

Plymouth Mail.

VOL 7 NO 21

PLYMOUTH MICH. FRIDAY, JANUARY 26 1894.

WHOLE NO 333

THEY SAY THAT

Advertising in these columns one cent per word each week.

—This is the 57th birthday of Michigan as a State.

—John Manchester of Grand Rapids was in town last Friday.

—C. A. Pickney is on a business trip through the eastern States.

—Geo. Rider has been drawn as an additional circuit court juror.

—Over at Rochester they use one of their churches for dancing purposes.

—Ed. L. Crosby has been on the road for the last two weeks, for the Windmill Co.

—Miss Barbara Sauer has gone to Lansing for a visit.—Salem Observer. Who Sauer go?

—Mrs. Durlie and Mr. and Mrs. Orin Peck spent part of last week with friends at Ann Arbor.

—Henry Young made several gallons of fine maple syrup last week. Rather early.

For Sale.—25 yards or more of new striped rug carpet, at 35 cts a yrd, usually sells at 50 cents. Call at this office, and be quick about it.

—Cal. W. Platt of Ionia, engineer on the D. L. & N. was in town last Friday, and Saturday, visiting his mother and other relatives and friends.

—The township of Redford and Livonia, we said to possess more milk cows than any other townships in the state.

—Thos. Bradley, of Kankakee, Ill., who formerly was plaster for Pinckney & Co., returned to this place last Sunday. He commenced work as plaster for Markham last Monday.

It is stated that a glass factory in Liverpool has glass journal boxes for all its machinery, glass shingles on the roof, a glass floor and a chimney 165 feet high built entirely of glass bricks, each one foot square. They shouldn't throw stones.

—Some large churches: St. Peter's at Rome, holds 4,000 persons; the Cathedral at Milan, 57,000; St. Paul's at Rome 32,000; St. Peter's in London, 36,000 people.

—The Wayne Carriage Works are talking of putting in an electric lighting plant for their own use, and possibly the village may be lighted with it. A good idea.

—Light is said to travel 302,000 miles per second, yet to reach some of the farthest stars that have been discovered through the most powerful telescopes, it would require nearly 30,000,000 years for light to reach them.

—The Western Knitting Co. received this week two car loads of wool from New Mexico, containing thirty thousand pounds, the freight on which was \$552.28—the largest freight bill ever presented in Rochester on two car loads.—Rochester Era.

—A bright Baldwinville youth asked "Who is this May Reynolds who is being tried over in Pontiac?" He was told that she was a cook in the Hodges House, who had killed a man with an axe, and appeared satisfied with the explanation. Rochester Era.

—The date for the Washtenaw county fair has been fixed for September 25, 26, 27 and 28. When the treasurer handed in his report it was shown that the society was indebted to him to the tune of 62 cents. He placed the society on a sound basis, financially by donating it the 62 cents, and then resigned.

—A man with a very red face, and legs that were somewhat oblique, tried to bleach out his nose and to straighten his toes, by a hundred mile walk every week. And he struck a big key with a lique which speedily made him too vague with the odor of gin that he quickly sucked in, until quite unable to spique.

Referring to the loss of Mrs. Randolph's eye glasses, the Wayne Pilot says: "Perhaps we can throw some light on the subject. A stranger stopped at our house recently and endeavored to sell a pair of gold bowed eye glasses, which he said he had found."—Record. Yes, some time ago we heard of a fellow going through the country trying to sell a pair of spectacles that he had found, and as soon as he had made sale of them he managed to find another pair, so that it kept him continually busy looking for buyers for them.

—Last fall the Wayne Carriage Works gave their employees their choice of half cash for their labor and balance in due-bills to be paid later on, or laying off a large number of men. The men very wisely accepted the former, and two weeks ago were paid in full, including due-bills, back pay, over time, etc. The factory started up again this week on carriages. They have 500 sets of wheels in stock.

—Claude Shafer of Detroit, is homesick with the grip.

—Lon Markham of Mayville, was here on a visit Friday.

For Sale.—House and Lot on Ann Arbor St. R. W. Bowen. *334

—Charles Roe has been confined to the house for some time by sickness.

—George VanVleet and wife have been very sick for some time with grip.

—Frank Johnson of Meads Mills, had his right hand cut off by a feed cutter, on Thursday.

—Mrs. W. H. Hoyt is convalescing from three or four weeks suffering with the grip.

Some desirable village lots for sale cheap, on Ann Arbor St., Plymouth. Inquire at this office.

—Mrs. Jane Peck went to Chicago Saturday, where she will spend the rest of the winter with her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Bennett.

Lots in Plymouth and Detroit; also forty acres near Oscoda, Mich. to exchange for team or cows. Address lock box 71, Plymouth, Mich. 333

—We learn that Dr. Joe Bennett, who removed from this place to Grand Rapids, has returned to Wayne, and opened an office there.

—We had a "sugar" snow Tuesday night. About four inches of the beautiful fell, but the roads were too rough for sleighing, without a very heavy fall of snow.

—The new depot at Wayne is said to be a very convenient and pretty one. If there was any town that needed a depot, it was Wayne, and we are pleased to learn that they have it.

—The Plymouth Tobacco Co., are doing an excellent business, selling on an average of 5,000 Playmate Cigars a week and about 10,000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco.

—The Plymouth Hotel furnishings have arrived and are being unpacked and put in readiness for sale. If there are any in need of bedroom suits etc., they will find great bargains. See adv. on first page.

—After speaking of the finding of the jury in the May-Reynolds' case, the Pontiac Post says: "One feature of this case interesting to Oklapp county tax payers is that the court expenses, jury fees, sheriff's fees, etc., have to be paid by this county." Certainly, that is what the case was tried there for. Wayne county will send you lots more cases, its cheaper than trying them at home.

—H. J. Winchell, station agent for the D. L. & N. railroad company, at Howell for several years past, has been made cashier of the First State & Savings Bank of that place. Mr. Winchell was formerly agent for the F. & P. M. railroad at Wayne, from which place he went to Howell, and was well liked. We are pleased to learn of his advancement.

—There has been more or less talk about the F. & P. M. road going back over their old route to Detroit, via Wayne. We have taken very little stock in the report. The latest, bearing on the subject is, that all the men working at the crossing at Wayne have been discharged, except two, who are working under Station Agent Coleburn of the new down town depot. This doesn't look much like making the change.

—The Whittaker correspondent of the Ypsilanti Commercial says the woods in that vicinity are full of coons, one being killed with a club recently that weighed 14 pounds. Now we know that neck a'woods pretty thoroughly and cherish no doubts as to the number of "coons" thereabouts, but don't understand why there should be anything remarkable about the 14 pound part of the story. We have seen "coons" in that section weighing all the way from 14 pounds up to 200 pounds, and of all shades of color. We never killed one, however.—Ann Arbor Argus. 'Twas the club that weighed 14 pounds, not the coon.

—If the subject of good roads will not interest our people, certainly the subject of bad roads ought to. It is seldom that the roads in this vicinity get in a worse condition than they have been of late, time, and there appears to be little excuse for it. There is abundant gravel in all parts of the township with which to make good roads, but little of it is ever used. Overseers of highways are elected each year without any thought as to their knowledge of roads, and they get a few men and teams out in their district, plow up a long stretch of road, then scrape the leaves and rubbish from the ditches to the center of the road for a bed, thus spoiling the road. It has ever been thus.

Goods for low prices, at Hall's.

—Dr. E. O. Bennett of Wayne was in town Tuesday.

—Henry Broadfoot is suffering from a felon on his left hand.

—Get J. Smye's prices on dry goods and groceries before purchasing elsewhere.

—Mrs. Will Rhead of Hudson, was a guest at Mrs. Coleman's Tuesday.

—Wednesday night was one of the cold ones. A striking contrast with the weather we have been having of late.

Banjo, violin and guitar strings, and mouth organs at Hall's.

—The work on the new hose and fire alarm tower is progressing favorably. The frame is up, floor laid, roof on, and it is partially inclosed.

Why, where have you been? To J. Smye's store, getting some good tea and coffee.

—Martin Harrison of Inkster, an old time resident and one of Inkster's most honored citizens, was a guest of Rev. Mr. Church and family last Friday. He also visited Northville.

—We again wish to call the attention of those owing us to the fact, that we would be very much pleased to have them settle. We have some very long standing accounts and it ought not to be so.

Winter underwear, cheap to close out, at Hall's.

—J. F. Root sold to Dewitt Packard on Wednesday, seventy young roosters, that weighed 502 pounds, or over seven pounds each. Mr. Packard said they were the finest lot of fowls he had ever seen. They brought \$40.16. They were of the Partridge Cochis variety.

For dry goods and groceries go to J. Smye's.

—J. R. Rauch, one of our leading merchants has found it necessary to mortgage his stock to secure some of his creditors. He is still doing business as usual; an inventory is being taken and it is hoped and expected that arrangements will be made by which he may continue. A large amount turned out, with slow collections is the cause. It is hoped that those who are indebted to him will make an extra effort to square their account, so that he may be enabled to continue in business. He has been a hard worker and deserves your effort.

The Chicago Inter Ocean, that great Republican newspaper, has not suffered by the recent era of financial depression but has gone right along adding to its foundation stones—a large and substantial circulation—with a stride that under the circumstances is truly wonderful. At one time additions to the subscription list were coming at the rate of 800 to 1,300 per day for the daily issue, and as high as 1,500 for the Weekly Inter Ocean. The result of this is to place it easily at the head of the list of great Chicago newspapers. It is certainly a good, clean, family newspaper of the highest order.

The Reaper.

—Mrs. Thomas S. Clark died on Monday night at eleven o'clock. As quietly and peacefully as a child going to sleep, so quietly did Mrs. Clark leave this life and enter into eternity. The deceased had always been more or less of an invalid from girlhood up, but the last few years found her almost a constant sufferer, from heart complaint and dropsy. To her death was a sure and eternal relief, and while friends will truly sympathize with her husband in his loss, and honor his long, patient, and loving care, yet will they rejoice that deliverance has come to the sufferer. Mrs. Clark was a daughter of the late Stark Durfee, and full sister to Charles and Judge Durfee. She was buried Thursday morning.

—Martha Manchester Broadfoot was born in Haleson, England, Aug. 21, 1817, and died at her home in Plymouth, Wayne Co. Michigan, Jan. 16, 1894, 76 years 4 months and 23 days. Deceased was the oldest of a family of seven children two sons and five daughters, four of whom still survive. At the age of twenty-five she was married to George Broadfoot, who survives her. They sailed from England to America in 1844; lived in Brooklyn three years from there they came to Plymouth, lived five years, then removed to the farm on which they resided at the time of Mrs. Broadfoot's death. Her funeral was held at the old home, Saturday Jan. 20th, 1894, the Rev. N. N. Clark, of Plymouth, officiating. Through the columns of the public press, the family desire to return thanks to the neighbors and friends who have so kindly rendered their assistance in their sad bereavement.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

To our many friends who have so faithfully stood by us in the years past, I would say, though misfortune has overtaken us, we are still doing business as heretofore, and hope to continue doing so with your aid. To those who have accounts with us, if you will kindly come to our assistance, we will be able in a short time to overcome the embarrassment.

J. R. RAUCH.

Plymouth, Mich.

THE GOODS FROM

Hotel Plymouth

NOW READY.

Come and Look at Them.

— WE HAVE —

Carpets, Bed Room Suites, Mattresses, Springs, Pillows, Crockery, Chairs, Sheets, Blankets, Bed Spreads, Etc., at

Terrible - Sacrifice - Prices.

CASH OUR MOTTO.

We are here for a Few Days Only.

All are cordially invited to step in and examine the goods and prices.

BERT B. BENNETT.

PLYMOUTH.

OUR TWO PENINSULAS.

NEWS GATHERED FROM THE ENTIRE STATE.

Michigan Record of Bloody Murders is Constantly Growing—Kalkaska and Montmorency Contribute.

A terrible murder occurred near Atlanta. Richard Garrett being frightfully cut by John Munn. Garrett and Munn are two young woodsmen and when the fight occurred were on their way to the camp of James Burton for whom they were going to work.

The men were fighting by the side of the team and the horses started to run. Burton caught them and when he turned around saw that Munn had struck Garrett on the head and again on the shoulder with the ax, cutting terrible gashes.

MURDER AT KALKASKA.

A Trivial Quarrel Among Friends Results in a Fatal Stabbing.

George Scott, aged 30 years, a lumberman by occupation, was stabbed in the neck and killed on the sidewalk of the main street of Kalkaska village by a person supposed to be Charles Ferguson, an engineer residing near Kalkaska.

Eaton County Pioneer Suicides. Jesse Hart, one of the earliest settlers and pioneers of Eaton county, committed suicide at his home at Charlotte by hanging himself in his woodshed.

Hastings Young Man Murdered in Chicago. Frank G. Goodyear, formerly of Hastings, who was very prominent in the uniformed rank. Knights of Pythias, of Michigan, and who was well known throughout the state was found dead in a hotel in Chicago with his skull crushed in.

Hanged the Professor in Eddy. Certain students of Hillsdale college have put a climax to several weeks of persecution of Professor A. C. Eideout by hanging that gentleman in effigy to the clock tower of the college.

Diekema Will not Contest. Gerrit J. Diekema, of Holland, defeated in the last election for a attorney-general, disclaims any intention to contest for the office.

A Lawyer on the Toboggan. Frank Donaldson was convicted at Grand Rapids of fraudulent legal practice and fined \$500 and sentenced to jail for one year.

GOV. RICH'S SENSATION.

Salaries of State Officers were Not Raised at Last Election as Supposed.

Gov. Rich has created a great sensation among the leading officials of the state government by the discovery that the salaries of several of these officials were not increased at the last election as was shown by the returns of the state board of canvassers.

Gov. Rich, in explaining how he made the discovery that the amendment had not carried, said that each county clerk is required to make duplicate returns of the vote cast and send one each to the secretary of state, state treasurer and governor.

THROUGHOUT MICHIGAN.

The Democrat club of the University has elected A. E. McCabe president. James Goodrich, of Eau Claire, shot his hand off while duck hunting.

A Bakers' union has been organized at Battle Creek. The city is fairly alive with labor unions. While skating on the river at Ludington, Albert Wenerdahl, a young man of 25, broke through the ice and was drowned.

The 14-year-old son of John Quish, of Newberg township, Cass county, fell on the ice while skating and broke his back. He died three hours later. Hudson has made a 3-year contract for street electric lighting.

In a quarrel over a woman in a saloon at St. Ignace, Chas. Lacombe stabbed Ed Closs in the back and inflicted a probably fatal wound. Lacombe is under arrest. Col. Geo. P. Sanford, of Lansing, a veteran editor and politician died of paralysis.

The early closing movement has grown to such proportions at Blissfield that the common council has passed an ordinance closing the saloons and billiard halls at 7 p. m. Grand Rapids cigar manufacturers are trying to cut the scale of wages. They say the wages in that city are much higher than in other Michigan towns, owing to discrimination by the union.

Frank M. Totten, ex-deputy county clerk of Saginaw, has received the appointment from Collector James Phelan, of Detroit, of the position of deputy collector of internal revenue for his district. W. J. Dundass, of Fredonia, was found dead in bed. His wife died last November. He has since kept house alone and has been drinking quite hard of late, which is probably the cause of his death.

Jay Warren and Jacob Harnes quarreled over a game of cards in a saloon at Dexter and Warren bit a piece out of Harnes' chin, exposing the bone. Two years ago he bit a man's ear off and it cost him \$350. Bentley & Richmond's general store at Drayton Plains burned with all its contents. Loss about \$3,500, with insurance of \$2,200. It was the only store in town. It is thought the building was burglarized and afterwards set on fire.

Fred Ratzel, of East Lake, about 14 years of age, tried to jump on a moving locomotive on the Manistee & Luther railroad at Manistee and fell under the wheels, which cut off one of his legs. He was taken to the hospital where he died. The Pewabic Mining company has let contracts for 4,000,000 feet of hemlock timber. One million feet of this will be cut in the vicinity of Iron Mountain and will give employment to a number of men. The hemlock will be used in timbering the mine.

WOMAN STRANGLER TO DEATH

Ebbers Cruelly Choke and Bind a Grand Rapids Woman.

Mrs. Miles McKendrick, aged 65 years, wife of a laborer employed in the G. B. & I. shops in South Grand Rapids, was found garrotted and dead in her residence and her person robbed of between \$900 and \$700, which she carried in the bosom of her dress. John Quartel, called at the house to deliver some groceries, and, as was his custom, entered the side door; not receiving an answer to his calls he stepped into the next room and discovered the form of Mrs. McKendrick outstretched on the floor.

WOMEN ARE ANXIOUS.

The Michigan Equal Suffrage Association Convention at Ann Arbor.

It was a grand success—the second convention of the Michigan Equal Suffrage association held in Ann Arbor. Ex-Mayor Thompson welcomed the ladies at the opening session in Newberry hall. Mrs. Helen P. Jenkins, of Detroit, responded.

Cleveland Names Another.

The nomination of Judge Hornblower, of New York, for justice of the U. S. supreme court having been rejected by the senate, President Cleveland has now nominated Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York for the position. The nomination was a surprise to the senate and to Mr. Peckham as well.

Mr. Peckham was born at Albany, N. Y., in 1834. After graduating from the Columbia law school in 1854 he practiced law in Minneapolis and St. Paul until 1862 when he returned to New York City. He became prominent as associate city counsel in the Tweed trial. He is now president of the New York Bar association and was a delegate to the anti-snapper convention. Senator Hill will lead the fight against the confirmation of his nomination.

Queen Eli Can't Sue Uncle Sam.

Washington special: The officials of the state department scoff at the story that ex-Queen Liliuokalani is contemplating a suit for damages against the United States government. It is inquired, very pertinently, where will she bring suit? There is no court in which she has the privilege of bringing suit. The only means of enforcing a decision would be to wage war.

San Francisco: Samuel Parker.

Samuel Parker, prime minister of the ex-queen, has sent a telegram to Secretary Gresham positively denying that Liliuokalani has any idea of bringing a claim for damages against the United States.

Train Crashes Through a Trestle.

A disastrous accident occurred at Ogama, a lumber station three miles north of Stephens, Ark. A log train was coming into the station on its last trip from the camps which are located several miles back in the country and a large number of the woodmen were returning with it.

Falmes to Resign.

Rev. Dr. Witt Talmage at the close of a sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle made the announcement that he intended to resign from the pastorate of the church. The resignation to go into effect on the occasion of his 25th anniversary of his taking charge of the Tabernacle.

THE NEWS RESUME.

The Pennsylvania Steel Co.'s works at Steelton, Pa., will resume with 1,200 men. Thirteen of Uncle Sam's warship-will patrol Behring sea during the coming season. Commodore C. H. Colt, whose father made Colt's revolvers famous, is dead in Florida. President Cleveland has vetoed the New York and New Jersey bridge bill. This is a return blow at Hill. George W. Childs the famous, editor and philanthropist of Philadelphia, is very ill and is not expected to recover. Cincinnati's mayor has been empowered to expend \$100,000 for repairs and other city work to aid the unemployed

CARLISLE AND BONDS.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ASKS CONGRESS TO ACT.

But Without Waiting for Action Proceeds to Offer for Sale \$250,000,000 in 10-Year 5's Under the Law of 1875.

Washington special Secretary Carlisle has written a letter to Chairman Voorhees, of the senate finance committee, demanding that means be given for the relief of the treasury, which has of late fallen into an especially deplorable condition. The estimated deficit of \$28,000,000 in the secretary's recent report has proved entirely too low.

Mr. Carlisle presents a bill to the senate committee providing for the issue of 3 per cent bonds in denominations of \$25 and its multiples, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States. These bonds are to be sold at or above par, whenever the secretary thinks proper, and the proceeds may be used to supply deficiencies in the revenue.

Senator Voorhees, as chairman of the senate finance committee, has given out a statement bearing upon Secretary Carlisle's letter and bond bill. He says that the committee have had this subject under almost constant consideration for several weeks and after careful examination of the secretary's bill has decided to authorize its introduction.

Secretary of Treasury Carlisle has decided to issue bonds under the present laws without waiting for action by congress and has invited proposals in circular which contains the following, signed by Secretary Carlisle: By virtue of the authority contained in the act entitled 'An act to provide for the redemption of specie payments,' approved Jan. 14, 1875, the secretary of the treasury hereby offers for public subscription an issue of bonds of the United States to the amount of \$30,000,000 in denominations of \$50 and upward, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the government after 10 years for the date of their issue and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Proposals for the whole or any part of these bonds will be received until 12 o'clock noon on the first day of February, 1894. Proposals should state the amount of bonds desired, whether registered or coupon, and the premium which the subscriber proposes to pay, but no proposal will be considered at a lower price than 117.25, which is the equivalent of a 3 per cent bond at par. The bonds will be dated Feb. 1, 1894. All proposals should be addressed to the secretary of the treasury, Washington, D. C., and should be distinctly marked, 'Proposals for subscriptions to 5 per cent bonds.'

RELIGIOUS WARFARE.

Prominent Members of the A. P. A. Mobbed and Threatened with Death. Maj. Sims, an A. P. A. lecturer, was mobbed at Kaukauna, Wis. A mob of 2,000 people collected outside of the hall and stoned the building. Sims, and a party of friends barricaded the doors and resisted the assaults of the mob.

TRouble in Servia.

The Boy King and His Cabinet Can't Agree—Milan Takes a Hand. Dispatches from Vienna: The Serbia cabinet resigned because of the presence of ex-King Milan at Belgrade. This they declared to be illegal, but they did not care to commence an open conflict with the crown by Milan's arrest and expulsion.

DIED TO SAVE OTHERS.

Six Holland Sailors Drowned While Trying to Rescue the Crew of an American Ship. The steamship Amsterdam (Dutch) from Rotterdam, arrived at New York City. She had a continuation of heavy gales from all round the compass, with tremendous high seas and a very low barometer.

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DOLE WRITES AGAIN.

President Cleveland Submits More Hawaiian Correspondence to Congress.

Washington: President Cleveland has transmitted to congress, with a very brief message, another batch of correspondence on the Hawaiian trouble. The principal features are letters passing between Minister Willis and President Dole. There is a lengthy letter from Willis to Secretary Gresham enclosing the Willis-Dole correspondence. Willis says that on Dec. 27 President Cleveland's special message to congress was first received at Honolulu. The message was published in full and in the afternoon a letter was received from President Dole.

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A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

She crossed to the left bank of the river, and began her pilgrimage of despair. The distance was long, every step was weariness and pain after her days' wanderings. All the length of the Boulevard St. Michel, along which the ambulance-wagons were passing in dismal procession, crimson with blood. Under their scanty covering were heaped a confused mass of corpses. The dead were being carried away by wagon-loads. On and on, past a barricade at which the men of the quarter were working, old-gray-headed men among them; men who only wanted to die peacefully at home with wife and children, and who, knowing that death was inevitable, struck heroically to their posts. On and on, till the blaze of the conflagration, the roar of the flames, seemed to be left behind. But not the dull thunder of the cannonade, the sharp crack of pistol-shots. Carnage was audible on every side.

Blood everywhere—the pavement was stained with it; the doors and door-posts were splashed with it; the gutters ran with it. Refuse of all kinds littered the road; butt-ends of muskets, fragments of belts, tails of coats, strips of blouse, caps, cartridge-boxes, shoes; and here, on the open space in front of a barricade, the soldiers who had eaten their soup had lain down to sleep by the side of the slain, the living mingled with the dead. Kathleen looked at the sleepers slumbering in the cold clear moonlight. The clouds had drifted away, and that scene of carnage was steeped in the silvery light. Impossible to pass that spot with feet undyed in blood, impossible to avoid seeing those dead faces. There, with arms thrown wide apart and face turned to the sky, calm, proud even in death, lies the young lieutenant of artillery whom Kathleen remembered to have seen in the early morning, sitting astride a cannon, thoughtful, with arms folded, and face prophetic of doom. Yes, it is he and no other. His vest is open, as if he hung it apart when the victors called upon him to surrender. His heart is one wide bloody wound. All the gladness and pride of youth have welled out in that purple stream.

No lack of traffic upon the boulevard or in the street, albeit the night is far advanced towards morning. The omnibuses are going again—those useful omnibuses, the luxury of the poor—but their faces are not the living but the dead. They carry a ghastly load of blood-stained corpses piled at random, thrust in helter-skelter. There are not vehicles enough for this dismal traffic. Raiway-wagons, breaks, all are pressed into the funeral service. Men with sleeves turned up collect the dead, the hideous train moving slowly from barricade to barricade.

One man stands looking with horror at his naked arms, steeped up to the shoulders in blood. "Are there no fountains hereabouts?" he asked of the crowd. Yes, fountains, rivers of water are needed to purify this Paris, drowned in the blood of her children.

It is deep in the night, but the stillness of night is not here. Men, women, families are grouped in the doorways. No one knows where the conflagration will end, how near the carnage may come; no man knows if he and his dear ones will see the daylight above the roofs and steeples of eastern Paris. Heavily, dourly the wagons go by with their silent burden. This may be called the night-watch of the slain. On the Boulevard d'Italie the insurgents have erected a monstrous redoubt, a fortification in triple stages, with trenches, loopholes, funnels, defended at first by five hundred men. The defenders have dwindled to five, but these five will not yield. Their fortress is bombarded, the adjoining houses are in flames; but still the five refuse to surrender, and after a deadly fight, that has lasted thirty-nine hours, they are taken and shot by the Versailles.

Such conflicts, as bloody as resolute, have been enacted all over Paris in the day that is not yet old. And now the moonlit hours, the calm of night, are given to the gathering up of the dead. Victors had vanquished the cheek by jowl on the stones of Paris; heads sacrificed to disorder and civil war. The red flag flies yet here and there above the carnage, the bloody ensign of a bloody reign.

CHAPTER X.

WIDOWED.

It is morning, dim early morning, dawn pink and pearl-colored above the housetops, an odor of verdure, of lilacs, and acacias in the fresh sweet air; and Kathleen wanders up and down the Avenue d'Italie, always coming back to that house which has been used as a prison by Citizen Serizier, Colonel Serizier, the leader of the 101st battalion. From one and from another, from many informants who all seem to tell their story differently, she has gathered the history of the massacre. She has heard how those harmless Dominican Fathers were hunted down, slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. It is after much questioning that she hears from a woman in one of the houses opposite the prison that there was another victim, one who was neither Dominican nor subordinate of the Dominican school—a young man, handsome, with dark hair and eyes. He would have escaped in the melee,

only he lost time in trying to save Father Caplet, the Prior; and it was only when the Prior had fallen, when the fathers had been shot down all along the street, that this noble youth had turned to fly. And then, like a young antelope, he rushed through the savage crowd. He would have got off even then, perhaps, if it had not been for a petroleuse, a veritable she-devil, who gave the view-halloo, and rushed after him with half a dozen ruffians. He fell at the corner of a side street—that new street to the left yonder—the woman thought.

Kathleen listened to the woman's story, questioning her closely at every stage. She was so calm in her white despair, she listened and pondered the details of the tragedy with such a tranquil air, that one could have hardly guessed that each word was a death-blow.

"Do you recognise this young man as any one belonging to you?" asked the woman compassionately.

She was a sempstress, who cared neither for Peter nor Paul, a decent person who had descended from her attic in the roof to see

what this new dawn was bringing to Paris—deliverance or death. She was not one of those furies who had stood at their windows shrieking and applauding during the butchery.

"I believe he was my husband." "Heavens, that is sad!" "Whose work was it? Whose work, the massacre? Can you tell me that?" "They say he was about that?" Serizier, Colonel Serizier. He was at the head of it all. He ordered the Dominicans and the others to be brought here; he ordered them to be shot; he was there, in the midst of the massacre directing his men, encouraging those vile women who were even more savage than the Fedesais; his own hand fired upon those helpless priests; he mocked them with abusive epithets; he was pitiless, devilish, murderous incarnate. You look ready to sink with fatigue," said the sempstress, moved with pity for Kathleen, whose eyes were fixed and glassy as the eyes of death; "come up to my room and rest; it is a poor place, but you are welcome. And I can give you a cup of coffee and a bit of bread; it is not so bad as in the siege."

"Not so bad?" the streets were not drowned in blood then," said Kathleen. "No, you are very good, but I am not tired," with a ghastly smile. "I will go and look at the corner where he fell. Say, what did they do with the bodies?" "The Versailles came an hour after and carried them away."

"Where—where?" gasped Kathleen. "But the woman could not tell her. Among so many wagon-loads of dead, who could tell, who cared, whether one particular batch had been taken? Perhaps they had all been carried to that gaping chasm behind the chapel at Pere Dacaise, into which the Federal corpses were flung en masse; after the battle of Asnieres. The sempstress had seen that common grave, sixty corpses waiting for recognition, a sight to freeze one's blood.

Kathleen left her, and walked rearly to that side street, a narrow shabby street; doors and windows were all closed, most of the houses had an evil aspect. There was no one standing about whom she could question.

A few paces from the corner of the street, at the foot of a lamp-post, she saw the spot where the victim had fallen. A pool of blood had stained the summer dust. It was dry now, but she could see how the corpse had lain in blood and mire. The figure had printed its outline on the ground. There was no other trace of the massacre about. One victim, and one only, had fallen here.

She knelt beside that awful stain; she watered it with her passionate tears; the first she had shed throughout her pilgrimage of two and twenty hours. The church clocks were striking four. Yesterday morning at six she had led to the Rue de la Cour. And now she had come to the end of her journey; she had found her resting-place. She knelt alone, unnoticed, with her hands clasped over her face, praying, first for her beloved, for the repose of his soul; then followed a prayer less pure, less Christian, for revenge upon his murderer, the destroyer of her happiness.

Who was his murderer? Not the blind mad mob, not even the devilish woman, the petroleuse, lashed into crime and murder by the scourges of in-urgent tyrants. Serizier, the man in authority, the wretch who brought those good fathers from their peaceful seclusion to the gaol and the shambles; it was Serizier of whom she thought when she prayed for vengeance.

"Let it come, O Lord; long or late, let Thy thunder come and strike him as he struck them! Let Thy hour of vengeance be sure and swift! Lo here, looking up to Thee, I swear never to know rest or respite till I have tracked him to his doom!"

Serizier, colonel of the 101st battalion. She wanted to know more about him—whether he had vanished after the carnage; in what cellar or what garret this craven hound had hidden himself.

When she had exhausted her passion in prayer, she calmed herself and began to think.

She was tired to the point of being faint to cast herself down upon the dusty road, and to lie there till sleep or death came to give her rest from the fever of her brain and the dull aching of her bones. But she struggled heroically against this overpowering lassitude, and went back to the boulevard, and hobbled on till she came to a workman's cafe that opened early for the accommodation of the neighborhood. Here she entered, and seated herself at a table near the door. The fresh morning air blew in upon her face as she sat there, and she felt as if that alone kept her from fainting. Never in all her life before had she entered such a place alone, or sat alone among such company. Her girlhood and brief married life had been as closely guarded as if she had been a duchess. To sit alone among rough blouses and Versailles soldiers in their stained uniforms was a new experience.

She ordered some coffee, and the waiter brought her a roll and butter. She had eaten nothing except one piece of bread since she had left home. The coffee and the food revived her, and she was able to look about her, and listen to the eager voices of the blouses and soldiers, as they sat eating and talking, smoking, drinking all at once, as it seemed to her, with their elbows on the table, seen indistinctly in a cloud of tobacco.

"He, le pere, two little glasses of cognac, one of absinthe," called a blouse.

"Garcon, une pomme," drew another blouse, with sublime affectation, imitating the expired, or temporarily obliterated, race of foplings, the petits creves of the Empire, known afterwards as *gommeux*, elegant consumers of absinthe considerably diluted with gum arabic. And then came a name which riveted Kathleen's attention to the next table. The name was Serizier. They were discussing the delegate of the 13th arrondissement, the commander of the 101st battalion.

"They say that he has decamped, this good Serizier, the hero of our battles," said one of the men.

"It was time," answered a soldier; "our cavalry were at the end of the street when *cette bete* took to his heels. They have been hunting for him ever since, but the rat has run into some hole where he is not easily found. We shall have him, though. *Nom d'un chien*, such butchers must not be allowed to escape. Those good Dominican Fathers! No, the *conaille* shall not get off!" "He is a man of yesterday, this Serizier, a creation of the 19th March, is he not?" asked the other.

"He is Communist, *crapule* among the Communards. He is a currier by trade, but he got into trouble under the Empire, and was a refugee in Belgium up to the 4th of September. He hates all priests with a diabolical fury, and has prided himself upon desecrating the churches by his brutal orgies. He is more tiger than man; but we shall cut his claws and draw his teeth when we find him."

"When we find him, yes!" answered the other, lolling over the table, and eating his soup with an air of luxurious repose.

His hands and face were alike blackened by gunpowder; his hair was clotted with dust and blood. There had been no leisure yet for the victors to make their toilet.

"You think he has taken the key of the fields?"

"I should say he was across the frontier by this time, or on board one of the American steamers at Havre. He would not let the grass grow under his feet."

"Not so easy to get out of Paris, my friend. Look at Raoul Rigault. He tried to hide himself yesterday afternoon, but they un-erred him, and set him with his back to the wall in his favorite attitude for other people. And this Serizier is a marked man. He commanded twelve battalions at Chantillon and at Issy. All the army know him. He will never be able to pass our outposts unrecognized."

"I hope not," answered the other. "They say that some of the communist dogs—the leaders of the sheep—have provided themselves with balloons, and that, as soon as they have burned Paris, they mean to set sail for England or Belgium."

There was no more said about Serizier, and Kathleen left, after paying for her refreshment, and walked homeward slowly, feebly, in the bright cool morning. The sun was rising over the heights beyond Paris. It was shining on the faces of the dead, on the dreadful crimson dye which stained the trees, oranges, and tarts, and fragments of arms strewn thicker than autumn leaves on roadway and pavement.

Some of the street-lamps were still burning—a pale and aky light in the glow and glory of the morning. The barricades were deserted. This side of Paris was in possession of the regular army, and a comparative quiet reigned—the quiet of death and desolation. But mighty masses of flames and smoke yonder, as of a burning volcano, told that the conflagration still raged with unabated fury—the Rue du Bac, the Rue de Lille, the public granaries, the Palace of Justice; enough material there to last for a few good hours yet.

Half-way towards the Rue de la Cour, Kathleen met a military procession. Forty Communist men and women, prisoners, in chains, silent with bent heads, in the midst of the soldiers who are leading them to the place where they are to be shot. No trial—no formality of any kind. They have been taken, red-handed among the ruins they have made, in ditches, behind heaps of stones. They have been forced to fight, no doubt. The Communist would not excuse. Her children must give her their hearts' blood. To refuse was treason; and death to all traitors was the cry of the last days. Rebellion, in her death-anxiety, was merciless. "As good one death as another," said the sheriff, as they went to the barricade; and they worked and drank—they were passing liberal with their strong drinks, the Communist leader—and they fought with the desperate courage of men who knew that death was certain either way.

And now, meekly as they obeyed their leaders, they stiff themselves to be led to their doom. Not theirs the brains that hatched rebellion; not theirs the pocket that were filled by pillage and theft; not theirs the profane oracles or the brief spell of power; but theirs the penalty—death. It was nine o'clock when Kathleen toiled slowly up the staircase, and knocked with her trembling hand at her sister's door. That last portion of her pilgrimage had been the slowest of all. She had crawled along, half asleep, hardly knowing where she was or what she was doing. She had stumbled against the passers-by, and had been accused of drunkenness more than once by an enraged citizen. And now, as Maman Schubert opened the door, she fell into her arms, and sank from that matronly bosom to the floor in a dead faint.

The door of the inner room—Rose's bedroom—was ajar. The good Schubert lifted up Kathleen's lifeless form and laid it on the sofa. She ministered to her with the skillfulness of an experienced nurse, and then ran to close the door of communication, lest Rose should hear too much. Already Rose had inquired several times for her sister. Was Kathleen better? Would she be well enough to come down to see Rose and the baby? The mother had an idea that Kathleen would find the little one grown. He seemed to develop so quickly. He was all perfume and bloom, like an opening flower. His breath was sweeter than summer roses.

Durand was lying down on a mattress spread upon the floor of the tiny kitchen. He had taken his turn at the barricade last night, and had received a bullet in the fleshy part of his arm. He was feverish with the pain of his wound, devoured by perpetual thirst.

"You good soul, what would become of us without you?" he said, as he took a glass of water from Maman Schubert's hand. "How shall we ever repay you?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Autograph Fans.

History repeats itself; the autograph fan is coming again into existence. But the mere writing of one's name on a lady's fan is no longer considered enough. If you are a poet, or writer, an original verse or sentiment must accompany it. If you are a statesman, you are expected to deliver some great thought. If an artist, you will not be let off short of a sketch—done in colors, too. Some eminent artists have been captured in this way, and as for statesmen and poets—who ever heard of their saying "no" to beauty?—Saturday Evening Post.

Wounded Dignity.

The Missus: You oughtn't to leave the floor in such a condition. Why don't you take your chips with you? Carpenter: Who do you take me for; the Prince of Wales?

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

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

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

Austria is worth £1,000,000,000.
Russia is valued at £5,000,000,000.
The bank capital of France is £268,000,000.
The bank capital of Great Britain is £910,000,000.
The property of Germany is assessed at £6,500,000,000.
All the property of Italy is assessed at £3,000,000,000.
France is worth, all property considered, \$3,000,000,000.
Over 41 per cent of all the property in the German empire is mortgaged.
The annual increase of wealth in the United States is over 35 per inhabitant.
In Great Britain the mortgages average 48 per cent of the value of real estate.
The average value of cultivated land in Germany is \$105 per acre; in France, \$165.
The assessed valuation of the property and wealth of Great Britain is £9,000,000,000.
The annual value of hardware manufactured in the world is estimated at \$2,815,000,000.
The assessed valuation of Prussia is £3,425,000,000; of the whole empire, £5,681,000,000.
The people of the United States have over \$350,000,000 invested in church property.
The banking capital of the United States is estimated at \$5,150,000,000, the greatest in the world.
Canada, Belgium, Holland and Sweden are all assessed at about the same figure—£1,000,000,000.
The assessed valuation of the United States, according to Mulhall, is £13,000,000,000, or \$65,000,000,000.
The value of the railroads in the United States is greater than the combined railroad valuation of Great Britain, France and Germany.
Mulhall estimates that the land in the United States is worth \$12,500,000,000; the cattle, \$5,500,000,000; the houses, \$14,300,000,000; the furniture, etc., \$7,200,000,000; the railroads, \$10,000,000,000; the shipping, \$300,000,000; the total wealth per inhabitant, \$1,050.

DAME NATURE.

The blue ceamothus came from Venezuela in 1818.

Extreme, Chronic, Torturing Cases of NEURALGIA ARE CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. PROMPT AND SURE.



Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of Rubber Boot wearers testify this is the best they ever had. Ask your dealer for them and don't be persuaded into an inferior article.

The Spartans had an iron coinage, no other being allowed.

The human system needs continuous and careful attention to rid itself of its impurities. Beecham's Pills act like magic, 24 cts. a box.

When is a boy not a boy? When he's a coughin'.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHAL TROCHES. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

The Lydians were the first to coin money, about B. C. 1200.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Maid of Orleans—Violes candy.

Which Consumption Cure is sold as a guarantee. It cures Incurable Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Sells 50 cts. & \$1.00.

Life without laughing is a dreary blank.

Cole's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Lampblack was invented by Mini in 1834.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The folding envelope was first used in 1838.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use this old and well-tried remedy, Mum Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

The Aztecs possessed a written literature.

Only One Night Out.

The trying weather which winter inflicts on residents of Northern States compels many to seek the balmy air of Florida and swamps, to escape the dangers of influenza and severe colds. Every year adds to the number who go south for the winter. The International, Hamilton & Dayton road have kept pace with the demand of the public for speedy and comfortable transit to these beautiful and healthful resorts. "Only one night out," the quickest time ever made to Florida and New Orleans, tells the story in briefest form. Passengers by this line from Detroit or Toledo will find every convenience and comfort as well as rapid transit. All information may be obtained of J. B. Tracy, Northern Passenger Agent, 155 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., or John Hastable, District Passenger Agent, 4 Bridge St., Toledo, Ohio, H. G. Edwards, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Well that's a fire sure enough," said the boy who was suspended for speaking during a fire drill.

PATENTS Procured in U. S. and all foreign countries. Ten years' experience as examiner in U. S. Patent Office. Patent guaranteed or no fee. S. BLASBARS, 657 7th St., Washington, D. C.

W. N. U., D.—XII—4.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

Churches.

First Baptist Church. Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School 9:30 a. m. of morning service. Bible Study and Prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m.

Societies.

W. C. T. U. Meets every Thursday at their hall, in Hedden Block, on second floor across from photograph gallery. Mrs. C. A. Friebes, president.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. KIMBLE. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence and office 2 doors south of farming mill shop Main a. Prompt attention to all calls.

NORTHVILLE NEWS.

What the People in Our Sister Village are Doing.

MANY INTERESTING ITEMS.

Superintendent Lyon of the condensed milk factory, spent Sunday with his parents in Detroit. Various business changes will occur here in the near future. Arrangements are not definitely fixed yet, so we cannot report just what the changes will be.

order by Commander White, who in a few little speech, stated that we had invited the W. R. C. to meet with us for the purpose of a public installation, and therefore as our honored guests, he would invite them to first install their officers.

Charity Entertainment.

The Charity Entertainment for the benefit of the needy miners, given by the W. C. T. U. in Village Hall last Friday evening, was a grand success.

Livonia.

The roads in this town have been very muddy for the past week. Some of our good citizens have begun to build a shed on the west side of the Union church yard.

La Grippe.

During the prevalence of the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after-effects of the malady.

The Grip.

An experience with this disease during all its past epidemics, warrants the bold claim that Dr. King's New Discovery will positively cure each and every case it taken in time, and patient takes the ordinary care to avoid exposure.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bites, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chibblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required.

PATENTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business.

WHERE PRODUCTS COME FROM.

The two Dakotas lead all the states in wheat. Georgia exports every year over \$1,000,000 worth of watermelons. Florida produces over fifty varieties of the orange. The annual crop is about 2,250,000 boxes.

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The second district convention of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Society was held in the city of Ann Arbor the 15th, 16th and 17th, Newberry Hall.

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Plymouth Savings Bank. PLYMOUTH, MICH. E. C. LEACH, President. L. B. BENNETT, Vice-President. 4 PER CENT. paid on Savings Deposits from One Dollar up.

The First National Exchange Bank. is now ready for business, in all its branches. In Their New Bank Building. Your patronage is solicited.

Star Grocery. Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Etc. PAINTS AND OILS. School Books and Stationery. No goods sold on Sunday. Mrs. C. E. Passage.

The Keystone Watch Case Co. of Philadelphia, the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world, is now putting upon the Jas. Boss Filled and other cases made by it, a bow (ring) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

PATENTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business.



BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so good!" He whispered while beside her chair he stood. And laid his rosy cheek With manner very meek, Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born. I know some little boys must be forlorn. Because they've none like you. I wonder what I'd do Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma, there!" He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair. Then fixed her ruffled cap. And nestled in her lap. While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man what things to you I'll bring: A horse and carriage, and a watch and ring. All grandmas are so nice (Just here he kissed her twice) And grandmas give a good boy everything."

Before his dear grandma could reply This boy looked up, and with a rosy eye. Then whispered in her ear. That nobody might hear.

"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

The Fairy Bird and the Princess.

The Princess Amaranth had a dove, which she kept in a golden cage, and fed and tended always herself, and that was so tame and loving that it would nestle in her bosom; and all wondered at her care for the bird, for none knew that it was a fairy bird and gave the princess counsel.

Now, Prince Timour came to court to woo the princess. He was lord of six castles and one of the handsomest men of his time.

The princess found herself not ill disposed toward him.

"But what sayest thou, my dove," said she.

"That cruel man will never make a kind husband," answered the bird, at which the princess wondered not a little.

But one day she saw him beating his hound and turned away saying:

"This man shall never be my husband."

Then all the courtiers exclaimed and the king, her father, was not a little angry, and sending for her said:

"Daughter, if thou dost not marry within the year thou mayest even shift for thyself. I am weary of keeping a palace and a hundred giggling maids for a foolish wench who cannot tell her right hand from her left, and has not wit enough to accept a fair offer when it is made to her."

At that the princess answered never a word, but went away and wept until the dove comforted her, saying: "Be of good cheer. It is better that your father should chide you once than your husband always."

So six months passed away and there came a second prince to court. He was ugly and old, but was master of two kingdoms and twelve castles. He never rode without a hundred men-at-arms at his back, and he changed his dress three times a day, and never wore the same dress twice. He brought the princess, by way of a present, an ivory chariot, lined with satin, a dress of velvet, and a lace veil that it had taken 100 years to embroider. Then, again, the princess asked counsel of the dove.

"If you hate him at first sight," answered the bird; "how will you hate him when you are forced to see him every day?"

So said the princess:

"I will not become his wife, either."

Then the prince packed up his ivory chariot and the lace veil and the velvet dress, in a violent huff, and took himself off; and the king, her father, fell into so great a rage that he could not eat his dinner.

"Look well to thyself! The year is nearly gone!" he cried. "I want no fools about me that cannot tell on which side their bread is buttered."

The year passed on till it came to the last day, when there rode up to the palace gate a handsome young knight, tall and straight as an oak, with eyes as blue as the princess' own and a voice as sweet as that of a bird; and the princess seeing him, said to the dove:

"This one I love."

"Nay, then, take him!" answered the bird.

But the whole court was in an uproar, for this young knight had only his sweet voice and his good word; no men-at-arms and no ivory chariot.

"If thou take this man never come back to me," said the king, "unless thou canst bring a train of 1,000 elephants laden with treasure with thee."

So they went away together from the palace, the princess riding behind the knight on his horse; and no one cried good speed; only the dove nestled in her bosom and comforted her a little. And all day long they journeyed through the forest, until

they came to a poor little cottage, the gate of which stood open.

"That is our home," said the knight; and, fastening his horse, he began to chop the wood to get the supper, while the princess, who had found some flour in a closet, began to make some bread.

"How now?" asked the dove. "Have you no regrets for the twelve castles, the ivory chariot and the velvet dresses?"

"No!" said the princess, stoutly; "I have something that all of them cannot bring, and that is love!"

Hardly had she spoken the words, when the low, smoky walls shot up into rows of mirrors and columns, and the beams over their heads grew into noble arches, and the floor became marble, and the knight's poor dress turned to cloth of gold, and the princess robe to silver tissue; and about the castle stretched a splendid garden, and at the door stamped and trumpeted a thousand elephants, laden with silver; while in the middle of the room stood a splendid repast, at which the princess and her husband sat down.

So the princess' wisdom was proven to the king, her father, who, since he has seen the thousand elephants laden with treasure, is exceedingly fond of talking about his son-in-law.

Liberty or Death.

A few miles from the banks of the Alabama river, about fifty miles above the Gulf coast, in a lovely wooded country, is a beautiful army post, called after the home of Washington, Mt. Vernon. Several companies of United States soldiers, with their officers constitute the garrison.

A railroad runs immediately by the post, of which it is one of the stations. Travelers on this road find objects of peculiar interest in seeing there the famous Indian chief, Geronimo, and a part of his band, who a few years ago spread dread and desolation throughout Arizona and New Mexico, and kept detachments of our army in diligent and dangerous march for them for many months before they were captured. They have since then been prisoners at Mt. Vernon.

Geronimo and his braves are now engaged in the peaceful occupation of making bows, arrows and blow-guns, which they sell to the travelers who stop on their way to see them.

A pathetic incident, showing the Indian's undying love for liberty, recently occurred at Mount Vernon. A young Indian, who had been for three years at Carlisle, Pa., after his course there was finished, enlisted in the army and was sent to Mount Vernon. His name is James One Star.

Perhaps he was over-persuaded to enlist. At any rate, he did not appreciate what a soldier's garrison life meant. After a trial of its regularity, monotony and confinement, he concluded that it was not the life for him. So one night he quietly laid down his gun and slipped away.

Following the north star, he made his way along the banks of the river till he reached an inland town, about a hundred miles away. There curiosity or need led him to stop, and there he quickly came to grief. He was arrested and information of his presence was telegraphed to Mt. Vernon.

During the interval of a day or two between his arrest and the arrival of the sergeant sent to take him to his post, One Star reposed behind the bars of the city prison, where he was the object of much interest to the citizens, and of friendly sympathy when he gave his reasons for deserting.

"I was kindly treated," he said, "and well cared for. I had everything I needed or desired, except liberty. That I could not live without. I wanted to be free and go and come and do as I wished."

When asked if he did not fear punishment when he returned to his post, he said:

"No. They will certainly imprison me, with all its hardships. Perhaps they will shoot me. But I don't care to live without liberty."

Poor One Star is now suffering the penalty of his desertion.—Philadelphia Times.

A Merry Old Game.

The merry old game, "I love my love with an A," is full of real jolly fun. It must be kept up briskly and without waiting for anyone to think. One begins: "I love my love with an A, because he is an artist. He took me to the sign of the Ark and treated me to apples and ale." No. 2 says: "I love my love with a B, because he is beautiful. He took me to the sign of the Bell and treated me to bread and bananas." No. 3 continues: "I love my love with a C, because she is cheerful. She took me to the sign of the Capricorn and treated me to candy and cake," and thus they go on through the entire alphabet, and if there is a pause a forfeit is instantly paid, and the game hurries on; the faster the funnier!

One of These Posers.

Physically little "Liz" both was in the bath tub; but her mind was soaring into infinity, as it has a very uncomfortable habit of doing.

"Why are you keeping your eyes shut?" asked her mother.

"Cause I'm trying to think of something."

"What are you trying to think of?"

"Of how things looked before the world was made."

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guarant-ed tobacco habit curer. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by John L. Gale.

Books at Drug Store or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. 361

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of William A. Bassett, deceased. We the undersigned, having been appointed by the probate court for the county of Wayne, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice, that we will meet at the office of Geo. A. Starkweather, in the village of Plymouth, in said county, on Saturday the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1894, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

ROBERT C. RAFFORD, Commissioner.

Dated January 17th 1894. 352 335.

F. & P. M. R. R.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 19 1893. Trains leave Plymouth as follows: STANDARD TIME.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Train No. 4, 10:23 p. m.	Train No. 1, 3:30 a. m.	Train No. 3, 9:15 a. m.	Train No. 2, 2:10 p. m.
" No. 6, 2:55 p. m.	" No. 5, 9:15 a. m.	" No. 4, 9:45 a. m.	" No. 7, 9:45 a. m.
" No. 8, 8:55 p. m.	" No. 2, 3:30 a. m.	" No. 1, 1:35 a. m.	

Train No. 5, connects at Ludington with steamer for Milwaukee, (during season of navigation), making connections for all points West and Northwest. Sleeping Cars between Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit. Drawing Room Cars between Manistee, Saginaw and Detroit. Connections made at Port Huron and Detroit to Union depot for all points South, Canada and the East. For further information see Time Card of this company.

W. H. BALDWIN, JR., General Manager. W. F. POTTER, General Supt. A. PATRIARCHE, Traffic Manager.

General Offices, Saginaw, East Side, Mich. No. 9 runs daily, from Detroit to Bay City, and on signal will make all stops between Wayne Junction and Flint, Sunday nights. Train No. 8 runs daily, from Bay City to Detroit. On Western Division it runs daily, except Sunday.

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R.R.

STANDARD TIME, NOV. 19, 1893.

Going East.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Lv. Grand Rapids	7:00		11:20	
" Howard City	5:50		11:10	6:15
" Ionia	7:30			6:10
" Grand Ledge	8:30	2:38	12:02	7:20
" Lansing	8:54	3:00	12:50	7:43
" Williamston	9:20		1:2	8:10
" Webberville	9:31		1:32	
" Fowlerville	9:41		1:4	8:30
" Howell	9:55	3:50	2:02	8:45
" Howell Junc.	9:59		2:06	
" Brighton	10:13		2:18	9:02
" South Lyon	10:29		2:34	9:17
" Salem	10:38		2:44	
" Plymouth	10:55	4:40	3:08	9:40
Ar. Detroit	11:40	4:25	3:56	10:25
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Going West.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
Lv. Detroit	7:45	11:10	11:45	6:50
" Plymouth	8:30	12:08	12:39	6:40
" Salem	8:43	12:17		6:51
" South Lyon	8:52	12:27		7:01
" Brighton	9:07	12:45		7:15
" Howell Junc.	9:20	12:57	3:07	7:27
" Fowlerville	9:31	1:05		7:33
" Webberville	9:41	1:12		7:45
" Williamston	9:51	1:22		7:58
" Lansing	10:01	1:42		8:10
" Grand Ledge	10:27	2:09	4:08	8:34
Ar. Grand Rapids	10:58	2:38	4:18	9:00
" Ionia	12:05	8:30		10:05
" Howard City	1:45			11:45
" Grand Rapids	12:45	9:50	10:45	
	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.

Every day. Other trains week days only. Parlor cars on all trains between Detroit and Grand Rapids. Seats 25 cents.

CHICAGO & WEST MICHIGAN RY. Trains leave Grand Rapids. For Chicago 7:30 a. m. 1:25 p. m. *11:30 p. m. For Manistee, Traverse City, Charlevoix and Petoskey 7:30 a. m. 3:15 p. m. For Muskegon 7:30 a. m. 1:25 p. m. 8:45 p. m. Local for White Cloud, Fremont and Big Rapids 8:45 p. m.

Geo. DeHAVEN, General Pass'r. Agent, Grand Rapids.

Livery (Out)

Sale Stable

Good Riggs Day or Night. ALSO Omnibus and Dray Line in Connection 12 B is Tickets \$1.

H. C. Robinson

C. A. FRISBEE

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Coe

Prices as Low as the Market will allow.

Yard near F. & P. M. 444, Plymouth.



Remember one thing about excellence in pneumatic tires. There must be an inner tube removable through the rim. Victors are built that way and they lead the world. The most elegant bicycle catalog ever seen is yours if you say so.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. BOSTON, WASHINGTON, DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO.

ARE YOU A HUNTER?

Send Postal Card for illustrated Catalogue of Winchester Repeating Rifles Repeating Shot Guns Ammunition

WINCHESTER MODEL 1872

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

OSGOOD STANDARD

WE PAY FREIGHT. 5-YEAR WRITTEN GUARANTEE. SOLD ON TRIAL. O.K. OR NO SALE.

3-TON ONLY \$35.00

OSGOOD & COMPANY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBE FOR Plymouth Mail. ALL THE NEWS FOR \$1 PER YEAR.

"F.O.E." ANOTHER NOVELTY. Our Phaeton Buggy. With Leather Roof and Back Curtain, and Rubber Side Curtaing, Trimmed with Green Leather or Fine Broadcloth. WRITE FOR PRICES. See our Exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE DAVIS CARRIAGE COMPANY, Cincinnati.

THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

MISSING LINK IS FOUND

THEY will not separate or get hard in packages. Wood on which it is applied will not ignite when exposed to fire. They are manufactured in Paste and Liquid form in Twenty Popular Tints for general use. Why use ordinary paints when Fire and Water-proof Paints cost no more. They give the same results and a protection from both fire and water. Superior to any other paint on the market for roofs. Our BLACK LACQUERS exceed any paint for smoke-stack work; will not burn or wash off; prevents rust; thereby saving you expense and time.

Write at once for prices to THE STAR FINISHING CO., SIDNEY, OHIO.

A PORTERVILLE joker shot a member of the Salvation army who had declined to dance at his bidding.

A LADY with intent to manifest her displeasure recently threw a cupful of vinegar at a female acquaintance.

THE convention of retail druggists from all over the country, which is going to meet in New York, February 6, is going to try to cut out the cut rate dealers in patent medicines.

THE appellate court of Indiana has decided that any person over 10 years of age who shall point a firearm at another, even if he or she knows that it is unloaded, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

WHEN the world's fair in Chicago closed there was much speculation as to what would become of the numerous buildings which were erected near the grounds for the accommodation of visitors to the exposition.

FROM the Aluminum Industrie Acteln Gesellschaft of Feubausen, Switzerland, comes the news that the process of producing aluminum has been so cheapened that there is now a profit on it at forty-five cents a pound.

THE bill to consolidate New York, Kings, Queens, Westchester and Richmond counties into one great city is now pending at Albany.

MRS. FATENA, the wife of the Japanese minister at Washington, is trying to wear civilized clothes, and her only objection to corsets seems to be that she cannot with them sit on the floor, on cushions, as she was bred to do.

"PICK-ME-UP" is the name by which the elixir with which Premier Gladstone semi-occasionally refreshes himself is known.

THE total number of immigrants arriving at New York during 1893 did not exceed 365,000, against 388,406 for 1892.

MARVELOUS MACHINE

WITH WHICH CENSUS FIGURES ARE TABULATED.

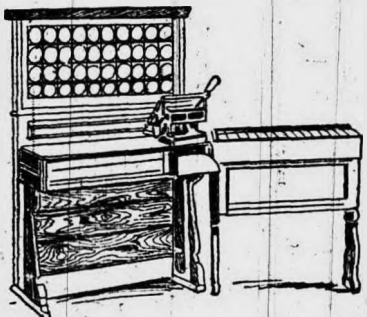
Each Day It Records Over Eighty Thousand Names - Foreign Governments Are Looking into the Wonderful Invention.



HE EFFETE MONARCHIES of the Old World have frequently to beg for advice from this young and progressive republic.

It was the visit of Profs. Luigi Bodio, Boseo and Bonelli to Washington for the purpose of finding out how Uncle Sam does his counting.

On his way from Rome, Prof. Bodio had seen a Hollerith electrical tabulating machine in operation in the bureau of statistics at Vienna, and he was so much impressed with its wonder-



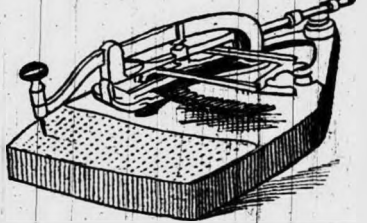
THE MACHINE.

ful work that he determined to visit the inventor, Mr. Hermann Hollerith, of Washington.

This is not an advertisement, but a notice of what an inventive American genius has succeeded in accomplishing. The Hollerith machine was used for the first time in taking the census of 1890, and it is for such stupendous labor that it is best fitted.

Many people will remember the broad sheet schedules that were presented to them by the official enumerators to be filled up. Each of these schedules provided for some thirty details regarding any of ten individuals.

The first thing, however, to be done with these myriad records was to get



KEYBOARD OF THE MACHINE.

at their gross totals, and upon this work the Hollerith system was put through a kind of preliminary center. The ingenious machine was fitted with a small numbered keyboard of ordinary construction, the keys being connected electrically with the dials, which were so arranged that one of them would furnish the grand total of families as a check against the separate totals of the others for families of different sizes.

rows, of which the top one, stamped from 1 to 8, recorded the number of families in each house. The other two rows nearer the manipulator were numbered from 1 to 10 and 11 to 20 and recorded the persons in each family.

To count a great nation for the first time by electricity is a great achievement, but when this marvelous machine gets to counting the statistics of the world as is its evident destiny, the achievement will be one of the most important in the history of human endeavor.

THE LAST UNICORN.

Extinction of the White Rhinoceros, the Largest of Quadrupeds Save One.

A wondrous brute, which only within the present century emerged from the realm of myth into that of scientific knowledge, has within the present year passed into the realm of history.

For ages the only known habitat of the unicorn was on a coat-of-arms and he was discredited as a reality until an actual one-horned rhinoceros was found in India and Sumatra.



THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.

indeed, it was neither white nor, strictly speaking, one horned.

Its color was a dirty gray, almost verging on mouse color. And it had two horns, though one was so small as to be scarcely perceptible.

The full grown white rhinoceros was nearly seven feet high at the shoulders, and from fourteen to sixteen feet long, and thus in bulk surpassed every other modern quadruped except the elephant, which it almost rivaled.

Prof. Von Helmholtz, in a recent address to the students of Columbia college in this city, said that the recognized method of scientific work now was collection of knowledge, retention of that knowledge and its communication to mankind.

Careful observation makes the artist and makes the brilliant scientist. Trace the connection between events and the laws that govern that connection until doing so becomes intuitional.

The oldest railway in France runs between Paris and Havre. It was built more than half a century ago.

FOR HUMAN ANGELS.

A FLYING MACHINE AT LAST WELL PERFECTED.

Otto Lillienthal, A German Inventor, Comes to the Front With Wings for Everybody—Its Rudder Is Like a Bird's Tail.



THE PROBLEM OF flying has been solved, it is claimed, by a rich scientist in Berlin, Otto Lillienthal, who, undismayed by the failures of the hundreds who have preceded him in the same line of effort, has experimented until he can now claim, apparently with some reason, to have achieved success.

The Lillienthal theory is that birds do not exercise great power in flying, but keep aloft in the air by the particular way in which they manipulate their wings.

The affair is built in almost exact imitation of the wings of a bat; the delicate ribs and body are made of willow wood, which is tough but light; the wings are covered with light sheeting, and when spread they have a circumference of twenty square yards.

Lillienthal began his trials with the new flying machine from the summit of a turret which rises forty feet from the ground. Adjusting the wings as shown in the accompanying illustration, and seating himself upon the skeleton body of the mechanism, which, unfortunately, must be imagined in the drawing, as the artist has considered it so exceedingly frail as to make it indistinguishable, the inventor pushed himself off from the tower top into space, as one would push away a boat from the bank.

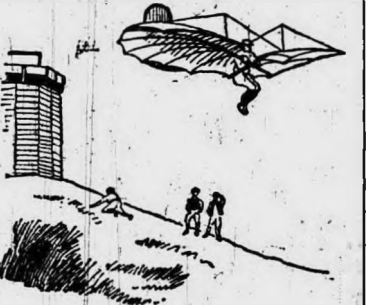
After this experiment, which satisfied him of the practicability of his theory, Mr. Lillienthal resolved to gradually increase the altitude, and for this purpose he went to the steep hill of Rhinower, near Rathenow, which rises to an abrupt height of 320 feet, its side being a stony cliff almost perpendicular.

Then he adjusted his flying apparatus and leaped off. Upon his first trial he sank perhaps fifty feet, and then commenced to rise again until he had reached 1,000 feet, and then gradually floated down, alighting gently upon the road.

Repeating his experiments for several days, he eventually reached such perfection that he was able to stand still in the air without moving the wings. He also traveled in circles, steering himself by the appliance which will be noticed in the sketch as a semi-circular attachment, doing the same duty as a rudder as that done by the tail of a bird.

To a moderate degree Mr. Lillienthal appears now to have accomplished the aerial movements of the bird, and it only remains to be seen whether he can sufficiently perfect his system to rise to great heights, or to remain aloft with the same endurance as do the creatures designed by nature for that purpose.

The scientist's description of the sensation while sailing through the air is certainly attractive. He says that the feeling of motion is entirely lost, so easy and free from fatigue is it. The absence also of any stationary objects, which would indicate movement in the



THE FLYING MACHINE.

human being, gives the sensation that the earth, instead of the man himself, is in motion.

Sure of a Place. Employment Agent—Any recommendations from your last place? Applicant—No. "Where did you work last?" "In a railroad restaurant." "Discharged?" "Yes." "What for?" "I made the coffee too strong, and cut the meat too thick." "Say, here's \$2. Wait a few days, and I'll try to work you into my boarding house."

On an average the letters received by the German emperor number nearly 600 a day.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—Twenty-seventh day.—Senators Reed, Gray and Ingalls discussed the Hawaiian question without evolving anything new. The Senate adjourned at 11 o'clock, spots upon the tariff question. The bill to repeal the federal election laws came up, and Senator Palmer, of Illinois, argued in its favor.

SENATE.—Twenty-eighth day.—The tariff law was on the rack and repeal was talked of but it only resulted in talk. The federal election bill, which the voters of Ohio were to vote upon, was not reported. The House passed the tariff bill, but the Senate refused to take any action upon it.

SENATE.—Twenty-ninth day.—The resignation of Senator Vail, of Mississippi, was received with considerable surprise. He first entered the senate nine years ago as successor to L. Q. C. Lamar. His health is given as the cause of his resignation.

SENATE.—Thirtieth day.—No Session. Mr. Johnson continued his reading of the bill. The latter gentleman stood up patiently until his denunciation had finished when he made a brief reply.

Diligent search is being made at Kalamazoo under the direction of United States Marshal Clark and local police for further evidence of counterfeiting, as it is suspected that the bogus coin that has recently come to light was made thereabouts.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, and Wheat in different locations like Detroit, New York, and Chicago.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

NEW YORK, January 22.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The event of the past week was the offer of \$100,000,000 United States 3 per cent, 40-year bonds. The decision of the secretary of the treasury to many because the necessity of the treasury were dangerous if strengthening those who urged the issue of \$100,000,000 more silver certificates against silver 'hoardings' were to be made.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FREE. If you have not received one of the August Flower and German Syrup Diary Almanacs for 1894, send your name and address on a postal at once, asking for Almanac No. 2 and you will receive by return mail, free of all expense, one of the most complete Illustrated books of the kind ever issued, in which you can keep a Daily Diary or Memoranda of any matters you desire. Write quick, or they will be all gone. Address,

G. G. GREEN,
WOODBURY, N. J.

After 25 Years

After twenty-five years ago I was afflicted with a disease which the doctors pronounced **SCROFULA**. I was treated by several physicians and specialists without being benefited; and I tried many blood remedies, without relief. I was recommended, and after taking six bottles I am now well and my skin is perfectly clear, and I would not be in my former condition for two thousand dollars.

Mrs. Y. T. BUCK,
Delaney, Ark.

Cured by S. S. S.

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
ATLANTA, GA.

Increased Appetite

is one of the first good effects felt by users of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites. Good appetite begets good health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a fat food that provides its own tonic. Instead of a tax upon appetite and digestion it is a wonderful help to both.

Scott's Emulsion arrests the progress of Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and other wasting diseases by raising a barrier of healthy flesh, strength and nerve.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

N. H. Downs' Elixir

WILL CURE THAT

Cold AND STOP THAT Cough.

Has stood the test for SIXTY YEARS and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases in young or old. Price 50c. Do. and \$1.00 per bottle. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.** HENRY, JENKIN & LOEB, Prop., Baltimore, Md.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.



OAST burned to a crisp! Coffee like mud, and beefsteak about as tough as leather! I'd like to know how you think a man is going to live on such stuff as this! I'll die of indigestion in less than a month if I keep on this way. Here! take the mess away, and just pack up your duds and leave as quick as you ever did, anything in your life," growled Mr. Aaron Allen, as he arose from the table, giving it a violent push that sent the dishes rattling.

Bridget sullenly set to work, and Mr. Allen strode out of the room, banging the door behind him. "Well," he muttered, as he reached his study and threw himself in a chair, "this is a go. Five cooks in as many weeks, and no prospect of anything better. It will certainly drive me distracted trying to live in this way. I do hate to break up and board after keeping house so long, and if Sophia hadn't made such a goose of herself she might be here yet, and all would be well."

Mr. Allen was a middle-aged bachelor whose maiden sister, a few years younger than himself, had always directed his household affairs since the death of their mother, twenty years previously, when Sophia was a girl of sixteen. They had always lived peaceably enough until about two months since, when Sophia took mortal umbrage at her brother. Miss Sophia had a pet parrot, a beautiful, talkative bird, of which she was very fond. But one unlucky day she unthinkingly left the cage door open, and went out calling. Her brother came from the office before she returned, and a sight met his eyes which set his quick temper in a blaze at once, for there on his study table sat Poll, busily engaged in tearing into minute bits some of his most important papers and documents which she had pulled from the half-opened drawers, while over what few remained untouched by her bill, streams of ink were pouring from the overturned stand.

"Fun! fun! fun!" shouted Poll, pausing a moment in her work of destruction, and cocking up one eye maliciously at the intruder. "Yes, I'll make it fun for you, you—you—" sputtered Mr. Allen, using some, I am afraid, not very refined expressions, and seizing Poll unaware he thrust her into the cage, and rushing out on the street, sold her to the first person he met.

Miss Sophia soon came home, and, missing her bird, made inquiries, when her brother at once related the whole affair. His sister stormed, and fumed, and raged, and ended by calling her brother a "cruel wretch," and other endearing epithets, and declaring she would not remain in a house where she was abused.

Mr. Allen, in a passion, told her to do as she liked about it—it was immaterial to him whether she went or remained. So she departed, without even leaving her future address; but her brother, had no fears on her account. She had relatives to whom she could go, and plenty of money, and she was certainly old enough to take care of herself. The cook, who had lived in the family for years, left when Miss Sophia left, declaring that she "would not be bossed by a man." Mr. Allen, thinking it easy to fill her place, had taken five cooks in succession from the intelligence office, with which it success we have seen.

"Hum," mused Mr. Allen to himself, a habit he had when alone: "if I knew where Sophia was, I'd send for her, even if she did act so foolishly, but I don't, so there's an end of that. Heigh ho! what's a house without a woman to manage it, anyway? Something's got to be done, and soon, too. I can't live this way any longer. I believe I'll get married! Wouldn't Sophia fume then? But there's nobody I exactly take a fancy to. Miss Boggs is too old, Miss Stegus too vain and extravagant, and I don't know any nice widows."

He sat a moment thinking deeply on this important matter, when a light broke over his face. "The very thing! Why didn't I think of it before!"

He sat down before his desk, and drawing pen, ink, and paper toward him, commenced writing, and after frequent pauses and much reflection, finally laid down his pen, and read over what he had written.

"I guess that will do," he said. "What an old fool I am! But, then, no one will ever know I did it."

Miss Sophia, on leaving her brother's house, had immediately gone to a cousin's residing about sixty miles distant. Her relatives, not knowing of her quarrel with her brother, received her cordially, and endeavored to make herself quite at home. The New York papers came daily, and she always perused them with interest. One day, in glancing over the advertisements, a certain one caught her eye, and she read it over carelessly, then again with more interest. These were the words which had arrested her attention:

A middle-aged gentleman of wealth and position is desirous of opening correspondence with a lady of education and refinement, with a view to matrimony. Address: Alpha, Herald Office.

"Well," mused Sophia, drawing a long breath. "I really wish I dare do it. There won't be any harm in trying anyway. Wouldn't Aaron be astonished if I should get married after all? and I don't know why I shouldn't. I am sure," she said, tossing her head, as much as to say, who dare contradict her! An hour later found Miss

Sophia on her way to the post office, with a letter hidden in her pocket, which made her heart throb strangely every time she thought of it.

The letter was sent, and an answer anxiously awaited, which came in due season, addressed to "Angelica," in rather a stiff, unnatural hand, she thought, but then her correspondent might be disguising his handwriting, as she had hers. Miss Sophia now made frequent excursions to the post-office, and one day she returned home quite in a flutter, and ran up to her room at once, where she again perused the letter which she had read while walking slowly home along the quiet counter road.

"Oh!" murmured Miss Sophia, "oh, dear! what shall I do? I am all in a flutter to think of seeing him so soon, for he wants me to appoint a meeting, and of course I must. 'As soon as possible,' he says. Dear me! how anxious he is to see 'his own Angelica,' as he calls me, and I'll own to myself that I'm just as anxious to see him. I do wonder what he is like! He must be nice, anyway, for he writes such charming letters; it is really delightful to read them."

A few days subsequent to Miss Sophia's soliloquy, on a beautiful, bright May morning, she donned her most becoming apparel, and quietly leaving the house, made her way to the one hotel of which the village boasted, where she called for a private parlor, and sat down to await, with what patience she might, for the coming of her correspondent. A few moments of anxious expectancy, then the door slowly opened, and some one entered, closing it behind him.

Miss Sophia, peering through her thick veil, saw no handsome stranger, but—could she believe her eyes?—her brother, Aaron Allen! He approached her.

"Angelica!" he said, softly.

Miss Sophia threw aside her veil, and sprang to her feet.

"Aaron Allen!" she cried, "what are you doing here?"

"Why! why! Sophia!" stammered Mr. Allen, utterly confounded by this sudden denunciation. "You here?"

"Yes, I am here, Aaron Allen, and I want to know what you meant by addressing me by that name?" demanded his sister.

"What name?" asked Mr. Allen, utterly bewildered.

"Angelica," answered Miss Sophia, blushing furiously, in spite of herself.

"I—oh—I made a mistake in the person—that's all," replied Mr. Allen,



"AARON ALLEN," SHE CRIED, blushing in his turn. "I'd like to know what you're doing here, Sophia!"

"That's my business," she interrupted, sharply. "And now I want to know who it was that you mistook me for?"

"Well, Sophia, I might as well tell you that I am engaged to be married," said Mr. Allen, sheepishly, "and came here by appointment to meet my intended."

"And I am also engaged," simpered Miss Sophia, "and am here to meet my intended."

"Who is your intended?" demanded Mr. Allen, a fearful suspicion beginning to dawn on his mind.

"I have known him by the name of Alpha," she replied.

"By Jo! Sophia, that's my name."

"What!" shrieked Miss Sophia; "you Alpha?" and she burst into a fit of hysterical tears and sobs.

"And you are Angelica?" asked Mr. Allen. He needed no answer. "Thunderation! Sophia, what a confounded pair of fools we have been," ejaculated Mr. Allen. "I think the best thing we can do is go home, and live as we have done for so many years, and let matrimony alone for the future."

And Miss Sophia thought so, too.

Correct It Now.

Men and women who went to school thirty years ago find it difficult to rid themselves of a false impression gained through the eye from the maps in the school geographies those days. The South and West being then of less importance relatively to the New England states than now were represented upon maps of smaller scale, so that despite the story of the statistics Southern and Western states seemed small in area and the states of the Northeast relatively large. It is hard for geographers brought up on these geographies to realize, for example, that Richmond, Va. is further from Charleston than from Norfolk, further from Savannah, Chattanooga and Cincinnati than from Boston, and considerably nearer to Pittsburgh than to any of the Southern cities named.

Room for a Few More.

Statisticians claim that the earth will not support to exceed 5,994,000,000 people. The present population is estimated at 1,467,000,000, the increase being eight per cent each decade. At that rate the utmost limit will be reached in the year 2072.

BRIGANDS IN GREECE

The Authorities Seem Powerless and the Whole Country is Alarmed.

Public attention in Greece has of late been directed toward the marked increase of criminality, so bold that it defies legislation and fills the inhabitants with alarm. A veritable panic has been created by brigands, whose depredations have become so frequent and persistent as to arouse the government to extreme action. The authorities appear powerless to suppress these lawless knights of the road. The country is literally infested with them, the rank and file being criminals who have been condemned for murder or theft, and who, by some means managing to evade justice, betake themselves to the highway.

The most daring of these malefactors are those less sought for or suspected by the police. These having passed beyond brigandage, extort from peasant or townsmen according to opportunity. Moreover, encouraged by the immunity they have enjoyed, they have had the hardihood to enter villages, small towns and even the larger cities. These organized bands have long existed, but heretofore the government has taken no measures toward their suppression, it being occupied with affairs of state and questions of finance. It is owing to this that the notorious Djonis Papakiritzopouli and Tzanakas, whose names furnish whole chapters in the criminal records, have flourished from year to year, their exploits being fully as remarkable as any related in fiction. These outlaws extort protection by threatening their victims with death should the latter attempt to seek justice.

Brigands and their exploits still possess a mysterious fascination for the people, and especially the inhabitants of the cantons of continental Greece, furnishing a reminiscence of the rude wars of a history preceding the great revolution. In many places no opprobrium is attached to the word brigand. On the contrary, a brigand is regarded as a hero, a "klepte," one who, through untoward circumstances and the rigor of the law, is compelled to live by his wits. A "klepte" is an example of heroism and crude patriotism in the estimation of these simple-minded folk. He is by no means looked upon as a lawbreaker, but rather a knight errant, who accordingly is entertained right royally preparatory to his starting out upon the highway. Once arrived, he seizes the unwary traveler at the edge of the wood, captures him and holds him until the ransom demanded from his relatives is paid, the ransom being proportionate to the wealth and station of the victim. Should the band be disturbed or annoyed by police interference the captive is put to death.

An attempt was made to suppress brigandage in 1870, which resulted most disastrously. Troops were ordered to trace these criminals to their haunts. At that time the parents of a certain captive endeavored through every means to circumvent the authorities pending negotiations for his release. Failing in this they received from the brigands the eyes of the unfortunate prisoner. In other instances, a nose or an ear of the captive was cut off and sent as a warning to his family. These examples proved effectual in securing to the outlaws immunity and exorbitant rewards in the future.

Tonal Sympathy.

A stringed instrument suspended in a favorable position near a pianoforte will sound when tones corresponding to the open strings are produced on the pianoforte. The volume of the answering tone will depend upon atmospheric conditions, the quality and color of the persuading tone and the sensitiveness of the responding material. There is a familiar anecdote told of a famous tenor, who by singing the tone that was consonant with that of a wine-glass, could make the glass shiver so violently that it would fall to pieces. It is because of this tonal sympathy that the cause of a harsh rattling tone that may suddenly appear in a pianoforte is detected with difficulty. Though it may appear to be in the instrument, it is often far away and may come from a loose globe or pendant on a chandelier. Even a key in a door has been known to be the guilty cause.

Temperature of Forests.

For twenty years the Swiss government has been making observations through its forestry stations on the temperature of the air, of the trees and the soil in the forests. These observations show that the temperature in the forests is always below the temperature outside. The temperature also varies according to the trees composing the forests. A beech forest is always cooler than a forest of larch. As to the trunks of the trees, they are always colder than the surrounding air. Regarding the temperature of the soil, it is found that in the forest the temperature is invariably below that of the air. (Outside the forest the soil is always warmer than the air in summer and colder in winter.)

Can't be beaten! Mr. J. B. Wittle, Elm Mound Ill., writes: "I have used Balm of Gilead with wonderful success for a rheumatic rheumatism in my foot. It can't be beat."

Water pipes of lead were first made in 1236.

Every one gives it the highest praise. H. Gravel, Druggist, Walnut and Allison Sts., Cincinnati, O., says this of his trade: "I sell my share of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and my customers that have used this preparation speak of it in the highest terms."

Asphalt pavements were first laid in Paris in 1644.

Facts Worth Knowing. In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs or powders, because they are all irritating, do not reach the affected surfaces, and should be abandoned as fails sure. Multitudes of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

Many Roman tin coins are known to be in existence.

\$16 BUS. 3 LB. OATS FROM ONE BUS. SEED.

This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported to the John A. Baker Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1894 he can grow from one bus. of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat. If you will cut this oat and send it to us with 8c postage to the above firm you will receive sample package of above oats and their farm seed catalogue.

The United States 3 cent piece was first coined in 1811.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known J. C. Henney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. W. & T. TRAU, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Sleeping Car Passenger, waking up as train comes to a stop—Heigh-ho! I wonder where we are now. Voice, on the outside—Now, that's all rot, I tell you. St. Louis beer didn't get the highest award at the world's fair. St. Louis beer isn't fit to drink. Sleeping Car Passenger—By Ginger! We've got to Milwaukee.

THE REV. W. J. WALKER'S PRAYER.

Rev. W. J. Walker, of the "Golden Medical Discoverer," writes: "I have been using your 'Golden Medical Discoverer' for my wife's catarrh, and I am fully satisfied they are all you claim them to be; so, wishing you abundant success, and hoping that the Almighty God will continue His blessings toward you in your noble work, I am, Respectfully, W. J. WALKER."

PIERCE'S GUARANTEE CURE

OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

Indicated with Thompson's Eye Water. DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED. Permanent when all remedies fail. BOTTLE FREE. Write for book of proof.

At 4 Price FARM WAGONS

FOR SALE CHEAP. LLOYD EBERHART, Joliet, Ill.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Washington, D. C. Successfully Procures Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 13adjudicating claims, 40y since.

YOU HAVE A Patent. DO YOU WANT TO SELL IT?

Write me full description with very lowest price. LLOYD EBERHART, 225 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell, Heals the Sores. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

Fruit Trees

If you intend to set out Peach, Pear, Apple or Fruit Trees of any kind, you will save money by writing to the MICHIGAN NURSERY CO., MONROE, MICH. They have the best and the hardiest varieties for this part of the country. Small Fruit of All Kinds, and a large assortment of the best and hardiest Roses, Shrubbery and Ornamental Trees and Plants.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND

for sale by the BARRY PARK & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you FREE. Address: HOWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

Come On Boys! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE FOR AN OVERCOAT.

Beginning Saturday, January 27, for Ten Days, we shall offer our entire stock of boys Overcoats at just Half Price. Not one reserved; every one in the stock—about 150 in all—at just half the regular price. We have too many and can't afford to carry them over. This is why we prefer to sacrifice on them now and sell them quick.

Our Loss is Your Gain. Bring your Boys in Saturday and fit them up. You will find the goods just as we advertise them. It's a big investment for you, if you don't need them till next winter.

We have some big bargains in mens and boys Boots and shoes for Saturday. Come and look them over.

RIGGS, THE CLOTHIER.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The average trip around the world comprises about 22,000 miles of travel.

There are twenty-four training schools for nurses in New York city.

A man recently returned from Mexico sold some feathers in New York at more than \$20 an ounce.

There is a twin crystal of emerald in St. Petersburg seven inches long, four broad and weighing four and one-half pounds.

British North American Indians live on reindeer meat almost exclusively. They are big and strong, many of them being six feet.

During the past five years United States manufacturers have sold 355 locomotives to South America and seventy-five to Australia.

Attoons, Wis., lays claim to the champion high kicker of the world. His name is W. R. Stokes and he has a record of ten feet six inches.

Aluminum, the new metal of which such great things are expected and which now sells at seventy-five cents a pound is soon to be put on the market at forty-five.

The average draught horse will haul 1,600 pounds 23 miles per day on a level road. The average horse weighs 1,000 pounds and is equal to five men in strength.

The idea of an ancient tropical continent at the South pole uniting South America, Madagascar and Australia is arousing considerable interest and discussion in scientific circles.

A horse attains his growth in five years, may live 25, but averages 14 years, and can live 25 days on water alone, 17 days without eating or drinking, but only five days on solid food without water.

William R. Smith, for many years superintendent of the botanical gardens in Washington, has, it is said, personally directed the planting of more than 4,000,000 trees in different parts of the United States.

It took four months for four men to do seven inches of a cashmere shawl one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day; so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost \$500.

Dr. D. G. Brinton's researches, just made known to the academy of medicine in New York, convinced him that he and the rest of us are descended from a single pair of parents, who flourished sixty or seventy thousand years ago.

A horse can walk 400 yards in four and one-half minutes, trot 400 yards in two minutes and gallop the same distance in one minute. The measure of "horse power" is placed at the power of raising 22,500 pounds one foot every minute. A horse will carry 250 pounds 75 miles in eight hours.

The movement against child labor is making progress in various states, and particularly in Massachusetts. The past year the police found only 353 children under fourteen years of age at work in Bay state factories in violation of law, a decrease from the previous year, when seven times as many were found.

SISTERS, COUSINS AND AUNTS.

To be dainty does not mean to be extravagant.

Kitchen floors painted with boiled linseed oil are easily cleaned.

The tone of a piano improves when the instrument is moved from the wall of a room.

The university of Alabama recently opened its doors to women students, and two young women have matriculated there.

When Mrs. Ella P. Stover of Portland, married John Smith, her grandmother's bridesmaid acted in the same capacity for her.

There are now twenty-one law firms in this country composed of husbands and wives, and also over 200 women who practice at the bar.

Clara—Do you know people are actually beginning to call me an old maid? Maud—You mean that you are just beginning to hear them.

A woman in Portland, Maine, deposited \$300 in a savings bank in 1864, and has seen the amount grow to \$1,268 by the accumulation of interest.

ODD SELECTIONS.

Nearly \$10,000 is paid for pensions to firemen in New York city every month.

The violet is conveniently the only flower that can be worn by a person in mourning.

The Chinese have an academy of manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.

There were no italics used in the biblical translations until the time of the King James version, 1611.

The tromometer is a device of Dr. Quintard, a Frenchman, for gauging the trembling of nervous people.

A baby, whose oldest brother is a grandfather was born in Richmond, Ky., recently. Its mother is 68 and her husband 73 years old.

The Chinese almanac of which more copies are printed annually than any other work in the world, is published at Peking and is a monopoly of the emperor.

A wayward son advertised in the New York dailies a few days ago, announcing that the funeral services of his father would take place at the morgue.

In parts of France a species of rabbit is utilized for the wool, which is said to be softer and finer than that of sheep. It is obtained at intervals by combing the animals.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., Mrs. Maggie Meredith, who for the past year has supported her drunken husband and three children, grew discouraged and drank a quart of whisky, dying soon after.

The pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice, can tell a foreigner from a native. If one of the tourists appears they flock about him to be fed, according to guide-book; if a Venetian, they keep away.

Explorers have recently visited the wild Olympic mountains in Western Washington. They report that the timber line disappears at about 8,000 feet, and at the base of the highest peak, on the 5,000 and 6,000 foot level, is a system of mead vs and lakes, where grass and flow. grow in great luxurian e

FACTS AND EVENTS.

Firemen at Tallahassee, Fla., are paid \$2 each for every fire at which they unroll the hose and \$1 when the hose is not needed.

The New York undertakers know how to drop shop when not professionally employed. Their organ is called the Sunnyside.

A Greek engineer, who received his professional education in America, proposes to light Constantinople by electricity by means of three powerful machines.

Kettles for boiling purposes are now made with tubes running diagonally through them, on the principle of the locomotive boiler. Water will boil very quickly in them.

The patent office at Washington complains of its defects in lighting, heating and ventilation, and yet it has granted several thousand patents for remedying such defects.

The body of a boy was found on the road near Groensburg, Pa. In his pocket was a letter signed "A Suicide," saying that the writer was an atheist, less than eighteen years of age, and resigned to death. He had deliberately shot himself, and wanted no autopsy.

The newest adaptation of the pneumatic tire is that of an English inventor, who has applied it to roller skates with satisfactory results. These skates are said to be especially enjoyable on country roads, where great speed can be obtained without inconvenience or discomfort.

In the Russian army there is one particular regiment of infantry of the guards formed by Emperor Paul, the men of which are recruited, not so much with regard to their height or the color of their hair and complexions as to the shape of their noses.

Emperor Paul had a typical Kalmuk nose, of the most excruciating up-titled pattern, and since then, out of compliment to him, all of the officers and men of this particular regiment have noses of the same shape, the sight which they present on parade being somewhat startling.

The principle of the modern plow was laid down by Thomas Jefferson. A plow consists of two wedges, a cutting and a lifting wedge, and Jefferson discovered and enunciated the proportions of each and the relation each bore to the other. Before his day so two smiths made plows alike; now they are made in accordance with a mathematical formula.

SLIGHT SMILES.

Visitor—That painting is by an old master, I see. Mrs. McShoddie, apologetically—Yes, but the frame is new.

Mrs. Stiles, sadly—I wish that I were dead! Mr. Styles—Don't be discouraged, dear. Your hat's on straight.

"You called that man doctor?" "Yes." "He doesn't look much like a physician. What's his specialty?" "He's a ward healer."

He—No, we don't go to the theater to-day. Operas of this class are not meant for elderly people. She—That is quite true, and I really see no reason why you should accompany me.

Jones—Well, Smith, did you propose to Miss Airea last night? Smith—Yes, and her answer was very ambiguous and contradictory. Jones—Whv, what did she say? Smith—She gave me a positive negative.

"Say," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a half bone extra this week, but I guess he won't." "What for?" asked the bookkeeper. "Fer overtime. I was dreamin' about my work all las' night."

Ethel—How did he make all his money? Charlie—Smoking! He was the greatest smoker in America." Ethel—Nonsense, Charlie; you can't make money by smoking. Charlie—He did. He smoked hams!

The celebrated Signora Howlinski was in the middle of her solo, when little Johnny Fizzletop, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, asked: "Why does that man hit at the wpm with his stick?" "He is not hitting at her. Keep quiet." "Well, then, what does she holler so for?"

A duke during the middle ages was an independent sovereign. The first rulers of Austria were dukes. The title lost its idea of independence during the reign of Louis XIII. of France.

The only genuine sheikh is the governor of Medina. His office is said to date from the time of the prophet. It is now generally applied as an honorary title to the head man of an Arab village.

The royal title beg has now almost disappeared, and when used in the altered form of bey is spoiled to a military rank in the Turkish army. Originally it was deemed more honorable than that of sultan.

WITS AT WORK.

Artist—Do you think the expression in this picture is good? "Well, yes; if you intended it to be bad, it is excellent."

One reason why an alligator at a certain aquarium is left alone is because of a sign reading: "Idiots will please stir him up."

"Girls is queer things," wrote Tommy on "composition" day. "Why? Because a girl is not in it in society till she comes out."

"Willie, where are those green apples gone that were down cellar?" "They are with the Jamaica ginger that was in the closet."

Bagley—Do you have your clothes made to order? Brace—When I strike a new tailor; with the old ones they are made "by request."

"You say Tom is going to marry you, Miss Carsett? Why, he never told me so." "Probably not. He doesn't know it himself yet."

"This, I suppose," said the stranger in the city, "is one of your club houses?" "Well, you might call it one. It's a police station."

Mabel—How strange one's own writing seems to one when read years after writing it. Carson—Yes, especially in a breach of promise case.

Flattering Friend—Oh, yes, I always keep your books on my center table and I read them as I do my Bible. Flattering Author—What? Not oftener than that?"

Paul Hern, a seventy-year-old veteran of Park Ridge, N. J., thought that \$1,500 back pension he lately received made him wealthy enough to support a wife, so he advertised for one. She and the back pension have both gone back to wherever she came from.

An exchange tells a story showing great pluck and coolness on the part of an old Scotch woman. A ruffianly-looking tramp appeared one day suddenly before her cottage and wanted money. "Did anybody see you come in here?" asked the woman. "No," said the man. "Then deil a one shall see you gang out! Bring me the ax." The tramp on hearing this thought "discretion the better part of valor," and instantly decamped.

The 11-year-old son of a Russian named Kintsvogel, living near H. bron, N. D., had an exciting adven' with an eagle lately. He was o. in the field when the bird, which measured six feet two inches from tip to tip, lurched at him, grasping his arm with his beak. His thick coat and two shirts were slashed by the eagle's beak, but the boy was too heavy for the bird to carry off. The lad had grasped the bird's neck, and in some way fell over its body. He managed to hold the bird until his big brother came and put an end to the struggles of the feathered monster.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

The largest room in the world unbroken by pillars is a drill hall in St. Petersburg, 620 by 150 feet.

While under lock and key, a New York "composer" is to produce, complete, within forty-eight hours, an operetta, or forfeit \$100.

On many of the railways in Germany the practice of starting locomotive fires with gas instead of wood has been adopted, and proves economical.

A hen on the farm of Lewis Livingston, near Pensacola, Fla., recently laid an egg with, it is claimed, a correct representation of the dial of a clock on the shell.

An ocean steamship that arrived in New York recently had a song its passengers a young lion and a lamb, confined in the same cage, who appeared to be great friends.

A chain made for the United States government at Troy, N. Y., in 1833, was six miles and a fraction in length. It was made of bars of iron each two and a half inches in diameter.

A whistle for the shops at Third and Berk streets, Philadelphia, is four feet two inches high, and the cylinder is eighteen inches wide. The whistle can be heard twenty-five miles.

MASCULINITIES.

Belle—I can't bear to think of my 30th birthday! Alice—Why dear; what happened?

The man who makes the most noise in a quarrel is usually believed to be in the right.

The newest skin rugs are fitted with an automatic head, the jaw of which moves with lifelike realism.

M. L. Henry and Miss Sallie Jesse were married at Louisville recently, the culmination of an engagement made thirty years ago.

Thomas Singland of Patterson, New Jersey, recently shot himself, and when death did not instantly come, calmly asked for a cigarette.

"Your hair isn't wet," said Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who was calling. "No, of course not. What makes you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised. "I heard pa tell ma that you couldn't keep your head above water."

He—Life with me has been a failure. She—You must have had and wasted some opportunities. He—No. I have spent half my life raising whiskers to conceal my youth, and the other half dyeing them to conceal my age.

CURSORY AND CURIOUS.

The Italia of the Italian navy is the largest war ship in the world.

A guest at a Chicago marriage stole the wedding cake and a pot containing the broiled chicken.

JUST FOR FUN.

"No," she exclaimed with emotion. "I can never forgive you, but—but will try to forget you."

"You have faith that your husband will become a great artist?" Wife—can't tell yet, you see; he's only been dead ten years.

"The offices should be run on business principles," said the reformer. "My idea, too," replied the spoilsman. "The oftener the stock is turned over the bigger the profits."

Tenant, hesitatingly—I've been reading a very good article, in my paper headed 'Rents Must Come Down.' Landlord, confidently—Ah, right; you just come down with the rent.

"Now, confess, McBride; do you hold your wife on your lap as much now as when you were first married?" asked Barlow. "Well, Barlow," replied McBride, "to tell the truth, I believe she sits on me rather more now than then."

"William," said the statesman's wife, "why do you spend so much time being interviewed by the newspapers?" "Because I've got common sense," he replied. "In these days no business pays without advertising; not even office holdin'."

Little Johnny was in tribulation that morning. Prohibitions, great and small, met him at every turn. It was "no" to this and "no" to that, till at last he began to cry angrily, exclaiming between his sobs; "I wish 'no' was a swear word, mamma, so's you couldn't say it!"

Examining Medical Professor—Now, sir, tell me how you would treat a case of typhoid fever. Student—Well, sir, I should first—I should first—I—E. M. P., impatiently—Yes, yes, go on. Student, seized with a brilliant idea—I should first call you in for consultation! Passes with honors.

"I am positive that my husband went shooting to-day." "What makes you think so?" "Because he didn't bring any game home with him."

"Poor Timmie! Foive years in Sing Sing! I do feel sorry for him." "Bedad, an' yur sympathy's trowed away. He's surrounded by friends."

Police Sergeant—What have you ran this man in for? Did you find anything crooked about him? Officer McGobb—I did, sor; it was a cork-screw.

"Did I hear you say that you have found in your mother-in-law your idea?" "Yes, indeed; all the comments ever made on mothers-in-law apply to her."

"And you have trouble with your wife?" "I have." "I suppose, like most other women, she believes everything she hears?" "Worse than that—she believes lots of things she doesn't hear."

"Augusta, are the eggs boiled?" "No, ma'am; they haven't been put to boil yet. I haven't a clock to go by." "But there is one in the kitchen, isn't there?" "The signora has forgotten that it is five minutes too fast."

Guest—What is that pretty little octavo volume? The German Linguist—That's a new edition of my rules of German grammar. Guest—And what are all those quarto volum-s near it? The German Linguist—Those are the exceptions to the rules.

Corner Loafer—But, officer, you promised me a gentleman on this corner, and we should like to be permitted to stand a little longer. Officer O'Male—Can't listen to ye, sor. We've got strict orders to keep the corners clear, an' if yez want to mate yer friend here yez'll have to gosomewhere else.

A workingman was being united to the lady of his choice at a certain church, and just before the moment for the production of the ring arrived the officiating clergyman leaned over toward the bride and whispered: "Please take off your glove." To his intense dismay the bridegroom resented the action and cried: "Hello, mister, no whispering to my gal!"

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.