

Plymouth Mail.

VOL. I. NO. 12.

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 2 1887

WHOLE NO. 12

PLYMOUTH MAIL.
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Office in Punches Block, on South Main street.

Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as
Second Class Mail Matter.

WHAT THEY SAY.

—F. R. Ward, of Oak, was in town Saturday.

—The winter term of school here began this week.

—Mrs. W. Vickery is reported as being quite sick.

—Three weeks from next Sunday is Christmas.

—The MAIL will be three months old next week.

—It begins to look as if winter had set in for keeps.

—See what the Red Front has to say this week, on the first page.

—Sheriff Littlefield gave his prisoners a first-class thanksgiving dinner.

—J. N. Eaton and daughter, of Ypsilanti, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

—M. D. Seaman, Northville's popular dry goods clerk, was in town Sunday last.

—The Ann Arbor evaporating works have used up 18,000 bushels of apples this season.

—Grand raffle at Streng's hotel, Saturday evening, Dec. 3. Turkeys, chickens, oysters, etc.

—Now is the time to do your holiday advertising, and the MAIL is the place to advertise.

—The early closing movement among some of the Ann Arbor merchants has "busted."

—The "board of trade" are now holding frequent and very interesting sessions they tell us.

—Miss Mary Beam has removed from the rooms over the postoffice to the residence of her parents.

—That long prayed for rain came last Thursday and lasted until Monday. It was just the thing needed.

—Mrs. Conrad Springer and daughter, of this place, left on Friday morning last, for Detroit, on a weeks visit.

—Frank Cody, of Belleville, made our office a call Saturday. He was in attendance at the teachers exercises.

—The Lansing condensed milk factory pays out \$200 per day for milk and is unable to fill its orders, so great is the demand.

—Oscar Houston, of Canton, we learn has a very sick horse and that a doctor from the city came out Wednesday to treat it.

—There is an opening here for a good photographer—none here at present, and people inquiring for one. Who will be the one to come?

—Meat has taken a drop at Bennett's market. Plate, or ribs of beef, six cents per pound; No. 1 roast of beef, eight and one-half cents per pound.

—Mrs. Voorheis' Sabbath school class social was held at the residence of C. A. Frisbee, Tuesday evening, at which the young folks had a delightful time.

—Misses Cora Beam and Frankie E. Wolcott, from near Northville, spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, E. W. Beam and family, of this place.

—E. P. Barnard, a lumberman of Maple valley, Montcalm county, has purchased the Detroit lumber company's plant at Menominee for \$120,000.—*News.*

—The Oxford Globe man prayed for three weeks that some one might bring him in a turkey for Thanksgiving, but 'twas no go. "He had to pay for his turkey just the same."

—Lawyer Brown expects to go to Alabama next week, to be absent about three weeks. His health is not the best and he is inclined to believe that a few weeks rest will be beneficial to him.

—There were no services in the Presbyterian church, Sunday evening, because of the stormy weather. The subject of discourse for next Sabbath evening will be "Before and After Marriage."

—When a man desires to sell you eggs at \$3.50 to \$3.00 per dozen, and agrees to buy all the chickens that are hatched from them at \$5.00 each, be sure and satisfy yourself that the eggs have not been boiled.

—First-class horseshoer at Beam's shop.

—Mrs. Jacob Westfall is on the sick list.

—Mrs. A. W. Chaffee is visiting at Ypsilanti this week.

—Miss Lizzie Vealy, of Detroit, called on friends here last week.

—Miss Lefa Paddock, of Howell, spent the Sabbath with her parents.

—Jesse Josiah Morgan spent Thanksgiving with his parents at Dundee.

—J. G. Patterson and wife, of Detroit, spent Thanksgiving at D. W. Bolt's.

—Rob Heywood spent several days last week at Ann Arbor, arriving home Monday.

—Frank Morgan, of Eaton, Colorado, arrived here Thursday and will spend the winter.

—G. W. Thompson and wife, and Arthur Furlong, of Worden, were the guests of Miss Minnie McGran, Saturday.

—Turk & Collins, of Wayne, were in town last Friday, to deliver a new traction engine to Carl Kingsley, of Livonia.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will give a literary entertainment, Wednesday evening, December 7. Light refreshments will be served.

—Prof. Ford and wife, of Detroit, visited at Wm. McNulty's last week. Prof. Ford addressed the Band of Hope meeting, Sunday, held in the M. E. church.

—The funeral of Mrs. Larkins was held at the Methodist church on Monday. Although the deceased had been sick for some time previous to her death, yet on the morning of the day she died she was able to walk about the house.

—Fred Shafer is agent for the West Park Steam Laundry, Detroit, F. L. Steers, proprietor. All parties wishing first-class work, without injury to goods will do well by sending through him. Leave your orders at Orr Passage's barber shop.

—Tax-time is at hand and the few dollars saved through a whole year's hard toil, by many, is paid over to the collector to be used largely in paying a lot of clerks in the different State and county offices salaries of \$1,200 to \$1,800 per year for two or three hours work a day.

—Grant Joslin received a beautiful birthday present last week, from his son William, of Townsend, Montana. It was Mr. Grant's sixty-seventh anniversary and the present was a gold watch and chain. Such remembrances from loved ones far away are prized very dearly.

—The new Casino Theatre, on Griswold street, Detroit, although in its infancy, has become very popular. It is a neat and comfortable place and its low prices and excellent attractions draw full houses at every performance. This week the Night Owls Novelty and Burlesque company hold forth in an exceedingly interesting entertainment. Matinees every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Prices only 10, 20, 30 and 50 cents.

—The following incident will show how valuable a local notice in the MAIL is; also what quick returns it brings; On Tuesday last we wrote and had put in type the notice elsewhere in this issue, that a photographer was wanted here, etc. On Wednesday, two days before the MAIL went to press, a man arrived and opened shop in the Punches gallery. Now come on everybody and get your "pictures tuck."
(More local on fourth page.)

'TIS SAID THAT—

"GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD."

When we bought our Mammoth Fall Stock,

WE BOUGHT WELL!

'TIS SAID THAT—

"PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN CHEWING THE STRING."

Expert buyers indorsed with liberal patronage, the above mentioned stock. To-day is nearly all sold, which proves that

WE BOUGHT WELL!

THAT IS WHY WE SMILE---

"Now Here We Go Again."

Perspiring under the pressure of an increasing patronage, dazed with the delight over our success; no discouraging obstacles in our path to impede the progress of a live and snapping business; driving the wheels of trade over a smooth and gilded track, as it were, we have again fully prepared ourselves with an

IMMENSE STOCK!

For late Fall and Winter wear, which will meet the requirements of the most exacting. Never, No Never, has it been our privilege to exhibit so complete and attractive a line of reasonable goods as at this very moment.

Dress Goods and Trimmings, Shawls, Cloaks, Jackets, Hoods, Toboggans, Gloves, Mittens, Hosiery, Skirts, Flannels, Yarns and Underwear for the Ladies and Misses.

Hats and Caps, Mufflers, Ties, Gloves, Mittens, Jersey, Mackinac and Fine All Wool Overshirts, Jersey Coats, Kensington Coats, Cardigan Jackets, Denim and Duck Jackets, and Underwear for Men and Boys.

And Thousands of other worthy of a better description than can be given in this hurried announcement. Compare us with the whole country, and the result will be the discovery of a very good reason for trading with

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.

AT THE FLOUR! FLOUR! C. A. FRISBEE,

RED FRONT!

FLOUR!

Lumber, Lath, :

: Shingles, :

: and Coal.

DISHES LEFT!

Why will you have poor bread? Thence discord in the family? When, by using the

Celebrated Mayflower Brand of Flour,

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal.

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

That we are selling at the following prices:

Six Inch Plates, - 70 cts.
Seven " - 75 cts.
Vegetable Dishes, - 80 cts.
Individual Butters, 25 cts.
Tumblers, - - - 30 cts.

You can ALWAYS have GOOD bread, and a contented household. For Sale by

HOUGH,

F. & P. M. Elevator, - PLYMOUTH.

Also, Graham, Buckwheat, &c., &c.

\$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation or colic, if we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give relief. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, &c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 842 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

All Best Ware!

Leave your orders and have it delivered at your door. L. C. HOUGH.

Yes, Our Unprecedented Success!

AS THE **GENERAL MERCHANTS OF PLYMOUTH!**

Is due to the fact that we strive to please and give Better Goods, and More Goods in every line than ever known before in Plymouth. Come in and see for yourselves, the place is the

NEW STORE

OF

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.,

WHO HAVE

Dry Goods; Yes, Groceries, Hats, Caps and Gent's Furnishings; Oh, Yes, Ladies', Mens' and Childrens' Underwear and Hosiery, for Winter Wear; Yes, also, Crockery, Carpets, Oil Cloths; Oh, Yes! All New and Fresh, at

Plymouth, Mich., November 18, 1887.

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.'S.

AROUND A GREAT STATE.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

J. M. Longyear of Marquette, has offered three prizes of \$75 each, and three of \$50 each, to be competed for by students of the Michigan normal school, by essays on subjects of practical use in the work of developing the mineral resources of Michigan.

Engine No. 189, of the Michigan Central railway, drew a train from Jackson to Michigan City, a distance of 156 miles, in 171 minutes, and engineer James Moore who handled the throttle on the run, says he can lower his record if they want him to do it. It is thus far the best that has been done on the road.

Frank P. Smith of Station shot a 400 pound bear in Mecosta county.

The arson case against Jim Carr of Harrison resulted in his acquittal.

James Abbe of Carrollton was instantly killed a few days ago by falling from the dock and striking his head on the rail of the steamer W. K. Burt.

Last September Milton C. Lewis of Muskegon caused the arrest of George McQueen on a charge of embezzlement. McQueen has brought suit for \$10,000 damages for false imprisonment.

The Babcock corn planter factory at Adrian, was badly damaged by fire the other day.

Mrs. Getshell, wife of the pastor of the Universalist church of Tecumseh, has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he claimed that his marriage vows gave him the right to administer corporal punishment when he thought she needed it.

Delmer Hunt of Climax, Kalamazoo county, has gone to Nicaragua as one of the engineers of the proposed ship canal.

A party of hunters from Kalamazoo county, killed five deer in Lake county, and a bear weighing 450 pounds.

Frederick Simons of Orleans, who is selling stumps for Richard Miller of Greenville, while at work found under a stump a tin box in which there were twenty one dollar pieces and ninety half dollar pieces. From appearances the treasure must have been under the stump a long while.

Elijah Walker, colored, was convicted in the United States court at Grand Rapids recently of retailing liquor without paying the special tax. He was sentenced to the house of correction at Ionia for six months and fined \$100.

H. W. Sago, who owns a large mill at West Bay City, has recently purchased 10,000 acres of government pine and hardwood lands in Taylor county, Wis. Mr. Sago also owns a large tract of hardwood lands in Upper Michigan and his pine holdings are extensive. He has operated a mill at West Bay City for over 30 years.

The president and secretary of the southeastern Michigan G. A. R. Association have issued a call for a meeting of the executive committee, to be held in Adrian on Friday, December 30, 1887, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of locating the place and fixing the time of holding the next annual encampment, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

David Morgan, a Berrien county farmer, has been convicted in the United States court at Grand Rapids of sending obscene literature through the mail and sentenced to one year at Ionia and fined \$100. Business men of Berrien Springs petitioned the court to be lenient, as he bore a good reputation and the crime was committed in a moment of frenzy. The judge imposed the minimum sentence.

Lake Huron is 16 inches lower than ever before at this season of the year.

James Howard, a Bangor farmer, charged with opening United States mail matter, was discharged in the United States court at Grand Rapids, on order of the court.

The Seven Day Adventists have effected a church organization at Grand Rapids, with 35 members, and Elder H. W. Miller of Oakland, Cal., has been called to the pastorate.

Bishop Gillespie, chairman of the state board of corrections and charities, has issued a call for a meeting of the board to be held at the Wright House, Alma, Dec. 6, 7 and 8. An invitation has been extended to the county agents to be present, and it is expected that about 50 of them will be in attendance.

Phoebe Blank has begun suit in the circuit court against John D. Clark & Co., of the Hibbard house of Jackson, for \$10,000 for injuries sustained by falling through a defective sidewalk on the Francis street side of the house, October 12, 1885. Mrs. Blank fell into a trench being dug under the walk and she began suit against the city, but dropped it, as no permission had been given by the authorities for the digging of the trench. She will now make an effort to hold the owner and lessee of the Hibbard house responsible.

L. M. Miller of Muskegon, secretary of the state senate, is to write a book on "Legislative Practice."

Pale green sandstone stratum has been discovered on state's prison land.

H. A. Hayden has struck fifteen "feet" stratum of fire clay three feet under surface on his farm in Spring Arbor, near Jackson.

St. Louis woodware company has purchased small pine on 320 acres north of Farwell and will ship to its manufactory at St. Louis.

Charles Simmonds dropped dead in yard at Richmond while his wife was attending funeral. He was 78 and had lived to Richmond 40 years.

Max Schmidt a middle-aged miner at the Atlantic mine, near Lapeer, was instantly killed the other day by a rock which fell from the roof of the chamber.

Coke makers and fruit manufacturers of Michigan are arranging for organization to take place about the end of January next. Samples of all products of apple fruit will be on exhibition. The movement was started by William A. Hering of South Allen, Hillsdale county, who proposed a program giving place and date to which every apple grower should apply to him.

Professor G. W. H. H. of Montclair county, will not leave until 9:00 because his watch is broken and he has to repair it.

Prof. Hogan, the balconist of Jackson, has brought suit against the Michigan county agricultural society to recover pay for his ascension at the Mason fair.

Mrs. George M. Dunham of Montrose, has settled with the Flint & Pere Marquette for her husband's death on that road in East Saginaw, Oct. 3, for \$1,750.

Kalamazoo's "velery king," C. G. Ballard, has failed.

Two men were nearly suffocated by gas while digging a well on Jas. P. Turner's farm near Osseo.

George T. Smith purifier works of Ja kao will probably be moved to St. Paul, Minn., inside of a year. The company has been offered 10 acres of land, and a cash bonus of \$40,000 by St. Paul. The Purifier plant is worth \$1,000,000, and employs nearly 500 men.

Lysander K. Shaw, a well known and highly respected farmer living about five miles southwest of Romeo, was found dead in the woods one mile north and west of that place a few days ago. He had gone to a neighboring farm to look at some timber, and not returning at night a searching party started out, and found him as stated. He had tied his horse about 20 feet from where his body was found. He was lying down. His overcoat had been placed under his head. The money and his watch were found untouched upon his person. These facts dispelled the first belief of murder. It is thought he died of natural causes.

A. W. Hammer has been held for trial in the Oakland circuit court on a charge of handling Bohemian oats.

Bert Collier of Birmingham was injured by the explosion of a gun said to have been purposely overloaded by some boys. Bert's recovery is doubtful.

The Calumet & Hecla company will pay \$10,000 reward to learn who set fire to the mine.

Nelson Potter and wife, who celebrated their gold wedding at Jeddo, St. Clair county, recently, have lived there since '37; and without moving, have resided in five townships—Desnoyde, Clyde, Lexington, Birchville and Grant.

The Third Michigan Infantry will hold its sixteenth annual reunion at Muskegon 14.

Burglars took 88 cents from Will Holmes' trousers at Ada, but overdropped his vest, which contained \$300.

An Indian school will be started by the government at Les Cheneaux. Angeline Newton of St. Helena, will teach the school.

Theodore Wood, cashier of the Chelsea bank, found his wife lying dead on the floor when he returned from business the other day.

J. C. Mureh, for over 50 years a resident of Jonesville, is dead.

Richard Welch perished in a snow storm while hunting ducks on Grass Lake near Waukegon. The body was frozen stiff in bottom of boat.

A daughter of John Barker of Oakley suicided by taking morphine Thanksgiving day. No reason is known for the deed except that her friends had teased her.

Little Otto Fowle of Ionia was so seriously injured while coasting on Thanksgiving day that he died the next morning.

William Splinter of Bay City is under arrest for a criminal assault on his 17-year-old daughter.

Grass Lake has been visited by burglars lately. They secured \$105 from Simmonds' meat market, \$85 from Kellogg & Shaler's hardware, and \$20 worth of stamps from the postoffice.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price, and Unit. Includes items like WHEAT, CORN, OATS, BARLEY, MALT, TIMOTHY SEED, CLOVER SEED, FEED, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, FLOUR, MINNESOTA PATENT, MINNESOTA BAKERS', APPLS., CHANARRIES, QUINCES, BEANS, BEEF, BUTTER, CHEESE, DRIED APPLES, EGGS, HOPS, HAY, MALT, OMSONS, POTATOES, POULTRY, PROVISIONS, and LIME STOCK.

Cattle—Market stronger; shipping steers, \$3.25; stockers and feeders \$1.75; \$3.10; cows, bulls and mixed \$1.25; Texas steers, \$1.00; Western cattle, \$3.40; \$3.80.

Hogs—Market steady; mixed, \$1.40; \$1.70; heavy, \$1.55; \$1.90; light, \$1.35; \$1.70; skips, \$3.25; \$3.50.

Sheep—Market strong for good; natives, \$3.50; western, \$3.65; Texas, \$1.50; \$1.80; lambs, \$3.70; \$4.00.

An Irishman was asked for his marriage certificate. He lifted his hat, revealing a large scar on the head, evidently done by a flat iron. This evidence was to the point. Our certificate are the promise of those who have experienced wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Bell's Cough Syrup. Salvation Oil is the greatest cure on earth for pain. It affords instant relief and speedy cure to all sufferers from rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, sore throat, cuts, bruises, &c. Price 25 cents.

POWDERLY TO RESIGN.

Slak at Heart and Worry of Hearing the Curses of Anarchist Knights.

General Master Workman Powderly, in response to a request from a prominent knight of Indianapolis, Ind., urging him to reconsider his determination to retire from the leadership of the order, has written a letter of which the following is the substance:

You ask me to reconsider my determination to retire from the head of the order after the next session. I do not see how I can consistently do so, and it would be unfair to ask me to retain a position which I do not want and which I am confident another man can fill with better advantage to the order at large. During the past year I received thousands of communications from individuals, it is true, in which I was abused, condemned and asked to resign. Papers were full of abuse; threats of impeachment were made and threats of withdrawal from the order were freely indulged in. Through this cloud of gloom but one ray of light made its way, and that came from far away Denver, where D. A. S. passed those ringing resolutions indorsing my course and condemning the anarchist element which sought to prostitute the order to its own baseness. I then felt that the order would stand more cheerfully by some other man than it would stand by me. True, I have never had cause to find fault with the official treatment I have received, but when blows fall thick and fast friendly intercession now and then cheers the person on whose head the blows are falling. I believe the best service that I can render to the order is to step aside and allow some other member to do work I am trying to do.

I have devoted years to the cause of labor. My life in the services of humanity has been the one constant fight by night and day against the enemies of labor and the element of discord, which opposed me from within and without. Such a life has been a most exciting one, and has left me with a legacy which I can never part with in the shape of a heart trouble that may do its worst any moment. I could not make such a subject a matter for discussion in any annual message or before the general assembly. Personal interests, social ties and the comforts of home have been things of the past with me for years. I long to be once more a free man, for to-day I am bound by ties most inestimable and ruled over by not one but by 500,000 masters. You can never know the strain under which I have lived for years. It would not be becoming for me to speak of the financial sacrifice I have made for the order, and I am free to say that I would be willing to make such a sacrifice again, either by health, wealth or comfort for the order of knights of labor. I have for eight years, as general master workman, tried as honestly as I knew how to better the condition of my fellow man by helping to build up an organization through which they would be protected in their rights. That organization is built, but profane hands have been laid upon it, and the men who gathered in Chicago and gave out that hostile declaration to the world did so only because anarchy could not rule the order. I do not charge all those who attended the meeting in Chicago with being anarchists, but I claim that a vast majority of them did not represent their constituencies.

An Effort Made to Revive Spies. A Chicago morning paper publishes an article, in which it is stated that Nina Van Zandt, Spies' proxy wife, is wasting away, food not having passed her lips since the day before Spies was hanged. She expressed much bitterness against the press and those who "murdered" her husband.

Mrs. Van Zandt appears greatly concerned about her daughter's health and fears the worst. She said:

Had you heard that an effort was made to revive August after his body reached the undertakers? Well, it is true. The physicians used an electric battery, applying it to his body for an hour or more in hopes of fanning into a flame the spark of life which seemed to be lingering in his veins. August never appeared to be dead. His lips were moist and his cheeks were warm after his body was received from the jail. But in August's case, no encouraging effects were produced, and though at one time there was a spark of hope, the physicians soon gave it up and permitted the embalmers to go to work. That was a great mistake. The embalmers began work at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and he died at 12. They should have waited several hours more and perhaps a day or two.

More Stringent Rules.

There have been frequent complaints to the civil service commission that persons have been appointed to clerical positions in the classified departments and credited to states of which they were not citizens. To remedy this evil the commission will hereafter require more specific answers to questions, particularly as to personal history. The applicant must give his place of abode during the year with his occupation during that year, name of employer with his postoffice address; term of employment and reasons for leaving. These answers must be sworn to. Each application must be indorsed by three citizens who know the applicant, who must answer this question: "Would you trust him with employment requiring honesty, and would you recommend him to a personal friend?"

Ohio's Official Figures.

At last the official vote of Ohio is in. The total vote cast in 1885 was 733,963. In 1886 it was 704,233. This year the total vote reached the very large figure of 744,568; which is a large increase. The total on the governor are as follows: Foraker, republican, 356,937; Powell, democrat, 333,205; Seltz, labor, 24,713; Sharp, prohibition, 29,700; scattering, 14; total, 744,568. Foraker over Powell, 23,732. This is a slight increase for the prohibitionists over 1885, when Leonard had 28,681.

Thirty-Five Drowned.

Advised received in London state that two local Russian steamers, the Sineus and Vesta, came into collision off the Crimean coast, and that the Vesta was sunk and thirty five of her crew drowned.

GARLAND ON SETTLERS' RIGHTS.

The Attorney-General Briefly States Some Facts.

On Oct. 18 Secretary Lamar submitted three questions under sections 3, 4 and 5 of the act of March 3, 1887, "to provide for the adjustment of land grants made by congress to aid in the construction of railroads and for the forfeiture of unearned lands and for other purposes" to Attorney-General Garland, asking his opinion on the same. The attorney-general has made known his decision. He holds that the first section directs the adjustment of the grants, the second section for the restoration of title to the United States, and the third provides for the re-emption of any homesteader whose pro-emption shall have been erroneously cancelled on account of railroad grant, or withdrawal.

In answer to the second question of Secretary Lamar—"Can the department after adjustment of the grant by the department, issue a patent to the purchaser of such land before the said land has been received by the road or title recovered by judicial proceedings?"—Mr. Garland says that the persons or person so purchasing in good faith shall be entitled to land so purchased after the grants respectively shall have been adjusted.

The third question is as follows: "The fifth section provides that where a railroad company has sold lands not conveyed to or for the use of such company, and where such lands are for any reason excepted from the operations of the grant or said company, it shall be lawful for the bona fide purchaser thereof from said company to make payment of the United States for said land, and thereupon patents shall issue therefor to the said bona fide purchaser, or his heirs or assigns." Mr. Garland decides the intent of the act shows that to carry out its purpose the word "grant" wherever used in the second, third and fourth sections, must include lands in both primary and indemnity limits, and in order that the remedy may be adequate to redress the wrong the word "grant" in the fifth section must be construed to include, as it does in preceding sections of the act, both primary and indemnity limits.

Immediately upon the receipt of this decision Secretary Lamar directed the commissioner of the general land office to proceed at once and with as much dispatch as possible to adjust all land grants under the act of March 3, 1887, in accordance with the opinion of the attorney-general in regard to the same.

A Terrible Experience.

The schooner White Star, loaded with 500 tons of coal from Oswego to Detroit, was wrecked off Point Pelee, about 12 miles from Leamington, Ont. The crew was composed of Capt. Murphy of Oswego and six seamen. A terrible gale was blowing at the time and a very heavy sea was running, besides, there was a very thick fog. The vessel struck the bar at the end of the point, and the force of the terrific sea drove her completely over the bar into the surf beyond, where, in a short time she broke in two. At daylight five of the crew took their boat. There not being room for all Capt. Murphy and a sailor named Hunter remained on the vessel. Several heroic efforts were made to reach the vessel, but every time the boat swamped, and it was impossible to pass through the surf. The captain and Hunter remained on the wreck, hanging on the rigging for nineteen hours, with the waves constantly dashing over them. About 1 the next morning the wind changed and the sea went down. Several fishermen, with the assistance of two of the crew, reached the wreck and rescued the perishing men. The captain does not seem to be anything the worse of his terrible experience, but Hunter is in a very serious condition, and it is feared he cannot survive. The vessel is a total loss.

The Business Outlook.

Dun & Co.'s commercial agency reports business generally active, but retarded at some points by cold collections. Advances in grain, oil, and coffee are bulletined, with a slight falling off in cotton, while hogs, pork and pork products are exciting and generally higher. The improvement in stock is of high average. Iron is active at firm prices, and coal is in great demand. Numerous sales of wheat, corn, cotton, oil and coffee are reported at New York during the last six days.

"Blinky" Must Hang.

At Faversham, O., Judge Johnston overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of "Blinky" Morgan, and sentenced the prisoner to be hanged in the penitentiary at Columbus, March 15, 1888. Morgan's face flushed when the sentence was pronounced, but he soon turned to his counsel, cracked a joke and laughed quite heartily. The case will be carried to the circuit court.

Being Filled.

Dr. O'Reilly of Detroit is bound to show that his prophecy that O'Brien's arrest was worth \$10,000 a week to the league will not fall short of being fully realized. Since O'Brien was jailed \$30,000 has been sent to Biggar.

Killed His Son.

Harmon Darling of Brockville, Ont., struck at his oldest son with a heavy club, but missed his aim and hit a 2-year old son, who has since died of injuries received. The brutal father has been jailed.

A Fatal Collision.

A collision between two freight trains occurred on the Baltimore & Ohio road, about 15 miles from Pittsburg, Nov. 25. Four men were instantly killed and five others seriously injured.

Riotous Strikers Killed.

A desperate encounter between citizen guards and idle Negroes occurred near Thibodeaux, La., the other day, and five of the Negroes were killed and several seriously injured.

We'll Have It.

Assistant Postmaster-General Knott is quoted as saying that he is convinced that the government will establish a system of postal telegraphy within three years.

Grey Resigns.

President Grey has resigned, and states that he departs from the presidency with the sincerest wishes for the future of the republic.

BEATEN BY A BRUTE.

Max Gilman Whipped With a Strap and Buckle.

Aug. Hatzka is in jail in Chicago charged with the murder of Max Gilman, his 11-year-old step-son. The child had been beaten to death by Hatzka with a strap to which was attached a large steel buckle.

The boy was the son of Hatzka's first wife, whom he married in Germany and who died there about five years ago. Hatzka married again within three months after her death, and his second wife died June 15, last year, in Chicago. Since then it appears the poor little wail of a step-son has received more kicks than crusts and was half-starved all the time. The neighbors say the boy was a nice little fellow. He could not stay at home to be beaten and starved, but the other night he returned when Hatzka was out. Hatzka went up to the boy's bed when he returned, and taking a leather strap, to which was attached a buckle, simply flayed the hapless boy alive. This was about 10 o'clock at night. The neighbors heard the screams of the boy then, and later, about midnight, they were awakened by a fresh attack of the insatiable brute. Nothing further was heard until morning, when the sound of blows and groaning could be once more heard.

About 9 o'clock in the morning Hatzka told one of the neighbors that the boy had died suddenly, and they sent word to the coroner and notified the West Chicago avenue police. Detectives found the body of the boy yet warm at 10 o'clock, showing that he had died that morning, after what was at least the third beating.

The body of the little victim is simply one mass of lacerations, where the sharp buckle plowed up and ripped the quivering flesh. On the back of the head are frequent imprints of the buckle, and it is supposed that concussion of the brain from the blows on the head caused the boy's death. Examination of the premises showed that Hatzka had wiped the blood of the bleeding body of the boy and burned the rags with which he did it. The shirt the boy wore when he was whipped was found hidden away in a shed back of the house. It is all caked with dried blood, and the clean shirt which Hatzka put on the little fellow was almost as bloody.

BARNUM'S LOSS.

The Main Building of "Greatest on Earth" Destroyed by Fire.

The main building in Bridgeport, Conn., of Barnum & Bailey's greatest show on earth was entirely destroyed by fire the other evening. About 9 an alarm was sounded, quickly followed by a general alarm, and thousands of people were drawn to the spot. In less than thirty minutes the big building, which was 600 by 300 feet and two stories in height, was consumed. In an incredibly short time the flames swept from one end of the huge structure to the other. There were six watchmen employed on the premises, but they were helpless to check the flames. One of the men was in the horse building when his lantern exploded, igniting the hay and straw. Five of the watchmen have reported, but one is missing. The upper portion of the building was filled with hay and all the paraphernalia of the great show. Three elephants were burned up and thirty-six broke from their fastenings and dashed through the sides of the burning building. Their roars and trumpeting and sounds of torment were terrific. Six elephants and a large African hippopotamus rushed about the streets, presenting a sickening appearance. Their sides were burned and great pieces of flesh a foot square fell off. One elephant and a large lion made their escape. In the horse room were all the ring animals, trained stallions, ponies, etc. These were all burned. In the upper rooms were the tents, poles, seats, harness, etc. for the entire show, and these, too, were all destroyed. In the cat room were the birds, monkeys, three rhinoceroses, hyenas, tigers, lions, and all the menagerie, which fell a prey to the flames. So rapidly did the flames leap across the main building that the firemen made no attempt to save it, but turned their streams upon the charred building and car sheds, which they succeeded in saving, but the heat was so intense that this was accomplished with the greatest difficulty. The total loss is estimated at \$1,000,000, upon which there was but \$100,000 insurance.

Death of Gen. Randolph B. Marcy.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Randolph B. Marcy died at Orange, N. J., Nov. 24. The old soldier was seventy-six years of age, and his death is ascribed to general debility. He was in a feeble condition long before he was entertained of the death of his son-in-law, Gen. George B. McClellan. He was brevetted brigadier-general on March 13, 1855, for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war of the rebellion, and was retired at his own request on January 2, 1861, after over 40 years of service.

A Blind Man Succeeded.

Professor John S. McCleary, better known as the "Blind Professor of Bluffton," Ind., climbed to the second story of the city hall there the other night, threw open a window, and listened, as if to determine the distance to the ground. Few people were on the street, and he had recourse to his cane as an indicator. He dropped it, and, feeling satisfied a fall would result in death, threw himself to the pavement, and was instantly killed.

A Heavenly Visitor.

Just before noon the other day an article weighing three tons fell in the street in front of the Merchants' national bank at Amsterdam, N. Y., creating the greatest excitement. A deep indentation was made by the visitor from on high, in whose mass experts have found traces of iron, nickel, aluminum and other metals.

Don't Want a President.

It is rumored that the Henry George party leaders have decided not to put a presidential ticket in the field next year, but will make a strong effort to elect some congressman in the hope of securing a balance of power in the house by the aid of those interested in the question of tax reform.

Boys between the ages of 20 and 25, who will neither work nor go to school, are set to work breaking stones at Fulton, Mass.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS GHOST.

"My father," he remarked with tears,
"I've never sought to shun;
Yet hard it is that at my years
They have again begun.
No one believed in me, nor cared
If I my vigils kept;
My diligence the public spurned,
And undisturbed I slept.
Yet now I never close my eyes
But in my dreams I see
The psychical societies
Descending upon me.
They ask me whether I forgot
To wander round the moor;
They wonder what I mean by not
Steering by phanton boat.
They would not think it such a joke
To rattle fetters through
The weary night till morning broke,
As I have got to do.
"Alas," he groaned, "on blood-stained floors
Again tonight and fall
To shiver round the secret doors,
The draughtily banquet hall.
"I say it was a heartless thought,
Wherever he may dwell
Who on us this disaster brought;
I'd like to haunt him well.
"And ah!" he cried, with rapture grim,
"Ode taking to console me most;
"We'll make it very warm for him
When once he is a ghost!
"When every honest phantom sleeps
He'll have to freeze in cells,
And wring his hands by mouldy keeps,
And jangle rusty bells.
He panted his fetters to arrange,
Adjust his wailing sheet;
He murmured, "In this world of change
One can't be too complete!"
He fixed on me a glance of woe,
Then vanished into air;
I heard his clanking fetters go
Right down the wailing stair.
Yet sometimes, when 'mid wind and rain
I'm flying warm and dry,
I seem to hear him clank his chains
Beneath the dismal sky.

One Too Many.

By the way that Eliza Moore slammed the soap into its receptacle and made the suds fly it was evident that she was not a little flustered. She showed no mercy for the washboard that trembled and groaned under the swift succession of ruddits that were brought to bear upon it, and paid no attention to the quantities of water that were being swished over the top of the tub, ruining in streams across the kitchen floor. Her husband coming into the kitchen for a drink, barely escaped being hit on the head with a garment that his wife threw across the room into the boiler.
"Why, Eliza," laughed he, "you came near putting my eye out."
"I don't know that it would make much difference," retorted his wife, "for you couldn't see much less with one eye than you do now with two."
"However true that may be, I can at least see that there is something wrong with you. What is it, my dear?"
"Don't waste your time in 'my dear'ing me when there are a thousand and one things happening under your very nose every day that you have no eyes or ears for!" said Eliza, brandishing the soap in the air.
"Why, Eliza! Eliza! what is the matter?" asked Mr. Moore.
"Matter enough, I should think! A man with no eyes at all could see what the matter is, when those three daughters of yours spend their time thumping on the piano and doing fancy work in the parlor, while I am in the kitchen washing!"
"But it is all your own fault, Eliza. You know that I don't want you to wash, for I can afford to pay for having a maid."
"Suppose you can? Fifty cents is fifty cents, and if I can save fifty cents I propose to do it."
"But what has that to do with the girls?"
"A good deal. Why can't they wash their own clothes?"
"Why, because it is not necessary, I suppose. Clara and Lu are like their mother—not strong; and as Bertie is not yet out of school she could hardly be expected to do the washing."
"That is right, John Moore. Stand up for your daughters, no matter what becomes of your poor wife," said Eliza, beginning to sob. "The fact of the business is, I am one too many in this house. I feel it every hour. For a week or more your daughters have shunned me and tried to keep away from me as much as possible. I—just—can't stand it!"
"There is some mistake," said good John Moore. "I am quite sure the girls would do nothing to hurt your feelings, and I—thought they quite liked you. Cheer up, Eliza, dear, and I promise to do all in my power to make you happy. If I had time I would go out and have a talk with the girls now; but I must wait until to-night."
He kissed his wife and left the house with a heavy heart. They had been married about a month, and this was the first time that Eliza had been "in a temper."
Mr. Moore's first wife had been a delicate, lady-like little creature, who was of about as much consequence as a helminth to her husband as a doll would have been. He had petted and doted on her tenderly, and, if he was disappointed in her not taking more interest in her children and home, he never murmured. She died when the three girls, whom the father idolized, were very young. A widowed sister had kept house for him for a number of years, but she, too, had died, and when her death the house had sadly become a home.

Mr. Moore decided to marry again,

providing he could find a suitable partner. He wanted a wife who would not be above taking matters in her own hands and who would be quite capable of steering the household work. So instead of choosing one among the well-to-do families where he visited, he sought out Eliza Perkins, a little woman of five and thirty, who had been accustomed to hard work and poverty all her life, and who felt grateful for having been sought in marriage at such a late day by such a good man as John Moore.
Eliza had been so accustomed to scraping and saving that she was unable to give up the habit, even in John Moore's fine house. Mr. Moore thought it best to let her do as she wished for a time, in the hope that she would gradually come into taking things easier and enjoying life a little more. The plan seemed to have failed, however, and everything was in a muddle.
Eliza was tired and sore-hearted as she went to her room to change her dress that afternoon; but it was a good drying day, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had a long line of snow-white clothes flapping in the breeze. There was a scampering in the upper hall, and she pressed her lips hard together for she knew that the girls were hurrying away from her, and hot tears rolled down her cheeks as she entered her own room.
There was something on her bed, but she could not see what it was, so she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. A rich black silk dress was carefully spread out on the counterpane, and a slip of paper, with some writing upon it, was tucked into a fold. Eliza picked up the paper and read:
"From Clara, Lu and Bertie, with their love."
The astonished woman could only glance from the paper to the dress and from the dress to the paper. One, two, and then three heads popped out from behind the closet door, and in another moment three pairs of arms were around Eliza and three voices asked her if she liked it.
"But did you really give it to me yourselves?" asked Eliza in astonishment.
"Of course we did," said Lu. "We bought it with our own money and made it ourselves."
"But then you know we had the dressmaker cut and plan it for us," said Clara.
"And what a time we had keeping it from you," said Bertie. "We came near spoiling it by hiding it in the closet so many times when you thought we heard you coming."
"But—I thought—you did not like me," said Eliza. "I imagined you thought I was trying to take your mother's place and—"
"But we didn't," said Clara. "We don't call you mother because you are so young; but if you will let us call you Eliza we would like it so much. You seem like a sister to us."
"I don't care what you call me," said Eliza with happy tears in her eyes. "If I am not one too many among you."
"We lacked just one until you came," said Lu, kissing her, "but we are just a nice little family circle now."
When Mr. Moore returned home that evening there was a heavy shadow on his brow, and no one will ever know just how he dreaded going into the house. Upon entering the sitting-room he was surprised to find his wife and daughters talking and laughing together.
Eliza arose as he entered, and, going to him, said:
"I have been very wicked, John; but these dear children of yours have taken me in hand, and will, I hope, make a better woman of me."
"You need only be your natural self," he said, as he stooped down and kissed her.
Never after that time did Eliza think that she was one too many. If other step-mothers would give step-children a chance to love them there would be less cause for complaint.

The Marriage Fee.

"What do you ask for marrying a couple?" asked a Manchester business man of a well-known clergyman of that city the other day. "I leave that to the gentleman," replied the divine. "It is \$5, \$10, and sometimes more when the groom feels especially generous." "I'll give you \$5 and that's all I can afford," was the merchant's final offer, to which the clergyman said: "All right," and the time for the ceremony was fixed. At the appointed hour the man presented his intended at the parsonage, but before the trying ceremony was begun astonished the minister by saying: "My woman here is pretty sharp at a bargain, and she thinks \$2.50 is enough for this job." That amount footed the bill.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

Clear Shellac Varnish.

To get an absolutely clear solution of shellac has long been a desideratum, not only with microscopists, but with all others who have occasional need of the medium for cements, etc. It may be prepared by first making an alcoholic solution of shellac in the usual way; a little benzole is then added, and the mixture well shaken. In the course of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours the fluid will have separated into two distinct layers, an upper alcoholic stratum, perfectly clear and of a dark red color, while under it is a turbid mixture containing the impurities. The clear solution can be decanted or drawn off with a pipette.

THE HONDURAS COAST.

The Town of Truxillo and Its Surroundings—Among the Caribs—Their Characteristics and Customs.

I was awakened the other morning, says a letter from Truxillo, by the child's voice of one of our prisoners, a little girl, saying in a disappointed tone: "Why, them ain't houses; them's boxes." I got up and found that we were lying at anchor off the quaint old-fashioned town of Truxillo.
The little Spanish settlement is built on an eminence and is approached by a very steep paved road at the eastern end of the town. The seashore side is crowded with fortifications, very old and dilapidated, and as a means of defense utterly useless.
The approaches from the interior of Honduras to Truxillo are mere trails through the mountains. The only means of transportation is by pack-animals. The Aguan Navigation company has been formed, in order to open up a new road to the interior by the rivers Aguan and Roman. They are now at work with a large dredge, cutting a passage through from the Bay of Truxillo to these rivers. They have a large possession, and this will open up a great mineral as well as fruit-producing region.
Most of the houses of Truxillo are long, low-roofed, one-story dwellings, built of stone and mortar, cool, and well adapted to the climate. Very substantial, I am told they are; indeed some of them have been standing hundreds of years. They are anything but picturesque, looking totally unornamented on the outside. It seemed to me that all the houses looked alike; in fact an air of sameness pervaded the place.
The surrounding scenery on the other hand compensates for the dullness and makes a beautiful frame for a very plain picture.
Behind the town is a range of mountains thickly wooded, with little streams trickling down to the sea. In the valleys on either side are Carib villages—two, the village on the Rio Crystallino, the other on the Rio Negro. We visited the Carib town on the Rio Crystallino and found it a much larger settlement than it appeared to be. These so-called Caribs are, properly speaking, not Caribs, but the descendants of an African tribe. Yet they most decidedly object to being classed as negroes, and boast that they have never been slaves. They are quite like the negro, with this exception, that they are scrupulously clean about their persons.
As is common among most peoples of crude education, the women are the drudges. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and it is not uncommon to see a mother paddling a lory-load of bananas, with her infant squatting in the bottom of the boat.
When a man among the Caribs wishes to take unto himself a wife he hews himself out a dory, and, with the assistance of his friends and a jug of rum, gathers together the wherewithal to build his hut, which consists of a few poles, a pile of clay to form the floor and to fill in the wicker-work sides of the house, and some leaves of the column palm to thatch the roof with. He then clears off a patch of ground and plants a few ears of corn, and some yams and cassava root. This he calls his plantation. He is then considered an eligible suitor, and is in a position to choose a partner from among the dusky maidens.
The plantation is entirely looked after by the woman. She gathers the corn to make tortillas, and digs the cassava root to make her bread. I visited a Carib house and watched the operation of cassava bread-making. They first wash the root, then grate it on a board studded with small, sharp particles of flint to form a rough surface; then strain it to extract the surplus juice, which is considered poisonous. Their mode of straining is extremely primitive. The article used as a strainer is a long snake-like arrangement, made from a species of palmetto grass plaited together, and looks exactly like a huge serpent. It is about eight feet long and about three inches in diameter, and opens at one end. The strainer is suspended on a hook from the rafters, the grated cassava is poured in, then a heavy weight is attached to the lower end, which causes the strainer to contract, and so expresses the juice. After it is thoroughly strained it is taken out and baked into large flat cakes, which form the daily food of the Carib.
These appliances for making the cassava bread, together with a couple of stools, a table, and the inevitable hammock, comprise the furnishings of the house.
While walking through the town we happened on the school. There were about fifty Carib boys, all orderly and clean-looking, taught by a young Spaniard. The text books are all Spanish, the history and geography of Honduras being the principal studies. We had a delightful ride on horseback along the beach and up the Rio Crystallino, where we surprised a number of Carib women who were washing clothes in the stream. There they stood, knee deep in the water, rinsing their clothes and putting them to dry on the stones. While riding up hill and fording the river we gave the horses the reins and allowed them to choose their own path, and to the utter consternation of the washwomen, the horses walked right over the spotted clothes.

This beautiful crystal stream had its source away up in the mountains, and besides lending a charm to the surrounding scenery furnishes the town of Truxillo with drinking water. It's brought into town by the Carib women in jugs, for which they charge a half real a jug.
It is a strange sight to witness these Carib women, with a shawl, sometimes of wool, generally of silk, thrown, mantilla fashion, over their heads and their shoulders, arms and feet, without any covering save what Dame Nature provided.
We crossed immense bowlders and rode up steep, rocky activities, and I really thought I was performing quite wonderful feats in horsemanship, but when I remarked my prowess I was told in the coolest possible way that I had nothing to do in the matter: my horse did the work. All I had to do was to sit still.
Some three or four years ago two young men from New Orleans came down to Truxillo, and started a store in a very small way; now they have built a large, fine building, and are doing a flourishing business—in fact they are on the road to making their fortune. Their store was completed about two months ago, and instead of putting up the proverbial roof tree, they hoisted the American flag.

The New Baby.

What strange little man can this be,
So weird and so wizen'd and wise?
What mystical things has he seen
With those wide-open wondering eyes?
What treasures unfold from what lands,
What word does he bring from afar?
This stranger so young, yet so old!
Does he bring us some message from spheres
Unheard of, from worlds we know not—
Starry countries we dwell in, maybe,
As babies, and now have forgot?
Who can tell what he knows, what he thinks?
He says not a word, but he looks,
In a minute, more wisdom, I'll swear,
Than is shut in the biggest of books.
—New York World.

A HEARTLESS WRETCH.

The Cruel Words He Spoke to a Beggar and the Answer They Elicited.

He was a handsome man, as men go—a giant in frame and straight as an Indian, but slightly disfigured by a prominent forehead that suggested high living. His hat was of the shiniest silk, his clothing fashionable and elegant, and his umbrella gold-handled, while a blinding brilliant nestled in the knot of his four-in-hand tie. With a firm tread and haughty carriage he issued from the Twenty-fourth street entrance to the Hoffman house last evening and halted for a moment on the granite steps. As he was about to move away a small withered hand and bony wrist were thrust before him in a mute appeal for assistance. The hand belonged to a woman, or rather the wreck of what had once been a woman. She was bent and aged, haggard and thin, and her nakedness was barely hidden beneath her tattered garments. Her gray straggling hair hung closely about her scrawny neck, for she had not even a ragged hat. The bones of her face showed painfully through the tightly drawn skin, and her eyes faded and lusterless, were sunken deeply in their sockets. The picture of misery touched not the heart or sympathies of the man of wealth. Raising his umbrella with a threatening gesture, he exclaimed:
"Be off, beggar; I've nothing for you. You ought to be at work earning an honest living instead of hanging around here importuning everybody you meet for money. Be off, or I'll turn you over to an officer."
These words were magical in their effect. The poor, shattered form of the suppliant woman straightened up to its full height, the lusterless eyes gleamed brightly once more with the light of an unutterable scorn, but the thin lips quivered with the pain that the cruel words had inflicted. There was no need for more. Her very attitude, the expression upon her face, should have been rebuke enough, but she finally burst forth into burning, passionate speech, and this is what she said:
"Grit out, yes dirty blaygard. Spake another word til me and O'll kick the red nose off yez face."—*New York Times.*

Sunday Thoughts.

Just and rational principles of religion should fill up that room in the minds of men, which dangerous fanaticism will otherwise usurp.
Fame floats on the breath of multitude; honor rests on the judgment of the thinking.
Genuine virtue has a language that speaks to every heart throughout the world. It is a language which is understood by all.
Manliness and sensibility are so far from being incompatible, that the truly brave are for the most part generous and humane; while the soft and effeminate are hardly capable of any vigorous exertion of affection.
Never delay till to-morrow what reason and conscience tell you ought to be performed to-day. To-morrow is not yours; and though you should live and enjoy it, you must not overlook it with a burden not its own.
Futility is the great object on which the imaginations of men are employed, for the sake of which the past is forgotten and the present too often neglected.
Let not your expectations from the years that are to come raise too high; and your disappointments will be fewer and more easily supported.—*Chicago Sunday Afternoon.*

Bilious Attacks.

This is the popular name for an affection with which most are familiar. The name, however, is somewhat deceptive, and often leads to injudicious treatment. It is doubtful if there is any special ailment of the liver in the case. It is probably only a brief, functional disorder of the digestive system. That is the general view of the medical profession.

It is a mild form of acute, as distinguished from chronic, dyspepsia. Induced, it may be, by indigestible food, over-eating, physical exhaustion, excessive brain work, violent emotions, or by general care and worry. It is more liable to occur in the Spring, because while one continues to eat the same food and in nearly the same quantity as in Winter, the power of the system to assimilate food is reduced.

The most prominent symptoms of "biliousness" are loss of appetite, nausea (sometimes vomiting), coating of the tongue, an unpleasant taste, headache and a general sense of ailing (mal-aire).

These may have been preceded by a feeling of fatigue, and aching in the back and limbs. Sometimes, in persons inclined that way, the headache becomes what is known as "sick headache."

As to treatment, aside from medicines and tonics, which should be prescribed by a doctor, the malady usually presents little difficulty. Says Quain's "Medical Dictionary": "Such attacks are almost effectually prevented by regularity of diet, and the careful avoidance of exposure to cold, fatigue and undue mental exertion and anxiety when they come on, abstinence from food is desirable, with rest in the recumbent posture and perfect quiet."

The writer in Reynolds's "System of Medicine" says: "In the milder forms, a tolerably complete abstinence from food for four-and-twenty hours will frequently do much toward effecting a cure. This abstinence secures for the stomach that rest of the organ so essential to the cure. After this rest, light farinaceous puddings may be allowed, followed by a cautious return to a more nourishing diet."
The too common practice of people who fancy that the cure "biliousness" is dosing themselves with cathartics, to "clear out the system," should be charged. In most cases nature will cure the patient if he will give her a chance.—*Companion.*

Chased by Hard Luck.

He sat in the park the other day, a dejected looking man. His clothes were in poor condition, his shoes were fixed with wrapping twine and there was a tired look in his gray eyes that grew sad as he said to a man with a red nose who sat on a seat near him:
"I've had hard luck, pardner; Thor' devil seems ter be chasin' me every derned step I take. When I waser kid down in Kerneticut, workin' on er farm, they kept me turnin' ther grint-stan in ther summer and sortin' pertaters in ther winter. I runned er way from ther farm an' went to ther city. Ther fust day I struck ther town I fell through er coal hole an' broke my arm. I finally went to Derkota an' settled on er 100 acres. I got er long all right for er while, but one day ther minister run away with my wife, an' gitt n' discomaged, I sold ther farm for \$500 an' went ter St. Paul ter see what I could do."
"Did yer ketch er?" inquired the man with the roseate nose.
"Yass, I ketcherd on all right. I bought ther patent right for St. Louis county of this pump for pumpin' out cisterns," and he showed the model of a pump.
"How much'd yer give fer it?"
"Five hundred dollars. Every darned cent I had in the world."
"It looks to me like er good thing."
"Ther pump's good enough."
"What's ther matter then?"
"Waal, pardner, ther an't er darned cistern in St. Louis county."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Too Many Money Makers.

Beef cattle are too low to be remunerative to the producer, who is relatively also too far away from the consumer; that is, there are too many money makers between the ranchman and the beef-consuming public. In September last native steers, bred and grazed in Virginia, average 800 pounds gross, were sold at three cents per pound, giving the result of \$24.70 per head; at the same time Texas and coarse grass-fed Colorado steers were not salable. The highest price reached in New York and New Jersey live stock yards for many weeks past has been five and three-quarter cents per pound gross, and only a few selected heaves obtained that figure. The next highest price for heavy fully fattened grade steers, was ten cents per pound net, or \$5.00 per hundred weight gross; a few sales of selected heaves reached \$5.65 per hundred weight. The average weights of these heaves were from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds. Weights above these are too heavy for the season of summer heat; the carcasses require so much more ice for cooling, and ice is costly and lowers the already small margin of profit left to the wholesale butcher. In view of these facts, and the evident abundance of our present supply, judged by the lowness of prices, there is no just cause for alarm. Probably prices will advance, but as the season advances, making it more difficult to get one cent per pound, the price would go unreasonably high. —*American Agriculturist.*

Churches.

Presbyterian—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

Societies.

W. C. T. U. O. C. F. No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

WHAT THEY SAY.

(Continued from first page.) Cash for hides and sheep pelts at Bennett's market.

—Rev. J. M. Shank had a wen cut from the back of his head Wednesday. It was about the size of a small hickory nut.

Wayne County Teachers' Association. The above association held their meetings in the High School, last Friday and Saturday, November 25 and 26.

FRIDAY, 10 o'clock a. m. 1. Secretary's report. 2. "Ability to Control and Govern a School," Miss D. La. Enrican, Plymouth.

Although not able to be present at all the exercises, we are assured that they were most interesting and profitable.

Pundita Ramabai. The most pathetic and prophetic personality of the national convention held in Nashville was the white-robed Hindu widow of high caste, who came from half-way round the world to present the cause of 23,000,000 of widows before the largest-hearted band of women on the earth.

Scientific Temperance. On Saturday afternoon, Prof. Ford, who had been attending the Wayne County Teachers' Institute, addressed the Band of Hope and their friends in the Methodist church.

PITH AND POINT. The man who wants the earth and compromises on Rhode Island, is not hard to please.—Whitehall Times.

The remark was deemed inevitable at the first signs of discontent on the part of the Crows, but no one has yet observed that if the Crows want to fight they have plenty of caws.

The fool killer takes no summer vacation, the ice-water fool, the unperfruit fool and the beer-and-whisky fool keeps him busy all through the hot weather.—Philadelphia Press.

"In literature there seems to be a man constantly catching our ideas," said a writer. "Yes," some one rejoined, "and the trouble is that he catches them before you do."—Arkansas Traveler.

I see that X, the millionaire, is dead. I wonder to whom the property was left? "As the will is being contested I think it is left to conjecture, but the lawyers will probably get it."—Texas Siftings.

When an Irishman went into a Chinese laundry and told the Mongolian in charge to hurry up his washing, because he hadn't a clean shirt to put on his back, that was a bull in a China shop, wasn't it?—Texas Siftings.

It is said that the Prince of Wales is an expert performer on the banjo. Who wouldn't be a prince? Nowadays if a man plays a banjo for his own amusement he is liable to get hit with a brick, but with a prince the case is different, he can plunkity-plunk-plunk on his instrument of torture, without danger of getting killed.—Peck's Sun.

"Weeping Joe" is the title of an evangelist who has appeared in Indiana. It is said that "he weeps copiously when he thinks of the millions of souls that are going to hell."

How Girls Sit down. The variety of complicated chairs in the theater make it a matter of concern to get safely seated.

THE man who wants the earth and compromises on Rhode Island, is not hard to please.—Whitehall Times.

BASSETT & SON, FINE FURNITURE! AT LOW PRICES! PLYMOUTH.

SHE: "There, John Henry, that's where all our neighbors are getting their furniture now. You know Mrs. Sims went to the city, and she said Bassett's prices on the same identical furniture was 25 per cent. less than she could get it anywhere."

HE: "Well! You see dear, Bassett's expenses are light, and he don't have city prices. We'll go in and take that bedroom set; it's \$5.45 less than the identical same thing is sold for in the city, and we save freight, car fare and time."

Ah, There. Stop a Bit, And Listen to what I Say! THERE IS MONEY IN IT AND NO MISTAKE. T. G. RICHARDSON, The Boot, Shoe and Clothier, of Northville.

THE MARKHAM MFG. CO. We are really too busy this week to give you our ad. in proper shape. We have a LARGE STOCK OF IRON PUMPS OF THE BEST MAKE that we wish to

NEW HARDWARE STORE, ANDERSON & CABLE, Prop's Full Line of Stoves, Shelf Hardware, Tinware, Nails, Glass, Putty, Etc.

YOU WILL FIND! New - Blacksmith - Shop! LATEST NEWSPAPERS and Periodicals, Pocket Libraries, Books, Stationery, etc.

PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1887.

Wayne.

Wm. Young, brakeman has moved into town.
 The ash and blind factory is nearly completed.
 Miss Carrie Steers, of Plymouth, is visiting in town.
 Elder Empson's household goods have gone to the Soo.
 The exercises of the Earnest Workers, last Thursday evening were well patronized.
 John Frank has got himself a horse and democrat wagon and is selling sewing machines again.
 The G. A. R. boys have got them a very fine tamarac pole and will raise it soon, it is thought near their hall.
 We have had a proposition from a party to build a \$10,000 grist mill, and they don't ask a "dam site" either.
 John Marker, Joe Bennett, Terry Vining and D. E. DeLand Cady, university students were all home Thanksgiving.
 May Curtiss spent Thanksgiving in Wayne. She will commence her winter term of school at Wixom next Monday.
 The railroad boys dance at Central hall, Thanksgiving night was a large success, over sixty numbers being sold, notwithstanding the horrible weather.
 Operations were commenced on the new carriage factory of Prouty & Glass, yesterday. The contract has been let to a Detroit party named Martin.
 George Fisher met with quite a serious accident last Tuesday, while engaged in getting out a G. A. R. liberty pole. In getting over a fence he fell, striking his hand upon the bit of a sharp ax.
 Mrs. David Cady died at her residence, east of town, on Sunday morning, after a long illness. The funeral services were conducted by Elder Shaftoe at the M. E. church, Tuesday afternoon.
 Miss May Wolger, who has been away visiting for several weeks, has returned and is at her old place, clerking in Owen Raymo's drug store. Her mother, Mrs. Wolger, has removed to Wayne and is living in Web Pate's house.
 The farewell sermon of Elder Empson drew together the friends of the pastor on Sunday morning and in the evening despite the inclemency of the weather. On motion a vote of thank was given the Elder and his family.
 Some prophet who evidently believed that coming events cast their shadows before, inadvertently advertised that Wayne was in need of a photographer and dentist. At present we have both of those positions filled very creditably, but we are looking in the face of many strangers lately upon our streets, and we don't know how long before these mens capacities will be taxed to their full extent making faces; and until that time arrives we would say that it would not be wise policy to encourage more than the place will warrant a living for.

Belleville.

P. G. Osler is erecting a new barn.
 Wm. Mandt, of Canton, ate turkey here.
 Mrs. H. D. Nowlin, of Detroit, is visiting relatives in and about town.
 W. I. Fell, of Ypsilanti, was home to get his share of the favorite bird.
 Some of our people attended the Teachers' association at Plymouth, Friday.
 We will only have two Christmas trees here this year, both on the same night.
 Ed. Hinkley and wife, of Milan, came here for their part of the Thanksgiving fowl.
 Miss Katie Robbe, who is attending the Normal, at Ypsilanti, was home over Thanksgiving.
 Did you hear that sermon on secret societies by Rev. R. L. Hewson, at the M. E. church, Sunday?
 Miss Upton, of Isabella county, was the guest of Miss Fanny Begole during Thanksgiving vacation.
 The B. C. B. dance, notwithstanding the bad weather, was well attended; seventy-five numbers being in attendance.
 Lizzie Smith, who has been visiting relatives and friends here for the past week, returned to her home at Detroit, Wednesday.
 Married, on Thursday, Nov. 24, at the home of the bride in Sumpter, Malcom Sopp and Johanna Renton. The best wishes of a host of friends accompany them.
 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Fisher, of Mason, are the guests of relatives here. We understand that they are on their wedding tour. Mrs. W. will be remembered as Miss Ella Stiffa, formerly of this place.

Canton.

Miss Mand Cady spent Thanksgiving week at home.
 A few full blooded Pekin ducks for sale at L. T. Blount's.
 L. Thompson has been making additions to his farm buildings.
 Justus Treat is on a visit to friends at Chadwick, Ionia county.
 The man on Mr. Conner's farm lost several turkeys one night recently.
 Mr. Taylor, of the Highland school, ate his Thanksgiving turkey with the family at S. A. Cady's.
 Union Grange will hold its anniversary meeting at the home of the W. M. Mr. S. A. Cady, Saturday, December 3rd.

Novi.

Had rain!
 F. W. Bloomer "done" Dayton, Ohio, Sunday.
 R. Toncray and wife returned from Brighton, Sunday.
 Necktie soecal at W. T. Coat's residence next Tuesday evening.
 Mrs. Colvin, of Detroit, was a caller at O. M. Whipple's, Sunday.
 John Webb, of Ypsilanti, turkeyed with his parents Thanksgiving.
 C. M. Wight has received a consignment of oranges from his Florida grove.
 Mrs. Marcus Hollace is visiting friends and relatives in Detroit this week.
 Fred. Oysterbanks left for Ypsilanti, Monday, to attend the Normal this winter.
 Chas. Biery returned from East Bloomfield, N. Y., Saturday, where he has been packing apples.
 W. H. Wright, formerly of Detroit, has removed to Novi, and opened a meat market in the C. C. Gage building.
 Wm. Lawlor went North, and came back again last week. He reports the woods full of men in search of work.
 Miss Mabel Whipple spent Thanksgiving with her cousin, Agnes Whipple, at Northville. The visit was returned Saturday by Miss Agnes.
 It is said that A. C. Knapp & Co. are to leave us, and fill a long felt want at Oakley, Mich. Their hobby is hardware and agricultural implements.
 The M. E. people have succeeded in taking the superfluous dirt from the basement underneath their church, and there is some talk of putting a floor in and fitting it up as a parlor.
 Dell Whipple thinks that the stock men who do business here should devote a little time in the acquirement of a little mathematical knowledge, to enable them to do their own figuring. That's right! No excuse for such deficiencies.
 Mr. C. V. Merfereau, of St. Louis, Mo., has been spending the past two weeks at his father-in-law's, John Bassett, residence. Mr. M. is employed by Uncle Sam as harbor inspector, and his territory embraces a greater part of the United States.
 Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, three miles north of Novi, Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, '87, John R. Erwin to Miss Gertrude McKenny, both of Walled Lake. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. Hazard, in the presence of about twenty-five of the relatives and near friends of the bride and groom, and was followed by a repast consisting of all the delicacies of the season. The contracting parties are of the best families of this section of the State, and are highly esteemed by all who know them. They left for New York City at nine o'clock the same evening, where they will spend their honeymoon. When they return they take up their abode in an elegant residence now being completed and adjacent to the residence of Mr. Erwin's parents, and if wishes will avail anything, the young couple are to enjoy many years of happiness and prosperity. The following is a list of the presents received, all of which are useful: Mr. and Mrs. E. Erwin, (presents of the groom), bed room suit and hanging lamp; Mr. C. McKenny, father of the bride, calendar clock and extension table; Mrs. C. McKenny, family bible and stand; Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bentley and family, of Novi, silver castor and decorated water set; Richie and Eddie Dougherty, New York City, one dozen silver tea spoons and butter knife, also, gold lined sugar spoon and pickle fork; Grandma Dentley, table cloth and napkins; Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Bennett, silver cake basket; Geo. Erwin, silver dinner castor; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nichols, Walled Lake, silver cracker bowl and tooth pick holder; Miss Alice Beam, Imlay City, oil painting; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Estes, of Wixom, music rack; Miss Dudie Erwin, pair vases; Miss Annie Mitten, chair tidy; Mr. and Mrs. John Ely, Thomas and Mamie Gibson, Farmington, decorated tea set; Geo. H. Thompson and lady, White Lake, parlor lamp; Miss Elma McKenny, Springfield, Ont., crumb tray and brush; Miss Minnie Gage, Walled Lake, book, entitled, "Mountain, Lake and River"; F. E. Quigley and lady, Novi, amber lemonade set; E. Hosner, Walled Lake, silver fruit basket; Miss Lena Salsbury, Fenton, oil painting; Ralph and Linnie Devereaux, Novi, celery dish, syrup and cream pitcher, tooth pick holder, etc.; Minnie Honeywell, Walled Lake, half a dozen individual silver butter plates; Miss Lilly Reamer, Holland, Mich., Scott's poems; Edwin Farmer and lady, Walled Lake, oil chromo; James and Nettie Gibson, glass table set; J. H. Hetley, Richmond, Mich., silver and crystal spoon holder; Miss Mary Curtis, Wayne, Longfellow's poems; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thompson, White Lake, lemonade set; G. D. Woodman, Wixom, cigar case.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

Freezo.
 Alvin Coats returned from New York State, Tuesday.
 Philo Clark returned from East Bloomfield, N. Y., last Friday.
 A new sidewalk has been laid in front of Sago's shop and Wm. Brown's residence.

Geo. Taylor, John Stubbs and Wm. Lawlor, left for Kalkaska county, Monday.
 Dr. Johnson and C. M. Wight are slaughtering wild ducks at White Lake this week.

N. L. Clark and wife, of Highland, Mich., were guests at R. M. Johnson's part of last week.
 Wm. Risner has been called to preach at Kingston, Mich., and will remove to that place at once.
 Richard Hamilton, who has been a resident of Novi for some time past, has removed to Loomis, Mich.
 Mrs. A. W. Perry, nee Light, of Vernon, Mich., are visiting Hamilton Jones and family. Mr. Perry accompanies her.
 A. J. Crosby attended the State grange, at Lansing, and came home feeling greatly benefited by what he saw and heard.
 Married at the residence of T. McGraw, Thursday, Nov. 17, 1887, James H. Sheldon to Della Smith, both of Novi. Rev. J. S. Boyden, officiated. Our best wishes are theirs.
 The donation for Rev. J. S. Boyden, Tuesday evening, netted an even hundred dollars, besides a large turkey, which was smuggled into his residence while he and the family were at the donation.
 Sam Coats, who has been slowly yielding to that dread disease, consumption, since January, left for Los Angeles, California, Tuesday, in hopes of being benefited by the climate, his wife accompanied him. We hope for the best results.

Livonia.

The county ditch, west of the Centre, is completed.
 C. P. Colby has moved into the house with his mother-in-law.
 Before this goes to press we think there will be a wedding in this town.
 Everybody is rejoicing over the heavy rain. They think it will fill up the wells.
 The dance at the town hall, last Friday evening, was a grand success, considering the very stormy night.
 Mrs. Sophia Lauffer returned from Plymouth, on Saturday, after spending Thanksgiving with her parents.
 Robena Smith had the praise of being the best dancer in the hall, Friday evening although she is but eleven years old.
 Charles Smith's horses ran away one day last week. No particular damage was done except spilling out his son Otto. He got up without a scratch.
 Carl Kingsley has bought a self-propeller separator and water tank, all complete and will be ready for business next fall. Carl has had a hard time through life so far, and we wish him success.
 Samuel Hanley, one mile south of Elm Station, lost his house and most of the contents, last Friday. As there was no insurance on it, and he had his grain stored in the chamber, the loss is very severe on him.
 The gun that was taken from Mr. Stockfleel, at the time the two men were trying to get his potatoes, was found by Samuel Potter, last Sunday morning, standing by his father's front gate post. The mystery is how it got there. The town treasurer will soon go forth to gather in the farmers hard earnings.

Newburg.

Edwin Hodge is doing an extensive business in buying cattle to fatten.
 A. Pickett & Son are making extensive repairs on the farm of O. A. Fraser.
 Mrs. M. Pickett is in Detroit having an operation performed on her little son.
 Harry Philport is now confined to his bed. His sister Martha is home taking care of him.
 Ed. L. Crosby returned home from Nashville, Tenn., where he is in the pump manufacturing business.
 Willie Armstrong returned home last Saturday from Lake Linden, Mich., where he has been at work carpentering the past summer. He reports as fine sleighing there as he ever saw.
 A number of our citizens paid a visit to the probate court, Detroit, Tuesday, in the case of the contest between William Farley, of this place and Plinica Everett, of Plymouth, to see which can be guardian of Miss Mary A. Everett, who is losing her mind.
 On account of the bad weather there was a small turn out at church last Sunday, but the faithful few were there Sabbath school at 1:30 and church at 2:30 every Sunday. Rev. J. M. Shank wishes to hold a series of evening meetings here if it would be agreeable to the community.
 Miss Emma Johnson and Miss Edith Pickett, our well known and popular dress-makers, are visiting friends at Detroit. They are also investigating the latest styles of female wearing apparel so that when they return home they can be sure to suit the varied taste of their many customers.
 (More correspondence on last page.)

Wonderful Cures.

J. H. Boylan, Druggist, of Plymouth, says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Anaca Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines here. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by J. H. Boylan.

- Just Arrived! -

AT THE

RED FRONT DRUG & GROCERY STORE
 C. A. Pinckney, Prop'r.

FOR THE

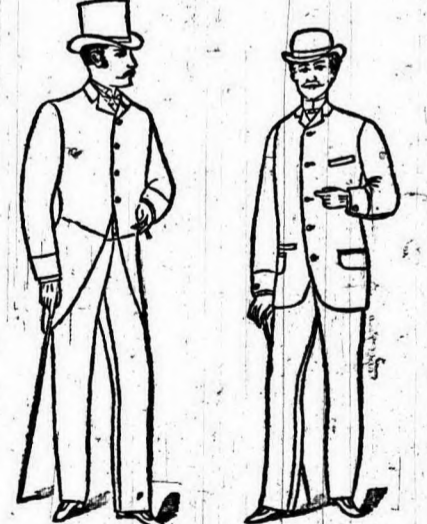
HOLIDAY TRADE!

NEW GOODS
 Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Citron, and Lemon Peel.
 —Buckwheat Flour.—
 MACKEREL, Etc.
CANDIES and NUTS
 OF ALL KINDS.
NEW YEARS GOODS
 ARRIVING DAILY.
YOU KNOW! That New Goods in this line can ALWAYS be purchased at Bottom Prices at the Red Front.

RED FRONT
 Plymouth. C. A. PINCKNEY, Prop'r.

MERCHANT TAILORING

A SPECIALTY!



A SPECIALTY!

We have a very fine line of cloths for making
CLOTHING TO MEASURE!
 Fancy Worsteds, Cassimeres, Diagonals, Kerseys, American and Scotch Cheviots, for Suits. Chinchillas, Meltons, Fur Beaver, Fine Imported Kerseys, for Overcoats. A variety of Pants patterns that has never been equalled here either in style or beauty.
 When in need of a Suit or Overcoat, come and see us, we can and will please you, both as to fit and price.
ALL WOOL SUITS, as low as \$12.00.
OVERCOATS, Heavy, Strong and Well Made, \$10.00.
 We cut our garments by the most perfect system now in use by the best cutters in America, and are now prepared to do work with accuracy and dispatch.
 MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT
Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.
 PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Senator Jones of Florida, is undoubtedly dying of brain disease. He was not a temperate man, but he was not a temperate man, but he was not a temperate man...

Robert Burdett says concerning woman: She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat, and nothing to speak of to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby...

John Seaman of Cohoes, N. Y., advertises in a Hudson newspaper for his umbrella. He states that it is a good silk one, that he parted with it on one of the cars of the Hudson River railroad...

At the Baptist congress in Indianapolis the other day, Robert Burdett, the humorist, spoke about the changed tendency of the daily newspapers to enlarge on the worse side of human nature...

The authorities of the university of Pennsylvania have issued an order prohibiting smoking within the precincts of their temple of knowledge.

The Nebraska farmers have at last succeeded in their long battle with the railroads against exorbitant charges and unfair discriminations.

CAST UPON THE WORLD.

Search was made for Mr. Thorndyke's body, but it was never found. For several weeks poor Ella hovered between life and death, tossing in delirium and burning with fever...

The leaves had fallen from the trees and the snow was thick upon the ground before she was able to leave her room. When the spring came, with its birds and flowers, she began to recover something of her old cheerfulness...

Descending from her room one afternoon late in the month of May, she entered the back parlor and seated herself in a recess formed by a large bay-window overlooking a side-street.

"Yes," replied her sister. "He says there are important matters requiring his attention in London, and he will leave about the first of July, to be absent about several months."

"I am not," answered her sister, "nor am I dull of perception. I have not failed to notice with what earnestness of expression his eyes rest upon your face when you are not observing him..."

Ella started violently. No thought of such a thing had ever crossed her mind, and now, when, for the first time, she realized that such might indeed be the case, a strange sensation filled her breast...

"You are mistaken," said Leuthenia, after a brief pause. "Frederick Norton does not love Ella—his pitiful, that is all—and what is more natural than that, under the circumstances, he should take a warm interest in her welfare?"

"I may be mistaken," replied Emma; "but I am inclined to believe that the pity you speak of is ripening into love."

In her throat and choked her utterance. Her delicate, sensitive nature was deeply wounded, she felt as if her heart would burst; yet she could not shed a single tear.

"Thank you," she quietly replied. "Be seated. I am glad you have called, for I wish to speak with you on a matter of business."

"I will endeavor to enlighten you," he answered in the same quiet manner. "If I am not mistaken, you referred to yourself as the sole inheritor of your father's estate."

"I did not say so," he replied. "What do you mean, then?" she impatiently demanded. "I know my father left a will, and according to that will I am his heiress."

"Yes," he responded. "The paper you saw was only a draft of a will; it was not executed, and was consequently of no value. The share of the property to which you are entitled will amount to only a trifle."

"Into whose possession does the remainder pass?" "Into mine," he answered, boldly. "I have searched among your father's papers. There is no will to be found, but in England there is one which makes me the heir to all but a trifle of his fortune."

"Do not persecute me further," she sobbed. "Leave me to make my way in the world as best I can. I ask no assistance. Let us never meet again. Whatever place there is for me in life I will find by my own efforts and such strength as God sees fit to give me."

"You do not realize what you are saying," he persisted, drawing still nearer to her. "You do not understand the world as I do. It is cruel and unjust to the defenseless and the unfortunate. Poverty kills by degrees, and the end is horrible. Accept my offer, and the fortune your father has left me shall be yours. I will devote my life to the promotion of your happiness. You will learn to love me after a time."

"Do not come a step nearer me! I understand you thoroughly, sir. My father intended that I should possess his fortune. He told me so the day before his death, and you know he intended I should as well as I do; yet you, taking advantage of an unfortunate circumstance, have decided to take everything, hoping by that means to force me into a union with you. Love is a Heaven-born passion, which enters the heart unbidden; we cannot call it there at will. You do not understand my character," and she drew herself up proudly.

"I would not sell myself for a thousand—no, not a million times the sum you have been pleased to offer me. I reject you now and forever, with the same feeling of repugnance I should if I knew your hands were stained with human blood."

His words sounded like a threat in her ears. She drew this man, so greatly her inferior, after such words as she had listened to! Her indignation overcame all her other feelings.

"You shall bitterly repent these words—remember!" and the next instant he was gone. Poor child, now that she was alone her courage began to desert her. Vividly the full realization of her desolation and misery arose before her, and, sinking down, she buried her face in her hands and preciously cried:

"Mother! mother! look down from heaven upon your child, for she is now indeed cast upon the world!"

When Frederick Norton left Ella's presence his senses seemed paralyzed. He passed about like a man walking in his sleep. There was not a vestige of color in his features, and his eyes were expressionless, like those of a corpse.

As he turned a corner shortly afterward, a large man in rough attire, with a shuffling gait, brushed rudely against him. He looked round, then started perceptibly. Where had he seen that shuffling figure before? There was something in its outline and its ungainly gait familiar to him.

"Come to my room to see at 11 Fitz Street, 13 Devon Alley. I have a plan to help you out of your trouble." Bruce said.

He turned the knob and entered a small room, the only furniture of which consisted of two old chairs, a starch box, and a rickety table, upon which burned a kerosene lamp, with a cracked and smoke-dimmed chimney.

"I have no time to spare," responded Norton, so let us come at once to business. What do you want of me? Money, I suppose—yet I owe you nothing. Your share of the Halpham affair you received long ago. You promised me then you would leave the country, but you lied; and now that you know I am rich, you think you can extort money from me by threats; but have a care how you tamper with me," and his hand sought his pocket and clutched the revolver it contained.

"No nonsense, wild me; you know I ain't there to stand it. Why, I thought yer correction wid good sercity had learned yer how ter behave on enterin' a gentleman's apartments. Don't get excited—keep cool. Give me yer hat and let me hang it up on ther door fer yer."

"Well, then," replied his host, "I know all about it." "About what?" "Why, about her—ther gal."

with a certain young woman, whose name we won't mention, and yer afraid of her on account of a will. Yer knows that women and wills is ugly things ter fight, and yer worried and don't know what to do ter make. Yer head is kinder upset, but mine ain't—it never is—and as I looks at ther thing, it's plain that either ther will or ther woman must be rot'd of, and, as yer can't put yer hand ferther on ther will, why, ther's an'th'ing remainin' fer yer ter do but ter get rid of ther woman. So far, so good. But whos ter do ther job? O' course, not you. That wouldn't be just ther thing. It must be done in a careful, quiet manner. You're perplexed, but I ain't a bit."

"I do not understand you." "Oh, yes, yer do. Yer understands ev'ry word I've spoke."

"About five thousand dollars, I should say," quietly replied his companion. "It is too much."

"I begs yer pardon, it ought ter be twice that by rights; but bein' as I ain't doin' nothin' ter speak of just now, I'm willin' ter do ther job at ther price I've named. I never had no objection, yer know, ter turnin' 'er honest dollar. What do yer say—is it a go?"

"How did you obtain possession of the facts you have recited?" "I don't know as that's any of your business, yet I don't mind tellin' yer," replied Morry. "Yer see, I've got a sweetheart named Mollie, as is put ter service. She happens ter be doin' the chamber-work in ther house where this charmin' young woman we've been talkin' 'bout is stoppin'. Mollie's a sharp gal, and ther ain't much she don't see and hear. Now, you no doubt thoked when yer was a talkin' love and sweet stuff to our pretty little friend, that ther wasn't no one a-listenin'; but yer was mistaken, for Mollie was just outside of the door a-listenin' wid her ears wide open 'er every word. Oh, by! she must o' pitched later yer hot, accordin' ter Mollie's tell. No wonder yer was gaspin' along ther street like a lunatic; after yer left her, makin' a holy show of yerself until my note brought yer to yer senses. But this s'nt ter ther point. What do yer say to my proposition?"

A Pheasant Farm. A gentleman utilizes his farm lands at Libbrook, not far from London, which in these days of agricultural depression he found difficult to let, by turning them into a model game farm.

The devious for securing the safety of this valuable and perishable stock are many and various, and great precautions are taken to prevent any depredation. Huge mastiffs and St. Bernard dogs traverse a length of wire cable which surrounds the farm stretched on the ground, upon which their chains are stretched in lengths of one hundred yards, and a very effectual police force they make, not allowing approach from anyone, friend or stranger, without well recognized credentials.

Partridges are not so difficult to deal with as pheasants, and there are thousands of them on the Libbrook farm flying about and taking care of themselves. All the stock birds are kept in aviaries open at the top, and their wings are clipped every three weeks. The labor of this seemed to me enormous, but the game farmer says that it is nothing as compared to the expense of covering in forty acres of aviculture. —Glasgow Herald.

He Would. A trampish-looking man with a particularly dirty face was hanging about a Woodward avenue grocery the other day, when a clerk observed: "If you had a bar of soap could you make good use of it?"

"You bet!" was the prompt reply. "He was handed one and went off. In about an hour he returned, his face as dirty as before, and the clerk exclaimed: "You never used a bit of that soap!" "You asked me to make good use of it. So I did. I traded it off for something to wash over four weeks' dust out of my throat. This dirt on my face isn't three days old yet." —Detroit Free Press.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE

Addresses, Reports of Officers, and a General Good Time Make up the Program.

The annual session of the national grange, held in Lansing, was attended by delegates from nearly every state and territory, and several representatives of other governments were present and participated in the exercises.

The annual address of Worthy Master Darden showed gratifying success in the grange during the year. There have been established 174 new granges; the state grange of Nebraska has been re-established and work begun in Rhode Island, which completes the circle of the states.

The report of the treasurer showed balance in fiscal year October 1, \$11,140.34; receipts, \$11,709.53; expenses during the year, \$14,803.15; balance on hand, \$8,046.73. In this report the expenses exceed the receipts, but the receipts are only specific, and the grange has \$70,000 out at interest outside of the fees and dues.

The report of the secretary shows that 140 original charters, 47 duplicate charters, 40 duties certificates and dispensations of 113 new granges were issued during the year. The total receipts were \$3,650. The treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$8,046.73. Illinois, Georgia, Delaware, Connecticut and Alabama reported large gains during the year. On the whole the order has made a steady growth during the year, and is in a better condition than ever before.

The public reception given the National Grange by the Capital Grange of the citizens of Lansing, was opened with prayer by Chaplain A. J. Rose of Salado, Tex. The address of welcome by Gov. Luce and the response by Worthy Master Put Darden were listened to attentively by fully 2,000 people, every available space in representative hall being occupied and hundreds being unable to gain admission.

Addresses followed by Hon. O. M. Barnes, ex-Gov. Fred Robie of Maine, Hon. Edwin Willits, Hon. J. M. Plumb of South Carolina, Hon. E. P. Allen of Wisconsin, and Hon. J. H. Brigham of Ohio. By an odds the prettiest feature of the affair was the exercise by 20 young ladies of the city, who personified Columbia and the sisterhood of states in costume, and gave a recital. In response the fifty school children of the fifth and sixth grades presented "Michigan, My Michigan," and Columbia proceeded to impart to the states a very good quality of advice for future action, the most striking being: "Keep good old saxon honor bright. Not ask what's policy, but right." The final verse was recited by all the states in chorus.

The report of National Lecturer Whitehead of New Jersey, was listened to with rapt attention. The lecturer said that aside from his own work he has kept four deputy lecturers in the field most of the time during the past year, besides sending out weekly a column of grange news to more than 500 publications in 35 states and territories. These publications have a combined circulation of 13,000,000 copies and published 273,704,000 grange items. He has visited 23 states, delivered 23 lectures and circulated over 600,000 tracts and circulars.

The executive committee recommended that a permanent home be established at Washington by building a house where the secretary could keep the records. It was hoped that the grange would take action urging congress to amend the patent laws, as at present they were injurious to the agricultural classes. The report of the committee on the good of the order was favorable to the modifications in the postal laws as recommended by the secretary of the United States Postal Improvement Association.

The following amendments to the constitution, which were handed down by the National Grange a year ago, have been adopted by the several state granges: the following: 26 to 1, six states not voting; County or Pomona Granges may be represented in state granges under such regulations as the state granges may provide.

The state granges shall have authority to confer the degree of Flora on all members of the order in good standing in their respective states, who have taken the degree of Pomona, in like manner and form as the same degree is now conferred by the National Grange, and each person receiving the degree shall be entitled to its certificate of membership in the sixth degree from the National Grange and duly attested under its seal.

It was also voted to submit to the various states an amendment to the constitution, allowing each state grange to regulate the membership fee paid to subordinate granges. The national grange has regulated the amount \$5.00, and the southern states believe they can increase the membership rapidly if they are allowed to fix the fee.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Worthy Master, Lut Danahy, of Mississippi; Overseer, Joseph Draper of Massachusetts; Lecturer, Mitchell Whitehead of New Jersey; steward, X. N. Charters of Virginia; assistant steward, J. H. Hale of Connecticut; chaplain, A. J. Rose of Texas; secretary, John Trimble of Washington; treasurer, M. M. Mellowell of New York; gatekeeper, A. M. Brown of Delaware; cares, Mrs. H. A. Harrell of Mississippi; pomona, Mrs. Jas. Draper, Massachusetts; flora, Mrs. M. E. Luce of Michigan; lady assistant steward, Mrs. H. A. Sims of Kansas; executive committee—Dr. J. M. Blanton of Virginia; J. J. Woodman of Michigan; J. H. Brigham of Ohio and P. Darden of Mississippi. Resolutions were adopted asking for the election of postmaster by a governmental indebtedness shall be reduced by redeeming them with treasury surplus.

The display of fruits and cereals made by the different states was exceptionally fine and attracted considerable attention. One of the finest displays was made by California, and embraced specimens of everything grown in that state. This exhibit has been taken to Chicago for exhibition, while most of David Woodman's exhibit has been taken to the agricultural college.

WILD GEESSE

What May Be Daily Seen in Dakota.

For the information and, perhaps, benefit of sportsmen, says a letter from Harrisburg, Dakota, I will give a faint description of what we are daily witnessing of the grand armies of the strong-winged birds whose name heads this letter. Of the variety known further south as wild geese, the "honkers," as they are called, from their peculiar cry when on wing, we see large numbers. A great many of them nest and breed about the small lakes in our neighborhood, and people often take the eggs and hatch them under domestic birds, either geese or hens. Besides these there are the brant, a smaller, gray goose, and the beautiful snowy geese. Of these last there seems to be no limit to numbers. The air is almost constantly filled with their notes, and one can scarcely look up at the sky—which is wonderfully wide from these highlands—without seeing flocks of these magnificent birds wheeling across it in one direction or another. No mathematician yet invented could enumerate the hosts that have so far appeared. Instantaneous photography is the only method by which any truthful representation can be given of the hosts. We rode out a day or two since, to the lake (Wamhuska, sometimes called Stump lake). The day was one of the mellow, golden, bracing, thoroughly enjoyable days that October sometimes brings even to you poor dwellers amid the midst and damps of Indiana, but to us she is lavish of such treasures during her entire reign. All the day and the days before—one can not tell for how long—flocks of geese, in countless numbers, were sailing overhead in ranks and clusters of ranks, some dark and some snowy white, with black tippie-wings. They are congregating about our beautiful lake, probably making preliminary arrangements for their southern flight. The whole blue vault, which showed no cloud, was lined in every direction by ranks of snowy birds. The afternoon sun shone full upon their brilliant plumage, tinging it a full golden color, than which no bird of paradise could be more dazzling, and the vast numbers on wing of shining, golden hosts, made one of the finest sights that one can behold. I never before saw anything to equal it. When we came in full view of the lake, where there are several miles of water in sight, there was another remarkable surprise for us. If the canopy above was full of flying birds, the surface of glistening water was a hundred times more so. Along the further shore and out from land there were thousands of geese floating so close together that one saw no glimmer of water between them.

Midway between the shores islands of geese floated, but appeared, to observers on the high banks, like still, animate earth, covered with a fresh fall of snow. Sportsmen were croaking here and there behind clumps of bushes, and every now and then a rifle shot echoed along the woodland; but what were a few sportsmen among such multitudes of birds?

My neighbor, the postmaster, brought in half a dozen geese, the result of two or three odd half-hours sport. Another neighbor took twelve the same day. One man shot fourteen within thirty minutes. The flesh of these birds is excellent, and in this climate can be kept a long time. A party of sportsmen are here now from Florida, and will spend a week or more.

Two gentlemen from Boston spent a week here shooting, and bagged a large number of ducks and several geese. They left for home about two weeks ago. Had they remained till now the sport would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory, as the larger birds are far more numerous at this time than a month earlier. As it was, however, these Boston men were so well pleased with their trip, and with the opportunities for good shooting, that they left their canoe here for next year's use. In passing, I will just mention that we have a survey made and stakes set for a railroad to our burg, which is promised to be built next year. In a country where a railroad can be built at the rate of seven miles per day, as the Manitoba has been doing the past season between Devil's lake and Montana it is easy to believe that we may not wait long for the whistle of the engine. Any good Hoosier who wants fine sport and boundless pure air, better than all the medicines and milk shakes in the country to set one up in good, sound health, can find both right here with little trouble.

Life Worth Living Once More.

There was a hush in the sick man's chamber, broken only by the whispered instructions of the physician to the nurse and the suppressed sobs of the wife and children, who felt that in a few short hours, perhaps in a few moments, they would be widow and orphans. Everything that medical knowledge and professional skill could do had been done, and the doctor had said he could do no more. "Keep him comfortable," he said, "that is all we can do for him now." Suddenly there came a shout through the open window. Immediately a perceptible tremor passed over the dying man. Another shout. The sick man opened his eyes. He listened. Again came that voice from the street. It was a newsboy crying his wares. "Hot!" exclaimed the patient, throwing back the clothes, jumping out of bed and turning a double back-somersault. "Don't you hear him?" he exclaimed. "He says the base-ball season is over. I've got something to live for now. Give me my clothes, please. I'll take a run down town."—Boston Transcript.

NEW YORK GHOSTS.

No, we don't expect to find any haunted houses in the great cities, especially in New York. The practicability and the mutability of men and houses are not favorable to ghosts."

That's what a member of the Society for Psychological Research said to me.

I was amazed at it, for New York in the matter of ghosts, as in the matter of most other things, is far ahead of the rest of the country.

There are plenty of haunted houses, with all modern improvements, on Fifth avenue, tenanted by advanced ghosts, quite abreast of the latest thing in pneumatology.

I don't think the ghost business is carried on anywhere on the island in the old-fashioned and ridiculous stripe of the ghosts of 100 years ago. The spirits do not clank chains and point out buried skeletons and knock down the pans and crockery, and scare the life out of the kitchen maids as they did in the time of the Westies. Nor are the haunted houses isolated and set apart for the finger of superstition to point at tremblingly. As a rule, as fast as the ghosts drive out one family another comes in, and whenever the place becomes untenable, that great exorciser, the contractor, comes along, sprinkles his holy water on it with a hose and tears it down. That plan effectually scatters the spirits, whether they materialize as rats or roan as wraiths.

No, sir, long before the Society for Psychological Research was instituted (whenever we copy anything from London we institute it) we had a little party of practical ghost hunters here in this city who set out to find the rationale of the ghost business. If I tell you who were in that party you will no doubt recognize some of them. There was Winslip, the artist, who was a Swedenborgian, one of the best talkers of transcendentalism in this country and one of the bitterest haters of the table-tipping, medium-working, gaudy ever saw. There was Ormwood, who traveled all over the country for well-attested phenomena, who wrote up the result of his investigations in the *Graphic* and afterwards went to India to study the Astral body business. There was Dr. Meade, the pamphleteer, and last of the Neurosthenia inventors, one of the profoundest materialists I ever met, whose theory of life was comprehended in the remark that "man was a worm in a barrel," and there was Avery Wells, who smoked cigarettes and was once called "Unsavory Smells" by John C. Froude. To this group may be added Malden, the melodiously and almost misanthropic writer who wrote the funny editorials for a daily paper and kept the town laughing for a year or two before he got a foreign appointment. Like all funny men he had a morbid desire to exploit and expose Spiritualism.

Wells would hunt up haunted houses for us—how he managed to find them I never knew, but he certainly did furnish us with some of the best attested cases of local disturbance and authenticated apparitions, and he successfully exploded the old-fashioned notion that ghosts prefer to walk in desolate old ancestral mansions by the "Nights' Antonian Shore." We found them walking in railway stations, in store-houses, in banks, in crowded tenements; that is to say, we found the living record and willing attestations of them. We were not so lucky in finding the wraiths themselves. We visited two old buildings up town, said to have been built during the revolution and having a clean sheet of ghost disturbance stretching over fifty years. We did the regular business of watching with a candle through the night; we tried to secure all the old bones of super or sub-natural annoyance. But not a crack of a board, not a breath of cold air, not a foot-fall or a clank or a sigh broke the stupid monotony of our vigils.

Malden made lightsome fun of us in his best sepulchral style, and Dr. Meade accepted the negative results as proof positive.

We tried the Nathan mansion not long after the celebrated murder. We took one of the best "sensitives" there and had a midnight lunch sent over from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We went up to the Morrison house after that strange story in all the papers of a face in the window. We got him to sit out an examination of the Cruger house. But we did not get a sound or a sight of a ghost, and Malden and the doctor had humor and science all their own way until we ran across the Will Davidson house on Fifth avenue.

I ought to tell you, though, one very notable thing about that Cruger house on Second avenue, and I don't think any of the investigating party that I have named (one of them, alas, is dead) will dispute the statement, which is this: We found indubitable living evidence that, whether ghost haunted or not, the Cruger house, so far as the tenants were concerned, was under some kind of a spell or curse. The record of misfortunes begins about 16 years ago. A whole family of 12 melted away in it during one year, and the father, who was a Prussian, fled to his native country. As near as we could get at it there was not the slightest ground for suspicion of epidemic or poison or hereditary cause. Each victim died from a different set of circumstances. The next tenant was a boss tinsmith by the name of Conley or Cowley. He had a wife and two children, one of which was an infant in arms. He had not been in the house three months before the infant was killed by a most extraordinary accident. The father came in one day suddenly, pink-

ed the infant up from its mother's lap, and in tossing it up impulsively struck the sharp point of a common chandelier squarely into the structure of its head, and killed it instantly.

About five months afterward, Mrs. Conly, who was standing on a step-ladder in the same room putting in a window curtain, fell by the giving way of the steps in a lateral direction, knocking down a large mirror, a fragment of which severed every artery in one arm, and she bled to death before assistance could be obtained.

We saw the blood stains on the boards long afterwards.

The next victim in the house was a young man by the name of Ryerson, who, you may recall, was accidentally shot by his own brother while sitting at the window where Mrs. Conly had fallen a year or two before. There was then a pond in an empty lot opposite the house, and the younger brother had gone there with a musket to shoot frogs. The first shot he fired struck the surface of the pond, glanced and entered the left breast of the young man at the window. You will find newspaper accounts of it in the files of 1862.

Up to as late as 1879 when the place was pulled down, every tenant met with misfortune or disaster, and nearly every accident took place in this room. One servant was nearly burned to death by kerosene poured into a lighted fire. Two others were so badly maltreated by tramps that they died, and a Mr. Cunningham, who hired the house in 1876, and who had never shown the slightest inclination toward insanity, was found one morning hanging to the same chandelier that had killed Conly's baby. The weight of his body had pulled the gas pipe through the plaster after he was dead and let him down on his feet, so that, instead of hanging, he was found standing erect, a ghastly corpse, in the middle of the room.

In 1878 Francis Stalnitz, a wealthy and successful German, who was building a factory near by, leased the house and refitted it completely. His wife died of a lightning stroke six months after. The electricity struck the front chimney, tore up the bricks and hurled Mrs. Stalnitz, who was sitting at the grate, across the room, where she struck her temple on the sharp corner of a malachite pedestal. Her skull was crushed in, but there was no mark of the electricity upon her person. Before the year had expired Mr. Stalnitz failed.

The strange succession of catastrophes was put down by Dr. Meade to coincidence. But it was curious, to say the least, that the chain of coincidences, perfect up to '79, was promptly and effectually broken by routing out the place from the foundation.

All I've got to say is that the superstition embodied in the idea that to change one's luck is among the wisest and deepest rooted of human notions. And our investigations forced upon us the conclusion that some houses in New York had an impeccable record of ill-luck. But we did not find them associated with a spirit of disturbances.

With regard to the Will Davidson mansion on upper Fifth avenue, the circumstances were of an entirely different character. Will leased his house for three years. It was one of a row of five-story brownstone front residences that brought a high rental, being opposite the park. His family was a large one, there being four or five children and several servants. His wife began to complain of mysterious annoyances when they had been there but two weeks. The children came trooping into her room at night in great fright that some one had "pulled all the bed clothes off." Her suspicion that one of the boys was implicated in the trick was completely dissipated by putting them in separate rooms and locking all the doors. One morning she found the sheets and coverlets of the three girls' beds tied in a congeries of hard knots in the middle of the room so tightly that it required the full strength of the three stout servants to extricate them after working several hours.

The result of this was vexation, not alarm. Will was as far removed from superstition as is a meat axe. He swore at the d—n nonsense, but told of it on the street as a practical joke. When, however, the annoyance increased and Mrs. Davidson declared that she would leave the house, Will, with a practical man's method, went to a plumber and asked him to overhaul the place. The plumber sent three men with a kit of tools one morning. They proceeded to open up a dark closet at the basement, where pipes were interlaced. What they encountered was not learned at the time. They went away suddenly, leaving the tools, and the next morning Will went to the plumber's and wanted to know what kind of men he had sent there. "I found nothing done when I reached home," he said, "and your men gone."

"What kind of house have you got?" asked the plumber. "My men say I haven't got money enough to make 'em work in it. It's haunted."

Will moved out in the spring, after the annoyance had become insupportable, and it was impossible to keep any help.

After hearing his stories, Winslip and Wells and I determined to get the keys and spend the night there.

We had a great deal of trouble in accomplishing our purpose, on account of the owner's disinclination to have his property injured by ghost investigations. But Wells bribed the old man who had charge of the empty building, and we got in with a lamp, a basket of refreshment and some smoking tobacco.

Mrs. Davidson had told us to go on a

Thursday night and we'd hear the procession, for it seemed the spirits held regular Thursday night receptions, and many was the night she and her frightened children had listened to the switch of satin pitecoats and the click of high heels as they swept up the stair case.

We had a dreary enough night of it up to 1 o'clock in the morning. We did not hear a sound except an occasional rat in the wall or an early beetle from the park as he batted against the pane. Wells went to sleep on the floor, with his arm under his head, and Winslip and I talked art. We had set the kerosene lamp on a soap box, where its two-inch flame burned bright enough to make the big room look dismal.

Suddenly in one of the pauses of listening Winslip caught me by the arm and pointed silently at the flame. It had grown sensibly larger, and there was a round hole in the centre of it.

We both started at the phenomenon without saying a word. There was no explanation of it. The air was calm and the lamp undisturbed, but there was the perfectly described circle two inches in diameter, around which the steady flame ascended without breaking its line.

Then, while we were looking at it, there came through the orifice a perfect and symmetrical human index finger, on which we saw the pink nail and the first joint. It pointed steadily at Wells, who was fast asleep.

I touched him, and as he woke pointed to the lamp. I shall never forget the awed look of amazement in his face.

"I'd give my right arm," said Winslip, in a husky kind of whisper, "if the doctor was here."

As he spoke the finger disappeared. It did not melt. It was slowly pulled out of the hole, and in a few minutes later the hole itself closed up.

That was the sum total of our experience in the Davidson house. We saw nothing else and heard nothing, and about 3 o'clock came away tired. We could not make the doctor or Malden believe that we had not been victimized by our senses. The doctor wrote a pamphlet not long after on "Phantasms of the Retina."

But Wells and I went with Will to the plumber's and found one of the men who had been sent to the house. This is what he said:

"Well, boss, I don't go much on spooks and fairies, that's a fact. I'm a plain-sailing mechanic, and I work too hard to dream. But it took the wind o' me when I put that lamp down on the cellar floor for too see what I was about, and a big hole blowed itself in the middle of it and a dead man's finger was shoved through it. That was too much for the three of us, and I kinder think it would a pleased you sonsa."—Nym Crimble, in *New York Mail and Express*.

OLD COINS.

One of the Finest Collections in the Country Hidden Away.

The venerable Thomas Cleneay, who was buried Monday, was in many respects a remarkable man, says the *Cincinnati Telegram*. Many years ago he was one of the most active business men of the old school in Cincinnati, and amassed a large fortune, when he retired to the ease and elegance of his splendid home, where he surrounded himself with all the comforts that could be desired. He was 79 years of age at his death, but had never married. His brother's widow and her family were his household.

Mr. Cleneay had a passion for the collection of rare coins, and had at the time of his death one of the most valuable and extensive assortments in this country. It was estimated a number of years ago that it was worth between \$25,000 and \$30,000, and since then much has been added to it. Mr. James A. Hughes sold him a full set of silver American coin for \$1,100, and later Mr. Cleneay is known to have paid \$175 for a 1 cent copper piece of 1793. Mr. Mercer, the collector of curiosities, on Central avenue, has also sold him a number of expensive pieces.

But strange as it may seem no one appears who ever saw his collection. He made it for himself and seems to have kept it entirely for his own amusement. He was a secretive man, and none of his own household were ever taken into his confidence. It was not known at the house whether he had a will or not. Some time since he presented several large cabinets of curiosities to the art museum, and it is believed that it was his intention to leave his coins to the same institution. They are now in the vaults of the Safe Deposit company. Persons who ought to know say it is the finest, if not the very finest in the country.

Met Its Creator.

A Forfeited Bail Bond was going down the street, when it met the Judge who had accepted it.

"Good day," said the Judge, "I am glad to see you. I want you in my collection."

"You will have to excuse me," replied the Forfeited Bail Bond; "I do not care to accompany you. There is no precedent for my collection in this city."

Thereupon the Judge put out his hand to grasp the Forfeited Bail Bond and clutched nothing, for it had neither the length, breadth, nor substance of a real bond, and was only a judicial fiction.

Moral—When you accept a bond look the prisoner up, that you may have something to fall back upon when the bond fails away.—*San Francisco Post*.

Northville.
 Mac, the tailor, is enlarging his store.
 A. K. Carpenter is ill with rheumatic fever.
 Wm. Allen, of Plymouth, was in town Tuesday.
 E. B. Spaulding and Mr. Woodruff, of Ypsilanti, visited in town last week.
 Union services at the Methodist church Sunday evening, was well attended.
 Ezra Thornton and wife celebrated their golden wedding on Saturday evening.
 Work on the extension of the drill works is progressing and will soon be running in full blast.
 Mrs. Chester Kinney and daughter Essie left for home in Saginaw City, accompanied by Miss Jennie Inglis.
 The young peoples' society, of the Presbyterian church, netted \$150 over expenses at their entertainment and fair.
 I. W. Fuller had one of his elegant top buggies badly damaged on Thanksgiving night. Boys you should be more careful.
 Fifteen young men from our town and vicinity who were home from college, at Ypsilanti, for Thanksgiving holidays, returned on Monday morning.

Stark.
 The cold wave has lit upon us. Thanksgiving day passed off nicely. Our village carpenter was home Sunday. John J. Ferguson has secured employment in Northville as painter.
 Willard worked all day Thanksgiving, and rested Friday and Saturday.
 Mort Green has taken the contract to build the new ice house. When completed it will hold three hundred tons of ice, providing the winter freezes it.
 A large party of relatives, of Redford, called on Andrew Beverage, Thanksgiving day, and with the aid of several of our neighbors, devoured two nice roasted turkeys.
 Chas. Rathbun, ex-constable of this town, is in Detroit, in the milk business with his brother, Ben, but will soon quit the business to accept a position of \$800 per year.
 Duggan & Stricker have lowered their expenses considerably by drawing their milk to the city by teams, which will not exceed \$90 per month, while by rail it reached \$180.
 Carl Kinsley has obtained the good will of the Battle Creek engine and thresher company, and has a traction engine to start a grist mill. Will receive a separator in time for threshing next season.
 John M. Blue, late ex-constable of this town, received his commission as a Detroit policeman this week. He is a bright, robust man of twenty-six years, and it is believed he will make an excellent officer.
 Two months ago Steven Butler moved his saw mill to Stanton, where it is said he is doing a rushing business. Several of our neighbors went with him and like the woods very well, except John Tonsand, who returned to remain.
 The new law that forbids all except public officers carrying of concealed weapons, don't seem to have much effect on boys in this place, as the reports of the dangerous revolvers are as numerous as ever. One of the little sports received a wound in the hand a few days ago.
 A man giving his name as Ben Lucas, of Grand Ledge, stopped and took dinner with your correspondent. He claimed to be out of funds, as he stated that he fell asleep in Dunlap's saloon, in Detroit, and when he awoke and examined his pockets he was \$36 short. Better go to sleep in a bed next time.

Salem.
 Mrs. F. H. Tousey is very low.
 Bert Cook, of Ann Arbor, was in town Wednesday.
 T. I. Vanatta made a business trip to Lansing last Tuesday.
 Miss Ida Tousey, of Ypsilanti Normal School, was home last week.
 Ben Atchison has secured the job of finishing the new church here.
 Miss Mable Payne, of Detroit, is visiting Miss Hattie Utley this week.
 Miss Allen, of Ann Arbor, ate Thanksgiving turkey with her cousin Dora Vanatta.
 Will S. Cheever, of Ann Arbor high school, spent the latter part of last week with F. C. Wheeler of this place, who is attending school at the same place.

Literary.—Elderly Lady—(as cars roll into station)—Is this my train? New Baggage Master—If you're one of them as got in on the ground floor in the last stock deal, you may have an interest in it, marm; otherwise it belongs to the railroad.
 A man in Mobile has not laughed for twenty years, and will leave the room if any one attempts to make a joke. His physician says that he is not insane or unhealthy, and attributes his melancholy condition to a constant reading of alleged comic papers.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
 The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, itching, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positive cure for piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by J. H. Boylan, Druggist.

Hints to Housekeepers.
 Never put the sweepings of the room into the waste-paper basket.
 When sponge cakes becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.
 A cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.
 Warm borax water is excellent for removing dandruff.
 Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing no matter how dry or hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap suds.
 To set the black in home-colored woollen goods so it will not smut, soak the colored goods or wool over night in sweet milk, ring it out and dry, then rinse well through water, and the color will be as fast as it can be.
 Peach stains may be removed by putting the article in boiling water before washing it. Once the suds have touched them the stains are set and cannot afterwards be removed.
 To cure warts take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.
 To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes; half fill them with water and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.
 A nice accessory to a closet without drawers, suitable for laying in a nice dress, is to make one or more bags to cover over a nice dress, and thus protect it from dust. These bags are made longer than the dress skirt and button up and are hung up by loops.
 A pint of mustard seed added to a barrel of cider will keep it sweet for an indefinite time.
 For children there is nothing better than saffron tea for teething and fever.
 To clean black dress goods, take an old black kid glove, cut into small pieces and let stand over night in a pint of soft water. In the morning add as much more warm water as will be needed, also a few drops of ammonia. Have the goods well brushed, then with a sponge wet them on the right side with the water and rub quite hard; smooth with the hand and hang out of doors in the shade; when nearly dry iron on the wrong-side.
 Candied fruit should always be kept in the dark to preserve its rich color and flavor. Tomatoes will often spoil in glass jars, becoming thin and watery simply from the action of the light, and preserves thus lose much of their richness and flavor. Try keeping all fruit in a covered chest or trunk down cellar, if you have no enclosed cupboard there.
 In case of a cut, smoke the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.
 For dyspepsia try wandering milk-root, and it will stop the burning sensation almost instantly. It is said to be a sure cure for this painful disease.

Magnetic Ore in Minnesota.
 A Georgia paper tells of a man who got lost in a corn-field, and after a day's search his friends found him sitting on an ear near the top of a stalk. That rather lays it over our corn but it doesn't compare with the simple virtues of our magnetic iron mines. They possess an ore that draws just a little. The workmen all wear moccasins because it draws the tacks out of shoes. Houses in the vicinity of our mines have to be bolted together, as nails would pull out over night. A wild duck that had in a thoughtless moment swallowed a few domestic hair-pins tried in vain to fly over the mines, but was drawn to the earth by the remorseless power of magnetic attraction. Iron-clad vessels are often attracted shoreward and left helpless upon the beach, while people with too much iron in their blood are overcome as in a trance and sleep on the perpetual delights of an earthly nirvana. Such are a few of the wonders of this power, but perhaps the greatest achievement was in attracting the irony of the Twin cities. Georgia may have the corn, but when it comes to a harvest of earthly greatness Minnesota takes the Johnny cake.—*Deluth Paragapher.*

The Buzzard and the Fox.
 A Fox who was Crossing the Fields one Day, encountered a Buzzard, who not only Jeered and Insulted him, but actually Dared him to Combat. A Peasant who came upon the scene Expressed his Surprise that the Fox should Submit to such Conduct, but the latter replied:
 "An Enemy not worth Burying is not worth Killing."
 Moral: That's why so many Leaders remain Unthumped.

Personal.
 Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.
 Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store. 12w1

LADIES WANTED.
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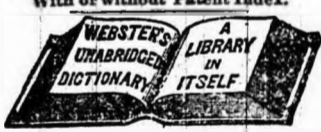
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