

Ingham County News.

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WHOLE NO. 1885.



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W. L. CHENEY, MANAGER

Ingham County News

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Business cards \$1.00 a line per year.

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Business notices, resolutions of clubs, etc., \$1.00 a line.

Deaths, notices, obituaries, \$1.00 a line.

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THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

What makes the little gentleman?
Not auster, high or low,
Not manners, nor a young smile
On cheeks where roses glow.
A goodly outside charms the sight;
But tell me if you can,
What is it that at once proclaims
The little gentleman?

It surely cannot be the dress,
Nor is it with a smile;
These have been represented yet
The soul's undying worth.
Nor is it fair or country speech;
Nor since the world began
Has this announced to anyone
The little gentleman.

What is it, then, my rosy lad—
Politeness, gentle words?
There are no words to some
As simple as this—
But there is something greater far
In God's eternal plan.
By which the heart may always know
The little gentleman.

Respect and reverence for age;
A truthful loyalty
To mother, father, and to friends,
No matter what may be;
The earth is round, the sun on high,
Beyond all earthly bound;
The courage to do right—these make
The little gentleman.

—George Cooper, in S. S. Timon.



[Copyright, 1861.]

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

She hesitated a moment—then she said:

"Send cipher dispatch at once to G. G. at St. Louis, to M. M. at Chicago and C. C. at Davenport. Four thousand guns at Leavenworth left unprotected by a withdrawal of troops; Kansas City on the first at nine o'clock a.m.; impress G. G. with swiftness; twelve hundred men here now; can hold everything; get answer from G. G. at once; watch Memphis papers for movements of gunboats."

Here the young woman made another pause. In his impatience, Calicot got up impulsively and strode about the little room. He was shut up helplessly in a living tomb and events, in what now seemed like another world, were hurrying on to some kind of disaster. He calmed himself by a powerful mental effort. "Well," he said, "what do we see now?"

"They are close together at the instrument. They are sending a dispatch."

After some delay, there was evidently an answer received from Hendricks, for the girl began again, slowly reading from the written page what appeared to be instructions. Very little of it was intelligible to Calicot, but blind as it was he tried to impress it upon his memory for after reflection.

He heard her saying: "Will take gunboat and seize arms; council here on the 25th; make all instructions conform to that date."

Day after day, as the girl revealed in broken sentences the communications that were made from the cave to the cottage, the bulk of the information began to arrange itself in his mind around certain well-defined points. The conspiracy, he now saw, extended over the whole United States. It had taken in men in official positions. Its agents were in the government employ, in the railway service and in the telegraph offices. It must have vast forces already to mass and the brain of the movement was hidden away safely underground. As the magnitude and method of the plan were slowly comprehended, he asked himself: What is the government doing? Can it be possible that the world has not yet discovered the two exits to this stronghold?—and then he tried to forecast the result when the exits were discovered. Hendricks cannot be dislodged, he said, even by engineers, who would have to tunnel a mountain. He can only be sealed up and starved to death, and in any such attempt what unknown exits may he not have. He recalled the mysterious magazine in the southwestern wall of the rotunda with its wooden doors and its sign of danger. Was this a magazine? Might not that impression have been created to keep secret an unknown exit until an emergency occurred? He had heard Laport speak of the magazine. He would talk to the old man about it.

His imagination pictured a long chasm leading to some unsuspected region of country with its exit hidden in the mountains. He forsook in his fancy a besieging army encamping over a mine or fallen upon by a sudden force that sprang up as if by magic in its roar—and then disappeared, and he began to ask himself if this conspiracy had not gathered into its ranks most of the malign forces of civilization which under the names of nihilism and anarchy seek mainly to destroy.

Intolerable as these reflections were to a man compelled to see the progress of all this diabolism and projected from raising a warning cry or lifting a finger, there were other considerations that were even more poignant. Here was an innocent and intelligent girl who, with her father, would be involved in the inevitable catastrophe or thrown into the hands of Fenning, and Calicot had grown to have a profound sympathy for her. Lieutenant Stocking, as he well knew, had with his impulsive temperament developed a still stronger interest in her, and Stocking by his very nature could not be depended on to assist him.

In turning over these perplexities in his mind he was aware of an undisturbed conviction hiding away in his nature, that the normal intelligence and moral force ought in some way to be able to circumvent all this mischief. But how?

Some kind of a vague scheme of escape for Stocking and Miss Laport, through what he conceived to be the secret exit of the magazine, shaped itself in his mind, and then he got hold of Laport one day after conferring with the old man's daughter. The three were eating their breakfast to-

gether when Calicot approached the subject of the magazine guardedly, with the one purpose of finding out, if possible, what Laport knew about it. To his astonishment he knew all about it. He had surveyed it. It was an enormous pocket in the southwest wall of the rotunda, its mouth facing the northeastern direction of the cave, and it had no other outlet. Calicot felt Laport about it and was informed carelessly that they were ventilating tubes put in to make a circulation of air and keep the place dry. "There are only two," said Laport, "and they open into the rotunda about six feet above the railroad track. I put them in myself and I ought to go and see that the men who are working there do not disturb them."

"I will go with you," said Calicot.

The next day Stocking met Calicot and said abruptly in his impulsive way: "See here, my old friend, it is idiotic to let a coldness spring up between us at this time because we don't think alike." "And why not?" "Because the rock is seventy-five feet thick at that point."

"And suppose the magazine should explode?"

"In that case, every living soul in the Laran on this side of the magazine, would be killed."

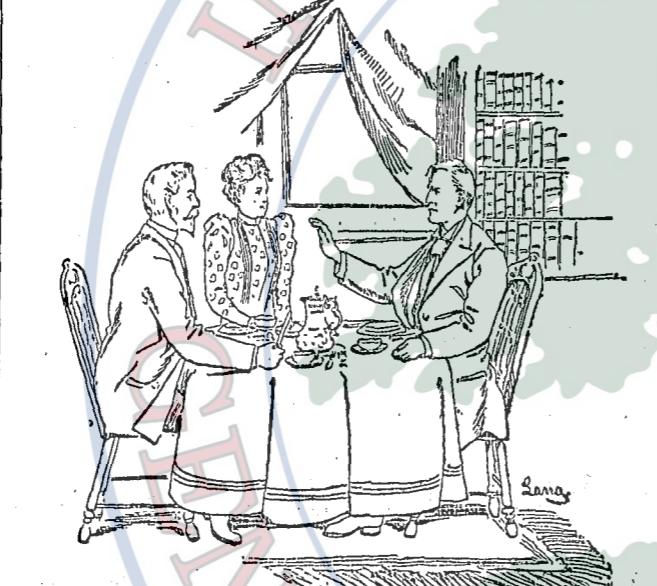
Calicot was listening eagerly, but he did not clearly understand, so the old man glibly explained.

"If by any accident," he said, "the magazine exploded there the magazine will simply go off like an enormous stone cannon, whose mouth points to the northeast passage. Can you not see that the sudden concussion and compression of the air in the confined spaces, reaching to the last wall of the arena, will kill everything by shock?"

The whole force must expend itself in what is really an enormous pneumatic tube. Hendricks is a wonderful man in dealing with events, but he makes some singular mistakes in dealing with physics."

CHAPTER XXI.

This information, disappointing as it was, produced a marked change in Calicot. His nervous anxiety gave place to a grim look of concentration



"IN THAT CASE EVERY LIVING SOUL IN THE LARAN WOULD BE KILLED."

and he grew visibly paler every day. The intelligence that he received in three days, through Miss Endicott, amazed and excited him in spite of his self-control. He learned that Hendricks had captured the gunboat. He had to get at the facts of the case from separate information and from Hendricks' orders, but he learned enough to convince him that the commander of the boat had been led into negligence by not finding a human soul in the vicinity, and a force of his men had been surrounded and captured in the wood, and a party sent to their relief had been overwhelmed. It was a dark night and two large attacking forces from opposite sides of the river had surprised the boat and, after a desperate fight, taken possession of her. Hendricks had then gone aboard; dressed his own men in the uniform of the soldiers, and finding the books and papers of the commanding officer, he got a knowledge of his orders. The captured crew were sent to the Laran and the gunboat had gone up the Mississippi with her flag flying, apparently under government orders. This was on the night of 6th of August. On the 7th, the government stores at Leavenworth were seized by an armed force, the troops at that place having been reduced to a single company, owing to the withdrawal of the Sixth United States infantry, and Troops A and F, which had been sent to Paducah. The arms, consisting of six thousand stands of carbines, five twelve-pounder guns, three Gatlings and four brass howitzers, with about fifty thousand pounds of ammunition, had been loaded on the vessel at Leavenworth and started down the Missouri for St. Louis. Before she reached the Mississippi, Hendricks, apparently under orders, was looking for her, and captured her about two miles above Alton. He then started for Memphis with her in tow, having sent a dispatch at Alton publicly announcing the victory of the United States gunboat. The consequence was, he was interfered with because the government would not believe that there was a force sufficient to take that place. There is at this moment a large body of United States troops concentrating in Tipton county, but the move has been foreseen and calculated by Hendricks, and it takes place as if he were directing it. These men will be annihilated over our heads and we shall not hear a sound."

"Yes," said Stocking, with more bitterness than amazement, "he is pre-
cient and invincible—in your mind."

"On the contrary," replied Calicot, "he is human, fallible and vulnerable. It has cost me many sleepless nights to find it out, but I have found it out, and with that knowledge I will free you and Miss Franklin if you will follow my directions unquestioningly."

throw black shadows here and there and, hidden by one of them, he scrutinized the place carefully through a pocket-glass that he had got from Miss Laport, and he noticed for the first time that there were iron tubes running down that part of the wall of the magazine that was exposed. They looked like drain pipes at a distance. He asked Laport about it and was informed carelessly that they were ventilating tubes put in to make a circulation of air and keep the place dry. "There are only two," said Laport, "and they open into the rotunda about six feet above the railroad track. I put them in myself and I ought to go and see that the men who are working there do not disturb them."

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CHAPTER XXII.

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"I am afraid," said Stocking, who was regarding him with something like pity, "that you have worked yourself into a morbid condition of mind. If your scheme were reasonable, why not appeal to my reason instead of my faith?"

"Because," replied Calicot, "it is reason which is working all this mischief, and faith alone can circumvent it. I don't want to argue that with you now. I want your cooperation to demonstrate it, and, believe me, when it is demonstrated you will be the first to acknowledge its truth and efficacy. One other point—this man Fenning intends, with Hendricks' assistance, to get possession of Miss Franklin. They are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to send her away. At any moment she may disappear forever so far as you and I are concerned. She is breaking down with the apprehension. To save her, at least, I count upon your faith. If it were merely a matter of bravery, I would not have to ask you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD PREACHING.

A Little Feathered and His Rough But Attentive Congregation.

A young man who went out from England to Australia as a gold-digger, made some money, and finally established a rough shop at a place called "The Ovens," a noted gold-field about two hundred miles from Melbourne. Then he wrote home asking his parents to come out to him, and to bring with them, if possible, a lark. The father died on the voyage, but the old mother and the lark arrived safely in Melbourne, and were sent on to the store at "The Ovens."

The next morning the lark was hung outside the rough hut, and at once began to sing. The effect was wonderful. Sturdy diggers paused in their work to listen; many cursers from drunken lips were silenced by the little singer in his cage. Far and near the name of the "real English skylark up at Wistled's store" spread like lightning among the diggers.

"They are dying out of me," said Stocking, ruefully. "I feel like a man in a trance. If I do not get out of this tomb, I shall perish of general paralysis."

"I propose to get you out," remarked Calicot, calmly.

—

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

Albert Accurately Performed the Letter of His Father's Law.

"When you want a child to do anything, I reckon it's just as well to make it pretty plain what 'tis you want him to do," remarked Mrs. Sprout, judicially; "if you don't, you ain't got anybody to blame but yourselves."

"Sell him! Not he!" was the answer, with great indignation. "How would you like a fellow to come to our village at home, and make a bid for our son?"—Yon's Companion.

—

IN THAT CASE EVERY LIVING SOUL IN THE LARAN WOULD BE KILLED."

Stocking smiled somewhat grimly. I suppose the same conditions are breaking down your mind also," said he. "Go on—insanity is at least a diversion."

"The conditions have not disturbed me, though I have concentrated my faculties," replied Calicot, "and circumstances have aided me in an almost supernatural manner. I have been able to penetrate Hendricks' designs beyond this stronghold. You will see that this is not a disguised fancy; when I explain to you. In the first place he has a wire under ground to some other rendezvous that is in communication with the world. Mrs. Hendricks and Fenning are at that place, wherever it is. But the important thing is that I have been able to read their dispatches."

"Have you, indeed?" remarked Stocking. "Hendricks has taken you into his full confidence, then?"

"No. But you forgot Miss Endicott." "And you depend upon her ravings?"

"Not at all. Events have corroborated her day by day."

"What have you learned?"

"This: that Hendricks' co-conspirators have an army scattered through the country ready to be massed at any moment. It is directed from this secret retreat; a campaign of destruction is going on. It is sweeping into its vortex all the mad elements of our times, and the conceiving brain of it is hidden away safely; the victimized world cannot imagine, much less accept, as a fact, the prodigious audacity upon which the whole scheme is built, and will not accept the consummation and incredible machinery of which we are witnesses. Hendricks has captured a United States gunboat off the bayou because the commander of the boat could not get it into his head that a sufficient force was organized to drop him from both sides of the river. The government arsenal at Leavenworth has been robbed because the government would not believe that there was a force sufficient to take that place. There is at this moment a large body of United States troops concentrating in Tipton county, but the move has been foreseen and calculated by Hendricks, and it takes place as if he were directing it. These men will be annihilated over our heads and we shall not hear a sound."

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Thursday, February 21, 1895.

TEN PAGES

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

It Is Not Present with Everyone Who Dies.

Testimony Which Goes to Prove That Many View with Unconcern the Approach of Dissolution—Dying Words of Noted Men.

Many people, through fear of death, are all their lives subject to bondage, writes Rev. E. J. Hardy in the Sunday Magazine. The questions: How shall we die? When shall we die? and where shall we die? are continually worrying them. Indeed, there have been several suicides caused by this haunting terror of death. The thought of it made their lives insupportable, and they killed themselves in order to know the worst. And yet it is quite possible that in respect to the physical sensation of dying we resemble Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a terrible abyss yawned at his feet; fate, in the character of Martinet, cuts the thong with lightsome laughter and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches.

When Louis XIV, lay dying: "Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his deathbed. "Did you think I should live forever?" Then, after a pause: "I thought dying had been harder." Dr. Hunter was another who was agreeably surprised by his experience of dying. His last words were: "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." A charming actress who had been twice almost drowned told a friend that dying was the neatest sensation that she knew. The late archbishop of Canterbury, as his agony befell, quietly remarked: "It is really nothing much after all."

A man said to Socrates: "The Athenians have condemned you to death." "And nature," he replied, "has condemned them." By the ancient Greeks death was considered simply as a destroyer. To them it was the last and most bitter of foes. Achilles in Iliades says to Odysseus: "Nay, speak not uncomforably to me of death. Rather would I live upon the earth the hireling of another, than bear sway over all the dead that are no more." When death is bitter it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remorse than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely realize if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been made. The medical men who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that there was. Debt was upon his mind. "To some it is riches, and not poverty, that renders death painful. When Currier showed to Dr. Johnson his partial residence the latter said: "Ah, David, these are the things that make death terrible."

John Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to Friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my bed at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Master, lie down to rest, and wake up in 'glory.'

This was the feeling which enabled the American, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, to die as he did. When told, he had only two hours to live, he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Maj. Hawks—" Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his face, and he said, quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

HOW A MAN GOES TO SLEEP.

Slumber Begins at the Feet and the Bones Become Dormant One After Another.

"Order is heaven's first law," and the old truth is manifested even in the process of going to sleep. When a man drops off to sleep, says the New York World, his body does not do so all at once, so to speak. Some sense become dormant before others and always in the same order. As he becomes drowsy the eyes close, and the sense of seeing is at rest. It is quickly followed by the disappearance of the sense of taste. He next loses the sense of smell, and then after a short interval the tympanum becomes insensible to sound, or rather the nerves which run to the brain from it fail to arouse any sense of hearing.

The last sense to leave is that of touch, and in some hyper-sensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. Even in their case, however, there is no diminishing power or sense of what touched them. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit, after that taste, and then the eye becomes able to flash impressions back to the brain. The sense of smell, oddly enough, though it is by no means the first to go, is the last to come back.

The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews as well as in the bones. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete and the whole body is at rest. This is why sleep is impossible when the feet are cold.

R·I·P·A·N·S

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WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, OR CLEVELAND, OHIO.
STUMPS BEFORE TREATMENT
STUMPS AFTER TREATMENT

A SPECULATOR'S LUCK.

He Drew on the Sultan of Turkey and the Draft Was Honored.

A good story is told of a certain St. Louis speculator who had need of a large sum of money for his operations, and found himself with a very small balance in the bank. He consulted the cashier, a friend of his, as to how he could get over the emergency. The cashier suggested that he should draw on somebody not too near the city. The operator said that he knew no one that owed him, and the cashier intimated that that would make no difference, if the draft did not return to son.

The operator, says the New Orleans Picayune, reflected for a time, and then wrote out a draft on the sultan of Turkey for ten thousand dollars and deposited it in the bank. The draft went to New York and thence to London, where it came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to Constantinople, and it was duly presented to the sultan's chamberlain, who, not knowing anything about it, referred it to the sultan.

Who is this man?" asked the sultan.

"Don't know him," replied the chamberlain.

"Do we owe him anything?" asked his highness.

"No," replied the other.

"Then do not pay it," decided the poten-

"But if I might advise," said the crafty counselor, "this draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are negotiating a two-million loan. Would it be safe, under the circum-

stances, to dishonor it?"

"Pay it," said the sultan, and so the St. Louis speculator was ten thousand dollars richer than he knew, to his great astonishment.

Salt in History.

The necessity for salt among aboriginal races must have been paramount, for nature eraves it. Salts of soda are to be found in all animal and vegetable substances man uses, but it does not seem to be so assimilable as sodium chloride. Primitive Americans were certainly fortunate, because sources of salt far away from the seaboard were fairly numerous. The work of procuring salt must have fallen to a large measure on women. There was a Mexican goddess who was honored in the salt giver. Bancroft, in his Aztec studies, tells how an Aztec chief sent the "Tlascalans without salt" they acknowledged his

Then They Split.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart American woman; "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city upon another. They were rivals, and hated each other accordingly, though outwardly they preserved the semblance of pleasant relations. Every chance that either got to give a dig at the other was eagerly seized, but the final and most effective stroke, after which no calumny was exchanged, was delivered by Mrs. L. She sent out cards for a grand entertainment, and then took pains to find out, what Mrs. F., her competitor, was going to wear. A gorgeous brocaded satin was the material of Mrs. F.'s gown, it was ascertained. Accordingly Mrs. L., whose husband was in the dry-goods business, obtained several hundred yards of the same identical stuff and draped the walls of all the rooms on the lower floor of her house with it. You may imagine the feelings of Mrs. F. on arriving in her superb new frock, which she expected to make a sensation. Naturally she ordered her carriage and drove away in tears."

Perching Songbirds.

The captain of a steamer that plies along the New England coast and that was passing one of the rugged, lonely islands off the Maine shore, pointed to an enormous flock of gulls that whitened the rocks, the surface of the sea, and the branches of the scrub that clung to the hard soil. "There," said he, "what do you think of that?" And yet if you turn to a book on natural history they'll tell you that gulls won't perch on trees. Some fool sailors believe that the petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, never alight even on the water, but are always on the wing. They don't use their eyes. And some of these scientific fellows are as bad as savages."

HERE AGAIN!

THE
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O. S. DUFFIELD, PROP.

DETROIT, OCTOBER 28, 1894.
LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

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Ar Detroit..... 11:40 am 5:30 pm 10:10 pm

THROUGH DETROIT.

Lv Detroit..... 7:40 am 1:10 pm 5:00 pm
Ar Lansing..... 10:27 am 3:35 pm 8:37 pmLv Lansing..... 10:27 am 3:35 pm 8:37 pm
Ar Detroit..... 10:27 am 3:35 pm 8:37 pm

TO AND FROM IOWA AND HOWARD CITY.

Lv Lansing..... 10:27 am 3:35 pm 8:37 pm
Ar Lansing..... 8:51 am 3:00 pm 7:25 pm

TO AND FROM GRAND RAPIDS AND DALLAS.

Lv Lansing..... 10:27 am 3:35 pm 8:37 pm
Ar Dallas..... 12:45 pm 5:20 pm 10:45 pmLv Dallas..... 7:00 am 1:20 pm 5:25 pm
Ar Lansing..... 8:51 am 3:00 pm 7:25 pm

TO AND FROM IOWA AND HOWARD CITY.

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TO AND FROM GRAND RAPIDS.

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Ar Grand Rapids..... 11:30 pm 5:00 pm

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Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

THIS, even a shorter period, will suffice to convince you that "The Great Daily of Michigan" is so interesting and valuable you will continue a subscriber, and would than you would of cancelling your subscription is complete and accurate in every department of special matter for men, women and children of 60,000 homes which now receive and welcome us.

FOR 3 MONTHS BY MAIL, . . . 10 cents a week.
DETROIT, MICH.

SHENY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

TWO KINDS OF BAGGAGE FILE.

One Villain Travels with the Train, the Other Remains in the Depot.

There are two of them, the one who flies from station to station and dumps your poor dumb trunk with force enough to drive piles in a government breakwater, and the one who loiters around the depot watching for his chance to "shut up your baggage," says Texas Siftings. The depot burglar is the most culpable of the two species. In his long and dark career of smashing trunks he has knocked the hoops off his conscience, and there is no remorse, brave, foolhardy and reckless enough to tackle his heartstrings and play on them. The cowboy ropes the Texas steer for fun, but the baggageman ropes your trunk for a quarter of a dollar. No matter though your trunk be shot with half-inch strap iron and armed with solid steel corsets on the corners, and double-locked with a burglar-proof combination, the station baggageman wants to rope it all the same, and usually he terrifies all the passengers into letting him have his own way. He approaches you with a smile, goes away with twenty-five cents, and ties your bruised and battered sister with tow strings.

The strong, iron-bound chest of the drummer, and the aristocratic though fragile frame of the Saratoga, meet on a common level, and when they do meet the splinters fly, and while the owner of the Saratoga is wringing his white hands and clutching his bags of lace, rattling and bird's-eye linen into the fractured corners, the drummer is using the most vigorous and spiritual language he can command, and a great deal of it, warming up with the eloquent brilliancy of his discourse. As the prayers of the wicked avail naught, so neither do the tears of the bell or the curses of the commercial gentleman. The time-table of the railroad not changed in the least, and the sympathetic passengers are obliged to go abroad. The wounded trunks are thrown into the ambulance—baggage car—and whirled away to the next slaughter house further up the road. And the done, sweat dude, and the starchy old doncon, and the grand and impressive member of the legislature are all alike powerless in the hands of the fiend of the check room. Tyre and Sidon have passed away, and so will our trunks. The Goths and Vandals swarmed down upon Rome and it fell. Verily, so do the Goths and Vandals of the modern railroad prey on our baggage and it is all broken up.

LONG-DISTANCE TALKING.

How It is Practiced by Mountain-Guides in Atlanta.

The people of Albany are said to practice long-distance talking without the help of the electric current. In their mountainous country they pass along the word from summit to summit by the unaided strength of their lungs. Regular relays are said to be established for reciting and dispatching news. This is patterned after the use of couriers in more level countries. The author of "The Cruise of the R. Y. S. Eva" speaks of this habit of the Alabamians as a national peculiarity.

They cannot say their say when they are near each other, but must always wait till they get to the top of two hills to begin to talk. You march along after your Alabamian guide and meet another; they may perhaps kiss, clasp hands, mutter a few words and pass on, or, not unlikely, they pass without the slightest notice. On you go and forget that you met anybody, when suddenly, on arriving at the top of a hill, your guide turns round and says out: "O Georgia, Georgia-o-o-o!" or whatever his name may be, spinning out the last syllable to great length.

The echo has hardly died away before you hear the answer. Talk has begun, and you had better sit down, unless you do not mind proceeding alone, for more they will not until their say is over, and you may have to exercise your patience for half an hour.

There is no question that this long-talking propensity is a great bore, not only for the loss of time it occasions, but because the noise is enough to distract every head of game in the country.

New Dates for Low Rates.

For home seekers' excursions on March 5th, April 2nd and 30th, the C. & W. M. and D. L. & N. lines will sell round trip excursion tickets to points in Southern and Western states at very low rates. Ask agents for particulars.

884 Geo. DeHaven, G. P. A.

Salve.

World for Cuts, Salt Rheum, Spud Hand, Ulcers, Eruption, &c., no

one can stop a dose.

F. W. Phillips.

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MAN'S MANY FAILINGS.

First of All Selfishness, But Sometimes No

In Pretty and Fussy.

Poor man is still "in for it" in England. After years of patient, silent submission, of waiting on lords of creation, of pouring tea for him after creation, of bringing slippers and filling pipes and coddling and worshipping, the prim English woman has taken up the cudgel and demands that she be given the right to abuse man, and, by bringing his vile disposition before the public, warning the still, unmarried women to take heed and beware, says a exchange.

To further this pretty scheme an English paper has opened its columns to ladies with wicked young sons, terrible husbands, irresponsible brothers and unmanageable fiancées, and, by the letters received, it would appear that all the nice Englishmen had left England, for not a ray of hope shines from my part of the kingdom for poor man.

The statistics are interesting. One might naturally expect that the individual who does not stand up in a street car or who wears big checks and red cravats, or leaves his pipe in the drawing-room, would have come in for a share of abuse, but probably the American women, so used to perfection, are alone guilty about such trifles.

Among several dozen horrible failings attributed to man, selfishness, we find, leads the list with 68 condemners; next comes weakness of character with 61, followed by want of chivalry, numbering 49, followed by cowardice, with 41, and want of self-conceit, with 39. Prudliness finds 2 objectors; one girl objects to a man with a "priggish wantonness of manner" which humor only counts 1, and want of punctuality is evidently considered women's prerogative, as it only finds 1 objector.

Here are a few shortcomings with the number of times each was scored in the competition: Want of refinement, 17; want of courtesy, 39; want of chivalry, 48; want of punctuality, 1; want of will power, 11; want of consideration, 3; want of faithfulness, 12; want of decision, 4; want of pluck, 5; want of honor in little things, 2; shyness, 1; fussiness, 31; ineffectualness, 1; meanness, 15; avunculosity, 1; bad language, 11; bad taste, 14; bad manners, 27; dishonesty, 15; insincerity, 18; intellectual inferiority, 6; effeminacy, 13; moral weakness, 63; cowardice, 41; showing off, 3; unmanliness, 24; prettiness, 4; the covert sneer at women, 1; self-conceit, 42; inclemency, 2.

Nothing is said about the man who tells "what his wife will be like" or the man "with want of money." But we suppose they manage these things better over there.

DIFFICULT TO DECIDE.

Which of These Two Is Entitled to the Prize for Meanness.

The mostna man has been discovered. He lives in Indianapolis. In fact, there is a pair of them and they own a factory in the northeastern part of the city. Recently fire broke out in the neighborhood. An alarm was turned in, but by the time the fire department had arrived the fire had gained considerable headway and was spreading rapidly in the direction of the large factory owned by the man. It was necessary to sound a second alarm, as the apparatus at hand was seen to be inadequate to cope with the spreading flames. The telephone in the office of the factory, was the nearest means of communication with headquarters. The office was locked, but it was necessary to get quickly, or the factory would be in flames. Already the sides of the great structure were steaming and smoking and any moment they might be enveloped in flames. One of the firemen forced open the office door, called assistance and saved the factory.

Now the owners of the establishment have presented a bill of three dollars and eighty cents damages to the fire department, and have claimed that the firemen had been negligent in their duty. The firemen, however, insist that they had done their best and that the fire had been caused by the unaided strength of the lungs of the man.

This is almost equal to the California man who had several children who were expecting Christmas presents. He has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 pounds. His nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, he attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid.

FRANK C. MCINTOSH, Attorney for Plaintiff.

WATSON T. HEMANS, Attorney for Defendants.

Dated Mason, Nov. 29, 1895.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Flatulence, Excessive, Melancholy or troubled Sleeps, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at W. M. McCrossen's, Mason, and F. H. Field's, Danville, Drug Store.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results following its use. He would not be without it, if procurable. G.

A. Dyer (druggist, Catskill), N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for all the ills of life. He has used it for eight years, and it has never failed him. It is undoubtedly the best though remedy that he has used it in his family for all that time.

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WERE YOU WITH THE CROWD?

Last Saturday, and did you get a Cup of HOT COFFEE? If not, be sure and come next Saturday.

By the way, we are selling
Groceries

Very Cheap For Cash.

We want all the Good Butter you have.

Yours truly,

W. M. PRATT.

Stop! Read!

Children's Shoes Half Price. Violin and Guitar Strings, 5c. Overalls, - 25c. Jackson Corsets, - 50c. Mosquito Net, all colors, 3c. General Assortment.

Come and See what a Dollar will buy at

CHAPIN'S.
Sherman block. MASON.

Ingham County News

Thursday, February 21, 1895.

TEN PAGES

Rev. Andrew Parker died of nervous prostration at Holt last Tuesday night. Funeral Friday afternoon at the German church.

Alafedor Grange.

February 16, '95.

Called to order by Master. Music, followed by prayer by chaplain.

General order of business soon through.

Master Olds called Frank Thomas to the chair, then the Grange went into a committee of the whole to discuss the topics presented in the contest.

Reading — Willie's Errand, Mrs. Clara King.

Talk—Our Financial Situation, Wm. A. Olds.

My Sisters Beaux, Mrs. D. Sanders.

My First Speaking, Mrs. A. McMillen.

Somebody's Mother, Cordie Franklin.

How we Thrashed the Teacher, Levi Kling.

Six speakers are chosen each night, counts are made on all work done, including questions given at roll call.

Fines are imposed for whispering, sitting in a lounging position, not addressing chair, not wearing badges and for chewing tobacco.

It promises to be the best contest yet, and will run some weeks and end with an oyster supper.

Died.

Mrs. David VanCamp, aged 48 years, 4 months and 2 days, died at her residence in Wheatfield, Friday morning, Feb. 15, at 6 o'clock.

Emma Bates was born in the township of Tyrone, Livingston county October 13, 1847. At the age of five years she was deprived of a kind mother's care. At the age of 18 years she was converted to Christ and united with the Baptist church at Parshallville, Livingston county. She was married Jan. 13th, 1870, to David VanCamp (her surviving husband), to whom were born seven children, of which six are living, one dying in infancy. In 1880 she moved onto a farm in Wheatfield township, Ingham county, where she resided until her death.

About four years ago she was afflicted with cancer, which proved a fatal disease. Although the best medical aid was sought and all that loving hands could do was done for her she suffered the most intense pain. She longed for death to relieve her pain. She died a firm and faithful believer in Christ. Mrs. VanCamp was a true and faithful wife, a kind and indulgent mother, always looking out for the welfare of her children. She was an obliging and helpful neighbor, always ready and willing to do all in her power for the sick and suffering.

A bereaved husband, three sons, three daughters, two sisters and three brothers are left her. Every acquaintance has the loss of a true friend in the death of Mrs. VanCamp.

Special Notice.

In view of the fact that hundreds of invalids come to me who cannot (owing to stringency in money matters) pay my regular charges I have, therefore, in order to enable all invalids who so desire to have my treatment, decided to reduce my prices *just one-third* until the first of June. This applies to all just examinations, as well as those for the next three months.

I make this very liberal offer in spite of the fact that my expenses remain the same as heretofore, and feel sure that the public will appreciate it. If you can't come to me, write for question and answer, get your treatment by express, free from observation and strictly confidential.

Dr. HOLMAN S. HUMPHREY,

615 Grand street, Lansing, Mich.

The Glass Blowers and the Lucky Visitors.

The center of attraction to which sight-seers are now drawn is the glass blowing exhibition in the Padlock block, who have been delighting hundreds of visitors, comprising many of our best families, with the handsome presents they are giving away to every visitor. The following visitors have received the larger globes of glass work: Alta Ward, Clara Marsh, Thos. Lisenby, Chas. Frazel, Gertrude McEuen, Mrs. Will Barker, Ida Templeton and Frances Perry. Every article must be disposed of by 10 o'clock Saturday evening. Go and see us and get a handsome present and a grand exhibition of fancy glass blowing, all for 10 cents.

By the way, we are selling

Groceries

Very Cheap For Cash.

We want all the Good Butter you have.

Yours truly,

W. M. PRATT.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — George R. Hack, Lansing.

Essay — Mrs. J. S. Jones, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Recitation — Mrs. George Randolph, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

SATURDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — George R. Hack, Lansing.

Essay — Mrs. J. S. Jones, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Recitation — Mrs. George Randolph, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

SUNDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

Schools — Mrs. E. Holden, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

MONDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

Schools — Mrs. E. Holden, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

TUESDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

Schools — Mrs. E. Holden, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

WEDNESDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

Schools — Mrs. E. Holden, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

THURSDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

Schools — Mrs. E. Holden, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

FRIDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

Schools — Mrs. E. Holden, Lansing.

Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

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Music — Mrs. Bertha Raymond, Fitchburg.

Recitation — Mrs. Gertrude McEuen, Fitchburg.

Music — Mrs. A. Olds, Lecture.

FRIDAY, 10 A. M.

Installation of Officers for 1895.

Recitation — Mrs. Claud King, Alsteadon.

Essay — Mrs. Eliza Hartman, Fitchburg.

What It All Means—
Each era she means me at the gate—
Her braw has roses on it;
And for our kiss she gives me eight
(That means an Easter bonnet!)
Each dish that most delights my eyes
The table has upon it;
And "Dear, try this, and this!" she cries.
(That means an Easter bonnet!)
The table has upon it;
And "Dear, try this, and this!" she cries.
My stockings always are in sight;
My snuffing cap—I don't;
She strokes my hair: "You're tired to
night!"
(That means an Easter bonnet!)
F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Magnanimity.
To the ivy said the oak:
"Half my majesty you claim,
Half my strength, and half my boughs!
You are sumptuous, yet I grow
That I tire, through hole and bough,
Of your burdenous embrace!"
From the heavens a wild storm broke,
Gashed with heaving the grand oak,
Then in rours of wrath withdrew,
But the pitying ivy wept
Round the great tree's ruined find,
And so veiled its blight from view!
—Edgar Guest, in *Youth's Companion*.

RATES FOR CLERGYMEN.
A number of the eastern railroads having on January 1, 1895, changed their rules regarding the issue of reduced rates to clergymen, and unauthorized statements as to the reasons for making the change having been published considerable correspondence between the clergy and the railroads has resulted. The recent letter from Hon. Channing M. Dealey, President of the New York Central, corrects certain erroneous impressions and states that company's position in the matter very clearly. The letter is as follows:

New York, January 19, 1895.

Rev. Newton J. Conklin and H. H. Shedd, D. D., Committee:

CHURCHMAN.—I am in receipt of your letter of January 15th, enclosing the resolutions of the Presbyterian Minister's Association of Rochester.

These resolutions are based upon a misapprehension of the facts. The post dispatch announcing that the New York Central had withdrawn the ministerial half-rate ticket, "because some of the ministers had abused the privilege, loaning their permits to unauthorized persons, and sometimes even selling them," was wholly unauthorized. No such information or notice was given to the press or to anyone else by any officer of this company. There was also an interview reported with me on this subject, making similar, if not more serious charges, but no such interview ever took place.

I deeply regret the publicity which was given to this matter and the discussion which has grown out of it before we had really arrived at what was the best policy for this company and its associates in the Trunk Line Association to pursue. It had been developed that very great abuses existed in the issuance and use of the so-called ministerial ticket. It was not, however, the fault of the ministers. So far as I can ascertain, no clergymen of any church has been guilty of any impropriety in the use of this privilege. Like most departures from regular rules, this one led after awhile to serious demoralization of passenger rates. The privilege of the ministerial order became extended to all persons who had ever been ordained as clergymen, whether they still had any charge or performed any ministerial services or not. Many who had gone into business claimed and received the order. Then it was extended to missionaries and officers of the Salvation Army, of the Y. M. C. A., and of other religious or semi-religious organizations. This enabled railway officials who desired to do so to issue the half-rate ticket to almost anybody.

I am sorry to say that some railroads do not treat their agreements with each other with the same sense of honorable obligation which the officers would observe in their individual transactions.

We were amazed to discover that in order to increase their business without apparently cutting the rates a few of the roads placed the ministerial ticket in their offices for sale. In this way they came into the hands of the general public. It frequently occurred that the conductor, when calling upon some passenger whom he did not think was a minister to produce the ministerial order which every clergymen carried, was met by a flat refusal, simply because the passenger was not a minister, had no order and had received or purchased the ticket in some one of the ways which I have described. Of course the conductor would find under the guise of a missionary or an officer of one of these organizations who had received the order and ticket or else had bought a ticket which some one who could not be vouchsed for as a clergyman with a charge had secured, and then placed in a scalper's office for sale.

Of course the essential principle at the bottom of the relations between the railroads and the public is that everybody shall be treated alike; that the railway fare shall be like the postage of the government, the same to everyone who boards the train and becomes a passenger between the same points. The wisdom of the prohibition of discriminations in favor of one person as against another, or of one shipper as against another, or of one locality as against another, is now universally admitted, and is incorporated in the railway laws.

The ministerial ticket was issued at a reduced rate, not as an act of charity, as some have alleged, but because it was believed that the clergy and the church performed an essential service which was felt throughout the vast employment of these corporations.

Personally, I would be very glad if the privilege could be confined under restrictions which would confine it within legitimate bounds. You will see, however, from the explanations which I have given, how difficult a problem this is.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) CRAVEN M. DERR,
President,
Albany Argus, Jan. 20, 1895.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ROAD EDUCATION.

Some of It is Needed by Every Man and Woman in the Country.

That the subject of good roads is interesting people in all parts of the country is not surprising, considering what loss of energy, comfort, time and money is sustained by all classes on account of bad roads, or at least roads not nearly as good as they might be given with the appropriations made by towns and cities for building and sustaining public highways.

That the several systems now in vogue, experience proves to be unsatisfactory, expensive and bad, there is no doubt.

Most of the loss sustained in maintaining roads is from want of knowledge as to the best methods.

Commissioners should be appointed

by the several state governments, composed of men of the highest scientific and practical attainments on the subject, and by their reports, lectures and other means give public instruction, and to local road commissioners, and whose duty it should be to examine different localities and advise as to the most practical and efficient means of improvement in each locality, as different conditions and requirements need different methods of building and repairing roads.

The practice of many towns in allowing all who wish to work out their highway tax is but little better than highway robbery.

The use of road machines while apparently doing a large amount of work does not do the best work, as they do not discriminate in the material applied in grading the road, for they scrape up what happens to be at the roadside, which is usually loam or sand, that in wet weather makes mud and in dry weather dust, and soon finds its way back to where it comes from.

Without a macadamized road is the best, but the cost makes them impractical in some states, except in cities and main streets of large towns.

In most towns of Massachusetts we fortunately have abundance of good gravel that with judicious use of the highway appropriations (generally too meager) would make very much better roads than we have, but too often material wholly unfit is used because

there is no way by which money can be expended to better advantage than by putting in the drains in the center of the road, particularly where there are spring hills or a moderate descent, and applying to a culvert at the lowest points. It is surprising that this plan is not more generally adopted.

Our fathers of seventy-five or a hundred years ago built long lines of turnpikes straight over hills and along valleys. It has since been ascertained that it is often ne'er round a hill than over it, and affording an opportunity for a comparatively level road.

It has been suggested by many that the general government should build the principal highways in a thorough manner "to save the expense to the people." But when it is considered that the people are taxed in some way to meet government expenses, and that our general government does work in the most expensive manner for the ends accomplished, it may be well to look at this scheme from a more economical standpoint.

It is believed that with the amount

of money annually appropriated for highways, if intelligently and honestly expended, our roads should be infinitely better than now, and this would lead to a recognition of the great comfort and advantage, to all classes, of good roads, and thus encourage greater appropriations to meet the demand for still more improvement.

Hence the need of more knowledge in road building.—Benjamin P. Ware, in Good Roads.

FOR SHRINKING TIRES.

A Device That Can Be Made by Any Country Blacksmith.

A neighbor blacksmith has made a long step forward in shrinking wagon tires, and the device by which it is done is a very simple affair and can be made by any country blacksmith. The illustration shows the machine complete. The piece marked A is made of 2x3 inch bar iron, and is 12 inches long, bent on a curve like a tire. The clamps B and C are made of 3x3 inch iron, bent like a U, with a hole in each

end. One end is riveted to A, and the other is threaded and has an eye bolt to clamp the tire. A set of four thus can be shrunk in ten minutes from the time they are put in the fire.

To use it, set it on the anvil, heat a section of the tire, take tire out of the fire and set across the horn of the anvil, strike on each side of the horn with a hand hammer, making a knuckle in the put tire in clamp with the knuckle between clamps, tighten eye bolts, straighten out knuckle with hammer, and the job is done.

This is much better than to cut and nail a tire and the risk of burning it.—Southern Cultivator.

Money in Onion Raincoat.

What a mysterious and expensive process onion raising formerly was, and how few dared to attempt it! Last spring a young farmer, residing close by, who had never raised an onion in his life, drilled in ten pounds of Yellow Danvers onion seed in two acres, harvested a good crop this fall, and although onions were only forty cents a bushel netted more than twice as much per acre from the two acres than from the rest of his farm; but he is exceptionally industrious and persevering, else his onion patch would have fallen a victim to weeds (which were numerous and flourishing) as many other patches did.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LEVEL culture is best for almost every crop. Hilling up is often disastrous in a dry season, where level culture would have succeeded.

PLANTING POTATOES.

Several Reasons Why the Ground Should Be Prepared Deeply.

Simply cutting and plowing potatoes in advance of planting will not secure satisfactory results. Since a large quantity of seed and labor are required to produce a crop of potatoes, much pains should be taken to prepare the ground and cultivate it before and after the potatoes have grown, in the best manner possible.

The potato is a deep-rooted plant, and therefore the ground should be prepared deeply. The tubers are formed above the seed. These two points should always be kept prominently in mind.

It also loves a moist, cool soil. This indicates that conservation of moisture and shade should be secured by culture. The ground should be not only thoroughly and deeply plowed, but made fine.

A most satisfactory way, where the ground is open, is to furrow deeply with a double mold-board as seen in the upper part of the figure. Cover the potatoes by reversing the furrows, as seen in the center of the figure. After

the furrows are reversed, the soil is to be plowed over the top, and the potato plants are to be set in the furrows, as shown in the lower part of the figure.

In a few days the potatoes will be up and will be entirely free from weeds. This double plowing and lifting and depositing of the clods and stones in the middle of the rows results not only in putting the ground in superior condition, but in saving a very large amount of after culture.

The most satisfactory results that we have ever reached have been by this method.—Country Gentleman.

A NEGLECTED FRUIT.

In Italy the American Pawpaw is Cultivated with Success.

One of the most luscious wild fruits found anywhere in the world grows in all the southern states and in all those that are immediately north of the Ohio river. It is also found in some parts of Michigan and Indiana, over the mountains more at 7,000, thus providing all attention or delays while en route.

Folder, maps and all information pertaining to this short through line will be furnished or mailed on application to the Chicago, I. & St. Louis Railroad.

The *Iron Mountain-Brown-Brown* is to be published in the following cities:

St. Louis, Mo., January 1, 1895.

From Dec. 13, 1894, to Feb. 1, 1895, ... 268,307 24

From Dec. 13, 1893, to Feb. 1, 1894, ... 561,688 18

Gains, ... \$1,037,719 00

The "now you" with this firm, command

Dec. 13, 1894.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Feb. 18.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, \$1.90 to \$2.10

Sheep, \$1.25 to \$1.40

PIGS—Minnesota Pigs, \$1.65 to \$1.80

WHEAT—No 2 Red, \$1.25 to \$1.50

CORN—No 2, \$1.00 to \$1.25

OATS—No 2, \$1.00 to \$1.25

RYE—No 2, \$1.00 to \$1.25

LAMBS—Western, \$1.00 to \$1.25

WHEAT—Western, \$1.00 to \$1.25

CHICAGO—

CATTLE—Shipping Steers, \$1.35 to \$1.50

Calves and Feeding Calves, \$1.00 to \$1.25

BUTTER—Creamery, \$1.25 to \$1.50

DAIRY—Fresh, \$1.25 to \$1.50

BEEF—Cured, \$1.25 to \$1.50

BUTTER—Cured, \$1.25 to \$1.50

Porking, \$1.25 to \$1.50

Lamb, Dry, \$1.25 to \$1.50

Shingles, \$1.25 to \$1.50

ALL WADKIE'S,

CHAIN—Wheat, No 2 Springs, \$1.25 to \$1.50

CHAIN—No 3, \$1.00 to \$1.25

CHAIN—White, \$1.00 to \$1.25

RYE, No 1, \$1.00 to \$1.25

RYE, No 2, \$1.00 to \$1.25

POULTRY—Ducks, \$1.00 to \$1.25

LARD—Steaks, \$1.00 to \$1.25

ST. LOUIS

CATTLE—Texas, \$2.00 to \$2.25

Native Steers, \$1.10 to \$1.30

Calves, \$1.00 to \$1.20

SHEEP, ... \$1.00 to \$1.20

OMAHA

CATTLE—Light and Mixed, \$1.50 to \$1.75

Heavy, \$1.50 to \$1.75

SWINE, \$1.25 to \$1.50

THE ONWARD MARCH

of consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierre's Golden Medical Discovery. If you have waited

so long for a cure, there's complete

percentage of cures, and

we believe, fully 98

per cent, are cured

by Dr. Pierre's Golden Medical Discovery, and after the disease has progressed

so far as to induce repeated bleedings from

the lungs, liver, heart, kidneys, etc.

and especially from the

lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.

and especially from the

lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.

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lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

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

Bingham County News

Thursday, February 21, 1895.

TEN PAGES

West Aurelius.

Mrs. J. G. Hougham is on the sick list. Dr. Williams is attending her.—Mrs. Willie McGuire is reported better.—The sick at O.M. Robertson's are all to resume their usual habits.—John Klink's store was broken into last Friday night and a quantity of tobacco taken. It is supposed to have been done by a tramp who has been hanging around the neighborhood.—G. Vanderbeck has a horse dying of apoplexy of the brain.

Northwest Alaledon.

Sam Rathbun bought of Lewis Hinman a pair of horses for \$100.—Minnie Yans made her sister, Mattie, a visit last week.—P. P. Hewitt and family attended the third anniversary at A. L. Heald's the 17th.—Anna Yans is in Mattie with her grandmother, who is failing rapidly.—Quite a week for accidents. Bryan Lounsherry hopped over three times with loads of hay. Sam Rathbun once with wood and Berti True's team ran away. No damage except a broken sleigh tongue.—Martin Washburn bought two cows last week.—Leonard May spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother and sister in Mason.—Satie Hammond, Albert Rathbun, Howard Strickland and Mrs. Lloyd Laylin were on the sick list last week.—All report a good time at the social at C. Hoskin's the 14th.—Mrs. Herman Cook visited Lois Laylin last Wednesday.

Alaledon via Meridian Line.

Lewis Guisbrough's house was somewhat damaged by fire one day last week.—Anna Thompson spent Sunday evening in Alaledon.—President Rathbun is arranging for a S. S. convention to be held at the German church, March 29, '95.—Mr. Fred Rathbun and wife of Livingston county visited at M. G. Olds' and Levi King's Sunday.—Dene Webb of W.H. Hammon went by the State road home from the republican convention Saturday.—Alaledon Grange is in the best condition for years. If you want a good place to spend a Saturday evening with pleasure and profit, you had better join in.—Win. A. Olds visited his old home in Livingston county the fore part of the week.—The Fritz farm in Alaledon has been sold to a man from Livingston county.—Webb Cole of Vermontville took dinner at M. C. Olds' Saturday. He was on his way home from Canada.

Okemos.

W. W. Hough is building a new barn on the new hotel site. He expects to commence the hotel as soon as the weather will permit.—The township Sunday school association will hold a convention at the Baptist church next Saturday, the 23d. A good time is expected.—Mrs. George Young has gone to Charlotte to visit her son, Rev. F. Crane.—Mr. Holmes of Eaton Rapids is visiting his son, Rev. W. L. Holmes.—M. D. Pickett's horses ran away in Lansing last Thursday. They were frightened by an electric wire dripping on them through the carelessness of some men who were repairing it. The sleigh and harness were badly demolished.—Macy H. Lapham commenced school at the M. A. C. again this week, also Bertha Wellman.—Mrs. Torrance is having the grippe.—There will be a donation evening at the town hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, for the benefit of Rev. W. L. Holmes. Everyone is invited.

Northeast Wheatfield.

Feb. 16.—Peter Karn is very ill.—Albert Bird is slipping hay to Detroit.—Peter Youngs has purchased a small place in the northeast part of Williamston township and will move there in the early spring.—Mrs. L. C. O'Dell is confined to the house by injuries received by being thrown from a cutter on a trip to Lansing last week.—The question for debate at the Wheatfield town hall Lyceum last Thursday evening was: Resolved, that the Democratic party is responsible for the present hard times. The discussion developed a considerable feeling on both sides but was decided in the affirmative.—Nellie Converse, wife the owner of a fine herd. The herd got loose and went on a hunt on his own account. The result was eleven dead hens, found the next morning in his grandmother's berryery. But henceforth the herd will hunt hens and rabbits in the happy hunting grounds.—Mrs. Wilday of Jackson county is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

West Delhi.

Mrs. Edward Widman, who is suffering from a long illness, is no better.—About 35 of the members of the A. O. L. A. of Lansing visited the A. O. L. A. of West Delhi last week Wednesday evening. A good literary program was participated in by both lodges.—Rev. Paxton of Groenewert and Rev. Perry of Lansing are holding a series of revival meetings at the Maple Grove school house.

Dansville.

All are invited to a social at the residence of D. C. Avery next Tuesday evening, Feb. 26. The gentlemen will serve ice cream and cake. Come and enjoy the sport.—Remember the play, "The Spy of Atlanta," at the rink on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27.—\$100 was the amount received at the dinner for Rev. Dickey last Friday night.

Recalled that all the balances at the rink Friday night, Feb. 29.—Then, Hiram and his wife, the republican convention, and invited at Detroit this week.—Mrs. John Warle died very suddenly at her home in this village on Monday morning. The funeral was held at the M. E. church Wednesday and the remains buried in the Dansville cemetery.

Aurelius.

Married in Utica, by Rev. Powell, Mr. Harry H. Vinegar of Parma and Mrs. Lizzie Marshall of this place. We wish them a happy and prosperous life.—Born last week Tuesday to Clyde Snow and wife, a daughter. Uncle Oramel Rolfe now makes his home with Levi Parker.—Uncle John Shepard does not get any better and still has two children.—Manie Orr who has been so seriously ill, is convalescing.—A pleasant surprise party was given to Hattie and Hettie Phillips at Mrs. C. M. Custer's last week Thursday night, at which about 75 of their young friends enjoyed a good time. A slight load of Aurelius'utes came up from Mason.—M. O. Mead went to Jackson last week.—L. B. Freshour went to Detroit Wednesday.

Bunker Hill.

W. D. Angell was severely injured by a kick from a colt last Saturday. One or two ribs were broken.—Mrs. G. H. Holland is still quite sick.—Mr. G. H. Williams is about the same.—G. W. and Rosa Holland are the gain. We learn that John Hawley and Nellie Morehouse are to be made one today.—Our treasurer is bound to Chase till he gets all the taxes.—E. R. Miller is convalescent.—Next Sunday Elder Priest will preach at the Ontario.—Whether a little more moderate—Alonzo Magoun and wife of Jackson are visiting in this place.—We learn that Mrs. John Warle of Dansville died very suddenly this morning.—Fred Holland and wife of White Oak and Frank Holland and wife of Henrietta were here last week.—Miss Lula Williams is quite sick.—Ben Holland returned to White Oak today.—H. D. Lee will build a new house this spring.—James Eggleston will put a wall under his barn.

Holt.

February 18, 1895.

The missionary society held at Mrs. S. H. May's last Wednesday, netted the ladies \$3.00.—A couple of sleigh loads of young people gave Mr. and Mrs. Underwood a pleasant surprise last Friday night. All enjoyed a pleasant time.—Fred Miller of Livingston county called on relatives in the vicinity last week.—H. C. Dillen, Mrs. G. M. DeCamp and Hattie Dorn, are on their vacation.—Ed. Lee will work his father's farm this year. He expects to move next week.—J. Thorntree shipped a car load of sheep last week.—Mrs. Maud Swartout of Mason visited her grandparents a part of last week.—The meetings at the M. E. church are continued this week.—The pedro club from Alaledon spent last Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Loma Tyler.—S. W. Moyer was telephoned to DeWitt last Saturday on account of his father's sickness.—Everett Chadwick left Wednesday for Toledo, Ohio.—Mr. and Mrs. Dennis DeCamp were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Doras of Alaledon last Friday.—The friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Cook gave them an unexpected call at their home last Thursday evening. The evening was spent off very pleasantly. After refreshments were served all returned to their respective homes.—Len. Stroup and wife dined with Charlie Cook and wife last Sunday.—At the close of the last Saturday night Mrs. John Bricker drew the clock, Anella Stone the knives and forks and Orson Wright the medicine.—J. King has rented his mother's farm for five years.—Ray Jacobus of Webberville was home over Sunday.

Fitchburg.

A little excitement has been caused by the announcement that F. A. Cross has been appointed postmaster at this place. As we are on the other side of the house it is not for us to dictate. We are in hopes Mr. Cross will make a good postmaster. Be it as it may, the reputation certainly will not enclose the disgraceful scene the denizens did four years ago.—John Hawley and Nellie Morehouse have taken out license to marry and will soon enter the holy bonds of matrimony. A spelling match was held at the Grange hall Friday night. Edna Whipple won the prize.—The social at John Curtis' was a success, \$8 dollars being obtained.—The farmers who hold their beans are now selling them for \$1.50 per bushel, and are pleased with the result.—A. C. Hough has been nursing an old fashioned frog felon in the palm of his hand for two weeks, and says he does not see how a man can carry one that length of time and not break the third commandment.—Dwight Blasdell has invented a patented oil washing machine which he says will revolutionize the world, and bring him fortune. He has received 60 orders and will start a factory in the spring for the manufacture of them.—John Whallan has probably the finest herd of Jersey cattle, 11 in all, that there is in town. He will increase the number to 12 and then claims that his capital for making an easy and honest living is complete.—The Aid society is putting up a large quantity of ice to be used for their socials the coming summer.—The next church social will be held at Wm. Leece's, Feb. 28. All are invited.

The People's Store.

How Are These?
Dress Gingham
and Bleached Cotton

ARE THE SPECIALS while they last.

JUST RECEIVED AND ARE NOW ON SALE . . .

One Whole Case of DRESS GINGHAM, worth 10c.

They are of Fine Quality and Beautiful Patterns. The whole case goes for

One Case of BLEACHED COTTON.

This Cotton is a *Hummer* and many say it is equal to *Fruit of the Loom* or *Lonsdale*. We ought to sell it for 8c a yard, but remember this is a Special Sale and we have put the price at

6c by the yard

or 5c a yard if you can use a full piece.

We also call your attention to the . . .
CURTAIN ENDS
and other Lace Goods we are making a sale on.

Don't fail, be on hand and get a good thing.

HENDERSON
AND
PARKHURST.

1-4 OFF
ENTIRE
STOCK.

Only a Few Days More!

Our Inventory Sale

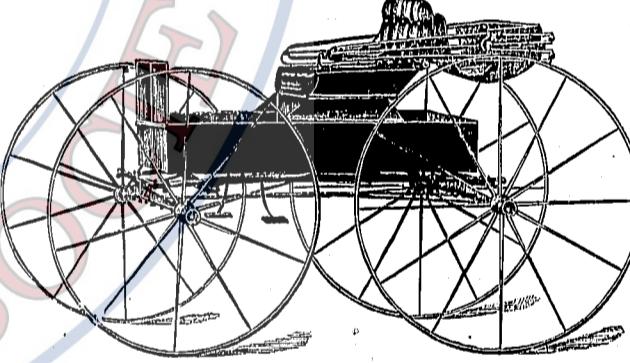
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SPECIAL PRICES
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MASON, MICH.

Carriages and Spring Wagons



If you want anything in our line, from a . . .

CHEAP ROAD WAGON to an
ELEGANT SURREY or PHAETON,

It will surely pay you to call and see us before
purchasing.

All Work Well Made and Fully Warranted.

Call and See What We Have and Get Prices.

Yours truly,

Rogers Manufacturing Co.,
MASON, MICHIGAN.

PLATINO

During the Month of February

We will make our

BEST CABINET
PHOTOS
FOR ONLY

Cheap Pictures
. . . BUT . . .

Our Best Pictures.

Call and Examine Our New PLATINO.

C. W. VAN SLYKE, Mason.

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FRENCH CREAM BAKING POWDER

World's Fair Highest Award.

State and style. Every mill warranted.

For All Kinds of Grinding.

A boy can operate and clean.

Large and Small Mills.

All kinds of machinery, Flour,

Reduced Prices for 1900.

MORDYKE & MARMON CO.,

300 Day Street, Indianapolis, Ind.