

PENSIONS FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS their widows and children.

INCREASE PENSIONS for those whose disabilities have increased, and for those who have become entitled to a higher rate by a department ruling, or by act of Congress.

VETERAN BOUNTIES to all soldiers who re-enlisted on or before April 1, 1864, during the war of the rebellion, having previously served in the army at any time for a period of (or periods aggregating) FIFTY months.

OFFICERS' TRAVEL PAY now collectible in every instance where a discharge or resignation was based upon a disability incurred in service.

ALL KINDS OF CLAIMS diligently and persistently prosecuted.

Sixteen years experience. My fees and charges are moderate and in accordance with the law.

ADVISE FREE and OBLIGINGLY GIVEN. REFERENCES in every County in Michigan on application.

G. F. DARLING,
Late Special Examiner U. S. Bureau of Pensions,
46 Old Tecumseh Bldg., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A Big Closing Out Sale for Cash

—OF—
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBER GOODS
FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

BROWN BROS.

Will astonish the people who wish to purchase Boots, Shoes, Felts, Rubbers, Socks, etc. You will find this the Greatest Opportunity for buying goods cheap ever offered.

All goods are new and custom made. Everything selected with great care and bought for spot cash. No old bankrupt stocks. We mean just what we quote. We have the Largest Line of Warm Lined Goods in this section.

EVERYTHING MUST GO.

Come and get Bargains better than money at interest. It will pay you to come 20 miles.

BROWN BROTHERS.
Mason, Nov. 15, 1889.

ATTRACTIONS!

—IN—
HOLIDAY GOODS.

My Stock Consists of
WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE.

Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches,
Diamond Rings, Solid Stone Cameo Rings,
14 and 18 K Band Rings, Oriental Pot Pourri,
Rose Jars, Milk Sets, Fine China Ash Plaques,
Cups and Saucers, H. & Co.'s Imported Fruit Plates,
Vases, Water Sets, Hair Ornaments,
Fans, Canes, Assorted Cuspidors,
And indeed, there is nothing we have not got that is usually found in
—a First-Class—



Jewelry and Novelty Store

The following Presents will be distributed among my Customers on
New Years Eve:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Gent's or Lady's Gold Watch. | 20. Nickel Clock. |
| 2. Gent's Silver Watch. | 21. Gent's Cane. |
| 3. Gent's Silver Stem Wind Watch. | 22. One Rose Jar. |
| 4. Triple Plated Tea Set. | 23. Pink Thermometer. |
| 5. Triple Plated Caster. | 24. Fair Lady's Cuff Buttons. |
| 6. Triple Plated Toilet Set. | 25. Fair Gent's Cuff Buttons. |
| 7. One Set Rogers Bros. Table Spoons. | 26. One Jay Tea Pot. |
| 8. One Set Rogers Bros. Forks. | 27. Gent's Heart Pin. |
| 9. One Set Rogers Bros. Knives. | 28. Gold Tooth Pick. |
| 10. One Set Rogers Bros. Knives. | 29. One Mustard Cup. |
| 11. One Set Rogers Bros. Knives. | 30. Fair Lady's Roll Plate Ear Rings. |
| 12. One Set Rogers Bros. Tea Spoons. | 31. One Fair Side Combs. |
| 13. Silver and Glass Butter Dish. | 32. Lady's Hair Pin. |
| 14. Set China Finger Bowls. | 33. One China Finger Bowl. |
| 15. Individual Caster. | 34. Silver Thimble. |
| 16. One Pair Vases. | 35. One Napkin Ring. |
| 17. One Owl. | 36. One Owl. |
| 18. Lady's Roll Plate Neck Chains. | 37. One Match Safe. |
| 19. One Set Fruit Plates. | 38. One China Doll. |

IT COSTS YOU ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

To compete for these goods. Positively no presents exchanged.

For every \$2 worth of goods purchased of me for cash a number will be given for the drawing, which will take place as heretofore.

"O MY," The children say, "what nice presents for pa and ma, and so cheap," at
E. CULVERS.

Cook Block, Mason, Mich.

CYCLOPEDIAS.

Below is an interesting comparison of Contents and Price of leading Cyclopedias:

	No. of Vols.	Pages.	Words.	Cost.
Appleton's	16	13,408	15,928,000	\$80.00
Johnson's	8	6,888	10,962,310	45.00
Britannica	24	20,040	26,006,400	120.00
Allden's Manifesto	40	25,600	14,080,000	24.00

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Allden's Ideal Revolving Book Case, prices \$6.00 to \$10.00; holds 125 to 150 volumes of the average size. No other article of furniture of equal cost will equally adorn a cultured home.

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SEE ALDEN'S MANFOLD CYCLOPEDIA at the office of this paper, where you can, if you wish, leave your order. By thus clubbing your orders with others, the cost of transportation may be partially saved. A liberal reduction in price to early subscribers.

To the Traveling Public!

The Mail Route from
DANVILLE TO MASON

Having been discontinued, the subscriber will hereafter run a vehicle over the road daily (Sunday and public holidays excepted) for the convenience of passengers, express and freight, at reasonable rates, leaving Danville at eight o'clock a. m., and arriving at Mason at or before 10 a. m., and returning at such times each day as shall best promote the convenience of the public.

GEO. F. GLENN.
Danville, Mich., Oct. 17, 1888.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

The remedy by a Puritan having 30 years' absolute special and private experience treating monthly diseases. Is used monthly with pleasing success by over 30,000 ladies, young married or at change. Guaranteed safe, always effective. Will not substitute for Water. Your druggist has them. Full box, according to directions. Address with stamp for sealed pamphlet, Mrs. MARYA CHAMBERLAIN, 65, BOSTON, MICH.

For Sale by H. M. WILLIAMS
Old papers at this office

THE BOOMING CANNON.

RECAPS OF STIRRING INCIDENTS IN CAMP AND IN BATTLE.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Amusing and Startling Incidents of Weary Marches, Camp Life, Forging Experiences, and Battle Scenes.

Where the Willow Makes a Shadow.

The last flash of battle, the last glint of sun, the last of a blood-trampled plain; But twilight was waiting when carriage was close. To throw a pall over the slain. "What then lay a soldier high unto death, With agony bravely borne? Dying and bleeding and gasping for breath, For a while his head in the fern. A letter he drew with strength and speed, And to read it an effort made. "I will wait," his wife in the writing said, "Where the willow makes a shadow." Though his mind was bitter, and memory dead. "These words from his heart could not fade; "I will wait," his wife in the letter said, "Where the willow makes a shadow."

When the Willow was Deepening its Leaves of Green.

Sad a woman sat at a grave. Bewailing and following the hopes of years, But this hour to rest she gave. A veteran came, tramping along the lane, And he called out as he drew near. An instant—then in a flash he was gone, And his wife was bitterly woe. "My wife," he cried, with a quick embrace, "And with kisses she was so dear. "You have waited here," he said, "at the place "Where the willow makes a shadow." Though his mind was bitter, and memory dead. "These words from his heart could not fade; "I will wait," his wife in the letter said, "Where the willow makes a shadow."

Stirring Scenes in the Siege of Charleston.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

At the same year that the war closed, Col. W. W. Davis, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, furnished some very interesting statements relating to the siege of Charleston, which will bear repeating at this day. Indeed, the great military operations there seem will never lose any of their interest. Up to this time they remain the grandest of their kind ever attempted. Parts of the story may be briefly told here.

Although the Union forces had obtained a lodgment upon Morris Island, Fort Wagner obstinately held out against several direct assaults, and General Gillmore decided to bombard Fort Sumter over Wagner. This was something entirely new in the warfare of heavy artillery. General Beauregard, deemed, perhaps, the first engineer in the old army, assured his men "that Sumpter could not be breached until after Wagner had been reduced;" but Gillmore resolutely went to work upon the theory of the renowned Sam Patch, that "some things can be done as well as others," and indicated his faith by success. We read with amazement and admiration of the labors of the besieging army in dragging heavy guns through marshes to get them into position, the work having to be done by night, and the pieces covered with brush and weeds in the daytime, to conceal them from the enemy. Just one item of this part of the work will be sufficient to show its character. A three-hundred-pounder cannon was moved a distance of more than a mile through sand and marsh. Three carts were broken down, and a week required for this labor. By such toil as this, eight batteries were constructed for the breaching of Sumter, and a stupendous weight of gun-metal mounted on them. Besides the great piece named, there were six two-hundred-pounders, nine one-hundred-pounders, two eighty-four-pounder Whitworths, two thirty and four twenty-pounders, all rifled, and all Parrotts except the two Whitworths. It is stated that "never before had such weight of metal been directed against any fortress in one attack since the art of war began." Of these batteries, the nearest to Sumter was thirty-four hundred yards and the farthest forty-two hundred and thirty-five yards.

Let the reader pause at these amazing statements and reflect. Great masses of iron weighing three hundred and two hundred pounds were hurled at distances of two and two and a third miles. It makes everything that had gone before in the way of siege-operations appear small by the contrast. It was the boast of the Confederates that Sumter was never given up until the approach of Sherman's army in the rear compelled the evacuation of the city, and that the ruins of the fort were held by infantry, who successfully beat off all boat attacks. While this is true, it is also true that the terrific bombardment by batteries and iron ships that Sumter was subjected to from August 17 to September 1, 1863, dismounted all its artillery, and made the place practically a mass of ruins, which could not be used for offensive purposes. The number of solid shot, during this time, poured upon the place was two thousand one hundred and sixty-five; the number of percussion shell, four thousand and eighty-five.

But the marvels of long-range artillery were not exhausted in these batteries. It remained for the celebrated "Swamp Angel" to cap the climax of this species of warfare. The appropriate name of this battery was due to the lively fancy of Sergeant Felzer, of a New York volunteer engineer regiment. The suggestion for the construction of the battery was made by Colonel E. W. Serrell, who commanded that regiment. The proposed loca-

tion is described as "almost a mile from Morris Island, and nearly on a line between our left batteries and Charleston, on the edge of a deep creek that served as a wet ditch." Bottom could not be reached with a pole anywhere in the vicinity short of sixteen feet. The engineer Lieutenant who was detailed to do the work looked over the ground—or the swamp—and declared that it was impossible to make a foundation in such a place strong enough to support a large gun. Colonel Serrell replied that the plan was practicable, and that the work must be done at the point designated. "You can make requisition for anything you need," he added. Thereupon the obstinate Lieutenant made a formal requisition on the Quartermaster for "one hundred men eighteen feet high, to wade through mud sixteen feet deep," and he informally called on a surgeon to know if he could splice the men when furnished. Of course, this waggish officer was relieved from further duty in building the battery and placed in arrest, and the work was done, and thoroughly done, by those who had faith in the possibilities of the situation. The whole work was done at night, to avoid interruption by the enemy, and occupied two weeks. The foundation was made of pine logs, which had to be landed several miles; on this foundation sand-bags were built up. On this battery was placed a 240-pound Parrott gun, which was got into position with vast difficulty and labor. The distance from Charleston was 8,800 yards, and the gun was fired at an elevation of thirty-four degrees. It burst at the thirty-fourth discharge, but not before its enormous shells had fallen into that quarter of Charleston that was within its range, demolishing buildings, and causing the desertion of the exposed part.

Such statements amaze us: they astonished Europe at the time, and our own people have never yet fully comprehended the colossal nature of these operations, which were the very largest of their kind in this or any other war. Shells weighing 200 pounds thrown five miles! It fairly taxes belief—and yet is a matter of recent history. Some of the men are still living who did it.

Incidents connected with the service of the large artillery at other points in the harbor are interesting. After the fall of Fort Wagner, Union batteries were erected at Cummings Point, more than three miles from Charleston in an air-line. From thirty-pounders and 100-pounders shells were continually thrown into Charleston; during several nights in succession a shell fell into the city each five minutes! One of the thirty-pounders was fired 4,615 times.

The precision of the fire on both sides was often marvellous. It is related that a captain of a Maine regiment stood up on a bomb-proof at Battery Gregg "to have a good view of Charleston." From James Island, a mile and a half off, a Confederate gunner sighted him and made him a mark. The ball cut him in two!

During the operations against Fort Wagner, while the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment was guarding the trenches, nine of its men were seated together, outside of cover. A mortar-shell fired from James Island destroyed the entire party at a blow—killing seven and mortally wounding two.

While a number of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment were asleep at night in a bomb-proof of Battery Gregg, a shell from James Island entered the door and killed and wounded seven.

This sketch merely attempts to give some of the most interesting features of the long siege and defense of Charleston, as recorded by eye-witnesses. The complete story would require volumes in the telling, and would strikingly illustrate the courage, the tenacity, the endurance, and the skill of the American soldier.—Chicago Ledger.

tion is described as "almost a mile from Morris Island, and nearly on a line between our left batteries and Charleston, on the edge of a deep creek that served as a wet ditch." Bottom could not be reached with a pole anywhere in the vicinity short of sixteen feet. The engineer Lieutenant who was detailed to do the work looked over the ground—or the swamp—and declared that it was impossible to make a foundation in such a place strong enough to support a large gun. Colonel Serrell replied that the plan was practicable, and that the work must be done at the point designated. "You can make requisition for anything you need," he added. Thereupon the obstinate Lieutenant made a formal requisition on the Quartermaster for "one hundred men eighteen feet high, to wade through mud sixteen feet deep," and he informally called on a surgeon to know if he could splice the men when furnished. Of course, this waggish officer was relieved from further duty in building the battery and placed in arrest, and the work was done, and thoroughly done, by those who had faith in the possibilities of the situation. The whole work was done at night, to avoid interruption by the enemy, and occupied two weeks. The foundation was made of pine logs, which had to be landed several miles; on this foundation sand-bags were built up. On this battery was placed a 240-pound Parrott gun, which was got into position with vast difficulty and labor. The distance from Charleston was 8,800 yards, and the gun was fired at an elevation of thirty-four degrees. It burst at the thirty-fourth discharge, but not before its enormous shells had fallen into that quarter of Charleston that was within its range, demolishing buildings, and causing the desertion of the exposed part.

How Smith and the Captain Traded.

BY J. K. COLLETT.

NATURALLY, the reader, if he has ever been, or is now, or if he only has an inclination to be a horse-trader, will read this article with the expectation of gaining a new point of information. But our story relates only to a custom of trading in military circles in time of war, and though this particular incident may not have fallen under the observation of the reader, yet, if he has been a soldier, no doubt a parallel case can be called to mind. The narrator of the story was a distinguished Georgian, and as we were more interested in the events than the time and place, that part of the story was lost; yet the incident is vouchered for as having actually occurred.

John Smith lived on Southern soil, yet he was a stanch Union man. His neighbors had all joined issues with the Confederacy, and of course no fraternal feeling existed for anyone who stood an avowed antagonist to the principles they believed to be right. Smith was forced to bear insults on every hand. His cattle were killed, and in fact the sentiment prevailed that it was perfectly right to appropriate any property belonging to him, for either public or private use.

But though this was contrary to our Union hero's idea of right and wrong, he never complained. Often assassination or a rope in the hands of a mob were insinuations brought to bear upon his mind to induce him to disavow his convictions. But all this seemed to make him the firmer and the more determined not to complain.

But fortune often changes, and in the course of events the occasion presented itself where it seemed the tables were about to turn. A small Union foraging force had made its appearance in the neighborhood, and the defenseless inhabitants were entirely at its mercy. Smith decided now was the time to get even with his persecuting neighbors. So he had his best horse brought from his stable, and, after having it saddled, he set out to meet the Union soldiers.

He had not proceeded far before he encountered the man he was looking for, and recognizing an officer in a Captain's uniform, he rode boldly forward and after making a salute, called out: "Good morning, Captain!" "Good morning, sir! Dismount" came the reply.

Smith did not exactly understand that kind of reception, yet, deciding it was military custom, he unhesitatingly complied. "Unsaddle!" was the next command that was given by the Captain. Smith did that. "Unsaddle that old nag over there and put your saddle on her, and the one on her on this horse you've been riding."

As he hastily complied with this command, he began to wonder. "Now mount that old horse," was the next order. He mounted. "Now face about." He "faced." "Now move!" But this was past endurance; so while the old horse was already moving forward, Smith, turning in his saddle, called out: "Captain, just let me say one thing!" "Well, say it, and it's quick!" "Well, I've been trading horses forty years, but this is the first time I ever traded and didn't have a word to say about it." PETRAM, Ga.

DEFENDING SUSPECTS.

TRYING TO PROVE ALIBI FOR THE CHRONIC PRISONERS.

Testimony to the Effect that O'Sullivan Spent the Evening of May 4 at His Home and that Burke Was in a Saloon at the Time Dr. Cronin Is Said to Have Been Murdered.

(Chicago Telegram.) The defense in the Cronin case is mainly in the line of proving an alibi for the defendants, and that Beggs did not act as a secret committee of investigation, as charged by the State.

James Hyland, a laborer of 332 East Ohio street, testified that he and his cousin, Jeremiah Hyland, called at O'Sullivan's house about 7 o'clock Sunday night, May 4. They had supper and witness and his cousin, accompanied by O'Sullivan, left the O'Sullivan house about 10 o'clock and went west on Ashland avenue.

"We went down," he said, "to the second saloon and went in and had three glasses of wine—sherry wine—together and O'Sullivan paid for it. Then we had another glass of wine apiece and I paid for it. Then we had cigars."

On cross-examination Hyland said he didn't know Dan Coughlin, had never spoken to him, and, indeed, he had not spoken to O'Sullivan until the night of May 5, though he had seen him at church in Wisconsin.

"What did you say you had to drink at the saloon?" "Sherry."

"Did your cousin call for the same?" "He said he'd like to have a glass of cider, but the man hadn't any."

"How did you all stand at the bar?" "We all stood together."

"Talk much?" "No, we didn't talk a great deal."

It will be remembered that Nieman was positive that O'Sullivan and Coughlin stood apart from Kunze at the saloon and that they talked together earnestly for as much as twenty minutes; that Kunze stood apart and first ordered beer, but when O'Sullivan said: "Take something good," he drank sherry with the rest. Further, that it was nearly 11 o'clock instead of being shortly after 9 o'clock, because the clock was immediately after that time these men left, and yet again that Nieman is positive that it was Saturday night, May 4, instead of Sunday, May 5. Again, it is by no means certain that the saloon Hyland refers to is Nieman's place.

Jeremiah Hyland, the cousin who is to take Kunze's place as the blonde stranger who was with O'Sullivan in Nieman's place was not present. He brought his hat, too. It was a silk hat and the man didn't help it look a particle. He is smaller than James, but is still big enough to make two Kunzes out of him. On the stand he substantiated his cousin's story.

Michael Whelan, an ex-police officer, took the stand and told about where Dan Coughlin was on the night of May 4. Whelan at that time was a detective at the East Chicago Avenue station. He was suspended from the force May 25 and discharged Aug. 31.

On Saturday, May 4, Whelan attended the funeral of an old friend. In the evening he was at the Chicago Avenue station from 7:30 o'clock until after 10. He met Dan Coughlin at the station that night about 7:30. From 7 o'clock until 10 o'clock he was on duty at the station until 10 o'clock. Whelan then went inside and he did not know where Coughlin went.

Old John Still was called upon to corroborate Mike Whelan, but he didn't corroborate a word. He said that on Saturday night May 4, he met Dan Coughlin and Mike Whelan in front of the Chicago Avenue station. It was about 9:30 o'clock and he asked them over to Gleason's saloon. He was positive about the night and the hour.

Judge Longnecker, asked the witness why he was so positive it was Saturday night, May 4, and he said because the next morning at 6 o'clock he found an order on the spindle about Cronin's disappearance, and he noticed that day officers to inquire at the livery-stable and see if they could learn who had a white horse out on Saturday night. He was consummately sure that the night he saw Dan Coughlin and Mike Whelan was the night before he saw the order on the spindle.

"Are you sure it was Sunday morning, May 5, that you found this order on the spindle?" asked Mr. Forrest. "Why, of course I am sure of it. I know it."

That settles Dan Coughlin's attempt to prove an alibi. Dr. Cronin's disappearance was not reported until Sunday noon by Mr. Conlin.

It was Monday morning that he found the order, and it is to be noted before that he saw Coughlin and Whelan in front of the police station, Coughlin's alibi was knocked into a cocked hat. Mr. Forrest hadn't a word to say, but his face wore a sad expression.

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POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

PARTICULARS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Gen. Da Fonseca Provisional President and Dom Pedro Forced to Abdicate—The Articles of the Federation of the Provisional Government.

A Rio Janeiro cable says: The city awoke last Friday to hear the republic proclaimed. Gen. Da Fonseca, Senator Constant, and others, proceeded to Petropolis in the morning and informed the Emperor that he had been deposed. Dom Pedro, surrounded by his family, received the deposition with absolute composure. Gen. Da Fonseca was the spokesman. He said that Brazil had advanced far enough in the path of civilization to dispense with the monarchy. The country, while grateful to the Emperor for his patriotic services, was firmly resolved to recognize only the republic. Dom Pedro made a dignified reply. He declined to abdicate, but said he would yield to force.

The imperial family was allowed one hour to prepare for their departure. Carriages escorted by soldiers were waiting to take them to the outer harbor, where a man-of-war was lying under steam. The captain had been instructed to sail as soon as the imperial family had embarked. He had received sealed orders instructing him what route to take. It is supposed that Lisbon is the destination of the vessel. The republic will allow the deposed Emperor 500 contos de reis per annum during his life.

The denomination adopted by the government for the republic is the United States of Brazil. The Governors named by the provisional government are all military men. The provinces of Bahia has proclaimed for the republic. Peace and quietness reign.

The five articles of the government decree are: 1. The republic is proclaimed. 2. The provinces of Brazil, united by federation, compose the United States of Brazil. 3. Each State will form its own local government.

4. Each State will send a representative to the Congress, which will convene shortly, and the final decision of which the provisional government will await. 5. Meantime the Governors of the States will adopt means to maintain order and protect the citizens' rights. The nation's internal relations will be presented meanwhile by the provisional Government.

Senator Trajano has been imprisoned for conspiring against the republic. Peace and quietness reign. A London dispatch says: Dr. Barboza, the new Brazilian minister of finance, has telegraphed to the Brazilian minister here to the following effect: "The government is constituted as the United States of Brazil. The monarchy is deposed and Dom Pedro and his family have left the country. The provinces have signified their adhesion to the government. Tranquility and general satisfaction prevail. The republic will strictly respect all State engagements, obligations, and contracts."

The Brazilian minister is directed to notify the stock exchange that all financial engagements entered into by the imperial government will be faithfully observed by the republic. A long cablegram has been received at Washington, by the Brazilian minister, containing a complete official confirmation of the report of the revolution already published.

The communication states officially that the empire is abolished and the Emperor sent out of the country; that a republic has been established under the name of the United States of Brazil; that a provisional government has been formed with the officers already named in the public dispatches; that all the provinces have assented to the new government; that peace and order prevail, and that the new government will carry out all the contracts and agreements of the old one. This information the minister laid officially before the State department. The cablegram does not state whether the minister and other representatives of the former government here will be recalled or directed to continue their relations as before, nor does it refer to the delegates to the marine conference or the pan-American congress now in session here. It is presumed by the officials themselves that the matter will not be determined until the new government has had time and opportunity to shape its policy and determine with reference to its officers to carry out the same. The minister desires it to be stated that he has not resigned and has not been recalled.

Just before the marine conference rose for the noon recess Admiral Viel, of Chile, announced that he had been requested by Capt. Gama and Maturity, the delegates from Brazil, to say that in view of the present condition of affairs in that country they would no longer sit in the conference.

London special. The Brazilian minister at Vienna has received a cable briefly detailing the facts of the revolution. His information is to the effect that Fonseca, now provisional president of Brazil, secured the trachery of the garrison to the imperial government by promises of pay. The army seized Rio Janeiro on Thursday. A committee with a detachment of military proceeded on Friday morning to the imperial palace at Petropolis and informed the Emperor in the presence of his family that he had been deposed. Dom Pedro received the news with composure. Within an hour he was placed on a mail steamer to sail for Lisbon.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. The Writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Finally Becomes Deceased. A Hartford (Conn.) dispatch says: Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is mildly demoted Day by day she wanders around under the bare boughs of the autumn trees, gathering her leaves like a child. She is quite harmless. Only last week she wandered out on to the street alone. A shawl which hung from her shoulders dragged on the ground and her gray hair was in disorder. She smiled and talked to herself as she tottered wearily along, and finally a crowd of rough street-boys were following her. They laughed and jeered at the pitiful sight, not knowing who she was. A gentleman came along who had known her in happier years. He dispersed the boys and with some difficulty induced the aged woman to return home.

Four of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loomis of Waukegan, Ill., died last week of diphtheria, and now the only remaining and eldest child, Charles, aged 12, has expired of the dread disease. The afflicted parents are reported to be almost distracted.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the failure of Cusey, Walker & Co., hardware and implements, at Olathe, Kan., with liabilities of \$20,000.

EDDIE KEPLINGER, son of Elias Kepplinger, was thrown from a pony at Covington, Ind. His skull was fractured and he may die.

DEFENDING SUSPECTS.

TRYING TO PROVE ALIBI FOR THE CHRONIC PRISONERS.

Testimony to the Effect that O'Sullivan Spent the Evening of May 4 at His Home and that Burke Was in a Saloon at the Time Dr. Cronin Is Said to Have Been Murdered.

(Chicago Telegram.) The defense in the Cronin case is mainly in the line of proving an alibi for the defendants, and that Beggs did not act as a secret committee of investigation, as charged by the State.

James Hyland, a laborer of 332 East Ohio street, testified that he and his cousin, Jeremiah Hyland, called at O'Sullivan's house about 7 o'clock Sunday night, May 4. They had supper and witness and his cousin, accompanied by O'Sullivan, left the O'Sullivan house about 10 o'clock and went west on Ashland avenue.

"We went down," he said, "to the second saloon and went in and had three glasses of wine—sherry wine—together and O'Sullivan paid for it. Then we had another glass of wine apiece and I paid for it. Then we had cigars."

On cross-examination Hyland said he didn't know Dan Coughlin, had never spoken to him, and, indeed, he had not spoken to O'Sullivan until the night of May 5, though he had seen him at church in Wisconsin.

"What did you say you had to drink at the saloon?" "Sherry."

"Did your cousin call for the same?" "He said he'd like to have a glass of cider, but the man hadn't any."

"How did you all stand at the bar?" "We all stood together."

"Talk much?" "No, we didn't talk a great deal."

It will be remembered that Nieman was positive that O'Sullivan and Coughlin stood apart from Kunze at the saloon and that they talked together earnestly for as much as twenty minutes; that Kunze stood apart and first ordered beer, but when O'Sullivan said: "Take something good," he drank sherry with the rest. Further, that it was nearly 11 o'clock instead of being shortly after 9 o'clock, because the clock was immediately after that time these men left, and yet again that Nieman is positive that it was Saturday night, May 4, instead of Sunday, May 5. Again, it is by no means certain that the saloon Hyland refers to is Nieman's place.

Jeremiah Hyland, the cousin who is to take Kunze's place as the blonde stranger who was with O'Sullivan in Nieman's place was not present. He brought his hat, too. It was a silk hat and the man didn't help it look a particle. He is smaller than James, but is still big enough to make two Kunzes out of him. On the stand he substantiated his cousin's story.

Michael Whelan, an ex-police officer, took the stand and told about where Dan Coughlin was on the night of May 4. Whelan at that time was a detective at the East Chicago Avenue station. He was suspended from the force May 25 and discharged Aug. 31.

On Saturday, May 4, Whelan attended the funeral of an old friend. In the evening he was at the Chicago Avenue station from 7:30 o'clock until after 10. He met Dan Coughlin at the station that night about 7:30. From 7 o'clock until 10 o'clock he was on duty at the station until 10 o'clock. Whelan then went inside and he did not know where Coughlin went.

Old John Still was called upon to corroborate Mike Whelan, but he didn't corroborate a word. He said that on Saturday night May 4, he met Dan Coughlin and Mike Whelan in front of the Chicago Avenue station. It was about 9:30 o'clock and he asked them over to Gleason's saloon. He was positive about the night and the hour.

Judge Longnecker, asked the witness why he was so positive it was Saturday night, May 4, and he said because the next morning at 6 o'clock he found an order on the spindle about Cronin's disappearance, and he noticed that day officers to inquire at the livery-stable and see if they could learn who had a white horse out on Saturday night. He was consummately sure that the night he saw Dan Coughlin and Mike Whelan was the night before he saw the order on the spindle.

"Are you sure it was Sunday morning, May 5, that you found this order on the spindle?" asked Mr. Forrest. "Why, of course I am sure of it. I know it."

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

It Was Cruel—Ought to Be Satisfied—Managed to Roll Along—Scholastic Item, Etc., Etc.

DIDN' KNOW ME'OL.

"Doctah told me that I must not walk rapidly or drink ice water," said Gus De Joy confidently to Miss Belle Pepperton.

"Did he?" "Yes," he said I might get congestion of the brain, you know?"

"Dear me! How little these doctors seem to know!"—[Merchant Traveler.

THE KIND OF PROPHET HE WAS.

Brown—Do you look very poorly, doesn't he? He has not many years to live, I fear.

Jones—He won't live six months and you can bet on it. I've said so for the last three years, and I know what I'm talking about!—[The Epoch.

HE HAD A HEAVY VOICE.

Goslin (staring)—What noise was that up stairs?

Miss Wehaver—Oh, papa just dropped his voice, that's all.

NATURALLY.

First Church-people Vane—How do you find yourself?

Second Church-people Vane—Tip-top.

SCHOLASTIC ITEM.

Tommy—I wish the school room was round.

Mother—Why? "So the teacher couldn't make me stand in the corner."—[Texas Sittings.

TWO WAYS OF PUTTING IT.

Dr. Quaker—Mr. McFarther seems to be a man of very broad views.

Mr. Winkler—Yes, I don't believe there's a single question on earth that he doesn't staddle.

THE DIPPER.

"Twins an evening in November, and we stood there all alone, and you pointed to the heavens, where the twinkling dipper shone, and you told me to remember."

When I saw those bright stars shine, that was long as the dipper hung there, so long you would be mine.

Again it is November, and I am all alone; and of late I've lost the interest I once had in stars, I own.

But somehow the idea strikes me, as I watch that starry group, since you and my rival yesterday, that the dipper in the soup.

MANAGED TO ROLL ALONG.

First Hoop Snake—Times are pretty hard, ain't they?

Second Hoop Snake—Yes, but I manage to make both ends meet. And, putting his tail in his mouth, he went away.—[Lawrence American.

THE UNEXPECTED.

"Darling, this lady is Mrs. Barber; can't you come and say something to her?"

Miss Three-Year Old—Barber, barber, shave a pig, how many hairs are in a wig.—[Detroit Tribune.

FACTS AS FAIR.

Wiggins—That girl singing now dreadfully made up—false hair, false complexion, false teeth, and false notes.

Higgins—She's the kind of whom we would say that with all her facts we love her still.

A TOOTHPIEK MANUFACTURER.

Benson—There goes Homer. He manages to live along from hand to mouth.

Boggs—Why, man alive, that fellow is wealthy.

Benson—That may be. He is a toothpick manufacturer.—[Keeney Enterprise.

LIKE NECESSITY.

Johnston—Well, old boy, you lost your suit.

Jones—Yes, the Judge was too much like necessity.

Johnston—Like necessity, how? Jones—He knew no law.

OLD STYLE AND NEW.

Teacher—What is that letter? Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—What is it that makes honey? Pupil—Small Boy (son of a manufacturer)—Glucose.—[New York Weekly.

A DINNER DONE FOUR.

Angry man—See here, I don't propose to have you din me for that bill any more.

Angry Collector—You don't, eh? How're you going to prevent it? "By paying up."—[Binghamton Herald.

UGHT TO BE SATISFIED.

Papa (who has just been made magis-addressing his little daughter)—Lily, I can marry people now; did you know that?

Lily (anxiously)—But you won't, papa. Don't you think mamma's enough?

IT WAS CRUEL.

Miss Longout—My dear, how do you like my toilet?

Miss Sprightly—It is lovely, of course, darling; but don't you think that tulle and roshud are—that is, should be worn by the one who are less?

Miss Longout—I see; you think the costume too youthful for a girl in her seventh season.

Miss Sprightly—Oh, no, dear; I was only going to suggest that more antique would be so becoming to.—[America.

LOGIC.

Small Boy (at the door)—Please, mum, may I have the pears off the ground?

Lady of the House—Yes, my boy. (Ten minutes afterwards)—"Here! What are you doing in that tree. I only said you could have those off the ground."

"Well, the ones on the tree are off the ground, ain't they?"—[Times.

THE REASON WAS PLAIN.

Traveler—This umbrella once belonged to Lord Tennyson.

Goggle-eyes—Yo! don't say so! How did you come to get it?

"I was having a lunch at the Adelphi one day, and he dropped in to get a bite, too. I left before he did."—[Grip.

CONSOLATION (?).

There is no soap, however watched and tended.

But one dead fly is there; There is no butter, house or defended. But has one vagrant hair.—[Time.

NO OPINIONS.

Lawyer—Judging from your replies, you do not seem to have any opinions on any subject.

Possible Juror—No, sir, I ain't tried to have no opinion of my own for a good many years.

"Humph! How many years?" "Oh, I dunno; ever since I married."—[New York Weekly.

WILLING TO RISK IT.

Insurance Agent—Now that you are married, I suppose you will take out a policy?

Young Biggs—O, no, I guess not. I don't think she's going to be dangerous.—[Terra Hunt. Express.

HE SHOULD IF HE DIDN'T.

De Ruyter—Here is a joke I have brought you.

Editor (after reading it)—That is not a joke.

"But I say it is. I made it, and I ought to know."—[Grip.

SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE IN THE FASHION.

Charlie—I see, Mamie, that diamonds are no longer fashionable for engagement rings. Pearls are all the rage now. Of course, you want to be in the fashion!

Mamie—No, I never did care much for the objects of fashion. You may get me a diamond engagement ring, Charlie, if they are no longer fashionable they must be cheaper.

Charlie hadn't the courage to explain that a pearl engagement ring cost 75 per cent. less than a diamond.—[The Ledger.

THE TEST.

Wife (at front door)—Who's there? Voice—I am—John—your husband.

Wife—I don't believe you. It doesn't sound like John's voice. Blow your breath through the key-hole.—[Epoch.

A DREADFUL SIGN.

Lawyer—So you wish to get your father sent to an asylum for the feeble minded. This is absurd. What is the old gentleman's business?

Client—He is a grocer.

Lawyer—Well, when did you first notice signs of mental weakness?

Client—During the past month he has taken to putting large apples at the bottom of baskets and little ones on top.

Lawyer—Dear me! Hopeless case, no doubt.—[America.

SMILE AND FROWN.

She smiled from morning until night, A smile was always on her lips, and bubbling mirth and wholesome joy sprang from her very finger-tips.

I'd meet her on the street—she'd smile; In drawing-rooms—she'd smile the same; Her whole life seemed a happy one. Alas! too soon a change there came.

One morn I met her, sad to tell! A mournful look was on her face, and where the smiles had once shined away a look of agony had its place.

Had she been crossed in love? Ah, no! I banished for the thought, forsooth. I chanced to look—the reason found. Poor girl! she'd lost a sweet front tooth.—[Lawrence American.

IT USUALLY TURNS OUT SO.

Yellowly—"You've married a rich wife, I understand."

Brownly—"I have."

Yellowly—"Well, then, I think you ought to pay me that \$50 you borrowed a year ago."

Brownly—"I'll have to pay you by instalments, then, my boy."

Yellowly—"Why so?"

Brownly—"She never allows me more than \$1 at a time."—[Boston Courier.

NOTHING OMITTED.

Indignant Tourist (to the hotel manager, who had just presented his bill)—See here. You have charged me 50 centimes for writing paper, and you know very well you have not furnished me a scap.

Manager—But, monsieur, it is for the paper on which your bill is made out.—[Liverpool Post.

Beer in Bavaria.

"While traveling in Germany and Bavaria during the past summer I was much interested in watching the people drink beer," said Rudolph N. Shainwald, of this city.

"In Bavaria there was a keg of beer at every station. When the train stopped there was a grand rush to get at the keg. Each man carried his own glass. After drinking all he could before the train started the beer-drinker filled his glass to the brim and carried it into the car. After the glass was emptied it was set upon the window sill of the car. All along the whole length of the train on both sides these glasses sat on the window sills, silent mementoes of the bibulous tastes of the passengers on the train. At one station I saw the train delayed for five minutes because the keg was empty. A full one had to be procured before the passengers would resume their seats in the coaches." Mr. Shainwald said each glass contained a pint and that the cost was about the equivalent of two cents. As an example of German beer capacity in Munich, Mr. Shainwald said the beer was served in glasses nearly one foot tall and containing nearly one quart. An American friend of the traveler tackled one of these glasses and managed to stow it away after half an hour's work. A corpulent German sitting near showed his contempt for this feat by pointing to the half-empty glasses in front of him, and exclaiming:

"Das ist mein necht und awanzigter [28th] bicr."—[New York Sun.

The Seat of Pain and Pleasure.

The nervous system, often suffers a diminution of vigor, and causes mental annoyance, and even violent disturbance, without disease in the sensorium itself. It acts as a mere reflector, in many cases, of function in the stomach, and consequently of incoercible stimulation of the foot by the blood. This, of course, weakens it, in common with the rest of the tissues, and renders it less able to bear without suffering an ordinary strain that would make no impression upon strong nerves. To supply a deficit of strength, and remedy a super-sensitiveness in the nerves incident to a lack of vigor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is far better adapted than any purely nervous or stimulant, since the curing of its use, complete digestion, is the vigorous and early parent of nerve force and quietude. Mineral water, treatment, however, liver and kidney complaints recur to the bitters.

An Honest Horse Trader. Marler (furiously)—See here, you scoundrel! I drove the horse you sold me down by the railroad, and when the cars came along he nearly broke my neck.

Speedwell—Very likely. He never did like the sound of an engine.

But you said he never saw anything that frightened him."

"That's right. But I didn't say he was never frightened. The fact is, he was born blind."—[Mansley's Weekly.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hildard's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHILDS & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out all obligations made by their firm.

W. & T. Trax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Wadding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hosen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hildard's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

His Reason. Bigbee—Why, Small, you are just the man I want to see. You have known me for five years now, haven't you?

Small—Yes. "Well I would like you to accommodate me with a loan of \$10."

"Sorry, Bigbee; but I can't." "Can't. Why not?"

"Because I've known you five years."—[Time.

What Everybody Says must be true, and the universal verdict of those who have used Hildard's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Bitters is that there is no doubt of their curative qualities.

Dr. J. C. Lutz, agent M. C. P. R., Atchison, Mich., says "I was cured of Bright's disease" by the use of Hildard's Lithonatic Syrup.

M. E. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa, says: "For three years I have been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles. I have taken Hildard's Rheumatic Syrup and applied their Plasters over my aching joints, and entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy that I have ever used."

First ask your druggist; should he not keep any, will send you receipt of price, \$1 per bottle or six for \$5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

We are all dependent upon one another in this world; but all have our sunny and our shadowy days, and we all, in our turn, need sympathy and help.

"My pleasure and palace, that's my room, but over a humble, there's no place like home."

especially if blessed with a wife whose love you will send in misery caused by those dragging-down pains arising from weaknesses peculiar to her sex. Pierce's Favorite Prescription relieves and cures these troubles and brings sunshine to many darkened homes. Sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from manufacturers of satisfaction or money refunded. Read guarantee on bottle-wrappers.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

It is no sign because a man makes a stir in the community that he is a spon.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information from Advertisers Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

MISPLACED SWITCHES cause a great deal of trouble, not only to railroads, but also in the family circle.

Interested People. Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free. It is not to be used for purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

He is a nice guided youth who does everything his sweetheart asks him to do.

Chronic Catarrh Cannot be cured by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which works through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in strength and health. Be sure to get Hood's.

I suffered severely from chronic catarrh, arising from impure blood. It became very bad, causing soreness of the bronchial tubes and a troublesome cough, which gave great anxiety to my friends and myself, as two brothers died from bronchial consumption. I tried many medicines, but received no benefit. I was at last induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am not the same man in health or feelings. My catarrh is cured, my throat is entirely well, and a despicable trouble, with sick headache, has all disappeared." E. M. LINCOLN, 25 Chambers St., Boston.

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

100 Poses One Dollar

That Little Ticking.

You have been cautioned many times to do something to get rid of that little ticking in your throat, which makes you cough once in a while and keeps you constantly clearing your throat. Your reply, "O, that's nothing," "It will get well of itself," etc., will not cure it, nor will the disease stand still; it will grow worse or better. This trouble arises from catarrh, and, as catarrh is a constitutional disease, the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many people who have taken this medicine for scrofula, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and other troubles, have been surprised that it should cure this troublesome cough. But to know the actual cause of the cough is to solve the mystery.

Probably nearly all cases of consumption could be traced back to the neglect of some slight affections as this. The best authority on consumption, says that this disease can be controlled in its early stages, and the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood, building up the general health, and expelling the scrofula taint which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom this dreadful disease seemed to have a firm hold.

Son of a Gunn. Teacher (to new scholar)—What is your name, sonny?

Boy—Gunn. "Give me your full name."

"John G. Gunn." "What is the G. for?"

"Gutter." "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, all the boys call me Johnny Gutter Gunn, anyhow."—[Texas Sittings.

Hildard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills. These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both old and young children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A MAINE doctor declares that he has the spirits of three hundred Indians under his control. He'll get the jim-jams sure.

You wear out clothes on a wash-board as fast as you do on the body. Buy Jolbans' Electric Soap and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1852! Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

FAME is a greasy pole.—[Unknown philosopher. And it takes a deal of sand to climb it.—[Merchant Traveler.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints. Hildard's Bronchial Trachea have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

The size of a man has nothing to do with the size of the lie he can tell.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. \$2.

WHAT is the difference between a paper dollar and a dollar of silver? Never mind.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures BRUISED AND PERMANENTLY RHEUMATISM.

For 20 Years. Pilot Knob, Mo., September 5, 1888. I suffered with chronic rheumatism in my knees and ankles for twenty years and had to use crutches. I was treated times by several doctors, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Have had no return of pain in three years. HENRY J. THIELS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, FUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, OR MONTHLY SICKNESS.

IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE—GREAT DANGER OF CHILDREN IS AVOIDED. LOOK TO WOMAN. MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WELL DRILLS for all purposes. Send 20c for mailing catalogues with full particulars.

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Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

"You may find me guilty, gentlemen," said the criminal to the jury, "but, just the same, that's not my conviction."

A box wind catches free to smokers of Tansill's Punch" Gc. Cigar.

CONTENT of court—When the younger brother makes faces at his sister's lover.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is Palatable as Milk. It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.

It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.

It is wonderful as a flesh producer. It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

ASTHMA. Peppin's Asthma Specific. Peppin's Asthma Specific. Peppin's Asthma Specific.

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DETECTIVES. G. H. B. LAMBORN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians.

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

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Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, St. Paul, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Danvers, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Waterbury, Audubon, Hannan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Mason City, St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Wadena, Grand Rapids, and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, and Emporia, in KANSAS—Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Through new east and west areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS, Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Horals (turkish meals at reasonable prices) with of Missouri River

Correspondence should reach this office on Tuesday of each week—and not later than Wednesday morning.

East Alstedon.

November 26, 1889. Mrs. Valentine Radles is on the sick list. Mrs. Ann Riggs of Grant county, is visiting friends in East Alstedon. Miss Laura Hale is very low with typhoid fever. Dr. Ferguson of Okemos, is attending her. C. S. May is building a new house.

Stockbridge.

November 26, 1889. Not many items of news in Stockbridge. New walks are being put down, leading to the churches and school house. Main street has been scraped and the refuse drawn away. Ed. Pierce, who lately returned from Dakota, has let to James Coulson the contract to build him a new house on his farm north of town. The petition to the council, to put a paved gutter on Main street, was not voted upon, for the reason that it was not thought advisable, as the cold weather would bring a freeze up, perhaps just the time when the street was all torn up. Union Thanksgiving services will be held at the Baptist church Thursday morning. Rev. E. Jamison will deliver the sermon. Thanksgiving services will be held at Christ's church in the evening. Rev. S. S. Chapin officiating.

Aurelius.

November 26, 1889. Thanksgiving services will be held at the Baptist church. A five cent school will be held at the hall on Friday evening of this week. Every body is invited. Miss Nellie Sifert of Petoskey, is visiting relatives in this locality. Mr. Gifford has got his new horse barn completed and will build a barn and shed in the spring, in place of the one burned while threshing clover seed. L. A. Davis has rented his farm and will start in a few days for Portland, Oregon, where he has a good job waiting for him. Mrs. Davis has gone ahead to her parents, who moved to Portland eight years ago. About 60 of Mr. and Mrs. Davis' friends met at their home and very nicely surprised them. After refreshments had been served all returned to their homes, taking the parting hand of their worthy friends, and wishing them success in their western home. We are informed that the Ladies' Aid Society has about \$80 raised towards the new windows for the Baptist church.

Webberville.

Geo. Fisher has moved to Detroit. W. F. Mend has bought the Geo. Fisher house and will move here soon. Webberville has a large association of Patrons of Industry. Dr. Turner occupies the Dr. Langford house and office. All Dr. T. now wants is a house keeper. F. A. Felton will move to Eilmore next week. Dart & Hatch are now running their saw mill. Reed Hartwick's cow got at the feed in his barn last week, and ate so much it killed her. R. R. Lowe has been quite sick, but is better now. Old Mr. Fear is sick. Mr. and Mrs. Fountain have come here to spend the winter. Avery Edwards of Plymouth, spent Sunday here. Supervisor Rix was here Monday. Zil Sweet is buying live poultry to ship.

North-East Alstedon.

November 26, 1889. News rather scarce. Mrs. Miller is very sick with erysipelas. The second attack within a few months. Anthony Moran has entered into the butcher business quite extensively. Kills his bees and sells them out by the quarter. D. Hale's oldest daughter, Laura, is very sick with typhoid fever. Old Mrs. Radle is seriously ill with the same disease. S. Hammond has his house completed and has moved in with his family. Will Matthews of Horton, Jackson county, is visiting his parents and other friends at this place. C. Roback of Indiana, is shaking hands with old friends in this vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Osborne spent the day with Frank Drew and family, one day last week. While in Mason one day last week your humble scribe called at the DEMOCRAT and News offices, finding the editors both very pleasant gentlemen.

Wheatfield.

Emerson Douglass, who has been very sick, at last reports was a little better and is thought that he will recover. Wells Lambert on the 16th, shot a large white owl measuring from tip to tip of wings, six feet and six inches. Lewis Koler erected a Star wind mill on the 22d, to pump water for his stock. Mrs. Aaron Vail, who has been very sick, is slowly recovering. Chas. E. Hale is visiting his parents and other friends in the state of Ohio. Willis Skinner returned to Carson City on the 23d, where he is engaged in manufacturing staves. G. Salisbury is building an addition to his barn. C. Youham does the carpenter work. Water was never more scarce in this vicinity than at the present time. Wells and springs which have always furnished an abundance are dry, and people have to drive their stock away for water. Fred Hills has moved his family on a farm in the township of Ingham. A. J. Parker has moved into his new house. John Blanchard has engaged to work in Chas. Miller's saw mill the coming winter. English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft, or callous lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweency, ringbone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by H. M. Williams, druggist, Mason. 47yl

Ritchburg.

November 25, 1889. School commenced in district No. 3 last Monday, with John Brogan as teacher. Henry Stowell is putting up a horse barn. Casper Knab is doing the work. Dan. Foote, wife and son, have been visiting friends in this place the last week. Nathan Barton is putting down a drilled well. Mr. McCurnia is doing the job. Michael Kelley had a raffle in this place last Wednesday evening. Charles Bunker and Charles Earl are moving on the Cross place for the next year.

Onondaga.

November 25, 1889. Mr. Silik, an elderly gentleman and a dry goods merchant here, dealing with the Patrons of Husbandry, was married last week. Mr. Mendel commenced the winter term of school at Kennieville one week ago to day, assisted in the primary department by Anna Stringham. The hunters have returned from the upper peninsula, after an absence of four weeks, bringing with them four deer, one a very large one. J. Bond lost a good horse not long since from overfeeding of millet. P. VanRiper's valuable horse, which has been so very sick, is better. E. Wilcox has been quite sick with a cold on the lungs. A party and dance was enjoyed by the older ones of the school at Asa Thompson's last Friday evening. Mr. McManus bought of Scott Tice, our drover, 100 lambs for feeding, at \$2.25 per head. Frank Buckland has returned from Helena, Montana, where he has been at work at his trade of carpenter, all summer. The Willis Bros. are again buying and shipping loaves.

Mrs. Henry Laycock has returned from Kansas, where she has been visiting a daughter for some time. T. A. Stephens, our school examiner, visited our school Monday.

Okemos.

November 26, 1889. Bertha Wellman, aged 11 years, won the silver medal at this place a few weeks ago for best speaking. Last Monday evening she was the winner of the gold medal at Lansing. The people of Okemos may be proud of their little girl, and we all hope for her a bright future in the field of education. Our school is very good this winter. There are three teachers—C. M. Young as principal, Rom Kirk and Katie Bolows as under teachers. 124 pupils are enrolled at present. A teachers' class has been organized, for those who expect to teach next spring. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stillman, a girl. An elocutionary entertainment was given at the M. E. church last Wednesday evening, by Miss Florence Kent, a graduate of the Valparaiso school of elocution and oratory. A very interesting program was rendered. Henry Wellman, a youth of this place, has been attending the business college at Lansing. While passing a building in course of construction, a workman carelessly dropped his mallet upon Henry's head. He is now at home, nursing his injury. Thanksgiving services will be held at the M. E. church. Necktie social at Wm. Cole's next Wednesday evening for the Baptist Sunday school. Mrs. A. M. Lovett of Grand Lodge, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. S. A. Brown. Ma's Grac.

OakJawn.

November 25, 1889. John Klink of Ohio, visited his brothers here the past week. Edson Champion is teaching the winter term of school in the Perry district. A \$200 bridge now spans the Thornapple creek. Mrs. P. Milbourn is attending her daughter, Ettie, a teacher in the Lansing schools, who was taken quite ill there. Mrs. Sarah Petrie, who has been suffering from erysipelas, is some better. Mel. Petrie, who has been at Worcester, Mass., is visiting his relatives here. A boy baby at Alfred Cooper's. Miss Ella Blacker of Eaton Rapids, who has been teaching in the brick yard district, has gone to Clarence, Calhoun county, to teach the winter term. Mr. and Mrs. Roe rejoice over the birth of a fine boy baby. The Knight brothers tip the bean thusly: Will, 205 pounds; Aaron, 230 pounds; Charles, 245; and John Wall 208 pounds; 888 pounds in all, and all four men are over six feet tall. W. Shannon has returned from Chester, and was accompanied by his aunt, who is at R. Miller's. Omer Stevens came home from Lake City Saturday. The Patrons of Industry are just at present having a hard row to hoe, but merchants will soon have a harder one, as the most of the patrons are getting their supplies at Pottsville, Charlotte, and some going as far as Mason. Gritty, any way. Twelve new members were all riding the goat at the Lansing road lodge, Patrons of Industry, the other night, and the poor animal is laid up for repairs. John Stevenson and Sarah Lockwood joined hands in marriage, Nov. 11th. Fred Dupes is papa to a boy. Luther Hodges has rented his farm to Horace Griffin, and will move to Tennessee this week. Hod. will pay \$250 for a term of two years. All the P. of I. lodges will hold oyster suppers for the members and their families Thanksgiving. MINERVA.

Eden.

November 26, 1889. Mr. EDITOR—Your consideration in giving my first effusion place in your column, a few weeks since, has emboldened me to make another effort. Our people somehow feel that the outside world do not give our busy hamlet full credit due, considering the magnitude of the business transacted here, or in other words we don't want to be underestimated. It is questionable if any town of our size in the state has worked up more apples during the fall than has Eden. Fully fifty thousand bushels have found a ready market here. Of these John Bullen evaporated about forty thousand bushels and S. S.

Dewey about ten thousand bushels. This has given remunerative employment to a large force of young people and it is understood to have netted the proprietors a snug little sum. Only the poorest quality of apples has gone into cider this year. One look at the cider apple bin would satisfy the average citizen. The saw mill here is a thing of the past. Mr. Dewey had it taken down last week and shipped to Cheeney, where he is interested in a large tract of Norway pine. Mr. Dewey will follow the mill within a short time and it is understood that a number of "the boys" will go with him and put in the winter in the lumber camp. Our new merchants, Messrs. Fay & Collier, have taken possession of the store and postoffice. Messrs. Tripp & VanBuren retiring. Mr. Tripp will return east as soon as he gets his business settled up. Mr. Fay has fitted up the rooms over the store and will occupy them with his family. Rev. I. L. A. Wrightman, the presiding elder of this district, will preach here next Sunday evening. He will be greeted by a full house. Nothing new, however, as this is the reception given Rev. Elmer every Sabbath. Our winter term of school starts in under favorable auspices, with Mr. Caryell, an experienced teacher, at the helm. The interior of the house has been greatly improved by reversing the seats and placing the desks at the rear of the room. Everybody says Jim Tenney did himself proud in the erection of that new porch to his little home. It seems good to see the genial phiz of J. W. Chapin on our streets again. Will had a hard struggle with the fever and was kept hugging to the ragged edge for a long time. L. H. Ives is making an effort to organize a Democrat medal contest class here. He will succeed, and why should he not, the scheme is a most worthy one. Chas. Converse is about as "good as new"—minus his two feet. He has ventured as far from home as Leslie. Geo. R. Malone of Lansing, gave a "red hot" prohibition speech to a fair sized audience at the school house last Thursday evening. He secured several subscriptions to the Center at the close of the meeting. Mr. Malone is a very easy talker and made some good points for his cause. He opened out Vice-President Morton's saloon license business in good shape. But little has been said about our lecture course but it is understood that those working the matter in charge are quietly working the matter up and in due time will issue the programs. There are so many happenings here about that when I get started I scarcely know when to stop, but I forbear. Yours, B. E. GRINER.

Dansville.

November 26, 1889. L. H. Chase has just returned from a trip through the western states, and says: "Michigan, my Michigan." Mrs. Clara Smith of Hastings, is visiting friends and relatives here. The Patrons of Industry are having some difficulty in finding a supply store that will furnish them goods at 10 per cent. above cost. Tompson & Son have their feed mill in good running order. I. D. Evers and family of Mason, are visiting his mother here. Perry Richardson and his sister, Edith, have been spending a week at Wixona, where their sister lives. The corporation tax of this village will be one mill on the dollar this year. The Knights of Maccabees are booming, with Frank Skindan as treasurer. Mrs. Geo. Long drove to Eaton Rapids and back Monday. John Glyn will move into Mrs. Miller's house Dec. 5. There were some disgraceful drunken scenes on our streets, Saturday. George Long and wife will go to Flint this week on a visit, returning by way of Detroit. E. F. Gaylord and wife have returned from a week's visit in Plainfield. There will be an opening dance at the National Hotel, Thursday evening, Dec. 5. Bill for supper, dance and care of horses, \$1.25. The Baptist social will be held at the residence of Wm. Howlett on the evening of Dec. 3d. All come and have a good time. They have plenty of room. Mrs. Joseph Reynolds goes to Big Rapids this week, to visit her son Cordie. The scarlet fever patients are doing well. Only two cases in town and one of those convalescent. Nobody.

Scenery on Continental Divide.

After a short stop at Sargents, I struck the train for the mining camps on the Tomichi. I found it hard climbing up for 14 miles to the camps. Here I was surprised to see three quite brisk little villages on the sides of the mountains, with hardly level ground enough to build upon; yet here are all branches of trade well represented with schools, shops, etc. I spent several days here with the miners and their families and was never treated better anywhere in the east. I here found men and women of intelligence, graduates of colleges, whom you would not think from outward appearance had a common school education, but I had long since learned not to judge by outward appearances. Every one seemed to make me welcome and when it was given out that a stranger preacher would speak in their school house they turned out en masse. Friday, Oct. 4, I decided to go up on Monumental Peak, one of the main peaks of the Continental divide. I started about eight o'clock and about 12 I found myself seated astride a big rock over 14 thousand feet altitude. This peak, like all others of similar altitude is a barren waste covered with large rocks. Here is some of the grandest scenery on the American continent. Casting the eye to the south I could see the Uncompahgaree peaks; to the west could see the Gunnison Valley and the Black mesa; to the north west I could see Pitkin and Elk range; to the north, as far as the eye could see the horizon, nothing but high peaks could be discovered; to the east it was the same unbroken barren peaks. Here I was in plain sight of the South Park R. R. to the north and could look down on the Alpine tunnel. To the south I could see Marshall pass and the snow sheds on the D. & G. R. R. After sitting for some time taking in the sights I went down several hundred feet to a miner's claim and chatted a couple of hours taking dinner with him and returned below before dark feeling well paid for my visit above the clouds. GEO. O. STATES.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no cure required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. M. Williams.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life. It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For further particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free, at H. M. Williams' drug store.

Euppepsy. This is what you ought to have, in fact you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and onst the demon dyspepsia and instill instead euppepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c and \$1 per bottle by H. M. Williams, druggist.

Drunkness--Liquor Habit--In All the Word there is but one cure. Dr. Hame's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to day they believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O. 4271.

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Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no cure required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. M. Williams.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life. It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For further particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free, at H. M. Williams' drug store.

Euppepsy. This is what you ought to have, in fact you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and onst the demon dyspepsia and instill instead euppepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c and \$1 per bottle by H. M. Williams, druggist.

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Third Annual Drawing!

BETTER THAN EVER.

Plush Parlor Set!

With every \$3.00 you get a ticket. Four prizes Given Away. A Purchase Ticket with every purchase. You can find in our store a Complete Line of

DRY GOODS, UNDERWEAR

Hosiery, Gloves, Fascinators, Yarns, Fur Trimmings, Silks, Dress Goods, Plushes, Handkerchiefs, Best Yet, 6 for 25c, hemstitched, Flannels, Cottonades, Denims, Ticks, Cotton Flannels, Factories, SHAWLS, Table Spreads, Table Linens, Veilings, Collars and Cuffs, CLOAKS, MILLINERY.

WE ARE CHOCK FULL.

BALL & SHERMAN.

BANG! WHANG!

Look Out! Now is Your Last Chance!

\$3,000 Reduction in Stock within the last Ninety Days.

TRADE STILL BOOMING. RED HOT.

Fifty Cook and Heating Stoves sold within 30 days, and \$150 saved to the purchasers.

My stock of Hardware, Tools and Implements is just as complete in every department as ever. Now is your last opportunity to take advantage of the tumble.

SLAUGHTER OF GOODS!

Every dollar of my stock must be sold within 30 Days, without regard to cost. First come, first served. No trouble to show goods and give prices.

Terms Strictly Cash.

Yours Truly,

T. HOFFMAN, Dansville.

P. S.—All notes and accounts must

THANKSGIVING SUPPLEMENT, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

L.C.WEBB



"ALL RIGHT" CLOTHIER. MASON, MICH.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO YOU ALL

IS THE WISH OF

L. C. WEBB,

L.C.WEBB



"ALL RIGHT" CLOTHIER. MASON, MICH.

The Live and Happy Clothier of Mason, Michigan.

THIS IS TRUE:

I always keep what the people want.

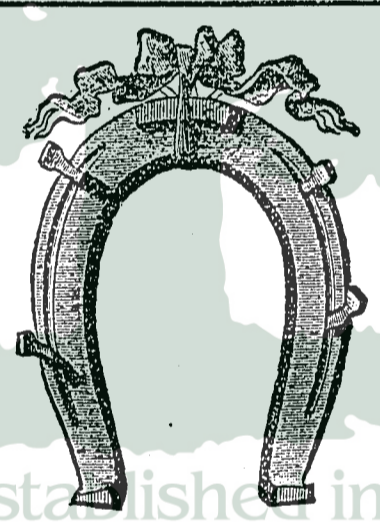
I always endeavor to deal with a customer so that he will come again.

I always try to buy my goods less than my competitors.

I KNOW THAT I SELL MORE THAN THREE OR FOUR TIMES THE AMOUNT OF CLOTHING EACH YEAR THAN ANY OTHER CLOTHING HOUSE IN THIS PART OF THE STATE.

THEREFORE I CAN SELL THEM FOR LESS MONEY

Every Man,
Every Young Man,
Every Boy,
and Every Child



IT WILL SURELY PAY YOU

To Come and Deal With Me, No Matter How Far Away You May Live.

MEN'S AND BOYS' OVERCOATS FOR \$2 EACH

Beautiful Satin and Silk Trimmed Overcoats for Christmas!

STYLISH PRINCE ALBERT AND CUTAWAY SUITS,

Men's Heavy Warm Overcoats for \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$10 each.

500 Scotch Caps at 25 cents each, 500 Men's and Boys' Fur Caps at Half-Price.

25 Dozen Men's All Wool Socks, two pair for 25 cents,

SILK PLUSH CAPS FOR MEN, BOYS AND GIRLS,

Stacks of Men's and Boys' Underwear, Cords of Gloves and Mittens,

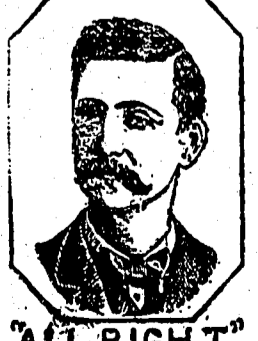
BUFFALO AND WOLF ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, &c.

BEAUTIFUL SILK HANDKERCHIEFS AND NECKTIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

COME AND SEE ME.

I WILL SURELY SAVE YOU MONEY.

L.C.WEBB



"ALL RIGHT" CLOTHIER. MASON, MICH.

L. C. WEBB,

THE LIVE CLOTHIER OF MASON.

L.C.WEBB



"ALL RIGHT" CLOTHIER. MASON, MICH.

EVERYBODY CALL AND GET A CALENDAR FOR 1890.

The entire village of Powelton, Pa., is advertised for sale.

SECRETARY of War Proctor has been given the name in Washington of "The Silent Man."

ONE of the remarkable things in Utah is a mountain near Salt Lake City completely covered by oyster shells.

MARIE AMALIE, the new queen of Portugal, is only twenty-three years of age. She is the daughter of the Duc d'Orleans.

In a colony numbering seventy-five in Tulare County, California, no church or saloon is tolerated, board of trustees govern the whole.

COUNT DE VERMOT, of France, has been sent to prison for five years in New York for forgery. Even the Count's Yankee name couldn't save him.

In transmitting a message from San Francisco, Cal., to Hong Kong, China, via New York, Canso, Penzance, Aden, Bombay, Madras, Penang and Singapore, about fifteen minutes are consumed.

The American girl in Mexico acts just as she does in the States, and the Spaniard never for a moment forgets that the American girl, although in a foreign country, knows how to take care of herself every minute in the day.

VISITORS to the vaults of the Pantheon in Paris remember the echo which the guide used to produce by shouting and pounding on a drum. This has been forbidden by the minister of the interior as "a desecration of the abode of the illustrious dead."

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York paper writes that there are probably 10,000 head of deer in Maine. This statement was shown to H. O. Stanley, game commissioner, in Portland. He shook his head. "Too small, too small," he said, "there are nearer 20,000; they are everywhere."

It is announced that F. Marian Crawford, the novelist, is to become a resident of Washington, D. C. Crawford is a very handsome man, in perfect health, and is known all over Europe as an accomplished swordsman. He is a good deal above the average height, and keeps his muscles in perfect condition. He will form an attractive addition to Washington.

THROUGH THE great African slave-dealer, is getting tired of his wandering and dangerous existence, and proposes to settle down as a solid citizen on his estate at Casings, three hundred miles above Stanley Falls, where he has built for himself a large and fine stone mansion. His son, however, will carry on his father's trade, in which he has already been quite successful, as on his last expedition he returned with forty tons of ivory, worth \$350,000.

A FEW days ago Dr. Pritchard, of Parkersburg, W. Va., was in Kentucky attending the marriage of a near relative. The ceremony was performed in a church and when the minister in charge saw Pritchard strolling up the aisle he at once jumped to the conclusion that the well-dressed drummer was a visiting preacher, and invited him to a seat on the rostrum. Pritchard took the proffered seat and carried through his part all right.

It is a pity that so many people suffer from insomnia when such a simple preventive is in reach. I have a relief which never fails. When I find myself tossing I get up, walk across the floor once or twice, and then get an apple, a bit of bread, anything to arouse my stomach and set it working, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The moment it commences it attracts the attention of the nerves, so to speak; the nerves forget they are "on edge" and are soon soothed in slumber. Commence on the inside to cure sleeplessness, not externally, nor with drugs, for they are base deceivers.

In the bond vault of the treasury there are a lot of diamonds and other precious articles which have a singular history. Indeed, the facts relating to some of them seem scarcely to be known at all, and whatever is said about them is largely a matter of tradition. The value of the collection is estimated to be from \$50,000 upward, as high as you can choose to go in figures. There is a bottle four or five inches long that is pretty well filled with diamonds and other precious stones, besides there are a number set in beautiful and costly gold ornaments intended for personal wear. All of these things have been in the custody of the treasury for a long time—some for more than fifty years.

PRINCE NAPOLEON ("Plon-Plon") was the victim of a misunderstanding a few weeks ago which was almost fatal to his freedom. He took passage on the steamer Mont Blanc at Ouchy, Switzerland, without remembering that the boat crossed the lake to the French ports Evian and Thonon. Suddenly, while standing on the deck at Evian,

the provisions of the act of banishment rushed to his mind and he hastened to his cabin. There he remained concealed for several hours until the vessel had left the port. A repetition of the shock at Thonon was too much for him, and he fell senseless to the floor from fear. He was brought too after considerable trouble by a sailor through the free use of ammonia and cologne water. He was happy at last to arrive at Nyon, where a wagon conveyed him to the hotel at which he planned to remain.

NO ROMANTIC tale ever had so many incidents as that of a young woman of Buckovina. She was very beautiful, and all the young men who were in the district fell in love with her. She had a hundred offers of marriage before she was 20, and before she accepted the 101st. Then her trouble began. Her first fiance died suddenly from an accident; the second was taken away with the army; likewise the third and fourth; the fifth and sixth were drowned; the seventh and eighth broke off on learning of the smallness of her fortune; the ninth got drunk on his betrothal day and tried to beat the young woman, so she broke it off; the tenth seemed promising in every way, but as the marriage was about to take place it was learned that he had a wife and child in Bessarabia. The wedding was fixed for the eleventh, but he decamped for some unknown reason, and thereupon the young woman gave it up and poisoned herself.

E. S. WILSON, a blacksmith of Ozark, has a relic of the Marshfield cyclone, which occurred on Sunday, April 18, 1880, that is a very remarkable curiosity. This witness of one of the freaks of the great storm is a black quart bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an elliptic circle, without a crack or break in the glass that the closest scrutiny can discover. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottom, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the force of the storm is shown by the test of its holding water or any other fluid. By gradually turning the bottle as the water is poured in it can be nearly filled to its full capacity, so as to show the perfect soundness of the material. This bottle was found by Mr. Wilson the day after the Marshfield disaster and examined by Prof. Tice. The meteorologist attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity, and considered this one of the most wonderful results of the agency at work in the storm cloud. The bottle was found in the wreck of one of the Marshfield drug stores.

The Marriage Relation. Make the marriage right and the offspring will tend to be right. Perhaps it may be true that we need a new ideal of the marriage relation. The old one in which the woman promises to obey the man is perishing visibly before our modern eyes. Often she ought not to do so, for the man may be a fool or a brute, says a writer in the Woman's Cycle. And the theory adopted by many ill-mated couples that marriage is a discipline is too cynical to be either true or attractive. The theory of easy divorce and frequent change as a remedy for ordinary disagreements has also serious disadvantages, and is no sound remedy. It is only a poor refuge from immediate suffering. But a new and perhaps useful attitude may be gained by looking upon matrimony, as it is, in truth, the only complete condition of humanity. In no other relation can man or woman reach their highest development. No character is full till it comprises its opposite. The very divergencies at which each party frets are the lacking necessities of its own nature. Each would be partial and narrow without the other, and the new motto we may propose for matrimony is the new word, development. Marriage is development. It is not quite happy, it is still generously educational. If love dies out from it, yet charity, wisdom, tact and liberality of mind may remain and leave the happy lovers without its best effects, since even love may remain narrow and selfish. But the man who has learned to comprehend the feminine nature with its delicate, sprightly qualities in his own, and the woman who has adopted something of masculine independence, liberality and courage into her constitution, will be far better than the sole endowment nature would have given either to be alone.

An Intelligent Mule. An ex-school teacher tells a story which is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The Atlanta Constitution endeavors to give the details of how the mule voted as near in his own language as possible: "It was customary," said he, "for the teachers in the district to be excused from road duty by a vote of the hands present. Some of the boys in the neighborhood concluded that they would like to see me swing a pick and throw dirt with a shovel. On the morning in question, one of the hands who had been subpoenaed was away on a frolic, and had permission to send his mule as a substitute. The boss called the boys together, and asked them to vote on my case, as to whether or not to excuse me. "Well, the vote was taken and it was a tie. "One of my friends made the point that the mule was a substitute for a hand, and therefore had the right of suffrage. The boss decided that he had, and had all the boys to form a line in the middle of the road, with the mule in the front. Then he proclaimed: "All that are in favor of excusing the teacher will step off to the right of the road, and all opposed to the left." "Well, to the chagrin of the boys that wanted me to work, the mule took to the right. The vote then stood one in my favor."

SHE FORGOT THE FLOUR.

BY FRANK H. STAFFER.

MADE a cake, like many a cake, at least, I so intended. But what a blunder at the start! The flour was not to be minded. "The cream was rich, the sugar sweet, I beat the eggs for half an hour. The sticky mess! It would not bake. For I'd left out the flour!"

LIZABETH'S SACRIFICE.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

TOMORROW will be rather a lonely Thanksgiving, with only father and I in the house, mused a gentle-faced woman as she stood watching a flock of rain-battered chickens picking their way toward the barnyard.

Thanksgiving has long been a sad anniversary to me, but always before there has been at least one of the boys here to help keep it; but now—besides, a rainy Thanksgiving is unendurable. Dear mother! how it does pour. "Well, I must brighten up for father's sake—dear old father—I may not even have him by another year."

Then she put over the tea-kettle and began setting the table. Some way the two plates had never looked quite so lonely as to-night, and what a play-supper it was anyway. She shivered at thought of the great house and not one in it but father and herself. But she also felt better or pretended she did a little later, when the drawn blinds shut out the gray sky and dripping eaves, and the lamps were lighted. Indeed, she laughed and talked more than common as she poured the tea and presided over the miniature supper-table. "I wish the boys were coming home tomorrow," said the old man, his eye resting wistfully on the two portraits above the mantel-shelf. "So do I, father, but we must make the best of it; they will both be here at Christmas, you know."

It seems passing strange to look around this empty room, and then think back to when your mother was living, and there were an even half-dozen of you little sisters frolicking about. I have fairly outlived myself, Elizabeth, you ought to have married; then there would be some one in the house besides ourselves. You was likely enough looking when a girl; strange, no one carried you off. "Elizabeth" rose hastily and went to let the kitten in, making no response to her father's words. "Poor old man, he was losing his memory, and time had completely obliterated from his mind what he had once termed 'Elizabeth's sacrifice,' and if he remembered Roy Bryon at all he in no way connected him with his daughter. Mechanically she moved about until by chance she paused in front of the glass, catching a glimpse of herself, she straightened up and deliberately scrutinized the image before her, and this was what she saw: A woman long past the bloom of youth, with a gentle, white face, above which bands of brown hair, streaked with gray, lay smoothly; deep, dark eyes, still possessing a beauty of their own; looked almost beseechingly back into the dewy ones confronting them. Face and figure wore the impress of years of toil and privation, and the former told of something more, of heart hunger and hope deferred. And standing thus she recalled another image, one reflected by the self-same glass on a Thanksgiving Eve just twenty years ago. As usual, Elizabeth (for so most of the elderly people were wont to call her, and the younger generation knew her as "Miss Brown") there were still a few, however, who addressed her by her girlhood title. "Bessie" read the newspaper aloud until her father was sleeping in his chair; then, folding it away, took up a piece of knitting; but some way she did not care to knit to-night. Vainly she tried to rouse her flagging energies by conjuring up visions of the boys at Christmas, when they found

each a small meal-bag of socks and other valuables hanging on the bedpost, in memory of old "socking" times. It would not do to-night, and ere she knew it, her hands were folded over the soft gray sock, and the kitten was rioting with her ball. The clock struck eight. For years her father had retired at that hour save on extra occasions. She roused herself, disengaged her yards from the table and chair legs, put away her work, and woke the old man. After he was in his room, the fires attended to, the clock wound, and the doors secured, she sought her apartment. That other reflection was of a fair young girl. About the rosy, laughing face, and down over plump, white shoulders, fell a wealth of brown curls, kept in place by ribbon, the pink of which her cheek and lip outlived. "Ah, me! and that was the evening that he asked me to be his wife," she murmured, turning away from the reality with a sigh of pain. "He would not know me now. I wonder if Nora has changed?"

On the morrow Elizabeth Brown sat in her accustomed place in the plain country church, one of the most, if not the most, attentive listeners in the house. Religion meant something to her—it was her consolation, her all. She was standing after service chatting with a friend when Mr. Dillon, the pastor, approached her. She thought he was looking uncommonly sad, and decided that, like herself, he was thinking of "other days." "How are the little people?" she inquired, kindly, referring to his three motherless children. "None of them as well as I could wish,"

he replied. "They are all suffering with colds." "I am sorry, indeed, for it has just occurred to me to invite you to bring them over to dinner. We dine at two o'clock on Thanksgiving Day." "You are very kind, I am sure, and, if I may, I will accept the invitation for myself and decline for them. Auntie Morris is staying with them and promised to make them enjoy themselves."

A little later Mr. Dillon was driving slowly along the muddy road, Elizabeth by his side. Mr. Brown was delighted with "company to dinner," and it was not until he went out to do up the nightwork that his daughter and the minister had a chance for settled conversation. She began, innocently enough, to inquire into the state of the children's winter wardrobe, when he burst out abruptly: "Sister Elizabeth, won't you come and be a mother to my children, and a helpmeet to me?" "Brother Dillon!"

And then there was a moment of awful silence. "Indeed, Sister Elizabeth, I mean no harm, though I know 'tis asking a good deal." "That is all right, but it is so sudden and so unexpected. Give me time. I must think." "Certainly, only let me add that of all the women I know you are the only one to whom I would intrust my little ones, and, besides, I love you." She shivered at the word, bowing silently. And then he took his leave. Sleeplessly she tossed on her pillow till the old clock in the kitchen struck eleven, thinking, thinking. Again and again she lived over her sunny, joyous girlhood when she was familiarly known as "Pretty Bess Brown." She saw her lover—Roy Bryon—a handsome, passionate youth whom she not only loved but idolized, endowing him with a myriad charms and virtues he never possessed. Longingly she recalled dozens of little love scenes culminating at last in a betrothal, coming home from a singing school on the eve before Thanksgiving. This was the noonday of her happiness, for in less than a month her mother was made a confirmed invalid, through an accident, and the path of duty lay clearly mapped out before her. When Roy urged her to name their wed-

ding day she told him that she could not do it, and offered him his liberty if he did not feel inclined to wait for her. "My first duty," she had said, "lies at home. I must take care of mother and the rest until she is strong." He had left in anger. She did not know that there was no getting strong for the poor mother. The family, as is often the case, were the last to see the danger. If the mother died, Roy knew that Bessie would still be bound by the chains of duty, for there were five children younger than herself. In a fit of pique and anger the foolish youth had proposed to Bessie's one enemy among her associates—Nora Stains—and been accepted. They were married almost immediately, though at the last it was rumored that young Bryon tried to break out. Poor Bessie! The day after the wedding she received a note from the bridegroom reading: "Don't hate me, Bess. I was mad at first, because I thought you did not care for me, and were trying to throw me over. I did not find out my mistake till too late. She won't let me off. Detest take her. Roy."

Of course the foolish child cried over the display of paper, blaming herself as the cause of what would probably prove Roy's ruin. Instinctively she felt that he was shallow and cowardly, not at all the man she had imagined him to be, but then, she was young and deeply infatuated—and then it was Roy. She was a true woman, despite her weakness, however, and though she cried over and kissed the note in secret, she never deigned one word of answer; and when by chance—or intent on his part—they met, she bowed coldly and passed him by. Soon after Roy and Nora went West, passing entirely out of Bessie's busy, painful life. Less than a year after their departure, and while Bessie's heart was still woefully sore, the suffering mother passed away. In another twelvemonth her brother, next younger than herself, sickened and died, and before the mother had been dead five years the brother and sister next had been summoned from earth. Then the mortgage on the farm, given during Mrs. Brown's illness, came due, and everything had to be disposed of that could be spared to save the home, and fifteen years of the closest economy and severest toil and privations passed before the last cent of that hounding debt was paid. Meanwhile the noble girl had been everything to the ofttimes despondent father and two little brothers. She lived it all over that night, after the minister had asked her to help him bear his burdens, remembering all the pain, but with it there was the consciousness of having done what she could. "My life can not have been wholly in vain," she thought, "for Harry and Tom are good men, and surely I have been some help to them."

Twenty years is a long time for a woman to cherish the memory of an unworthy man, but it seemed to Elizabeth this night that her love for Roy Bryon had increased with the years. "No, I will become no man's wife while the love of my youth thus fills my soul," she was saying to herself, when the dog began barking furiously. "What can be around that Race barks so?" she said, half aloud, after waiting a few moments. The disturbance still continued, and as the hired man was off for a vacation there was no one to investigate unless she did it herself, as Mr. Brown was rheumatic and never went out in the night air unless a horse was dying or something terrible occurring.

Slipping on wrapper and slippers, she lit a lamp and went out into the living-room just as a knock sounded on the kitchen-door. She hesitated, but the dog was evidently becoming dangerous, and she never doubted that some one was sick and it was one of the neighbors come for her to watch, with less trepidation than most women would have felt under the circumstances, she drew the bolt and opened the door. Some one hastily crowded past her with Race at his heels. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but please call off this confounded dog," said a voice that made her tremble and turn cold. "Race, down, sit!" Sulkyly the brute drew back, snarling menacingly still. Another command and he became quiet. "Don't you know me, Bessie?" That voice again, and such a question; but who was the great, portly intruder with his gold ring and studs, and embroidered shirt-front stained with tobacco juice? Elizabeth recoiled from the hand extended toward her, searching the bloated face before her with frightened, incredulous eyes. "Well, well, Bessie, this is a mighty cool welcome after a fellow has traveled night and day for a month just to travel on you on Thanksgiving Day, but I've done it; 'tain't only ten minutes after 'leven. Come, Bess, give a fellow your hand, anyhow. I've come for ye at last, and I tell ye, I can make it worth your while to marry me now. I'm Sheriff Bryon, at yer service, and got considerable chink in the bargain. Won't ye welcome a feller, or say yer glad ter see me?" Elizabeth had caught a chair-back for support, as she stood, deathly white, before him. "You are not Roy?" "Yes, I be, darling; the same Roy that loved ye a score of years ago, and has loved ye ever since."

"But Nora—Mrs. Bryon?" "Oh! we dissolved partnership quite a spell ago, and she's tied to another fellow; but I knew you was one of the particular kind, so no use to come for ye till I got the bill of divorce all straight enough; and here it is."

"I thought he had in an inner pocket just as Elizabeth sank fainting to the door. Through all her years of pain and trouble she had never fainted before, but this was different; this was the crumbling of the idol of a lifetime, the very snapping asunder of ties and affections that had grown with the years and ripened with time. There was now no Roy, no image in her soul—all, all was wreck and chaos. Her father and the bombastic stranger were leaning anxiously over her when she once more opened her eyes. "You are not Roy—not my Roy," she cried out impulsively. "Go away! You are only the putrid carcass of the Roy I loved."

"What is she talking of—is she out of her head?" asked the old man helplessly. "No, father, I am all right now." Her manner had changed in an instant, and, rising, she became mistress of the situation at once. "Have you stumped, Mr. Bryon?" "I have."

"Then, when you choose to retire, pass through the parlor into the room beyond. I will send in the water in the morning. And with a short 'good-night' she quitted the room, gained her own and dropped into a chair. Presently the clock striking twelve roused her, and starting up she rubbed her eyes as one waking from a dream. "Yes, I met him again on Thanksgiving Day, but the dream is over. Two weeks later she rejoined the hearts of Brother Dillon and all the little Dillons by going among them as wife and mother.

A Laughing Plant. Palgrave, in his work on Central and Eastern Arabia, mentions a plant whose seeds produce effects analogous to those of laughing gas. The plant is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety is found at Kasum, and another variety at Oman, which attains a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, globe-spreading branches and light-green foliage. The flowers are produced in clusters and are yellow in color. The seed pods contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of French beans. Their flavor is a little like that of opium; the taste is sweet, and the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly and boisterously, and then sings, dances, and cuts up all kinds of fantastic capers. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is extremely comical. When the excitement ceases the exhausted individual falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been made by him.

At the Peeks inquest in New York City, an expert of the Board of Electrical Control testified that there was not a rule of the Board which was not daily violated by one or another of the electric light companies. Public indignation has been greatly enhanced of late by the apparently unexplained delays in regulating the tension question. It is proposed to make the World's Fair of 1892 a permanent exhibition. The poor exhibition of public spirit on the part of New York millionaires, seems likely to be the most permanent thing about it.

Thankful he is poor.

Thankful the load is no heavier.

Thankful that no company is present to witness his awkward carving.

Thankful he left the safe.

Thankful there is but one amateur cornetist in the block.

Thankful everything was not put out of his reach.

Thankful all things earthly must have an end.

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.



Thankful the mercury has not yet reached zero.



Thankful he is poor.



Thankful the load is no heavier.



Thankful that no company is present to witness his awkward carving.



Thankful he left the safe.



Thankful there is but one amateur cornetist in the block.



Thankful everything was not put out of his reach.



Thankful all things earthly must have an end.

A THANKSGIVING WISHLISTONE

BY J. W. BURROUGHS.



Jennie and Johnny and Albert and May were sitting at the table on Thanksgiving Day. The turkey, all stuffed and basted and browned, was on a big platter with its wings pointed down. With its legs up it looked like a man in a top hat. The turkey was the first piece of the feast. The second was the first piece of the feast. The third was the first piece of the feast. The fourth was the first piece of the feast. The fifth was the first piece of the feast. The sixth was the first piece of the feast. The seventh was the first piece of the feast. The eighth was the first piece of the feast. The ninth was the first piece of the feast. The tenth was the first piece of the feast. The eleventh was the first piece of the feast. The twelfth was the first piece of the feast. The thirteenth was the first piece of the feast. The fourteenth was the first piece of the feast. The fifteenth was the first piece of the feast. The sixteenth was the first piece of the feast. 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ing cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted. "Mrs. Peckfield" said the little old woman, in the high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You're her cousin from the city, come to spend Thanksgiving! Well; if that ain't too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started this very afternoon for Ladd's Depot; got some relations as lives there."



"I couldn't get the telegraph, I guess," said the little woman. But Mrs. Nettieley knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph. And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had died from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettieley, had died before the Begerley family. "But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettieley, grinding her false teeth. "I'll go to Ladd's Depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones, who wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith, or it might be Brown. But she believed it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street. It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettieleys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's Depot, as Mrs. Nettieley found to her cost when she paid five dollars for a hack to take her back to Ladd's Depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's Depot. The first place to which they drove on Thorn street was a tenement house, where they all had the scrub fever. "Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettieley, "drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house, where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on. "This isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs. Nettieley, wincing more and more in despair. And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid who lived with her married sister, and never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Nettieley. "Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience. "But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettieley. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"To-night!" said the hackman. "Why, it's past eleven already! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody! But I s'pose I could take you to the twelve-thirty night express for a little extra!"

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive in spite of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation.

John Derwent and Peter Lotz were graduated at the same college on the same day with equal honors. Both men went West, and settled on ranches. After six years one of their old preceptors visited them.

John was prosperous, but he knew nothing of the world outside of his own ranch. He took no interest in politics, in religion, in books, or in social questions; he hardly knew who was President; he had long ago lighted his fires with his text-books. For two days he talked to his visitor of his cows and bullocks, of the rates of cattle on the hoof in Chicago, and of beef in New York.

When the professor tried to interest him in any other matter, he stared at him vacantly, or fell asleep in his chair. The visitor went on with anxious foreboding to Lotz's ranch. Peter, too, had been successful; he was shrewd and alert in his business, but he was a man of broad general information and sympathies. His interest was as keen in the questions of the day as if he lived in New York or Chicago.

It is easy to tell, when we meet middle-aged or old people, whether they have, like John Derwent, left the intellectual growth of their youth to wither and die, or, like his classmate, have taken in daily new ideas and knowledge.

"What next?" says the busy farmer, as he looks at the ground from which one crop has just been reaped. He makes haste to sow another.

What Rare Stamps Are Worth. The high prices which the rarest specimens of stamps now realize will explain how it is that the trade in foreign stamps has become what it is in these days. The 1840 English stamp (black), with the letters 'V. R.' in the corners, will easily fetch £10 used and 45 unused. The black stamp, without the letters 'V. R.', can be sold for one penny and two pennies each. The red penny English stamp heads are not worth much more than waste-paper price. The standing prices are for the rarest stamps:

Customer (rushing into hardware store)—I've just got time to catch a train. Give me a corn-popper. Facetious dealer—Don't you mean a pop-corn? "Yes, a pop-corn. Hurry up!" "Don't you mean a pop-corn?" "Hang it" (excitedly), "I said pop-corn, didn't I?" "No" (also excited), "you said pop-corn."

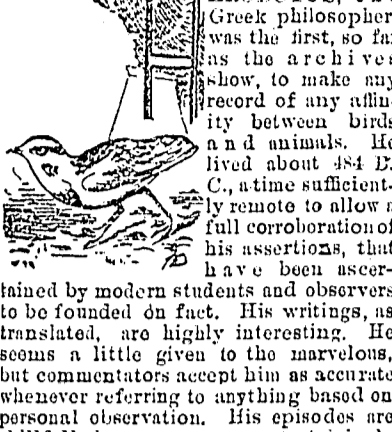
A Presuming Little Girl. A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher. "Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones, "say 'presume.'" Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked, "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it." "My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by presume."

When thieves fall out honest men should get their work in.—New Orleans Picayune.

A CHAPTER ON BIRDS.

SOME INTERESTING MEMBERS OF THE FEATHERED FAMILY.

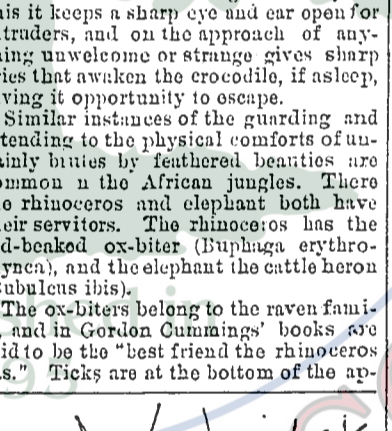
Fowls that Act as Guardians—The Ox-biter, the Hornbill, the Cattle Heron and Other Curious Ornithological Specimens.



ERODOTUS, the Greek philosopher, was the first so far as we know, to make any record of any affinity between birds and animals. He lived about 484 B. C., a time sufficiently remote to allow a full corroboration of his assertions, that I have been ascertained by modern students and observers to be founded on fact. His writings, as translated, are highly interesting. He seems a little given to the marvelous, but commentators accept him as accurate whenever referring to anything based on personal observation. His episodes are skillfully interwoven, one entertainingly leading to another, with the language so simple and to the point. So the observing old traveler tells of a curious relationship between the little bird called trochilus—or, by the ornithological card, Hyas aegyptiacus—and the crocodile. After mentioning that all other beasts and birds avoid the surian monster, Erodotos says: "The crocodile issues from the water and opens his mouth, which he does most commonly toward the sunset, the trochilus enters his mouth and swallows the leeches which cling to his teeth. The huge beast is so pleased that he never injures the little bird."

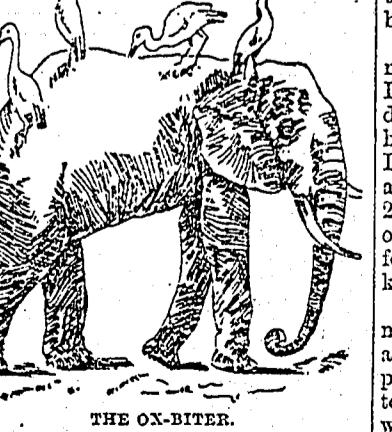


Native Egyptians call the bird "zie-zac," and supplement Erodotos with the declaration that when by accident or weariness the crocodile shuts his mouth on cue or more of the birds it or they give him such a raking with beak and spurs that he is glad to open up again without delay. More recent investigations confirm the ancient philosopher, but not the addition by his descendants. The latest disclosures go to show that the trochilus is not often caught in its scaly friend's jaws, but when it is—*est fait de lui*. It is in the bird's favor that it is unusually active. Its legs are long, beak short, and for its size very strong. When alone or with others of its kind it is inclined to be quiet, but when the object of its solidified crawls on a bank of sand and to roll in the sun it is wonderfully lively. Leeches in abundance are always clinging to the inside of the crocodile's mouth and tongue, and these the trochilus picks off and swallows with gusto. Beyond this it keeps a sharp eye and ear open for intruders, and on the approach of anything novel or strange gives sharp cries that awaken the crocodile, if asleep, giving it opportunity to escape.



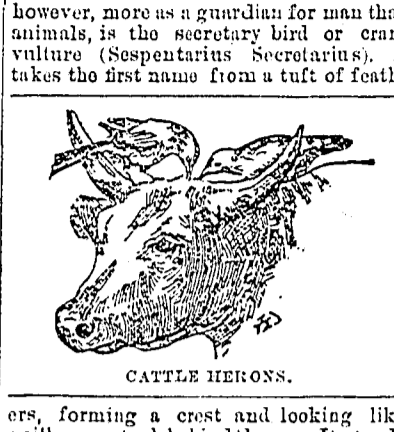
Similar instances of the guarding and attending to the physical comforts of ugly-gainly brutes by feathered beauties are common in the African jungles. There the rhinoceros and elephant both have their servants. The rhinoceros has the red-banded ox-biter (*Bubulaca erythrorhynchos*), and the elephant the cattle heron (*Bubulcus ibis*).

The ox-biters belong to the raven family, and in Gordon Cummings' books are said to be the "best friend the rhinoceros has." Ticks are at the bottom of the apparently mysterious affection. Ticks are especially plenty in the African woods, and notwithstanding the thick hides of the rhinoceros and elephant, they infest the cracks in the skin in the ponderous animals, causing them much pain and trouble. It is in relieving them of the vermin that the good work of the birds comes in. Ticks to the latter are like pearls of great price, and with their sharp beaks the imbedded tick's extraction is more easy than difficult. It can be readily understood that in such hot countries wounds and abrasions of an animal's skin would quickly develop into something serious unless nature had provided for a care and cure, such as is provided



by birds. They also guard the bodies of oxen and horses, keeping them free of flies and other annoying insects. The duties of these birds are not limited to

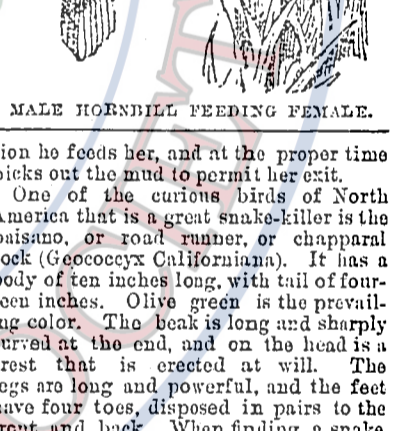
the pursuit of parasites, but by loud crying give notice of the approach of an enemy. The ox-biter is described as about nine inches long, with thirteen inches spread of wings. The beak is red, the back and feet grayish-brown, the under parts of the body pale-yellow, and the eyes and eyelids golden. The cattle heron is also small but snow white, with small, bright yellow eyes and orange beak.



Another curious African bird that acts, however, as a guardian for man than animals, is the secretary bird or crane vulture (*Sesentarius Secretarius*). It takes the first name from a tuft of feathers, forming a crest and looking like quill pens stuck behind the ear. It stands four feet high, with a beak like a vulture's. Its favorite food is a snake, the venomous kind more than all others, and it is never known to be poisoned from a bite. So vigorously does it wage war against snakes that he is encouraged in every way by the natives. It is capable of being domesticated, and will drive away from the family premises any unwelcome visitors. The hornbill is another voracious snake eater at home in Africa and Southern Asia. It is a grotesque creature, having a slender body, long neck, head, wing and legs short. The voice is as lacking of music as the bray of a donkey. The beak is the prominent feature, being deep red in color and a foot long. In breeding time the female goes to a hole in



some tree and lays her eggs. As she sits on them the male plasters up the hole with mud until only the female's beak can protrude. During the process of incubation he feeds her, and at the proper time picks out the mud to permit her exit.



One of the curious birds of North America that is a great snake-killer is the paisano, or road runner, or chapparal cock (*Geococcyx Californianus*). It has a body of ten inches long, with tail of fourteen inches. Olive green is the prevailing color. The beak is long and sharply curved at the end, and on the head is a crest that is crested at will. The legs are long and powerful, and the feet have four toes, disposed in pairs to the front and back. When finding a snake asleep it places around it a barrier of the small cacti abounding in its section. It then awakes the snake suddenly, and the latter trying to find the passage out is impaled on the cactus thorns. The final result is death.

The chauna (*Chauna chavaria*) of South and Central America is a benefactor to the human race. It is about the size of a common goose, with long legs. The color is brown and gray. Easily domesticated, it enjoys the company of poultry, and is their champion against the winged robbers so plenty in the country it inhabits. It is active and very courageous, and carries its weapons of defense in the shape of spurs on its wings.

An Actress' Golden Egg. "It's been a cold summer," said an actress just in from road duty. "I went out in May with a company that came near dying with the June roses, and that has only struggled through by a dint of hard work. I don't know what would become of me if I hadn't struck a small paying vein."

"It happened like this: I'm very finicky about the way my feet look, and I always keep the buttons sewed on my boots. Some of the other girls don't, chiefly because they're too lazy. Well, every time I got out my thread and wax and buttons they'd come coaxing in with buttonless boots. I'm naturally good-natured, and I said nothing at first, and cheerfully sewed on the buttons, but at last I got tired. 'See here,' I cried, one day when my patience was unusually taxed, 'after this I charge a cent apiece for every button I put on for you lazy people.'"

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

A whisky de'il—the imp of the bottle. Song of the syndicates—Gobble, gobble, gobble. A howling swell—The boil on a small boy's neck. The son who goes to work in a mill represents the flour of the family. The man who is hard of hearing is apt to be troubled with "hey!" fever. Like many a young man, nature begins her fall by painting things red. Winks—I didn't see you at camp meeting this year. Winks—No; I've reformed.

"Now I am a highwayman," remarked the commercial traveller to the ferryman who was taking him over the river in a skiff. "Why?" "Because I am a rowed agent."

Maria—It's no use my trying to please you with my cooking; you are never satisfied. John—You could suit me exactly if you'd only try. "How?" "By hiring a cook!"

"Pa, what's the difference 'tween a cutter and a fitter the signs tell about?" "Same thing, my son. My barber's such a beastly cutter that he's fitter to adorn a slaughter house."

CHARLIE (who has been blowing the cornet for an hour): "Say, Ned, do you think there is any music in me?" Ned: "I don't know. There ought to be; I didn't hear any come out."

SHE—What a beautiful world it would be if it were summer and daylight all the time! He—Daylight all the time! Him! When would lovers have a chance to do their courting?

TOMPKINS—Heard you left the boarding house, Jack. Jack—Yes; the landlady was far too modest for me. Tompkins—Modest—how's that? Jack—O, she insisted that we eat dressed beef at every meal.

Mr. GOODCATCH (calling on the oldest sister)—Why, Johnny, how you are growing! You'll be a man before your sister if you keep on, Johnny—You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on being 20 like she has for the last five years.

Two Irish servant-girls were quarreling the other day. "Shure," said the one, "an' didn't I hear yer mashther comin' in after half-past 4 av the night?" "An' shure," retorted the other, "an' didn't I hear yer mashther not comin' home at all lasht night?"

FITZBOOLE—Now that you consent to be mine, darling, let us be married soon. Belinda—Oh, no, dear, let us wait two years at least. Fitzboole—Two years! Oh, you don't mean it! Belinda—Yes, indeed, I do. Please—please, let me think you perfect as long as possible.

BINGLEY: "Have you heard that Pushley is giving away a box of cigars with every suit of clothes? I bought a suit yesterday. 'Try a cigar?' Travers (lighting up): 'Thanks, I should think (puff), Bingley, that you would be glad (puff) that you only (puff) buy two suits a year.'"

VISITOR—The boys do be tellin' me that Dennis is sick abed. Is he any better, I dunno? Lady of the house—I can't say just yet. Yez see he thrived to freighen me by hidin' under my bed proteridin' to be a burglar, an' he's lyin' up stairs wid a broken leg an' two doctors a tryin' to take four bullets out o' his body. But how was I to know him in the dark?

THE OLD MAN'S OUTFIT. Bobby—Ma, did pa spend a good deal of time at the dentist's when he was in Chicago? Mother—I didn't know that he was at the dentist's at all, Bobby. Why? "I heard him tell Mr. Smith that it cost him over a hundred dollars to get his eye-teeth cut."—Texas Siftings.

Rest Needed. A tramp knows what it is to be weary, a farm laborer to be body-weary, a literary man to be brain-weary, and a sorrowing man to be soul-weary. The sick are often weary, even of life itself. Weariness is a physical or spiritual "ebb-tide" which time and patience will convert into a "flow." It is never well to whip or spur a worn-out horse, except in the direst straits. If he mends his pace in obedience to the stimulus, every step is a spark subtracted from his vital energy. Idleness is not one of the faults of the present age; weariness is one of its commonest experiences. The checks which many a man draws on his physical resources are innumerable; and as these resources are strictly limited, like any other ordinary bank account, it is very easy to bring about a balance on the wrong side. Adequate rest is one kind of repayment to the bank, sound sleep is another, regular eating and good digestion another.—New York Witness.

MINSTER—Johnny, is your father a Christian? Johnny—Not since last week, sir. He has bought him a cheap typewriter.

LIKED TO MAKE A SHOW.

BY DRIFT.

THE Begerley's coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettieley. "Not if I know it. Mrs. Nettieley was a close-fisted and calculating woman, who lived in a handsome house in a stylish neighborhood in N. and was one of those who, as her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flea to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettieley liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving Day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettieley, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her. "But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sort of word they are comin'."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Sugartuck County." Mr. Nettieley felt of his chin. "They haven't invited us," said he; "that is, not especially."

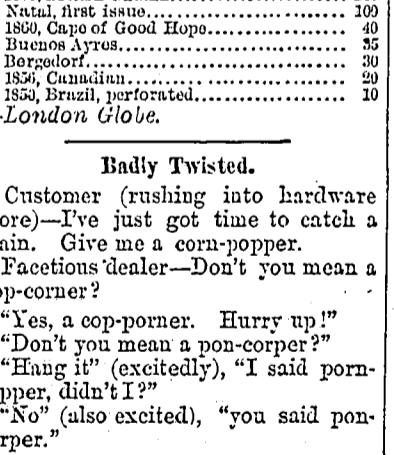
"O, fathersticks!" said Mrs. Nettieley. "Belinda always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mr. Begerley and her six children, and Mr. Begerley's two sisters, I won't do it. Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost three dollars at the very least. Get me a time-table, Nettieley. Send word to Mrs. Begerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettieley, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained; for he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettieley packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettieleys, and took the afternoon train for Scrag Hollow, in Sugartuck County. "Mamma," said Theodora Nettieley—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettieley all had high-sounding appellations—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."



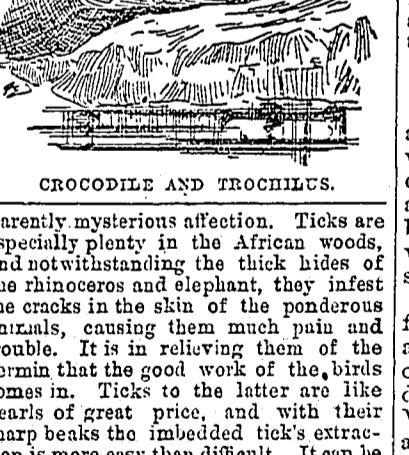
"In the dining-room, ma'am." And Mary threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys, well browned, and a savory chicken-pie that was a mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce that set Mrs. Nettieley calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, wore Mr. and Mrs. Begerley, the two sisters, and the six little Begerleys, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of Mr. Nettieley—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

Mrs. Nettieley and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettieley had rather a hard time of it that night. "My dear," said that sacrificial lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?" "Do?" repeated Mrs. Nettieley, in accents of the bitterest scorn, "couldn't you close all the blinds, and lock the front door, and go down cellar and pre-



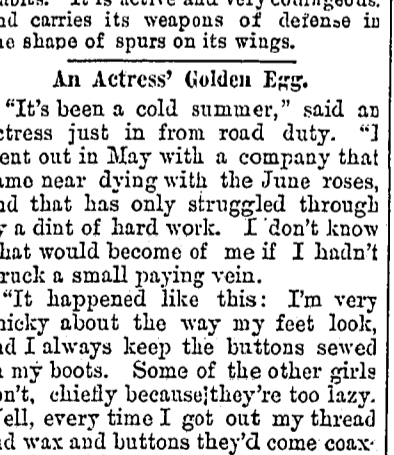
ventioned not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three young ones Nettieleys broke out with scurvy fever. The seven little Smitherses took of them, the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettieley had her winter's work before her.



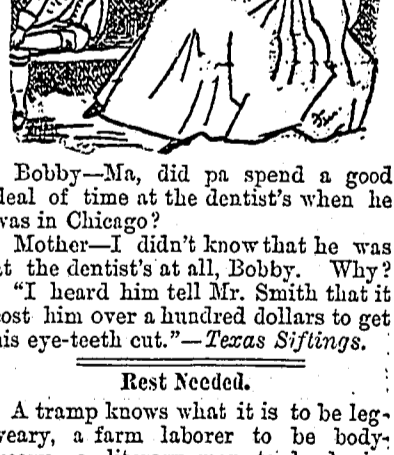
"I wish to goodness I had stayed at home," thought Mrs. Nettieley. And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive in spite of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation.

John Derwent and Peter Lotz were graduated at the same college on the same day with equal honors. Both men went West, and settled on ranches. After six years one of their old preceptors visited them.



ERODOTUS, the Greek philosopher, was the first so far as we know, to make any record of any affinity between birds and animals. He lived about 484 B. C., a time sufficiently remote to allow a full corroboration of his assertions, that I have been ascertained by modern students and observers to be founded on fact. His writings, as translated, are highly interesting. He seems a little given to the marvelous, but commentators accept him as accurate whenever referring to anything based on personal observation. His episodes are skillfully interwoven, one entertainingly leading to another, with the language so simple and to the point. So the observing old traveler tells of a curious relationship between the little bird called trochilus—or, by the ornithological card, Hyas aegyptiacus—and the crocodile. After mentioning that all other beasts and birds avoid the surian monster, Erodotos says: "The crocodile issues from the water and opens his mouth, which he does most commonly toward the sunset, the trochilus enters his mouth and swallows the leeches which cling to his teeth. The huge beast is so pleased that he never injures the little bird."

Native Egyptians call the bird "zie-zac," and supplement Erodotos with the declaration that when by accident or weariness the crocodile shuts his mouth on cue or more of the birds it or they give him such a raking with beak and spurs that he is glad to open up again without delay. More recent investigations confirm the ancient philosopher, but not the addition by his descendants. The latest disclosures go to show that the trochilus is not often caught in its scaly friend's jaws, but when it is—*est fait de lui*. It is in the bird's favor that it is unusually active. Its legs are long, beak short, and for its size very strong. When alone or with others of its kind it is inclined to be quiet, but when the object of its solidified crawls on a bank of sand and to roll in the sun it is wonderfully lively. Leeches in abundance are always clinging to the inside of the crocodile's mouth and tongue, and these the trochilus picks off and swallows with gusto. Beyond this it keeps a sharp eye and ear open for intruders, and on the approach of anything novel or strange gives sharp cries that awaken the crocodile, if asleep, giving it opportunity to escape.



Similar instances of the guarding and attending to the physical comforts of ugly-gainly brutes by feathered beauties are common in the African jungles. There the rhinoceros and elephant both have their servants. The rhinoceros has the red-banded ox-biter (*Bubulaca erythrorhynchos*), and the elephant the cattle heron (*Bubulcus ibis*).

The ox-biters belong to the raven family, and in Gordon Cummings' books are said to be the "best friend the rhinoceros has." Ticks are at the bottom of the apparently mysterious affection. Ticks are especially plenty in the African woods, and notwithstanding the thick hides of the rhinoceros and elephant, they infest the cracks in the skin in the ponderous animals, causing them much pain and trouble. It is in relieving them of the vermin that the good work of the birds comes in. Ticks to the latter are like pearls of great price, and with their sharp beaks the imbedded tick's extraction is more easy than difficult. It can be readily understood that in such hot countries wounds and abrasions of an animal's skin would quickly develop into something serious unless nature had provided for a care and cure, such as is provided

A TRIBUTE

BY MARY L. VANDYKE



UNGRATEFUL man takes what he can... In this great world of sorrow...

The true the President proclaims... Shall I gather in their kind hands...

Through summer days he grows and grows... Care's night for wealth not heavy...

In all his days he would not fill... Did not defend his neighbor...

THE DEACON'S DINNER

BY HAROLD LESLIE



UCH a busy, bustling place as Deacon Durland's big, roomy kitchen was...



"WHERE'S WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

ing every now and then to steal a triumphant glance at the steaming brown pumpkin pies...

"Here, Mary, I've got something that'll make ye open yer eyes," exclaimed the Deacon...

"There, now, look at that! Isn't he a beauty? Finest turkey there's been in Rockdale market for three years..."

the parlor fairly glistened from the frequent rubbings they had received, while the pantry was crammed so full of good things...

"I know what I'll do," he resumed, after a pause. "I'll just take one of them turkeys and a ham and a few pies down to Clarence Holcomb's..."

potatoes and mashed potatoes, with one kind of pie for dessert, before brother Joseph's wife and the new minister. In fact, after Joseph's wife had declared it was such a relief to escape the usual surfeit of good things on one Thanksgiving...

Then the fight became hotter. Brown was wild with anger, and his potatoes were thrown at random. Brown was cool and self-possessed, and he made every shot tell.

"Help! O-o-h, Mither Durland, git up quick, for the love ar heaven! The house is full of burglars," was the reveille that roused the Durland household at sunrise on Thanksgiving morning.



WELL BET A GILL O' BUTTERMILK THE THINGS 'LL BE WELCOME ENOUGH.

toward the pantry. "There's been burglars here, an' they've taken ivery blessed bite there was in the pantry, barrin' the pumpkin pies and a pan o' doughnuts."

"But, pa, I only took what you told me to, and I knowed there was another turkey and lots of pies somewhere else, 'cuss I seen ma a makin' o' 'em," expostulated Johnny.



"I knowed there was another turkey and lots of pies somewhere else, 'cuss I seen ma a makin' o' 'em," expostulated Johnny.

Through his second honofied Bully Brown that he would meet him at a specified time and place, and that a half bushel of Irish potatoes, selected the size of a man's fist, should be the weapons.

Then the fight became hotter. Brown was wild with anger, and his potatoes were thrown at random. Brown was cool and self-possessed, and he made every shot tell.

A school entertainment was given in one of the rural districts, not so awful far from New York City, in which a prominent part was taken by a young daughter of a well-known New York business man.

On the evening of the entertainment the room was crowded with the elite of the village. The young authoress was given the post of honor on the programme, and as she read her story it was received with generous applause.

A PHALEDONIA policeman has been dismissed for hugging a girl while on duty.

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

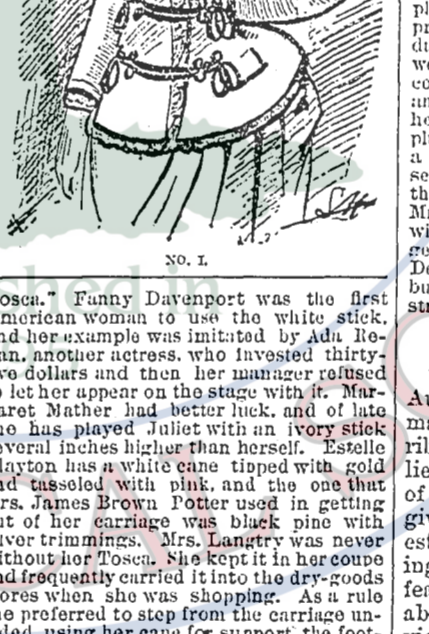
THE LATEST FADS OF STYLISH NEW YORK BELLES.

Rich and Costly as Well as Pretty and Economical Toilets for Winter Wear—The Prevailing Colors—The Latest Things in Wraps, Tea-gowns, and Hats.



rich and costly as well as pretty and economical toilets for winter wear—the prevailing colors—the latest things in wraps, tea-gowns, and hats.

Of more practical consideration are the short jackets, now going out of doors. Whether a girl is rich or poor, she may look like this (No. 1) on the promenade, and be in the November style, for the materials may be either cheap or costly, according to her ability to buy.



Tosca. Fanny Davenport was the first American woman to use the white stock, and her example was imitated by Adrienne Lecocq, another actress, who invested thirty-five dollars and then her manager refused to let her appear on the stage with it.

Excellent ideas may be derived from the three toilets illustrated in the ensuing engravings (Nos. 2 and 3). They were rich and costly in the originals, but their essential characteristics of design do not imperatively demand expensive textiles.

adopted largely, while the much favored shades of heliotrope, so much admired and worn hitherto, are completely out of fashion. Green tries to keep up something of a

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Little One's Prayer.

Up the flight of stairs there clambered A little child in tight repose, And as she knelt at the bedside A lullaby prayer to her God arose.

"Dear Jesus, up there, beyond the stars, Please keep us safe from harm to-night; Bless us, and help her, once her life, For pa has gone where all is light."

"Dear Jesus, up there, beyond the stars, Please keep us safe from harm to-night; Bless us, and help her, once her life, For pa has gone where all is light."

"Dear Jesus, up there, beyond the stars, Please keep us safe from harm to-night; Bless us, and help her, once her life, For pa has gone where all is light."

styles you gave President Cleveland's wife, in justice to that lovely and lovable young lady he said that she never claimed to be a customer of Worth's. But she brought her bridled trousseau in Paris, and many of her reception and carriage dresses came from the same city of delight.

"Twelve years ago last month, in August, 1877," said an old settler, "a man met death in a peculiar and horrible manner in San Francisco. I believe that a full and succinct account of this rare accident has never been given to the public, the proprietor of the establishment where it occurred keeping the facts from the reporters for fear of hurting his trade."

"Happy youth that can live and revel in the land of 'Way Off' whether it be reached by stormy seas or through border perils. Dream of it while you can, with dried tears on flushed cheeks, wrung by home wrongs, real or imaginary, for the time will come all too soon when you will realize that there is no retreat in this world from life's actual trials. There is no land of 'Way Off' such as you imagine.—Texas Siftings.

"Miss Porcine—I am afraid, Henry, that our engagement must be broken. Papa and mamma are both very angry with you."

"Miss Porcine—It is all on account of the conversation you had with mamma the other night."

"Tramp (with an old school book)—Say, mister, will yer kindly tell me what letter this is?"