

# Plymouth Mail.

VOL. I. NO. 9.

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887

WHOLE NO. 9

## PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN.

Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,  
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Office in Punches Block, on South Main street.

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

### WHAT THEY SAY.

—They don't cry "rats" now, it's "rice."  
—Owen Raymo. of Wayne, was in town Tuesday.

—Local items are exceedingly scarce this week.

—Oliver Westfall, of Northville, was in town Tuesday.

—C. F. Marshal, of Wayne, was in town Monday evening.

—Watch for the Christmas sale of the Young Ladies Guild.

House to rent, will take part pay in washing. Inquire of John L. Gale.

—South Lyon Excelsior: Rev. Gifford, of Plymouth, was in town yesterday.

—This is the day set down for the hanging of the seven Chicago anarchists.

—Found. Two pairs of spectacles. Can be had at this office by paying for optice.

—The electric railway from Detroit to Grosse Point will be finished in about two weeks.

A fine stock of boots and shoes for sale. Good opening for some young man, John L. Gale.

—Fred Hall, student in the law department of the University, was home over Sunday.

—Roller skating has taken another start in Detroit. The Princess rink opened on Wednesday.

—Lawyer J. F. Brown was at Wayne over Sunday. "Business" calls him there quite often.

—"To Rent" and "For Sale" cards can be had at this office, printed on heavy card board—ten cents each.

—We are sorry to say that Mrs. Dr. Collier, who has been very sick, is no better at this writing.

—The new Casino theatre opposite the High school building, Detroit, is a very neat and popular place of resort.

—The front of Louie Hilmer's store, in what is known as the Hedden block, has been much improved by paint during the past week.

—J. F. Brown was counsel in a case here before Esq. Valentine, Monday forenoon and one at Wayne before Esq. Cullen in the afternoon.

—C. G. Curtiss, Sr. has the house he purchased from the F. & P. M. company located next to the Presbyterian parsonage, on Union street.

—Conner & Son, hardware dealers, inform us that their trade this season is much better than a year ago. This is gratifying and we hope they may find a steady increase.

—The annual meeting of the burying ground association, of Newburg, will meet at the Congregational church at that place next Monday at two o'clock. Those interested are invited to be present.

—That newly married couple, after looking around, concluded to take that pretty bed room set at Bassett's as it was much cheaper than they could get the same thing for elsewhere. See upper right hand corner fourth page.

—Miss Ella Larkin, of Washington, D. C., who occupies a prominent position there, visited friends and relatives here last week, on her way to Omaha, Neb. Miss L. is a niece of Gen. H. Berdan, who now resides in Washington.

—Lapham Assembly No. 5595, K. of L. have rented the Grange hall, over Cable & Anderson's hardware store, and will fit it up for their regular meetings, which are held every other Friday evening. See societies for further information.

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

—While returning from a social hop at Northville, early Friday morning last a young couple were quite badly mixed up by their huggy being upset, while coming down the hill this side of the Phoenix mills. They escaped with a few slight bruises.

Home rendered land at Bennett's.

Chickens ten cents per pound at Bennett's.

Cash paid for hides and sheep pelts at Bennett's.

—Ernest Passage, of Northville, was in town Monday.

—The Wayne County Review was ten years old last week.

—D. G. Bradner returned Wednesday to his home at Bradford, Penn.

—C. A. Frisbee and wife left for Hudson, Wednesday, for a short visit.

—Henry Robinson is doing the inside work on Peter Gayde's addition to his store.

—Holloway Bros., of this place are engaged in painting a new house for Mr. Sober, of Salem.

—E. Lombard and wife are visiting their son B. F. Lombard, London, Monroe county, this week.

—The Rev. H. C. Beals, who was stricken with paralysis a few weeks since continues to improve.

—Mrs. J. Voorkeis leaves Monday, for Nashville, Tennessee, to attend the National W. C. T. U. convention.

Mrs. Edward Manning and father, Jas. Safford left for Grand Haven, Wednesday morning, for a visit among friends.

—Sewell Bennett and wife and Samuel Lyndon and wife, left Wednesday evening, for a visit at Fairport, New York.

—Thanksgiving party at Lapham's hall, Thursday evening, November 24, all are invited. Good music in attendance. Bill fifty cents.

—A Gentleman from Flat Rock is expected here the last of this week to open up business in the Punches' photograph gallery, over MAIL office.

—The ministers of the Wayne Baptist association will assist the Rev. H. Burns in a series of meetings commencing at the Baptist church Sunday evening.

—W. H. Bassett expects to leave for the Pacific coast about the first of December next to help put up a machine for ice-making. Mr. Hendricks, of Carbondale, Penn., being the patentee.

—Oliver Manassau and George Fisher, both we believe of Livonia, were up before Esq. Valentine, Monday, for an alleged assault upon Christian Stockfleets. The case was adjourned until to-day.

—Reader, if you have a friend living at a distance who is acquainted in Plymouth or vicinity, you could not please him better than to send him a year's subscription to the MAIL. Try it, it beats any and all the letters he gets from this vicinity, and at a trifling cost.

—Wm. H. Tripp, of South Lyon, while working at Ann Arbor a couple of months ago, slipped and struck his temple against a door key; blood poisoning set in and a few days ago he died. He was about 29 years of age, and had been married only about five months.

—The Markham Manufacturing Company of this place are unable to keep up with their orders for the "Markham air rifle." We saw an order from a Chicago firm on Tuesday, which had sold all out of a large lot sent them a few days ago, and were in a hurry for two more gross of them. They are taking like hot cakes wherever they are shown.

—C. F. Smith, while doing some digging on his farm, two miles west of the Phoenix mills, last Friday, unearthed at the depth of six feet what proved to be a corduroy road, or walk made from tamarack poles. Tamarack stumps were found growing about two feet above this road and still another layer of earth and stumps about two feet above these, yet two feet under the present surface. The ground is a low piece and Mr. Smith thinks that the road was made by the Indians, over which they traveled after water. The ends of the poles showed plainly the chopping, such as might be made by the Indians with the implements they had to use.

—A span of horses attached to a lumber wagon, belonging to and being driven by Stark Durfee, became unmanageable in our streets Saturday evening and ran away. When in front of W. O. Allen's residence they collided with a buggy, in which was Mr. and Mrs. Bloor, wrecking the buggy and throwing out its occupants, who were badly injured, Mrs. Bloor, among other injuries, receiving a broken arm. Mr. Bloor's horse was quite badly cut and escaped from the wreck with a portion of the buggy, but was captured near the postoffice. Mr. Durfee's team ran for some distance towards home and were at last brought up in a field, the only damage being a broken wagon axle. Mr. Durfee clung to the lines, but was unable to control them.

## PUBLIC SENTIMENT HAS DECLARED US ENTITLED TO FIRST PLACE

IN THE RANKS!

—OF DEALERS IN—

## Dry - Goods, - Hats - and - Caps,

SHOES AND SLIPPERS, RUBBERS,

## Millinery,

Carpets, Wall Paper, Crockery and Glass-  
ware, Fancy-ware, Cutlery,  
Groceries, Etc.

We did not beg the place, but we did try to deserve it, and the steady appreciation of our efforts has been delightful. FIDELITY TO HONEST, OLD TIME PRINCIPLES  
JUSTICE TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS

:: HAS :: PAID :: WELL, ::

And the measure of success which has been accorded us, encourages us to greater efforts than ever, to merit the good will of our patrons and always

## Keep : to : the : Front !

Cannonading High Prices in behalf of you and your friends. Remember

OUR PRICES WILL BE THE LOWEST! OUR QUALITY WILL BE THE HIGHEST!

And Remember it pays to investigate every statement made by

## GEO. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.,

Who are in enterprise, the youngest; in good intentions, the oldest; in everything the best.

### HOUGH

Pays Highest Market Price for Grain,

—AND—

All Kinds of Farm Produce,

—And Sells—

COAL, LIME, SALT, FLOUR,

Feed, Timothy and Clover Seed.

Homstead and Buffalo Fertilizers at live  
and let live prices

AT THE

F. & P. M. Elevator. Plymouth.

### C. A. FRISBEE,

Dealer in

Lumber, Lath, :  
: Shingles, :  
: and Coal.

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

Prices as Low as the Market  
will allow.

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

### \$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, acid heart, indigestion, constipation or on nervous system we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give permanent relief. Large boxes containing 30 sugar coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 222 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

## PLYMOUTH'S

## Great Day for Soap!

SATURDAY, (ALL DAY.)  
NOVEMBER, 12.

We are the exclusive agents for the

"SAXON" SOAP FOR PLYMOUTH,

And on and after our Soap Day we will sell a

PURE Vegetable Oil, 5 CENTS.  
12 oz. Bar of Soap, for

All who come early or late on that day will get

More Soap and Better Soap for a  
Few Shillings,

—THAN EVER—

Before or After!

Only One Day

REMEMBER!

14 BARS FOR 50 CENTS.

H. Dohmstreich & Co.'s

New Store is the Place, Nov. 12 the Month and Day. General Merchandise Cheap,  
New and Fresh at H. D. & Co.'s, Plymouth.



## AROUND A GREAT STATE.

### Gov. Luca's Notice.

Gov. Luca has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

A moment of reflection brings to each of us abundant reasons for observing a day of thanksgiving and praise. Though our fields have not brought forth their usual bounty, yet during the year God's hand hath stayed and kept afar pestilence and famine, war and dissension, and hath shored upon our state and its grateful people the blessings of peace, loyalty and contentment, and numberless benefits that only its individual can recount. It is therefore in humble recognition of God's wonderful goodness to us, and in harmony with the revered custom of our fathers, that I appoint Thursday, Nov. 23, 1887, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise. In the sunshine of His providence may our hearts be lifted to Him in earnest thankfulness, that when bowed down by the afflictions that come to all we may in confidence approach Him for help, and that we may give testimony of our appreciation of His kindly dealings with us. Let our praises and thank offerings in that day be borne to Him on the wings of sacrifice. Let those who enjoy the remembrance of families and friends remember the widow, the orphan and the lone ones. Let those who are the recipients of comfort, cheer and social enjoyment be mindful of the poor in deeds of charity, and let those who labor and toil for hire be given by their employers a day about their own hearthstones for thanksgiving and respite without the loss of daily bread to their families. Seeds of kindness thus scattered and burdens so lightened, will be but bread cast upon the waters and will make the 50th Thanksgiving day anniversary of our state but worthy of her law abiding, generous and Christian people.

### To Avenge His Sister's Wrong.

A shooting affray with possibly fatal results occurred in the town of Asco, Allegan county, the other night. It is charged that a young man named Herschel Adkins last summer disgraced a young lady named Overheiser, and that she subsequently died. Her brother Charles met Adkins and proceeded to avenge his sister's wrongs. "It is said he knocked Adkins down twice and was punishing him severely when the latter drew a revolver and shot his assailant. The ball passed through his neck and at first it was thought inflicted a fatal wound, as he bled profusely, but it is now thought he may recover."

Adkins fled, but excited neighbors surrounded the house and captured him while he was preparing to leave the country. He was brought to Allegan and is now in jail. His parents are highly respected and are suffering terribly from their son's disgrace. Public sympathy is entirely with the injured man, and there is a general and earnest hope that he may not die.

### Taggart on the Marriage Law.

Attorney General Taggart, in response to inquiries by the Wayne county clerk relative to the marriage law, says that a license cannot be issued when both parties are non-residents, but must be issued in the county where at least one of the parties has his or her home. Licenses issued in other states are not applicable. Mr. Taggart says non-conformance with the license law does not invalidate the marriage, but subjects the officiating magistrate or clergyman to the penalty for performing a marriage without the required formalities. If, however, both parties are non-residents of the state, as the law has no provisions for issuing them licenses, he doubts if they would be subject to a penalty. Mr. Taggart also declares that a marriage license issued in the county where one party lives is good in any other county in the state.

## PENINSULAR POINTERS.

There are 19 Japanese students at the state university.

Iron Mountain held its first village election on the 14th inst.

The Gladwin, Bay City & Pineconing road has reached Gladwin.

Van Buren county votes on the local option question December 1.

Owosso is shipping wooden snow shovels to Boston by the car-load.

George Moore, for 47 years a resident of Otisco, Ionia county, is dead.

The alumet & Hecla mine has entirely recovered from the big fire.

It is probable that the university roll will contain 1,700 students so far.

Game Warden Smith has prepared a pocket-size book of game and fish laws.

Mr. Ames Dillon, aged 75, of Carmel, Eaton county, is cutting her third set of teeth.

The iron bridge over the Huron River at Raysonville has been finished. It cost \$7,000.

A Swedish family named Johnson in Muskegon were poisoned by eating head-cheese.

Business men of Sault Ste. Marie are discussing the subject of a permanent exposition.

Dr. Walte, the Brighton dentist convicted of manslaughter, gets five years in Jackson.

John Premensky, a miner at the Atlantic mine, was killed by a fall of ground the other day.

There is 50 pounds pressure in the square inch on the natural gas mains at Port Huron.

A gymnasium is to be established at Albion college, 90 students having agreed to take stock in one.

Many boards of supervisors in the state have fixed the salary of game wardens at a very low figure.

W. Vander Molen, aged 22, of Grand Rapids, couldn't pay his debts, and so committed suicide.

Workmen digging trench for gas mains in Port Huron struck a box containing the skeleton of a man.

Dr. C. D. Goodrich, who helped clear the ground for the first dwelling in Allegan, died on the 1st inst.

About 150 volumes of Goethe's works have been added to the Goethe library collection in the university.

The Michigan Indian agency has been removed from Flint to Sault Ste. Marie, by order of the president.

Frederick E. Ellis, a Chicago reporter, was murdered while investigating dens of infamy near Iron Mountain.

Clara Primer of Sherman township Huron county, was run over by a lumber wagon the other day and killed.

John Van Antwerp has sued the Farmers' mutual insurance company at Cadillac. The company owns to loss and liability.

Rev. C. W. Jones of Woodland, Barry county, has patented a fruit evaporator, which has a capacity of 200 bushels per day.

Oil was struck at Allegan the other day. Those familiar with such things say the indications are first class for a profitable well.

Ole Vigslett, a miner in the Barium mine at Ishpeming, fell down the shaft, a distance of 200 feet, and was crushed to a pulp.

James Wells, who killed John White in Amboy, Hillsdale county, suicided in jail in Hillsdale the second night after his incarceration.

Adam Stettes, a well known resident of Houghton, was caught in the fly-wheel at the Calumet mine the other day and instantly killed.

Belles Bros' store in Orion was burglarized of \$100 worth of goods the other day. The safe, in which was considerable money, was left untouched.

M. S. Stewart of Duluth, Minn., a graduate of Michigan university, has given that institution some handsomely mounted specimens of deer and bear.

The sentence of John Whalen, sent in July, 1885, from Marquette county to the state prison for larceny, has been commuted so as to expire Dec. 31 next.

Hunters in the northern part of the state last week killed two bucks that had locked horns righting and could not part. The bucks weighed over 400 pounds.

Eva Davis of East Saginaw attempted suicide the other day because of the intemperance and bad behavior of her father. Her recovery is very doubtful.

Supervisor Jeremiah Payne of Cedar Springs, accused by a young German girl with her ruin, has gone west. The girl was getting troublesome and threatening civil suit.

Gladstone, the new village on Bay De Noquet, held its first charter election the other day. James E. Miller, president, R. W. Davies, clerk and Clarence Clark treasurer.

Mrs. Laughlin of Mt. Pleasant was injured about three years ago by the upsetting of a vehicle by a Grand Rapids street car. She has just been awarded \$1,850 damages.

Trains will be running on the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Cadillac railroad by Dec. 1. This road will have an immense advantage over its competitors in the north because of its light grades.

John White and James Wells of Amboy, Hillsdale county, quarreled about a ditch. The men came to blows, and Wells struck White on the head with a club, inflicting an injury which proved fatal.

The Grand Rapids, Lansing & Detroit extension of the D. L. & N. is having some difficulty in getting into Grand Rapids, and has had several pieces of land condemned by the probate court.

A young man named E. Gosse tried to crawl under a train of cars at Newaygo, and the train started up, cutting him in two and scattering his remains along the track. He was an unmarried man.

Clement Bellac of Lake Linden has been fined \$42 for cruelty to animals. He left a team a week without food or water and one horse starved to death, while the other was so reduced that it had to be shot.

Michigan boards of supervisors in many instances have choked the life out of the state game law by refusing to make the salaries of the deputy wardens enough to make it any object for them to attend to the duties.

Dr. J. L. Near of Flat Rock, has just learned that his mother, Mrs. Polly Near, Oneida, N. Y., is dead. Had she lived until next February, she would have been 104 years old. Her Michigan son is 79 years of age.

President Bradley and Marshal Hagley of Ovid have been captured by W. W. Winchell of the salvation army, because he was arrested in September and looked up for a couple of hours. The village will stand by its officers.

Beware of the man who comes to you and offers to paint the roof of your barn for a night's lodging. In the morning he asks you to sign a recommendation that looks innocent enough at first, but soon turns up at the bank in the form of a note.

J. P. Woodbury, for many years one of the leading business men of Kalamazoo, was returning from a hunting expedition with a party of friends, when the horses ran away throwing all out. Mr. Woodbury was so badly injured that he died the next day.

The contractors of the Canada Pacific railroad have recovered from their lurch and are straining every nerve to reach the Soo by Dec. 1. They have completed the big rock cut 27 miles east of the St. Mary's river, and are laying a mile and a half of iron every day.

J. F. McKenney, a brakeman on the Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad, while attempting to get on an engine at Belding, fell and his right leg was crushed in a terrible manner. He was brought to Ionia, but survived amputation of the limb only a few hours.

Up to the first day of November 8,671 vessels had passed through the government canal at Sault Ste. Marie this season. The regular tonnage of all craft was 4,541,378 and the freight tonnage 1,046,507. During October, 1,753 passengers passed through the canal.

Mrs. Jane Douglas has just been awarded, in the United States court at Bay City, a verdict of \$10,000 for injuries received by a defective sidewalk on the approach to the Third street bridge in that city. She was permanently crippled, but the verdict is considered excessive and the case will be appealed.

Mrs. J. O. Bancroft of Va-sar was stricken with paralysis the other day and died

about an hour afterward. She was 58 years old and widow of the late Rev. J. O. Bancroft, who died in precisely the same manner four years ago. Mrs. Bancroft was a leading member of the W. C. T. U., and widely known throughout the state.

E. Fargo & Co., large firm of boot and shoe manufacturers in Chicago, have leased the building outside the Jackson prison walls, formerly used as an insane asylum, and will remove their plant to Jackson. They already have a contract running eight years inside the prison, and this lease will run for the same length of time. The company will employ about 100 free hands.

Upper peninsula towns are being victimized by wild-cat insurance companies. None of the companies were authorized to do business in Michigan and the policy holders have no redress. Fraudulent insurance in that part of the state aggregates an immense sum. Proceedings will be begun against these enterprising companies, but with little chance of obtaining even the amount of the premiums paid.

The Michigan homestead union has been formed at L'Anse au Loup, Brady president. Homesteaders on valuable land under government lands in the upper peninsula of Michigan are threatened by claim jumpers and timber sharks. The lands comprise 400,000 to 500,000 acres in northern Michigan. The settlers have combined for defense and will employ lawyers, and do all in their power to secure themselves.

George Bearis, L. D. S., a student of the dental department of the university, died a few days ago of pneumonia. He was from Newport, Mon. England, and for a few months previous to entering college he had practiced dentistry in Dundee. He was 39 years of age and was a licentiate of an Irish dental college. His widowed mother was with him at the time of his death. A popular subscription was taken up to assist her on her sorrowful journey back to England.

Walter Monteith of Monteith, Kalamazoo county, was at the Williams house, Plainwell, the other afternoon, where he made bet with three card monte men of \$300 and won. The monte men wouldn't give up until the old man showed that he had the amount. He went to the bank, drew the money and returned to the hotel. The men were in a buggy and wanted to see farmer's pile. One jumped out and began counting the money. In a moment he made a leap into the buggy and drove away. No tidings, although Monteith and an officer are on the lookout.

Roster of commissioned officers just sent out from Michigan military academy shows the following members of staff: First lieutenant and adjutant, H. B. Dwyer of Dowagiac; first lieutenant and quartermaster, R. P. Bagley of Detroit; second lieutenant and orderly officer, T. E. Waterworth of Fort Gratiot; sergeant-major, E. H. Brown of Aurora; Ill.; quartermaster sergeant, P. H. Withington of Jackson; color sergeant, W. C. Earhart of Chicago; Captains of several companies: R. W. Van Zile of Charlotte, E. B. Sanborn of Houston, Texas, T. T. Mulliken of Detroit, and E. S. Bliss of East Saginaw.

Dr. D. C. Powers of Coldwater died on the 4th inst., aged 65 years. Dr. Powers was born at Croyden, N. H., in June, 1821. He studied medicine at the Berkshire, Mass., medical college, and in 1849 went to California, returning after a year's absence. He continued the practice of medicine at Auburn, N. Y., and in the autumn of 1855 removed to Coldwater, where he has since resided, except during the years he has spent in the army as a surgeon in the famous Loomis battery. He was mayor of Coldwater three terms, and held other offices of trust. He enjoyed a lucrative practice, was the physician at the state public school for a number of years, and was one of the leading physicians and citizens of that section.

### DETROIT MARKETS.

WHEAT, White.....	77	@	79
Red.....	75	@	78
CORN, per bu.....	44	@	45
OATS.....	21	@	20
BARLEY.....	1 40	@	1 45
MALT.....	90	@	15
TIMOTHY SEED.....	2 05	@	2 10
CLOVER SEED, per bag.....	3 95	@	4 05
FEED, per cwt.....	13 25	@	13 50
Flour—Michigan patent.....	4 25	@	4 50
Michigan roller.....	3 75	@	4 00
Minnesota patent.....	4 75	@	5 00
Minnesota bakers.....	4 00	@	4 25
Michigan rye.....	3 60	@	3 85
APPLES, new, per bu.....	1 75	@	2 00
CRANBERRIES, per bu.....	2 00	@	2 25
QUINCE, per bu.....	4 00	@	4 50
PEARS, per bu.....	1 00	@	1 20
BEANS, picked.....	2 25	@	2 40
" unpicke.....	1 75	@	2 25
BEESWAX.....	25	@	30
BUTTER.....	18	@	19
CHEESE, per lb.....	12	@	12 1/2
DRIED APPLES, per lb.....	5	@	6
EGGS, per doz.....	18	@	19
HONEY, per lb.....	15	@	20
HOPS.....	32	@	30
HAY, per ton, clover.....	7 00	@	8 00
" timothy.....	10 50	@	11 50
MALT, per bu.....	10	@	15
ONIONS, per bu.....	2 40	@	2 50
POTATOES, per bu.....	40	@	65
POULTRY—Chickens, per lb.....	9	@	11
Geese.....	8	@	9
Turkeys.....	9	@	10
Ducks, per lb.....	6	@	7
Provisions—Mess. Pork.....	13 75	@	14 00
Family.....	14 50	@	14 75
Extra mess beef.....	7 25	@	7 50
Lard.....	7	@	7 1/2
Dressed hogs.....	6 50	@	6 75
Hams.....	10	@	11
Shoulders.....	7	@	7 1/2
Bacon.....	12	@	12 1/2
Tallow, per lb.....	3 1/2	@	4
Hides—Green City per lb.....	6 1/2	@	6 1/2
Country.....	6 1/2	@	7
Cured.....	7 1/2	@	8
Salted.....	7 1/2	@	8
Sheep skins, wool.....	50	@	1 25

Cattle—Market steady shipping steers, \$2 60@3 05; stockers and feeders quiet at \$1 60@3; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1 60@50; through Texas cattle weak sales at \$1 50@2; 50; Indians, \$2 00@3; 20; Western range, weak; natives and half-breeds, \$2 50@3; 10; cows, \$2 10@3 40; wintered Texas, \$2 50@2 55.

Hogs—Market steady, rough and mixed, \$4 20@4 40; packing and shipping \$4 25@4 65; light, \$4 40@4 60; skips, \$3 35@3 50.

Sussex—Market unchanged: \$2 24@25; western, \$2 24@25; Texas, \$2 24@25; lambs, \$3 75@4 75.

The Drover's Journal special cablegram from London reports American cattle in light supply, and prices steady. Choice American steers are quoted at \$11c, estimated dead weight.

Mrs. Langtry's new play "As in a Looking Glass," was probably selected after considerable reflection.

## MORGAN MUST HANG.

Detective Halligan's Murderer Convicted—Sheriff Lynch Avenged.

"Blinkin'" Morgan, the robber who murdered Detective Halligan of Cleveland, has been convicted at Ravenna, Ohio, of murder in the first degree.

The trial of Morgan had special interest for Michigan readers, because in his capture at Alpena, the brave Sheriff Lynch met his death. The crime for which he has been convicted was the brutal murder of Detective Halligan of Cleveland, committed last February in an effort to rescue Harry McMann, then being taken to Cleveland for an extensive robbery of a fur store in that city. Half a dozen of McMann's friends boarded the train at Alliance, attacked Capt. Hoehn and Detective Halligan, wounded the latter so that he died two days later and injured Capt. Hoehn so badly that his recovery for a time seemed impossible. Morgan, whose real name is Charles Conklin, and his two pals, Pat Hanley and Billy Harrington, were traced to Alpena where they were captured, but not without a desperate fight, in which Sheriff Lynch was shot in the thigh, from which he died in Detroit some weeks afterwards. The feeling against Morgan and his murderous pals has been intense through Ohio and Michigan, and there will be general satisfaction over the verdict, which, in Ohio, means hanging. Hanley and Harrington remain to be tried.

### Latest from Stanley.

Advices from St. Paul de Loanda state that news has been received there from Henry M. Stanley, under date of September 8, to the effect that the expedition had left the camp that he established, about eight days journey from the Mahodi country, and was advancing towards the western shore of Albert Nyanza. The men were greatly fatigued, and struggled with difficulty over a distance of several kilometers. The most important chiefs of the country through which the expedition had traveled readily complied with Stanley's request for food. Stanley halted for four days to reorganize the expedition and then, leaving thirty men to guard this new camp, proceeded toward Albert Nyanza. He intended to form a camp on the fertile slopes of the mountains bordering Albert Nyanza and to dispatch a small advance guard towards Wadelai in a steel whale boat under command of Lieut. Stagers, unless he heard fresh news of Emin Bey. Stanley says he had learned that Emin Bey was in good health and that the country to the southward of Albert Nyanza had become much quieter. He had written a letter to Yambunga camp requesting provisions to enable him to revisit Emin Bey. Owing to the events at Stanley Falls and the state of the country there was a difficulty in finding porters who were willing to penetrate into the unknown country beyond Yambunga, unless Stanley accompanied them. Stanley hoped to be able to communicate directly with Emin Bey by September 15. The explorer says he found Mahodi a populous and hospitable country. He was compelled to abandon his route along the Aruwimi river, owing to its southern course. He discovered streams which he believed to be tributaries of the Quella.

### A Place for Our Don.

A Washington dispatch in the New York Sun says: President Cleveland's cabinet will be re-constituted after the heads of departments have completed their annual reports, some time this month. Secretary Lamar will go to the supreme bench and Postmaster-General Vilas will be made secretary of the interior. Don M. Dickinson of Michigan, will be the next postmaster-general, unless he declines the appointment which has been tendered to him. His law practice is large and growing yearly more valuable, and his acceptance of public office will seriously impair it.

### Net Increase of Money.

A statement prepared at the treasury department shows that during the month of October there was a net increase of \$13,026,659 in the circulation and a net increase of \$14,240,514 in the cash in the treasury. Total circulation Nov. 1 is stated at \$1,366,512,349 and total cash in the treasury at \$408,600,002. The principal increase in the circulation is in silver certificates, United States notes and standard silver dollars in the order named. The principal increase in the cash is in gold bullion, gold certificates, national bank notes and standard silver dollar in the order named.

### Want the Inspector Arrested.

The coroner's jury at the inquest on the body of one of the victims of the Vernon disaster say that the deceased came to his death by reason of exposure on a life raft on Lake Michigan off Sheboygan Sunday morning, Oct. 30, 1887, having been compelled to seek the aforesaid raft by reason of the sinking of the Vernon. That rule 17, general rules and regulation for steam vessels which requires cork life preservers was not complied with, and the jury recommended that the inspector who last inspected the steamer Vernon be, by the proper authorities, arrested and held for trial.

### The Pope's Jubilee Program.

The program of ceremonies attending the celebration of the jubilee has been made public. Dec. 31, the pope will receive members of the international committee, who will present him with a gift of 1,000,000 lire; Jan. 1, he will celebrate mass in St. Peter's; Jan. 2, he will hold a public reception at the church of San Lorenzo; on the 4th and 5th he will receive the foreign deputation; on the 6th he will open exhibition gifts presented to his holiness and on the 15th will canonize ten saints.

### Dropped Fire Into Powder.

Five men were sitting smoking in a frame building at Bridgeport, W. Va., near their work, when a spark dropped into a keg of powder and an explosion followed, blowing the house to pieces, killing two of the men, F. Richter and Julius Buckholz, and wounding the other three perhaps fatally.

### Worse than Death.

Eighteen young officers in the Russian army have been sentenced to exile in Siberia on a charge of connection with a revolutionary plot against the government.

## HE CONFESSES TOO LATE.

Thomas Owen Says He Caused the Haymarket Riot.

Thomas Owens, a carpenter employed at Homestead, near Pittsburgh, Pa., who died a day or two ago, confessed before death that he was a partner of Rudolph Schnaubelt, the man who, it is alleged, threw the bomb at the Haymarket massacre in Chicago in May, 1886, and that he himself was the guilty party.

The fact did not come out until the inquest was held on the remains of Owens, who died from the effects of an accident at the steel works.

It is stated that he, under pledges of secrecy, confessed to Mullett and Ober, brother members of the carpenters' association, that he was an anarchist and intimate friend of the condemned men. He knew Schnaubelt's determination and was with him on the night of the Haymarket riot. He said also that it was not Schnaubelt, but himself, who threw the bomb. In the confusion he got to his brother's home and borrowed \$37 and left for a country town. Until six weeks ago he was tramped.

On his person were letters from his sister advising him to keep away from socialists as they had already caused him much trouble. A letter from his brother cautioned him not to write home for fear his letters would betray him.

### A Remarkable Kidnapping Story.

Edward S. Curran and John H. Scriven, two barefooted and bareheaded young men, applied for lodging at the police station in Washington the other night, telling a remarkable story of abduction. They were both telegraph operators, and were on their way from New York to Atlanta, Ga. Stopping over a few days in Baltimore, they were inveigled on board an oyster boat, carried off against their will, cruelly beaten and compelled to work. They finally escaped after a month to the shore, a distance of about a mile, while the crew were drunk.

### Texas Justice.

A farmer living near Waco, Texas, lost some fine stock and Dan Wells was arrested charged with being one of the thieves. The constable started to town with the prisoner, but was met by vigilants, who hanged Wells to the limb of a tree, hoping to get full confession out of him. He would not confess, and after keeping him hanging for ten minutes they cut him down and turned him over to the constable. Wells is now in jail. Bond is refused him.

### All Were Lost.

The schooner Ocean Bird of Wilmington, N. C., Capt. Edward C. Daniel, carrying the mail between Nag's Head, Manteo and Elizabeth City, N. C., went to the bottom during a storm the other night in the Pamlico river, and all on board were lost. Among the passengers were three painters from Elizabeth City, the captain's son, a school teacher from Manteo named Howe and several colored men.

### Buried City Found.

A report has been received that Prof. Cushman, who has had charge of the government exploring expedition in southern Arizona, has unearthed an entire city there and exhumed 2,000 skeletons. The location is about eighty miles northwest of Tucson, near the junction of the Salt river with the Gila.

### New Postal Regulations.

Hereafter treasury drafts and postal warrants must be indorsed. The name of the payee must correspond in spelling with that on the face of the draft; indorsements by mark must be witnessed by two persons, and those by executors by copies of letters testamentary.

### A Startling Discovery.

Half a dozen loaded bombs were found in the anarchist Ling's cell in the Chicago jail the other day. How they got there is a mystery, but that they were designed by the condemned as agents of self-destruction is very certain.

### Fatal Boiler Explosion.

The boilers in Holden's fire brick works at Mineral Point, Tuscarawas county, Ohio, exploded the other morning. Four persons were scalded to death, and five others seriously injured.

### Interesting Facts Concerning the Manufacture of Tobacco.

Very few users of the weed realize the magnitude of the tobacco business. The following figures will, we think, surprise as well as interest many of our readers.

In 1886, according to the report of the U. S. Internal Revenue Department, there were 266 tobacco factories in the United States. These 266 factories manufactured 191,592,340 lbs. of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco and Snuffs, on each pound of which a tax of 8 cents was paid to the U. S. Government. Of this total the house of P. Lorillard & Co., alone manufactured the enormous quantity of 37,892,280 lbs., about 14 thousand tons, or one-seventh of what it took 266 factories to make.

This tobacco was sold by 503,414 dealers, every one of whom, with scarcely an exception, sold more or less of Lorillard's Climax Plug Tobacco, which is the acknowledged standard for goods of this class.

The Lorillards began manufacturing Tobacco as long ago as 1760 and have for many years owned and operated the largest factory in the world. In the last 21 years they have helped support the United States Government to the extent of over \$44,700,000.00 paid into the United States Treasury in internal revenue taxes. Is it to be wondered at that there is so large a surplus in the treasury? The weekly payroll of Lorillard's factory amounts to \$29,000.00—a small fortune.

These figures go to prove how much of a necessity to mankind tobacco has become and how the real merit of the goods has made Lorillard's Tobacco the favored above all others and Climax. "The old reliable," especially. ("Tobacco"—New York.)

Mrs. Nevine, widow of the first superintendent of schools in San Francisco, recently celebrated her 80 birthday. She has been a teacher for 50 years, having begun in South Carolina in 1828.

The names of Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland are on documents relating to the transfer of a certain piece of land in Fairmount, Ill. Lincoln's signature was written in 1853 and Cleveland's in 1879.



## ELECTION NEWS.

### Democrats Carry New York by a Large Majority.

**Returns from Other States.**  
Returns from the election in New York on the 8th inst., indicate that the democrats have carried the state by a plurality of 20,000. Col. Fred Grant, the republican candidate for secretary of state, has been defeated by Cook, south of the Harlem river by at least 65,000 plurality. The boom of the George party vanished into thin air. The George men confidently counted on 70,000 votes in New York City; they only polled 35,000, and their total vote throughout the state is estimated below 100,000. In the great contest for the District Attorneyship in New York City, Col. Fellows the united democracy candidate, is elected by 20,000 plurality, over Nicoll, the republican nominee. Post, the labor candidate, polled 30,000 votes. The George party took their defeat cheerfully. Henry George made a speech at his headquarters in which he took a cheerful view of things and predicted ultimate success. In Brooklyn the democrats have carried everything. Chapin, the democratic candidate for mayor, being elected by a handsome majority.

The legislature, however, remains republican; there being a republican majority of six in the senate and twenty in the assembly. The total labor vote amounts to about 70,000 and the prohibition vote 40,000.

Later returns may, and undoubtedly will, change the figures somewhat, but not enough to materially affect the general result.

Ohio rolls up big republican gains. Gov. Foraker's majority is estimated at 25,000.

Next to the Empire state Virginia rolls up a solid majority for democracy. Mahone and his followers suffering a veritable Waterloo.

Iowa shows democratic gains all along the line, and the indications are that the Hawkeye state will have a democratic governor.

In Massachusetts the republicans claim the state by at least 14,000 majority. Gov. Ames being elected by a largely increased majority.

The republicans get Pennsylvania by the usual majority, the election in this state being for state treasurer for a term of two years and for a judge of the supreme court to serve twenty-one years.

Rhode Island held a postponed election for representative to congress. The result shows republican gains.

In Chicago and Cook county the republicans carry everything by a sweeping majority.

In Maryland democratic state officers and legislature are elected by handsome majorities.

In New Jersey the results are somewhat mixed on the legislative ticket, although it is probable that the state gains a republican senator.

In Mississippi there was no opposition to the democratic ticket, so a victory is assured there.

Nebraska gives solid republican majorities, although the vote was very light, and there was an unusual amount of scratching.

In Dakota the question was for or against the division of the territory on the 46th parallel, and in counties where an election had been called by petition to the county commissioners, the question of local option was voted upon. The Pioneer Press has returns from twenty counties which show a generally light vote on the question of division, with the probabilities that the majority in favor thereof in the whole territory will be about 10,000.

On the question of license against prohibition the counties containing the larger towns like Fargo and Grand Forks go for license, but of the whole vote cash prohibition will probably get a small majority.

In Oregon prohibition was the question at issue, and earlier returns indicate that the prohibition amendment is defeated by 7,000 to 8,000 majority.

In Detroit such a democratic victory was never before known, the democrats electing their candidate for mayor by fully 5,000 plurality. The new board of aldermen will be strongly democratic, and only five republicans were elected to the board of estimates.

### Hecher's Successor.

The advisory committee of Plymouth church has decided to recommend the selection of Rev. Charles A. Berry of Wolverhampton, England, as pastor of the church. He recently preached before them. This action will undoubtedly be ratified by the society. Mr. Berry, who is 35 years old, is pastor of one of the most influential Congregational churches in England. He did not come to America as a candidate for the Plymouth pulpit, but he made a deep impression upon the congregation.

### Bandits' Work.

Near Grand Junction, Col., the other morning a number of masked men stopped a Denver and Rio Grand express train, compelled the employees to leave their positions, and then entered the coaches and robbed the passengers. They failed, however, in their attempt to rifle the express safe, but cut the mail pouches and carried off the contents of the registered packages. After holding the train over an hour the bandits, with their plunder, escaped to the mountains.

### A Postal Deficiency.

Sixth Auditor McConville of the treasury department has submitted his annual report, which shows that the total receipts of the postoffice department from all sources for the last fiscal year were \$48,837,400, and the expenditures \$52,891,672, leaving a deficiency of \$3,554,008.

### Present for Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Cleveland received from Mr. Fred Sullivan postmaster at Jamaica, through Sup't Bell of the foreign mail service, an elaborate and extremely handsome fan made at the woman's self-help institution of Jamaica of the native woods, ferns and flowers artistically arranged.

### Dead Indians.

The regular troops had a battle with the Crow Indians near Crow Agency, Mont., the other day. One soldier was killed, and several Indians, including the chief Sward Bearer, are among the slain.

## A PECULIAR AFFLICTION.

### Railway Employees Subject to a Disease Known as Railway Brain.

At a recent meeting of the Physicians of the Charity Hospital in Berlin, Thomsen exhibited a patient whose case he described as one of "railway brain," a neurosis resembling in many respects the condition already known under the name of "railway spine." A healthy railway employee, aged 30, without history of alcoholism, or of any predisposing neurotic condition, by the sudden motion of his train was thrown violently against the side of a car, striking his head.

He sustained no wound, and at the time of injury consciousness was preserved. Some hours afterward, however, he was suddenly seized with syncope, with mental terror, lost all sense of location, could not recognize the simplest familiar object, and described what he saw erroneously; his one objective symptom was absolute anesthesia of the entire body. On the fourth day of his injury he had violent headaches, a pulse rate of 44, and, in addition to the cutaneous anesthesia, loss of olfactory and taste sensations, with difficult hearing. On the fifth day the psychic symptoms suddenly ceased, he could remember nothing which had happened, and had no explanation for his condition.

The patient subsequently became very melancholic, complaining of insomnia, headache, spinal pain, weariness, and failure of appetite; no sensations of terror or disordered dreams were present. The objective symptoms remaining were well marked cranial and spinal hyperesthesia; failure to distinguish between white and colors; loss of smell and taste, and impaired hearing; numbness, and at times paresis and spasms of the region supplied by the facial nerve were also present. He was discharged from the hospital as improved, but two months afterward his condition was unchanged; he was unable to work on account of headache and weakness. Thomsen's diagnosis was "railway brain," a condition of profound disturbance of cerebral functions from shock.

The increase in mechanical appliances, and the immense extension of railways, afford abundant opportunities for observation of nervous shock, both in its fatal and milder forms. While postmortem demonstrations of hemorrhage and structural lesions, explains the course of these cases when fatal, it is evident that we must rely upon the continued observation of surviving patients to determine the development of lesions which will illustrate the pathology of this condition. The possibility of the production of degenerative changes in nervous matter, and cerebral conditions causing permanent mental impairment, is an interesting question for neurologists, and, in its medico-legal aspects, for the corporations whose property may cause such injuries to their patrons and employees. —*Medical News.*

### In a Storm of Dust.

An English traveler, Mr. A. R. Hope, writing from South America of life on the pampas, relates some experiences that were new and strange. Here is his account of a storm he witnessed one afternoon while he was visiting some herdsmen on the plains. "A dust storm," they called to him, and almost before he had time to make any inquiries it was on them. The air was crowded with birds flying before it.

The next indication of its approach was that we felt particles of dust blown in our faces, and soon this dust not only increased in denseness, but was mingled with pieces of plants and other substances carried along by the wind with such violence as to make the skin smart wherever it struck it.

The whirling clouds grew larger and larger, and every one, putting his hand over his mouth, began to make for shelter. A few drops of rain began to fall, and these in passing through the dust acquired the consistency of mud. Peals of thunder were heard not far off, and before long the force of the wind was so great that it was difficult to keep one's footing.

At the first signs of the storm the cattle grew restless. The herdsmen tried to round them up; the great herd swayed to and fro and began to move before the wind. The last thing we saw before the dust got so thick that we could see no more was the whole mass going off at a long, swinging trot. By this time most of us were safe in the house, where soon it was so dark that lights had to be brought into the room. —*Youth's Companion.*

### One Cashier Safe.

"I see that you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under \$150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man! he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see he has just run away from a Canadian bank with \$200,000. I think he is safe enough."

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A woman's rites are usually dedicated to a male God. —*New Haven News.*

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**How TO CURE BEEF.**—(1) For 100 pounds of beef, use 6 pounds coarse salt, 8 ounces saltpeter, and 1 pound brown sugar. Scald all together, and when cold pour into the beef, and add water enough to cover it. We use maple sugar.

(2) For 100 pounds beef take 4 quarts Turk's Island salt, 4 pounds muscovado sugar, 4 ounces saltpeter. Powder the saltpeter and mix with the salt and sugar thoroughly. Let the beef stand twenty-four hours without freezing, as freezing dries the meat. Cut and pack tight, alternating the beef and mixture. When done place a heavy weight on top. Use no water as the meat will make its own brine if the directions are followed. We have kept beef sweet a year in this way.

(3) Take four pounds of brown sugar and water enough to cover 100 pounds of meat, bring it to a boil then add all the salt the water will dissolve while boiling, then skim the brine and put in the meat while boiling and boil one-half hour, then take out the meat and let the meat and pickle get cold before packing, then pack and pour on the pickle. This pickle may want a little salt added after the first of March.

(4) For 100 lbs. beef take 10 lbs. salt, 4 lbs. sugar, and 3 oz. saltpeter; mix well, and pack the beef in a clean barrel with the mixture. Put a board over the beef, and put a stone on the board. If after a few days the brine does not cover the beef, make a little brine and put on it.

(5) Make a pickle, using one pound of salt to 1 gallon of water; 4 ounces of saltpeter to 100 pounds of beef. Bring the brine to about boiling temperature so as to bring the impurities to the top; skim and let it cool before putting it on to the meat. Let the beef remain in the pickle one week, then take it out and make a new brine with the same amount of salt, but no saltpeter. Putting the beef in the pickle will prevent the hardening of the fibrine, so the beef will be nice and tender. When warm weather approaches, if a scum rises on your beef, you must add more salt; look at it from time to time, which is better than using more salt than is necessary, as a large amount of salt without saltpeter will make the beef hard and unpalatable.

(6) Thoroughly mix 4 quarts salt, 4 pounds brown sugar, 2 ounces saltpeter, and 2 ounces saleratus for each 100 pounds of beef. Pack this with the beef and do not use any water and I will warrant it to keep the beef for one year.

I have used the above for twenty years and have never known it to fail of keeping beef nice and sweet. Pack the meats as closely as possible in the barrel and it will be all the brine and beef requires. D. E. T.

**LEMON MERINGUE Pudding.**—One quart of milk, two cups of bread crumbs, four eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of white sugar, one large lemon, juice and half the rind grated; soak the bread in the milk; add the beaten yolks with the butter and sugar rubbed to a cream, and also the lemon. Bake in a buttered dish until firm and slightly brown. Draw to the door of the oven and cover with a meringue of the whites whipped to a froth, with three table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Brown very slightly; sift the powdered sugar over it and eat cold. You may make an orange pudding in the same way.

**WASHING LACE.**—Make a lather of good white soap, have it just lukewarm, lay the lace in over night. In the morning squeeze out, and put in fresh water, a little soapy. Rinse and blue slightly, pin on a cloth and hang out. When dry dip in sweet milk, squeeze out and lay on the cloth, pick out and pull in shape, lay cloth and all between the leaves of a large book, like a geography, and put a weight on it until dry. —*Practical Farmer.*

### Inflate the Lungs.

The death rate usually increases at the beginning of cold weather, especially among the old and debilitated. It is the indirect rather than the direct effects of the cold which are responsible for most of this increased mortality. In trying to shield themselves from the cold too many deny themselves of needed fresh air, which is never purer nor more healthful than when cold. In fact, the great expansion of cold air by the heat of the body is one of the very best means of expanding the lungs, thus increasing their power and furnishing more animal heat to counteract the outside low temperature. No more invigorating exercise is possible than standing in a bracing cold air throwing the arms back quickly and taking through the nose as deep a breath as possible. This expands the chest, purifies the blood, and quickens its circulation. To get the fullest advantage from deep breathing it should always be done through the nostrils. Besides, in breathing through the mouth, the air, before it reaches the lungs, is more or less contaminated by matter in decaying teeth, and thus does not purify the blood through the lungs as it should. Right breathing is an important part of right living. —*Christianity Enquirer.*

A bulldog acts as an air-brake when it ruthlessly breaks in upon an air that a screech is singing. —*Texas Siftings.*

Senator Stanford was a lady, his nearest relatives would never find out his exact age. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## The Neck of the Giraffe.

In spite of its enormous length it only possesses the seven vertebrae which are common to nearly all the mammals. In consequence it is nearly as inflexible as a wooden bar of equal length, so the many pretty pictures which represent giraffes craning their necks gracefully, after the manner of swans, are ludicrously wrong. "But," said the objectors, "if it had so long and inflexible a neck it could not graze, and, being a ruminant animal, would die of hunger. It is quite true that it can not graze. It can only lower its head near the ground by spreading its forelegs as widely as possible and drawing its hindlegs under them, thus presenting a most ludicrous aspect. In its native state it never, as far as I know, even attempts to lower its head to the ground, but in captivity it can be induced to do so by laying on the ground a large lump of sugar, of which it is voraciously fond. The fact is that it is intended to graze, not on the ground, but on the leaves of the trees. The acacia or mimosa, is its favorite tree, and the Dutch colonists have in consequence called the acacia by the name of "kameldorn," i. e. camel-thorn, the invariably giving the name of "camel" to the giraffe. This mode of feeding involves anomalous structure. This is the tongue on which the giraffe is almost as much dependent as is the elephant on its proboscis. It is possessed of wonderful powers of extension and contraction, and can be narrowed until it almost resembles the corresponding organ of an ant-eater. The peculiar powers of the tongue can well be seen when the animal takes the sugar from the ground. It does not attempt to seize the sugar with its lips, but protrudes its tongue to its fullest extent, twists the narrowed tip around the sugar, and so draws the coveted dainty into its mouth. When it feeds on the trees it picks off leaf after leaf quite daintily, selecting those which are most to its taste. —*Good Words.*

### Pernicious Generosity.

"Aren't you cutting that piece of muslin a trifle short?" asked a lady of the proprietor of an East-side dry-goods store in New York as he was measuring off her purchase.

"No, madam," replied the merchant. "I am giving you the exact amount of goods you bought."

"Yes, I know that," persisted the customer, but I always get full measure—an inch or so over—at other stores."

"That may be so, madam, but I can't afford to give even that small amount of cloth away. I sell my goods at the lowest retail prices, and if I overmeasured it in every case I would lose money."

"You have no idea," explained the merchant to a reporter after the lady had left the store, how great a loss there is in the overmeasurement of dry-goods. Suppose I sell a thousand yards of goods a day, which is a great underestimate, but will serve as an illustration. We will say that I give away one inch on every ten yards I sell. That would be one hundred inches, or about three yards. We will say that these goods cost me on an average 30 cents a yard. You see that would be a total gift of 40 to 50 cents. Now, we sell these goods at 33 cents a yard on an average. That makes \$330, on which I make a profit of \$30. Out of this I have given away 30 cents, or 3 per cent. You can figure out the loss on a year's business at that rate. The loss is hardly as large as that all through the business, as many dress patterns are sold without being cut. But I have no doubt that it will average 2 per cent. in stores where this pernicious rule is observed. As we only make about 8 or 10 per cent. on our goods, you can readily see what a great loss this is to us.

### How Coal is Made.

Did you know that coal was made from plants? Not one child in a hundred knows that! The very heat it gives out is what the plant first took in.

What is there more valuable than coal, that warms our houses so nicely, and gives us such beautiful gas-light to sit by on cold winter nights?

All kinds of machinery are worked by it, from the factory to the engine. Even the oil that we use in our lamps comes from coal and the remains of plants. If you were to take a piece in your hands you can see the impression of leaves like those you gather in the country lanes.

Many have stems, too. They are very, very hard, and even have the marks where the roots grew!

Many kinds of ferns and huge trees of the forest often make coal, for every coal-mine has more or less of these; even the cones of the pine have been found in the coal.

Peat is the beginning of a bed of coal before it becomes hard. Coke, which you have often seen burning so brightly in the grate, is made by driving out all the oil and gasses from the coal—the very gas that we burn.

Tar often oozes out of the lumps of coal on a fire, making little black bubbles which burst and burn. Paraffine oil is made from this very tar, and benzoline, too. Aniline comes from benzoline, which makes some of our most beautiful dyes. Essences that are put in the candies you buy, and taste so good, come from tar. So you see that from coal we get nearly all our heat and light, colors and pleasant flavors. Isn't it useful, though! —*Our Little Ones.*

## Hints to Housekeepers.

Hang up the brooms; they will last longer.

Clogged wicks can be cleaned by boiling them in soap-suds.

A tencup of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods.

In sweeping carpets use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn to pieces. The paper collects the dust but does not soil the carpet.

Bread thoroughly burned and made to ashes is a good dentifrice.

If strong soap-suds is added to stove blacking it will make it stick and polish easy.

To take ordinary ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow; wash out tallow, and ink will come out with it. This seldom fails.

The taste of fish may be removed very effectually from knives and forks by rubbing them with fresh orange or lemon peel.

For ingrowing toe nails use equal parts of mutton tallow, castile soap and white sugar made into a salve. Apply until the swelling is down, then trim the nail in the centre.

The best remedy for burns is claimed to be essence of peppermint and whisky mixed. Wet a soft cloth or raw cotton, and apply. It stops the pain instantly, and draws out the fire.

If you have an old black silk dress or umbrella that is beginning to show the wear by tiny holes, cut out of black court plaster pieces of suitable size, moisten enough to stick, lay over the holes on the wrong side, and press with a warm iron.

A teaspoonful of borax in a quart of warm water makes an excellent wash for the hair.

Cracks in floors may be neatly but permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of a half-pound of flour, three quarts of water and a half pound of alum mixed and boiled. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevice with a cane knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

If soot is dropped on the carpet, cover thickly with salt and it may be swept up without injury to the carpet.

To keep an iron pot from rusting, each time before putting it away rub it with grease that has no salt in it.

To clean feathers, make a lather of curd soap, boiling water and pearlash; when it is a little cool wash the feather in it, gently squeezing it; wash it again with less lather and rinse in cold water, shaking it well before the fire, but not too near. Curl it by drawing each fibre over the blunt edge of a fruit knife. If the color is not good use a little blue in the rinsing water.

### Making Cream Churn Easily.

A lady friend, an experienced and successful butter maker, thus explains how she makes the butter come quickly as cold weather approaches. She keeps the cream crock in the cellar as cool as possible, and as the natural result it is too cool for good butter making. If the cream is directly heated over the fire it is apt to make soft butter, as every housewife knows. What she does is to take a quart or a little more of sweet milk, heat it quickly over the fire and then mix it with the cream already in the churn, adding enough to bring it up to the right temperature. The butter comes quickly by this method, and is not made soft late in the season. It is not a plan so well adapted to butter making in hot weather, for then the cream, unless kept on ice, usually needs no warming. Some use hot water instead of milk, but the advantages of the latter is that the warm, sweet milk imparts a better flavor to the butter and greatly improves the buttermilk, besides, of course, making more of it.

There is probably only a very small increase of butter that comes directly from the heated sweet milk. Possibly this furnishes no butter; but it does separate the butter particles more perfectly from the cream than is possible otherwise. The yield of cream and butter from milk should under most circumstances naturally increase in proportion to the milk as the amount of butter is lessened. A farrow cow five or six months after calving gives less but richer milk than she does at first. But what avails this to the butter maker, if he or she cannot separate the butter from the cream in which it is enclosed. Adding warm sweet milk seems to entirely remove this difficulty, and has many other incidental advantages. —*American Cultivator.*

### He Was a Slick One.

"My dear, what on earth am I to do? Here you've accepted that invitation to the Priggies for to-morrow evening."

"Why, what of it?"

"What of it! Why, woman, don't you know that the lining of my centennial year overcoat is in tatters, and that I don't dare to take it off except in the dark. If we go I'll have to keep it on and carefully buttoned the whole evening?"

"Can't you go without it?"

"That will look worse yet, such a night as this. The only thing to do is to take it off their stoop and fold it over my arm. If they go to saving anything you up and tell 'em how warm it was this evening. That ought to divert suspicion. Then I'll hang it up where they can't see the inside of it." The plan was carefully acted on, and the secrets of Mr. Dusenberry's sartorial are kept in his own family. —*Buffalo Courier.*



## Churches.

**Presbyterian.**—Rev. G. H. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service.

**Methodist.**—Rev. J. M. Shank, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

**Baptist.**—Rev. H. Burns, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at close of morning service. Prayer meeting Tuesday and Thursday evenings. All are invited.

**German Lutheran Church.**—Services alternate afternoon and evening 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9 a. m. Rev. W. A. Kern, Pastor.

## Societies.

**Township Lodge I. O. O. F., No. 32.**—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. W. B. Van Vleet, N. G., John H. Rauch, Rec. Sec.

**R. T. of T. Council, No. 27.**—Meets first and third Tuesday of every month at W. C. T. U. hall, at 7:30 p. m. H. Burns, S. C., Mrs. H. C. Beals, Rec. Sec.

**The W. C. T. U.**—Meets every Thursday at their hall, over First National Bank, at three p. m. Mrs. J. Voorhees, President.

**Grange, No. 380.**—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hadden block. I. N. Hadden, Master.

**K. of L. Lapham Assembly, No. 5395.**—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at G. A. R. hall. C. G. Curtis, Jr., S. S.

**Plymouth Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M.**—Friday evenings on or before the full moon. W. N. Wherry, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

## WHAT THEY SAY.

Underwear of all kinds at A. A. Taft's.

—Mrs. Washington Bennett is on the sick list.

Gloves and mittens of all kinds at A. A. Taft's.

—Mrs. Chas. Chambers, of Wayne, was in town Monday.

—The South Lyon people claim a success for their fair.

—Mrs. Jane Ash is severely ill with but little hopes of recovery.

—Mrs. Sarah Young, of Detroit, spent several days in town last week.

—Blanche Starkweather and Maud Vrooman, spent Saturday at Ypsilanti.

—John J. Inglis, manager of the Northville Princess roller rink, was in town yesterday morning.

—Call at Starkweather & Co.'s and get a Metropolitan fashion plate for November. Just received.

—Mrs. Ed. Manning left for Spring Lake, Wednesday morning, for a week's visit among relatives.

—Mr. Mason of this village continues very poorly and but little hope is entertained for his ever being better.

**SOAP! SOAP!! SOAP!!!** Look out for the Soap day at H. D. & Co.'s, to-morrow, Saturday, November 12th, all day.

—There is some great attraction at Northville, that calls our intelligent composition there once or twice a week. Such is life.

—Alfred Cortrite, wife and three daughters, who have been visiting friends here for several weeks, left for their home in West Virginia, Monday afternoon.

—The Red Front makes a new announcement this week, calling attention to a large supply of new and choice goods. This popular place is always at the front.

—The Princess rink, of Northville, is under the management of John J. Inglis, an old rink manager. We have been there and find everything first-class; patrons can be assured of good management.

—The social given by the Baptist Helping Hand society, Wednesday evening, at Mr. Van Vleet's residence was well attended, considering the unfavorable weather, and a sizable purse was realized.

—It is reported that Mrs. Althea Safford, who fell weak before last severely injuring herself, has again fallen, breaking her hip. She is the mother of R. C. Safford, our well known townsman, and is over eighty years of age.

—Let none forget that on next Sabbath morning the various pastors of the place will preach on the subject of "Sabbath Desecration." No doubt they will have special facts to present, which will both interest and instruct, and be of particular benefit to our community. Let the men all turn out and fill the churches next Sabbath and hear what the pastors have to say on this all important subject.

## Our School.

Foot ball is thoroughly enjoyed by the boys just now, but they should be a little more respectful to people who may be walking or driving by.

We learn from the principal of our schools that there are about 160 girls in this village between the ages of five and eighteen years, and only about 115 of them in school. This looks as if there are 45 girls in this "pretty little village," who are making all the necessary preparation to support worthless husbands in a few years; for in this age, when education, culture and refinement are within the reach of all, few thoroughgoing, active, intelligent, successful business men, will marry girls who spend the time between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, lolling on the sofa, reading trashy literature, or in walking the streets. May be this is all right, though, for there are many worthwhile girls growing to man's estate, and they will have to be supported, and why should not these girls who are preparing themselves to take this responsible position, be permitted to do so. Of course they can not "take in washing" now, but in a few years after marriage they will learn to do so, and then they can easily support the loaders and "setters" of some "pretty little village."

## Teachers Attention.

The Wayne County Teachers' association will hold its next meeting in Plymouth, Nov. 25 and 26.

Let the teachers prove their determination to become better teachers, by attending this meeting, and assisting one another. There are many good teachers in Wayne county and there are many who would be glad to become better teachers. Now, if those who really desire to become such teachers as ought to be in charge of our schools, and those who consider themselves competent, will meet in this association and honestly discuss questions, both parties will be greatly benefited. Every effort is being made to prepare such work for this session, as will be both pleasant and profitable.

The lecture by Prof. Sill, on Friday evening, Nov. 25, will be a rare treat.

Tell your fellow teachers, who may not see the notice of this meeting, and urge them to go along with you.

## Common Council.

At a regular meeting of the Village council, held Monday evening, there were present all the officers, except Trustees Collier and Wills.

After the usual routine was gone through the following bills were referred to the Finance committee and ordered paid:

John Hood, lamp lighting, .....	\$ 11 00
John Kuapp, .....	5 00
Geo. Kellogg, for gravel, .....	4 20
H. Dohmstreich, freight and cartage on oil, .....	2 12
Nett Brown, special police, .....	6 00
Peter White, .....	4 50
A. O. Lyon, .....	4 50
Shaffer Bros., plow repairs, .....	5 05
Anderson & Cable, nails, .....	3 95
C. A. Frisbee, lumber, .....	59 10
Lute Lyon, street work, .....	5 55
H. Leadbeter, street work, .....	63
Ed. Larkins, mason work, .....	2 50
John Gill, lime, .....	90
John Hood, street work, .....	5 25
<b>Total, .....</b>	<b>\$120 23</b>

Chairman of ordinance committee was instructed to draft an ordinance relative to fish peddling upon the streets.

Henry Dohmstreich tendered his resignation as Village clerk, to take effect immediately, which was accepted and Harry C. Bennett appointed to fill the vacancy.

There being no further business the board adjourned to meet first Monday in December.

H. DOHMSTREICH, Village Clerk.

## Livonia.

Everybody praises up the MAIL.

John Base has a valuable horse sick at this writing.

Mr. Singer was in town Monday; also, Mr. Chilson, both of Plymouth.

The swamp south-west of the Center is on fire, and doing some damage by burning up fences.

A fire in Peck's woods last Monday burnt up a large number of rails and ran over about eight acres of timber.

H. Kingsley threshed 1,024 bushels of corn for Mr. Cook, of Plymouth, last week with his threshing machine. He offers to bet he can thresh 1,000 bushels a day.

August Lipstrow's house caught fire Monday last and if it had not been for his good neighbors it would have been laid in ashes; there was a well close by, and they soon put it out.

## Newburg.

Mrs. E. LeVan is some better.

Roy Armstrong is on the sick list.

Mrs. Maryett Pickett, of Novi, is visiting here.

Wm. Knickerbocker, of Hillsdale, is visiting friends here.

Ira J. Bradner went to Detroit, Wednesday to act as jurymen the coming term.

Mrs. A. S. Loomis and Miss Grace Loomis, of Ypsilanti, visited friends here this week.

Services will be held at the M. E. church, at 2:30 p. m. Every Sabbath hereafter Sunday school will be held at 1:30 p. m.

There seems to be something of a very strong magnetic power in this place, by the way some of Plymouth's young citizens gravitate this way.

The dramatic entertainment, at Newburg Hall, last Friday and Saturday evenings, was a success in all ways. Partially owing to advertising in the MAIL.

There is an American college in Rome, but it has no base ball club, and is therefore never heard of.

A venerable lady once said: "My young friend marry for love and work for your riches. It is a good maxim to pin in the hat."

## To Our Friends.

Thanksgiving time is almost at hand; but you cannot possibly feel sufficiently thankful unless you attend the grand annual opening of the Bazzette holiday bargains, in Ypsilanti, next week, beginning Wednesday morning and lasting till Saturday night. Bring your children they will be delighted with the toy display and you will be equally pleased with our fancy goods, plush goods, jewelry, fine glassware, vases, books, albums, lamps, and even with our tinware, which is too bright and lovely for anything. You needn't buy, but do make us a friendly call at the Bazzette, in Ypsilanti.

## Northville.

D. you must not be too free, you may get into trouble.

Clarence Westfall has gone to Ypsilanti, to attend school.

Continued success for the Princess rink, Saturday evening.

E. P. K. has bought out the roof paint man and has gone into the biz.

Willie you shouldn't be so long in going home. Some one w-a-t-c-h-i-n-g you know.

Another enjoyable evening, at the Princess rink, Northville. The club dance was a success.

The Japs played to a very slim house Wednesday evening; too bad. John deserves better luck.

Frank B. Clarke, of Plymouth, with MAIL, was in town Wednesday evening. Come again Frank.

If you want a genuine Madden Collar, go to Nevison, the saddler; he has had experience, no matter what others say.

Nevison Bros. lead the trade, of Northville, in harness, bakery and restaurant business. If you don't believe it call and see them.

Prof. Crocker took a few members of his excellent band and played some fine selections in front of the Opera house, on Wednesday evening.

George Stanley, formerly of Plymouth, is now in the employ of O. L. Westfall, where he would be pleased to have his friends call on him. We wish him success.

The Jap performance was pur excellence. Mr. Sutton deserves great credit for procuring first-class entertainments. The opera house is first-class in every respect and should be well patronized.

## Wayne.

D. B. Newkirk, of Detroit, was in Wayne, on Monday.

Six of the Star bicycle club, came out to Wayne on a pleasure trip on Sunday.

Lawyer Brown, of Plymouth, had business on Monday last in Justice Cullen's court.

Peter Wilson is having his farm house, one mile east of here, painted. Lou. Pitcher is the artist.

Phil Chambers has moved into Jake Farley's house, and another family into Chan. Bruce house.

Wm. A. Pettingill, who has been down to Albion, N. Y., distilling peppermint oil, returned home on Friday 4th inst.

Rev. Empson, of the Congregational church, took for his discourse on Sunday evening, "Anarchism and Christianity."

Sara Goldsmith and family, of Brighton, Mich., have moved back to Wayne, and set up housekeeping in Mrs. Kilborn's house.

Hamilton Baluss, who has absented himself from Wayne for some months back, will return home in a few days and continue in the law business.

J. S. Glass, superintendent of the Detroit Carriage and Woodwork company, was in town on Monday, conferring with the Citizens Manufacturing committee.

Two tramps were arrested by Marshal Downer, on Monday, and lodged in the "quay." On Tuesday morning they were brought before Justice Cullen, who found them guilty to the charge of trampism, and fined them \$5 or thirty days in the work-house. On default of the cash they were taken to the work-house. They claimed to hail from Chicago, and were, undoubtedly, making for a more congenial haven of rest than arrest.

On Friday night last thieves broke into Owen Raymo's drug store and took five cans of peppermint oil belonging to Dr. Zimmerman. The thieves procured a crowbar at Jack McDermott's blacksmith shop and undertook to force an entrance through the front doors of the drug store, but were unsuccessful; they then went to the rear of the building and cut through a wire screen, raised a window and took five cans of oil sitting on the window sill. There was some five or six hundred pounds of oil in the building at the time, but only the five cans were missing. The same night a new harness was taken from Frank Stringer's barn.

## Mead's Mills.

C. S. McRoberts is putting an iron roof on his house.

Mrs. Lydia Hughes has been on the sick list for two weeks. She is poorly yet.

A Mr. Clark has moved into the Homer Johnson house. He comes from the Blackwood farm, in Novi.

Several children here have been afflicted with colds and sore throats. None of the cases have proven to be serious we are glad to say.

Mrs. Jewett Cranson and son have returned from a week's visit to Mr. Cranson's father, in Charenteville. They had an enjoyable time.

Little Guy and Grover, sons of Aaron Taft, who live one mile north of here, died Tuesday morning of diphtheria. Their is a desolate home.

Geo. Bryant says he enjoys a good buggy ride, but can't say he envies one their enjoyment, while taking a ride in a lumber wagon, for thirty-four miles.

James Downey spent last Friday and Saturday in Detroit, and judging from appearances it seems as though he either intends to marry or take a journey. Time will tell.



# BASSETT & SON,

## FINE FURNITURE!

—AT—

### LOW - PRICES!

PLYMOUTH.

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

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

C. A. MARKHAM, President. W. F. MARKHAM, Sec. and Gen. Manager.



# THE MARKHAM MFG. CO.

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

## CLOSE OUT, AT COST IF NECESSARY, :

To reduce our business in this line. ODR

# WOOD : CISTERNS

Are what you need to stand the Dry Season and Severe Frosts in the Winter. 4,000 of them are in use.

THE MARKHAM MANUFACTURING CO., Plymouth, Mich.

—E. W. Chaffee has become interested in the Markham Mfg. Co. and the business will be pushed with even more than its usual vigor.

## LADIES WANTED.

A lady agent wanted in every city and village; also ladies to travel and solicit orders for MADAME WOOD'S Corsets and Corded Corset Waists, Tampico Forms, Hose Supporters, Steel Protectors, Ladies' Friend, etc. Agents are making from Twenty to Fifty Dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price list to B. WOOD, 54 South Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

## Health is Wealth!



### DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT.

A guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headach, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in Insanity and leading to madness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spinal Irregularities caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES TO cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by C. A. Pinckney, Red Front Drug Store, Sole Agent, Plymouth Mich. 57

DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R. Time Table, October 2, 1897.

WEST	STATION	LEAVE	ARRIVE
6:10 a. m.	Dep.		11:55 a. m.
7:05 10:40	Dep.		11:55 3:45
7:55 10:55	Dep.		11:55 3:45
8:45 12:14	Dep.		11:55 3:45
9:40 1:13	Dep.		11:55 3:45
10:00 1:40	Dep.		11:55 3:45
10:55 2:35	Dep.		11:55 3:45
11:25 3:15	Dep.		11:55 3:45
12:00 4:05	Dep.		11:55 3:45
12:50 4:45	Dep.		11:55 3:45
1:40 5:30	Dep.		11:55 3:45
2:30 6:20	Dep.		11:55 3:45
3:20 7:10	Dep.		11:55 3:45
4:10 8:00	Dep.		11:55 3:45
5:00 8:50	Dep.		11:55 3:45
5:50 9:40	Dep.		11:55 3:45
6:40 10:30	Dep.		11:55 3:45

## AGENTS

### REFLECTING SAFETY LAMP.

Can be sold in every family. Gives more light than three ordinary lamps. Burns thirty-five cents for complete lamp and be convinced.

We manufacture a large line of household articles. Send for free illustrated circular to FORSMAN & McMANIS, Cincinnati, O.

## AGENTS

We beat the world for low prices. A handsome and strongly bound Photo-graph Album, 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, gilt sides and edges, holding 22 pages of Cabinet and Card pictures for 40 cents, retail price, \$1.25. A Red Plush Photograph Album, 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, padded sides, gold edges, extension case, holding 22 pages of Cabinet and Card pictures for 50 cents, retail price, \$1.25. Illustrated circulars FREE upon request.

## ALBUMS

### Business Notices.

(All notices under this head five cents per line)

A new sewing machine at the MAIL office. Will be sold very cheap.

## New - Blacksmith - Shop!

At the

### OLD JOHN BENNETT STAND.

Am prepared to do

### ALL KINDS OF BLACKSMITHING.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Should be pleased to see all my friends

PLYMOUTH. 3-15 GEO. WILLS.

### BERDAN HOUSE,

WM. ALLEN, Prop. JOHN KING, Clerk.

Rebuilt and Furbished New Throughout. Commercial Parlors on first floor.

PLENTY OF STABLE ROOM FOR HORSES.

PLYMOUTH. - - MICHIGAN.

## YOU WILL FIND!

All the

### LATEST NEWSPAPERS

and Periodicals, Pocket Library, Books, Stationery, etc.,

At the Postoffice News Depot, PLYMOUTH.

Subscriptions taken for any Publication.

Agents for the Parisian Steam Laundry, of Detroit.

## A. PELHAM,

### Resident Dentist.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.

Electric Vibrator for extracting teeth without pain. All work of the best and at prices to suit the times.

## Plymouth National Bank.

T. C. SHERWOOD, President. L. D. SHEARER, Vice President.

DIRECTORS: T. C. Sherwood, L. D. Shearer, E. C. Leach, L. C. Hough, E. F. St. John, O. R. Pattingell, William Gear, I. N. Starkweather, S. J. Springer, J. N. Wilson, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sickle, Samuel Lyndon.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.



# PLYMOUTH MAIL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

## Card of Thanks.

Mrs. A. Cole and family wish to extend their thanks to their many friends, who so ably aided them in their late bereavement.

## Novi.

Beautiful fall weather.

D. B. Coates is looking and feeling better. Glad to hear it.

What ails our band? Not a toot from them in a long time.

O. M. Whipple and wife spent Sunday with friends at Holly.

C. F. Bates removed his household goods to So. Saginaw, Monday.

Surprise parties are on the wing. Girls look out, you may be next!

Mrs. L. R. Webster made her regular sales of millinery goods at Wixom, Tuesday.

"Bible Dan," at the Baptist church next Sunday a. m. A large attendance is desired.

Large numbers of our people attend the revival meetings in progress at Walled Lake.

L. L. Brooks, formerly, of Novi, will attend the double attraction in Chicago Friday.

John Goundrill Jr. left for Ewart on Wednesday, where he expects to remain during the winter.

A brother of John Slater, who has been here for some time, left for his home near Syracuse, N. Y. Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Magill attended the funeral services of Mr. Magill's eldest brother, at Milford Tuesday.

Phin Hammond has finished his shipments of 200 casks of cider to the Highland vinegar and pickle works.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wight are contemplating a trip to Florida in the near future. Mr. W. has an orange grove there.

Both churches have been supplied with red cedar blocks for kindling wood for the winter by the R. R. Co. per the agent.

Mrs. Geo. Hogle, who has been on the sick list for the past few weeks, is getting better, to the satisfaction of her many friends.

A. L. Benjamin, proprietor of the Cottage hotel, is doing a rousing business. He catches the traveling public and pleases them all.

Wallace Francis has made a decided improvement in the appearance and worth of his residence by the addition of a stoop on two sides.

Henry B. Wight, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents and friends. He is employed by the Wood & Coffin chemical company as clerk.

A. T. Rice, our hi-wa commissioner, is pleasing the people by repairing the sidewalks. You needn't say it is a political axe he's grinding; no sir.

A. Toncray and wife are making glad the hearts of old friends at Brighton this week. Enos Sperry manipulates things at the elevator in the meantime.

Mr. Townsend, an operator of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., at Lyons, N. Y. paid a short visit to his cousin, Miss Mary Smith of this place, and returned home Saturday.

The school children, assisted by a few outsiders, will soon give an entertainment for the purpose of raising funds for an organ for the school. An excellent idea.

Our circulating library by F. W. Bloomer is a new thing for Novi, and is just what we need. Forty-seven new names have been added to his list of subscribers. Hurrah for Frank!

Morelle Simmons, of Detroit, has been confined at his father's residence west of Novi, the past few days with what is called cholera and at one time his recovery was thought doubtful, but he is now on the gain.

## Salem.

Just notice the assistant P. M.'s upper lip.

W. O. Allen, of Plymouth, was in town Tuesday.

Millic Murray who has been sick with measles is around again.

Rev. Mr. Woodworth who has been visiting friends at Church's Corners, returned Friday.

Miss Irene Roberts, of Chubb's Corners, was the guest of Miss Hattie Utley, last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Bert Heywood has secured a job in Wilsons carriage shop, in Detroit, and began work there last Monday.

## Chaff.

Curious, isn't it? When a man has been in pleasant company he always says he has been enjoying himself.

Beer is not generally considered an expensive drink, but a little porter on a drawing room car will often cost you half a dollar.

Train Boy—Rock candy, rock candy, sir? Crusty Old Party—No, no, go away. I haven't any teeth. Train Boy—Gum drops, sir.

A tiny crescent of melon precedes the soup at all well appointed dinner parties now. It is Newport's way of saying grace before meat.

## W. O. T. U. ITEMS.

### Mr. Bradford's Motion Denied.

Attorney-General Bradford's motion for a rehearing of the case before the U. S. Supreme court, touching the Kansas prohibitory law, (Zibold & Hagelin) has been denied.

The case is therefore before the court on a most insufficient presentation of the prohibitory side. Fortunately, the courts decisions are not passed upon the strength of opposing briefs, and a weak presentation of the great cause does not mean necessarily a decision against the cause.

The denial of Mr. Bradford's motion looks as though the court had made up its mind not to cover too much ground in its forthcoming decision, or else to render a decision in favor of the constitutionality of the law.

It is difficult on any other basis to account for its refusal.

SUPP. OF PRESS.

## Stark.

[TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.]

W. H. Coats has gone north on a short visit.

Our village carpenter is working in Detroit.

H. P. Millard is running the milk house during his nephew's absence.

Chas. Millard with several more sportsmen, went to Montcalm county, deer hunting.

Several of our neighbors have concluded they like the Mail the best of any of the country papers circulated here. Thanks.

Three months ago a warrant was issued for the arrest of John E. Mater, for larceny of clothes from a boarding house in Detroit, and put in the hands of Constable Alexander. Monday night the party was arrested and locked up, the stolen property was found in a second-handed store on Fort street, Detroit. The officer spent \$12 in making the arrest and will get about \$3.50. Don't pay every time.

Nine years ago, Carrie Kuhn, daughter of John Kuhn, was married to William Biddlecome, of Belleville. They never lived happy together. Biddlecome although having held some very good positions in his day, could not please his industrious wife. He was employed for a long time as brakeman on the D. G. H. & M. R. R., after which he became a member of the Detroit police, but was let go, it is alleged for neglect of duty. Last July his wife said she could stand it no longer, and she applied for a divorce. His ex-wife is a bright lady of thirty-two, and came from a respectable family of this place.

### A Great Popular Cyclopaedia.

The second volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia more than bears out the promises of the first. There seems to be little doubt that it will prove to be the great popular Cyclopaedia for the next score of years at least. The embodiment of an Unabridged Dictionary of Language and a complete Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge in one work, in large type, with thousands of illustrations, and all for a price less than people have been used to paying for a Dictionary alone, is not only a novelty in plan, but to the ordinary book-buyer the fact is hardly less than astounding. Its accomplishment will certainly be creditable to Alden's Literary Revolution.

As to the quality of the work, both literary and mechanical, any common-sense reader is capable of judging. The two volumes received at this office (which any reader is welcome to call and examine) are certainly deserving of the unstinted praise which they seem to be receiving, as evince the following quotations:

"The book in all respects more than answers my expectations. It is a very neat volume, of a form convenient for use, firmly bound, of large, clear type, with contents of just that general character which the popular reader requires—Comprehensive, accurate, and compact. Its marvelously low cost makes it a prize eagerly to be sought in every intelligence-loving household."—PROF. HENRY N. DAY, D. D., L. L. D., Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

"A particularly valuable feature, the admirable guide to the pronunciation. The work, so cheap, is a God-send to the many who, like myself, have old editions of cyclopedias, too valuable to throw away, and yet, in dates and statistics, and many other matters are behind the times."—REV. J. A. BENNER, San Rafael, California.

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On the Train.—Old Lady—Conductor, I hope there ain't going to be a collision. Conductor—I guess not. Old Lady—I want you to be very keful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.

## PTH AND POINT.

The citizen most wanted is not citizen Most.—*Boston Commercial.*

Electricity is a very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it.—*Life.* You can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.—*Law Circular.*

There is one tie-up that everyone can approve of, and that is marriage.—*Boston Post.*

You should never tease blackbirds. They are apt to get raven mad.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

How to be happy, though married—try and get on without the hired girl.—*Syracuse Herald.*

We confess to the weakness of liking to hear nice things said of us.—*Richmond (Ky) Climax.*

The cornucop palace to be erected at Sioux City will be an amazing edifice.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

It is not free speech but free explosives to which the American people object.—*New York World.*

Many a man has got into a peck of trouble by hiding his light under a bushel.—*Boston Gazette.*

The first steps of love are found in the admiring stares of the young couple.—*Boston Bulletin.*

It isn't called high mass on account of steep pew rents; that is a mistaken idea.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The orderly of the day is very frequent and disreputably the disorderly of the night.—*Washington Critic.*

If we are to have wings in the hereafter we don't exactly see how we are to get our clothes on.—*Furnishing Goods Review.*

Chicago is the champion curiosity town of the world. She has a coal-dealer that gives good weight.—*Cincinnati Herald.*

When the millennium comes along Wallstreet brokers will be found working it for a stock movement.—*Baltimore American.*

Our best friends are those who keep perfectly quiet when some one is enumerating our virtues.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

"My future's at stake," remarked a Duluth board of trade man as he bet his December wheat on a ball game.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

Church choirs in Wales are very considerate. They go up to the tops of the highest mountains to practice.—*New York Tribune.*

"Lower your muzzle," was the remark made by a Nashville girl to a young man who kissed her on the nose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ignatius Donnelly says the Atlantis was submerged in the flood, but Moses did not seem to Noah thing about it.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

The editor of *The Hebron Register* refers to the gifted editor of a contemporary as an egotistical wart.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The kindest wish we can express for the Chicago anarchists is that their death on the gallows will be speedy and certain.—*Boston Record.*

The man who wanted to borrow \$100 on his cheek didn't think the matter worthy of note, but the other fellow did.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

The boy whose mother whaled him with a five-foot apple-tree sprout said he had enough of Long Branch for the season.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The opposition of the churches to horse-trotting shows is looked upon by most outsiders as merely a race prejudice.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

We hear a great deal more about college graduates in journalism than we do about journalism in college graduates.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Charlotte Harbor man has set a hen on alligator-eggs. That hen will think she has the jim-jams when the shell breaks.—*Orlando Reporter.*

The Texas robber who made the stage-driver give up his Waterbury watch deserves to be compelled to keep the thing wound up.—*Boston Globe.*

Mrs. Langtry imports her plays, her clothes, and her servants from England; in fact, she imports about everything except her husband.—*Boston Post.*

Twice blessed is he who wakes up on Sunday morning and does not find a step-ladder necessary when he wants to scratch his head.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The man who caps the climax of Duluth with a row of cottages is the fellow that can read his title clear to mansions in the sky.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

A young lady at Bar Harbor is so gone on her two dogs that she never allows her maid to refer to them except as Master Jack and Miss Nellie.—*Lewiston Journal.*

The morals of Canada are said to be getting lower. Well, everything is going down there since it has become the refuge of rascals. Even the mercury is getting lower.—*Boston Commercial.*

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## The Plymouth Mail.

J. H. STEERS, Publisher.

PLYMOUTH.

MICHIGAN.

The last number of the *Railway Age* says: During the last few months the work of railway building has been going on in the United States at a rate never before equaled. The great prosperity of the country and tendency to migrate into new and undeveloped regions have encouraged great railway companies to push forward an enormous amount of new mileage in order to anticipate and keep up with similar enterprise on the part of their competitors. From January 1 to Nov. 1 27 roads have laid a total of 9,408 miles of track. More track has been laid so far this year than in the year 1886 and exceeds the records of all other years in the history of this or any other country. The greatest activity has been exhibited in a broad belt west of the Missouri river, stretching from Dakota and Montana south to the Gulf. Kansas continues, as last year, far in the lead, showing already an addition of at least 1,680 miles since the year began. Nebraska follows next with a report of 867 miles. Texas with 83 miles, Colorado with 718 miles, and Dakota with 689 miles. These four states and one territory already have added 4,798 miles of new railways, or more than half the total thus far reported for the entire country.

It is said that the lady clerks who are engaged by the labor bureau in collecting data on the condition of the working women in the manufacturing districts of New England, have to be restrained by the chiefs of their respective departments for fear they will overwork themselves. These ladies are so enthusiastic in their labors that they work day and night, and would do so for seven days in the week if they were not restrained by the head of the bureau. It was necessary to intimate to them that they would be able to work better if they allowed themselves sufficient rest to keep them in good health, than if they were to work themselves sick, as it was imminent they would. Their report, together with the statistics collected from other portions of the country, will form the greater part of the next year's report of the bureau.

Two striking instances of providential recompense have lately come to view. The edict of Nantes in 1598 gave religious liberty to French Protestants. The revocation of the edict in 1685 was followed by an immense efflux of Huguenots into other countries. A French statesman has lately figured out that not less than eighty eminent staff officers in the German army which humbled France in 1870 were descendants from those exiled Protestants. Of another sort is this: Miss L. C. Fleming, a colored lady, now a missionary from this country to the Congo people, is the granddaughter of an African who with his family was stolen from near the mouth of the Congo river and made a victim of American slavery.

Jay Gould is to be menaced by a new rival. Baltimore capital is to build and equip the most complete rival telegraph system yet organized. The projectors claim that when completed the new system will be able to compete with Gould's systems and give good service at equitable rates. The men backing the system are wealthy and fully able to carry out their plans. As yet the project is not sufficiently far advanced to justify its promoters to make public the details. The organizers are men of wide experience, and the project is to be pushed as rapidly as possible.

A resident of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who has been confined in jail 238 days during the past year to ensure his presence at a trial, put in a bill of one dollar a day for his time. The court not only disallowed his bill but charged him two dollars a week for his board. It's a wonder the poor man was not compelled to work out his board, bill decorated with a ball and chain, and afterwards sent to the penitentiary for life.

Gabe Riel, the brother of Louis Riel, who conducted the rebellion in Canada, is bitter and fanatical in his desire for revenge, and openly avows his intention to organize another rebellion to avenge his brother's death.

Gov. Luce, who has given the subject much consideration, says that a majority of the girls at the industrial school at Adrian want to be bad by frequenting skating rinks and the salvation army.

## RUTH RODNEY'S ROMANCE.

The Conflict of Love and Circumstances in Life.

BY FRANCIS FOOTE.

"Ruth!"  
A girl with lightly clasped hands, and thoughtful eyes, her whole attitude suggesting happy day dreams, was leaning against the trunk of a dead tree at the foot of an old fashioned garden.

"Ruth!"  
The peevish impatient voice had at last reached her, and her expression changed to one of love and anxiety.

"Yes, dear, I am coming," she called in her clear young voice, as she ran up the narrow path towards the house.

"How neglectful I am of you!" in a tone of self-rebuke as she entered the little sitting room and gazed tenderly at a man who was seated in a large easy chair before a desk covered with half sheets of paper.

"It was time for your medicine long ago; here is your paper to read, and I have let you write so much and worry your poor brain without my trying to stop you. Father, you mustn't let me get into a thinking mood, it spoils me," and she lightly kissed his forehead.

Mr. Rodney drew back from the caress and coughed nervously. The girl stooped and looked directly into his eyes.

"What is it?" she said at length. "You were to have no secrets from me, remember!"

One could tell that these two were father and daughter. They had the same low, broad forehead, the same large gray eyes, thick brown hair; but here the similarity ended. For the man's face was careworn and this from illness; his eyes and mouth showed the result of dissipation, and his shoulders had a stoop from constant writing.

The girl, on the contrary, was health personified. You could see it in the firm supple curves of her wrist and waist, in her clear complexion, elastic gait, and frank, sweet eyes.

"What is it father?" she asked again.

Frank Rodney shifted his gaze unsteadily from one object to another. He found it more difficult than he had imagined to tell this girl, the one creature whom he thought he loved unselfishly, that they had come to the end of everything.

"Where's Tom?" he asked suddenly. "Still in Iowa, papa, and doing very well." Ruth's voice shook a little and she turned her head. "Can it be that he has bad news from Tom?" she wondered.

Tom Russell's father and Mr. Rodney were cousins, and college chums. When Mr. Russell died he appointed Mr. Rodney guardian of his only son, to whom he left a small fortune. Tom had passed all his vacations at his guardian's house during his college years, and naturally he and Ruth had been much together.

Then he went into business in the western part of the State, lost nearly all his money, and the year before had made them a short visit, before going West to see what ranching would do for him.

It was during this visit that he fell violently in love with Ruth, "just because I'm not worth a penny," he thought, and never told her of his love.

For three days he fought manfully with himself but the last evening of his stay with them he asked Ruth to walk down to the old tree. Perhaps something in the beauty of the night, something in Ruth's manner, caused him to forget his resolutions. However that may have been, before he was telling her of his love and asking if he could not go away happy in the thought that some day when he could claim her she would love him in return. That was all; there was no engagement, but Ruth's answer must have been satisfactory, if one can judge from the long letters which came regularly and the little boyish picture which she wore in the vicinity of her heart.

This was the state of affairs when Mr. Rodney asked so suddenly for news from Tom.

He paid little attention to Ruth's answer, and began to beat a tattoo on the table with his pen.

"It's no use, Ruthie," he said finally, "we are in a tight place. You know we are mortgaged way up; well the interest was due last week; Mr. Marsh came for it and I put him off. He comes again tomorrow, and I haven't one hundred dollars ready money."

"Where is the money from your last book?" Ruth's eyes were wide with astonishment and pain.

"That er—well, hem,—it's all gone; how I can't say," Mr. Rodney blushed under the searching look of his daughter. He knew too well how it went.

"Haven't you stories at the publisher's?" she asked again.

"Yes, a short tale or so, but they won't bring in much, and the worst of it is since my sick turn I haven't an idea. I can't write. It's an impossibility. I simply sit here and waste time and paper. That is the hardest blow of all to have my genius desert me, and become an old man at fifty-three." Mr. Rodney dropped his head in his hands and groaned.

Ruth was at his side directly, softly caressing his heavy hair, "Don't, papa," she cried. "Don't. It will all be right. I don't understand it quite, but you have some place in which I can help. Trust me, dear, and I will do

my best. We have each other, and if the old place must go we can live for each other somewhere else."

"Ruth," said her father gently, as he placed his arm around her. "wasn't Mr. Marsh in love with you at one time?"

"Why yes, and you used to tease me about my ancient admirer."

"He is only forty," said Mr. Rodney shortly.

There was a short pause.

"Did he ever ask you to marry him, Ruth?"

"Certainly, I told you of it at the time, and how he said that possibly in the future I would change my mind."

Mr. Rodney's eyes still rested on a worn spot in the carpet.

"He's a rich man, Ruth," he said sheepishly.

The girl's face flamed, her eyes grew dark. "You wouldn't sell me to him father?" she asked in a low voice.

The man was immediately on the defensive. "Why will you put things so bluntly," he said, fretfully. "Of course you will marry whom you choose, but you are in love with no one—and that scamp of a Tom doesn't count, (in answer to a look from Ruth.) "and Marsh is by far the best catch here. He would make you a good husband. You would have everything you could desire and know that you were saving me from much trouble and worry. I have lived my life and am only telling the truth when I say that marriage with the person one loves is not the height of happiness. Your mother and I adored each other, but our very love made our married life wretched. She was suspicious of me and I was often unjust to her. Had it been a matter-of-fact friendship which we had entertained for each other we should have done very well. This love is a delusion and a snare."

The girl rose to her full height. "I hate your cynical ideas, your cruel skepticism; you are not yourself when you sneer at the highest thing in our nature. My mother loved you, but she had no trust in you. That was the bottom of it all. The man who wins my love will as a natural consequence have my utter confidence. It couldn't be otherwise; you have lived your life, and this is the result. Let me live mine, and I will ask for nothing more."

Mr. Rodney's lips curled. "You are dramatic. Quite right; you will do for a character in my next novel. For the villain we will have an unjust father, who warns his daughters against all which has made his own life unhappy."

His whole manner changed suddenly. Sarcasm never appeals to Ruth. She was too much like himself.

"Forgive me, dear; I am nervous and sick and your words hurt me. Do not think again of marrying Mr. Marsh if it is so distasteful to you, and then perhaps by this time he has changed his mind. But we must get through some way, for to-morrow the money is due. This is the only plan; could you go to him, forget your pride, and beg for a little more time? He would not oblige me."

The girl's face became hard and set. "You think if I ask him his old love for me would conquer his fondness for money and he would yield?"

"Your conclusion is quite what it should be. I really think Ruth, that a six months' trip abroad would make a new man of me; and you see Marsh to-morrow?"

"I don't know," she said abruptly, as she left the room.

"I can not do it," she cried as she hastened toward the old tree. "Beg from the man whose love I have refused, and yet it is for father, and I am all he has. My pride against his happiness! O Tom, dear, why did you leave me? It is more than I can bear."

She flung herself face downward at the foot of the tree and sobbed.

It was dusk; the lamps had been lighted and Ruth did not return.

Mr. Rodney smiled calmly as he rolled his chair toward the grate.

"Fighting it out with herself," he said, "as she always has from her childhood, and I am not afraid of her conclusion, for my words had more effect upon her than she realized. And really I am not selfish. Tom will not amount to anything for a number of years, and I want to see her happy before I die. This love is an infernal nuisance." And yet as he thought he knew deep down in his heart that had he his life to live over, Ruth's mother would still have been his first choice.

The door opened quietly and in a moment two hands were placed caressingly upon his shoulders and a sweet voice said, "Pa is ready father, and I have a surprise for you in the shape of the most delicious waffles you ever ate. After tea we will finish that novel; there are only a few more chapters."

Mr. Rodney glanced at his daughter and knew the house was safe. He was not sure in regard to her plan, whether she would accept Mr. Marsh or gain a reprieve because of his love. It made little difference to him any way. Of course the marriage would be preferable, as the latter course would only ward off events for a time; still he had put the case plainly before her and would trust in her.

"She shall never be able to say that I urged her into a marriage with a man for whom she had no love," he thought. "I have merely hinted at what I imagined would be for her best interests."

By a tacit understanding, nothing more was said, and when Ruth came in the next morning dressed in her dainty walking suit to kiss her father good-by, he asked no questions as was his custom concerning her destination. His only remark as she left him was:

"You are prettier than ever to-day dear, and I wish you good luck."

As Ruth reached the stairs leading to Mr. Marsh's office her heart beat violently and the color left her face.

To what was she going? What would happen before she could again walk up the long shady street with that mortgage lifted from her father's shoulders? Her plan had been simple; she would ask Mr. Marsh if he could let the interest run a little longer, and if he agreed, and then was cowardly enough to ask for her love as a reward, why she would promise to marry him. Her own life would be ruined but her father would be happy, and he should always be first.

Mr. Marsh was sitting in his office alone gazing into vacancy.

He was a stout, well-meaning man of forty with firmness and determination written upon every line of his face; keen and hard in business transactions, but scrupulously honest; punctual in his payments, and as punctual in demanding his dues. He said once to a friend, "I am under obligations to no man, and I wish no man to be under obligations to me. I live up to that, for it is the only way to establish an equality."

He had never married because he thought that no one woman was worth a life's devotion, and he was so just, that if he did not marry no woman but his wife should ever come into his life. These were his ideas when he first noticed that Ruth Rodney had changed from a remarkable, pretty school girl into a graceful, beautiful woman.

This was two years before the story opens.

He made a great exertion one evening to talk with her and found her not only clever, but original.

She interested him, and he had reached the age where he liked to be entertained.

By degrees almost unconsciously he came to the conclusion that she was the one thing needful to make his life a success.

It upset his theories, but what of that? He asked her to marry him and she refused.

He had lived so in himself, and for himself, that such an idea had never entered his mind. He had bowed himself out from her presence, not a line in his face disturbed, and had made a firm resolution that in some way she should be his. By what means time only would tell.

Now as he sat in his office he was thinking that Mr. Rodney's interest was due, "and it must be paid to-day," he said, "or the house is mine. Rather unromantic, to turn one's love out of her home, but she could come to me at any time, and that might hasten her."

He heard a slight tap at the door.

"Come in," he said, lazily turning his head.

"Ah, Miss Rodney," his voice free from all surprise which he may have felt, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. This seat by the window will suit you I am sure."

Ruth's cheeks grew pink.

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh," she said in a low voice, "but my errand is unpleasant, and I prefer to stand. I have come to beg." Mr. Marsh raised one eyebrow and looked at his large, well kept hands. Ruth glanced at him desperately.

"You know my father depends on his writing, and his sickness has put him back so that he has little ready money just now. That interest on the mortgage is due today and I have come to ask if you would wait a few months as a great favor. It shall surely be paid and—"

"So your father said two months ago," interrupted Marsh with a bland smile. Ruth's eyes flashed, "I thought as a favor you would."

"Excuse me," said Marsh, "but may I ask what favors you have ever done for me? This is a business transaction, and you know my rule is that, as I pay my creditors, so must my debtors pay me. Now there is only one way out of this decidedly unpleasant situation for me to be true to myself and at the same time benefit you. That way is to make it into an unbusiness transaction. How can we do it? Why the easiest way in the world. You marry me and the mortgage shall be your wedding present."

Marsh stood opposite the girl and calmly waited for her reply; only by the faint twitching of his under lip could you see that he was the least excited.

Ruth's breath came rapidly, her hands clasped each other convulsively. Had he seen her eyes then he would have given her up forever even if his nature had been far more cruel, but he was looking at a tiny rip in his coat.

"I have no love for you," the girl almost whispered the words.

"I do not remember mentioning love," he said; "I am content with you now, later—"

"There will never be anything later," she replied; "as I am now, if you wish me why—?" She could not finish, but he was satisfied. His blue eyes grew dark with successful pride and passion. He took her gloved hand tenderly; a feeling of remorse came over him that he had gained her by unfair means, but he stifled it and said quietly, "You shall never regret your decision, for it must be in my power to make you happy. I have wanted you so long."

Something in his words which were the most manly she had ever heard from him touched a new chord in her nature and she burst into tears. He stood awkwardly by and said nothing, which was the very best thing he could have done.

In a few moments she looked up. "My nerves are so unstrung and it is all so new you will forgive me and let

me go now. When I have thought it all over calmly it will be different."

She turned towards the door, he opened it for her and said, "I understand a little, tomorrow I will come up; now you would rather go alone."

He watched the swelling lines of her figure until she had reached the last stair then he returned to his old seat and stared thoughtfully into vacancy as before.

Upon reaching home Ruth found Mr. Rodney negligently twisting a crumpled envelope.

"Father I am engaged to Mr. Marsh."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is good news indeed, and it never rains but it pours, here is a telegram from Tom that he will be with us this afternoon. Why, Ruth child, don't look like that, you are not faint?" for the girl had staggered slightly and her face was ashy.

"Do not touch me," she cried recovering herself by a strong effort of will. "I am not ill, it is the warm room; so Tom is coming. I will lie down, I think, to be fresh and bright. Tom is coming and I—I am engaged."

She had dragged herself half way up the stairs when she remembered something.

"Father, dear," she called, "don't worry about me, and the mortgage is to be my wedding present!"

At eight o'clock that same evening Mr. Marsh came to the conclusion that sufficient time had elapsed for Ruth to be calm and he would accordingly make his call then instead of waiting until the following day. If Ruth did not care to see him he could talk matters over with her father. "She doesn't love me," he thought as he neared the house "but she cares for no one else, and my life shall be devoted to her." Love had certainly aroused in John Marsh the suspicious of a better nature which before now had been buried too deep to assert itself.

His heart actually leaped in his throat like a bashful boy's as he reached the stoop, and a sensation of awkwardness and fear came over him. "This will never do," he thought. "I must walk down the path to calm myself."

As he approached the end of the garden he heard voices, then he saw the faint outline of two figures, a man and a woman standing facing each other, very near and yet not touching.

Surely that was Ruth's voice, no one else had such low clear tones.

He drew steadily near and crouched behind a bush. A feeling of dread crept over him. Had she a lover? He must hear and see all.

The two people beyond him gazed at each other without a word. At last the girl spoke again in a low despairing voice. "Tom, I have tried to make you think that my love for you has changed in one short year, but you know better for you know me."

"My darling," cried the young man as he flung his arms about her. She yielded to his embrace for a moment, then pushed him from her with all her strength.

"If you care for me," she said, "do not touch me, it only makes it harder for me, for Tom," she continued, "although I love you, I am bound to him, and as I have given my word to be his wife I will be true to him with God's help."

She leaned against a tree as if needing its support.

"But you were mine before you were his," cried Tom impetuously, "and I am doing so well now that in six months we could be married, and—"

"You don't understand, Tom," she interrupted, "it is for father; I am all he has, and he depends on me. He is not well, and if he were obliged to give up his home it would kill him. Tom, I love you, but don't you see I must save father even if the price is myself."

"Your idea of duty is unnatural and morbid, and you do not love me as you pretend. It is this man's money which has won you, and woman like you throw it on to some one else's shoulders."

Tom's voice was deep and angry as he stood with folded arms.

Ruth neither spoke nor moved in answer to his accusation.

Tom turned and walked a few steps towards the house, in a moment however he was at Ruth's side.

"Forgive me, love," he whispered; "I was a brute for the moment; you are all that is sweet and good, and I am not worthy of you."

He was gone, and Marsh from behind his bush saw Ruth clasp the tree with both arms, and heard her murmur, "It is all over! God help me to be a good woman and keep me from hating the man who has taken my love from me."

Mr. Marsh tiptoed softly out of the garden, without a glance at the stoop on which he had stood, so timidly an hour before. When he had reached his own room he sat down to think. For two hours he scarcely moved, and his face was as impassive as his figure.

At the end of that time he wrote this little note:

My Dear Miss Rodney,  
I have come to the conclusion that I have lived too long a bachelor to impose myself and my whims upon a bright young girl. I promised you the mortgage, however, for a wedding present, and here it is in advance. I understand that young Mr. Russell is with you, and I hear also that he loves you. I knew his father very well, and if his son resembles him he is worthy of your love. If at any time I can be of service to you command me.

Yours very truly,  
JOHN E. MARSH.

After he had sealed the note he gave a long sigh. "Marsh," he muttered, "if love can change you and your ideas like this it must be a mighty power in the world."

Some women's memories are strongest on the point of other women's old clothes.—*Boston Journal of Education.*



## COMICALITIES.

The Game of Backs.



None Wanted.

"Ehl Going on a journey?" he queried as he halted a friend with a grip-bag.  
"Only a short ride. Going out to the County fair."  
"Got anything to exhibit there?"  
"Oh, no. I'm down to make the big speech of the opening day."  
"You! What in flaxseed do you know about agriculture?"  
"Nothing. It will be about the revolutionary war—George Washington—old pioneers—my patent wash-puller and Jim Blaine. They don't want any agriculture in it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Language May Be Distorted.

"Mr. Seacock you are no gentleman."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"My wife called at your house last evening, didn't she?"  
"Yes, and was very welcome."  
"And as she drove away she heard you say to your wife that she had a mouth like a horse collar."  
"Great Caesar! Why, man, all I said was that she had a horse of a mouse color."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Society's Blunder.

Alice—"Why, Kate! how did you happen to invite that Miss S.? She is horribly unpopular on account of her blood, which, rumor says, is very poor. Haven't you heard about it?"  
Kate—"Yes, I know, she was considered very little, but since her father was stricken with gout and hay-fever that silly story concerning her low breeding and poor blood is, of course, declared a miserable blunder beyond all doubts."—*Judge.*

Jinglets.

Cigar dealer—I have something new in cigarettes I want to show you, Mr. Dumley. Dumley—What is it, tobacco?—*New York Sun.*

The time of the year has come when we all not look upon the inventor of the gauze undershirt with the same reverential respect that we did

## PITH AND POINT.

A great many people hold theories who can't hold their tongues.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

The man who peddles his autobiography takes his life in his own hands.—*Texas Siftings.*

Strictly speaking, a man can not dye his mustache and remain honest.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The man who robs Peter to pay Paul should at least remember what is Deuteronomy.—*Texas Siftings.*

A feud is about the most unprofitable thing any community ever indulged in.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

If masculine baldness is to become universal, the com(b)ing man won't have any to comb.—*Texas Siftings.*

Failure isn't a severe thing to a man who hasn't been in the habit of putting on too much style.—*Boston Courier.*

While the lamp holds out to burn, there is not much danger of the average servant filling it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

When a bank boddler skips to Canada now it is in order to ask: Was it the lady or the tiger?—*Philadelphia Times.*

It is a suggestive coincidence that an archness and small-pox both hang out the red flag signal.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A lost symphony of Wagner's has been found. This country doesn't seem to have any luck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Since Mackay's bank has lost \$6,000,000 his wife will have to economize for awhile on diamond necklaces.—*St. Paul Globe.*

"I often cut my oldest acquaintance," said the buzz-saw as it took off a mill-hand's finger.—*Charleston Enterprise.*

Somebody says the age of the coal-dealer is the torrage. Some folks think it's the shortage.—*Boston Commercial.*

Science weeps over the bug that is never hatched as the lover mourns over the letter that never came.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It rained in London last Monday, and the dudes of Chicago walked around with their trousers turned up.—*Philadelphia Call.*

If New England high-school girls do not marry, what becomes of Napoleon's line theories as to educated mothers?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

While the lamps of a city belong to a company, it seems that many city officials have a lean on the posts of the lamps.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It may be that Count Mikiewicz has finally concluded to be honest, having peradventure lost the ability to stack the cards.—*New York Graphic.*

Even John Brown's fort at Harper's Ferry has become a den of thieves. How exceedingly are our historic places defiled.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

A whole car-load of Green Tree beer arrived Thursday night. It will sell for 25 cents a bottle—when the grand jury adjourns.—*Wichita Democrat.*

"The nationality of a man, the temper of a woman, and the condition of an invalid are all judged by the tongue."—*Binghamton Republican.*

If Shakespeare was in the habit of getting drunk it is singular that he didn't give it away some time that Bacon wrote the plays.—*Texas Siftings.*

During Talmage's absence the great tabernacle has been further enlarged—probably to give freer scope for the great preacher's gestures.—*Albany Argus.*

A little girl who wanted to describe the absentmindedness of her uncle said: "His remember is so tired that he has to use his forget all the time."—*Boston Journal.*

A man may be honest and yet so slow that he will never pay a debt. When a young man has stealing to do he is always prompt.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Police justice in Kansas City gets there with two feet and a crutch. In the case of the cable gripman it seems to have taken two crutches.—*Kansas City Times.*

It is the duty of the London police to pick up orange peel off the sidewalk, and the opinion prevails that this is why they are called "peelers."—*San Francisco Alta.*

Omaha has a man who breaks stones with his fists. Wonder if he could be induced to come down here and hit our sanitary board about once around.—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

If a young man has recovered from some terrible disease he can have his picture in a western paper every day for a month, at the doctor's expense.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

If you know anything or nothing about how a newspaper should be conducted send it in. We want to get the public's idea on the subject. Speak right out.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

An exchange advances several reasons "why we will have an early fall." The best reason apparent at this writing is that all the heat of the year was utilized last July.—*Norristown Herald.*

Senator Evarts will establish a country home near Washington, and has bought one thousand acres of land for that purpose. It will be fenced in one of his sentences.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Colleges do the best they can for young men. They teach them what to think and how to think it. They furnish everything the young man needs except brains.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

War has been declared on the bed-bug in Illinois. The bed-bug has his fun in July and August and he can now laugh at a little row brought on by a badly bitten entomologist.—*Buffalo Times.*

## FARM MANAGEMENT.

Where Soiling May Be Practiced to Advantage and Where It Will Be Unprofitable.

The Evolution of the System Since the Time All Farm Animals Were Pastured—Veterinary Quackery.

Will Soiling Pay?

This question is often asked, and generally answered in the affirmative, says *The Chicago Times*. An excellent presentation can be made on paper of the advantages of soiling. By abolishing pastures the cost of fences is saved. While it ordinarily takes about three acres of pasture land to afford grass enough to support a cow or steer during the grazing season, it has apparently been demonstrated that one acre will produce sufficient food if it is cut with a scythe or other implement, instead of being fed off. All the manure made by stock kept in a stable can be readily saved and kept in the best condition to apply to the land. Animals kept under cover during very hot weather are protected from the rays of the sun, and can be readily protected from the insects that are likely to annoy them when they are in the pasture. They are less liable to receive injuries, and are in no danger of straying off and getting into mischief. None of this food is likely to be wasted by being trod upon or soiled by their droppings. They lose no flesh by having to walk about in search of food. They can eat their fill in a few minutes and then lie down and ruminate and digest their food.

It is known that most, if not all, animals will take on flesh and fat faster if they are well supplied with suitable food and in partial confinement than they will if they are allowed to range about in a pasture. In the final process of fattening choice beefs, it is always thought necessary to limit their exercise and bring their food to them. Some say that young and growing animals derive as much benefit from this manner of feeding as animals that have reached their full size and are fed with a view of preparing them for slaughter. At present, I may advocate the policy of keeping animals confined to furnish flesh fat during the entire period of their lives, and the soiling system of feeding would seem to be best for securing this result. It is claimed that cows will give more milk during the season if they are fed on succulent food brought to the stable where they are kept, than if they have the range of ordinary pastures. If they do not give quite as much at a time as when pastures are in their best conditions, it is declared that the yield is more constant and of longer continuance, as the supply of food is more regular, and not dependent on the amount of moisture in the soil.

These great advantages are, of course, offset in whole or part by numerous disadvantages. Much labor is required to cut and haul to a stable the green food required to feed a number of cattle during the grazing season, and a still larger amount is needed to raise the fodder that is to be harvested. Grass and clover can not be relied on entirely or chiefly to furnish food for the animals that are to be kept in stable during the summer, though they will contribute to the amount required. Parsnips raised the previous season and allowed to remain in the ground all winter will be the first fresh food to use in the spring. These can be followed in turn by fall-sown rye, orchard grass, red clover, mixed grasses, oats and peas, Hungarian grass or millet, sweet and common field corn, northern sugar-corn, pumpkins, squashes, beets, carrots, and turnips. Red clover can be cut at least twice during the season, and orchard grass four or five times. In many localities two crops of oats and peas can be raised. In Canada tarps or vetches are sown with oats on farms where soiling is practical and in places adapted to its growth alfalfa is regarded as the best crop for soiling purposes, as the plants bear frequent cutting.

To arrange to have a succession of green plants from April till December may be easy in theory but difficult to put in practice. Two seasons will hasten or retard the growing of cultivated plants as it will grass and clover. A drought will diminish the yield of plants employed for soiling purposes, as well as that of plants in a pasture. For that reason persons who practice soiling are generally obliged to use considerable hay, grain, oil-cake, and mill-stuffs in connection with green fodder. If one has a well-filled silo he can employ ensilage to take the place of fresh plants when a drought renders them scarce. The soiling system is best adapted to countries where there is little liability to protracted droughts, or where irrigation is practiced and where labor is very cheap. Soiling may pay where land is very dear, but be ruinous where land is cheap. Few farmers in England practice soiling because the moist climate generally insures an abundance of grass in the pastures. The like is true in Holland, a country where land is high and labor low. If cotton and tobacco raising in the south ever gives place to stock-growing, it is likely that soiling will receive much attention, as pasturage is poor and wages are low.

In the early stages of agriculture and stock-raising it is not likely that any of the domesticated animals were supplied with harvested food during the season that grass and other forage plants were growing. Even beasts of

burden were turned out to graze when they were not at work. Horses, mules, and oxen were not put in the stable and supplied with hay and grain at noon and night, but were left to find food in a pasture or on an open range. It was at length found to be economical to put them where they could rest and to bring their food to them, and some discovered that it was unprofitable to allow horses to waste time in picking up food in a pasture at any time. Hogs were at one time grazing animals, as sheep and cattle are now. No one kept them in pens except during the winter. They had the range of commons and forests, in which they found their living. The swineherds described by Sir Walter Scott in the Waverley novels were as common in England and Germany as the shepherd now is in most parts of Europe. He looked after the hogs on an estate as the modern "cowboy" looks after the cattle on a western ranch or range. He did not feed the hogs, for in those old days hogs helped themselves.

Probably the first man who shut up hogs and fed them during the warm portions of the year was ridiculed by his neighbors. They could not see the use of feeding hogs when they could "skirmish round" and pick up their own living on the commons and in the forests. Soiling hogs then was like soiling cattle now. Horses, mules, and hogs are at present generally supplied with harvested and often with prepared food during the grazing season. Many English farmers feed their sheep during the summer so as to obtain very superior mutton. They have succeeded in producing breeds of sheep that are too heavy to run over hill-pastures and gain in flesh. Soiling sheep has been found to pay on costly lands when mutton instead of wool is the object. The time may come when soiling cattle kept for producing beef or milk will be general among farmers who own costly land and who desire to make the most out of it.

Veterinary Quackery.

Dr. F. L. Kilborne, in a communication on this subject to *The Rural New Yorker*, writes: The rapid advancement made in the science of veterinary practice within the past few years has done much toward doing away with some of the enormous stock of veterinary quackery throughout the country. The various veterinary schools of this country and Canada yearly graduate several hundred young men; while not a few of the graduates of the foreign schools come to this country to locate in practice. But even with the yearly addition of this large number, to our regular practitioners, the quack thrives in many places. His operations, however, are mostly confined to small towns and rural districts. There we still have men who, in their ignorance, persist in calling various diseases of cattle by the very significant (?) name of "hollow-horn" or "horn ail," and treat the cases in the approved "cow-doctor" style of boring the horns and filling them with turpentine, pepper, or other equally irritating and injurious agents, to torture the poor animal. In many cases the treatment is worse than the disease itself, and it is a wonder that so many cases recover under such barbarous treatment. Another will find "wolf in the tail," and the tail must be forthwith split and bound up in salt, pepper, tobacco or ashes. If the patient is so unfortunate as to be very sick, and the quack so learned (?) that he can find both "hollow-horn" and "wolf-in-the-tail," his case is indeed a sore one. The disease is then said to reach from her horns to the end of her tail, and in addition to the above treatment she must have the whole length of her back rubbed with soft-soap, turpentine, wet wood-ashes, or with some mysterious mixture which the quack will prepare himself, much after the manner of the "Indian medicine-man."

Possibly a cow may not be credited with having either of these diseases, but has simply "lost her cud," where or how it was lost they do not attempt to explain. In fact, it is against their principles to explain anything, except to deepen the mystery surrounding the case and impress their hearers with their own importance. For the loss of cud they proceed to collect some elder, wild cherry, or other suitable shrubs, scrape the inner bark, and mix the scrapings with herbs and molasses to form a mass the size of the closed fist or larger. This artificially-prepared, mystic cud is then placed well back in the cow's mouth, with the expectation that it will take the place of the lost cud; that the animal will immediately begin to ruminate as usual, and that a speedy recovery may be looked for. Suffice it to say their expectations are never realized, except by accident, as it were.

One unusually self-conceited quack of my acquaintance confines his operations almost entirely to horses, and his treatment is almost always mercurial blisters. A ringbone, spavin, puff, or other swelling will always receive a severe blistering; so also with a case of pneumonia, sore throat, glanders, colic, or indigestion. He claims to have made many wonderful cures, including several cases of glanders (a feat no veterinarian ever accomplished), although his patients are constantly dying on his hands, his self-conceit always prevent his seeing the folly of his course of treatment.

Like all other quacks, he is a firm believer in the theory that the pressure of the harmless little wolf-teeth in the mouth of the horse is injurious to and causes disease of the eyes. If a young horse has any trouble with his eyes, as he is very liable to have when cutting the large molars or grinders of his up-

per jaw, the wolf-teeth are looked for, and if present are ruthlessly knocked out, to cure a disease for which they are in no way responsible. If the wolf-teeth are not present, and the hawk partially covers the eye, as the result of more or less inflammation (causing the so-called "hooks in the eyes") this important membrane is cut out, a very injurious as well as barbarous practice. This "horse doctor" has never read a standard work on veterinary science, and he has no regard for the opinions of any veterinarian which differ from his own set opinions. Such is the self-conceit and bigotry which most quacks add to their ignorance. They pretend to know all about the diseases of animals and their treatment, when in fact they know little or nothing. It was a quack who prescribed a dose of one-half pint of croton oil for a sick horse, and was only prevented from having his order carried out by the refusal of the druggist to fill such a prescription.

A CANINE SUMMER RESORT.

Visit to a Peculiar Establishment for a Peculiar Aristocracy.

A dog's board up house, reached by rail or water, whichever the aristocratic constitution of the canine sang-culture will best endure, says *The Boston Advertiser*, an hour on the old colony road and forty-five minutes by steamer will take you to the charming seashore town where this abode of dog comfort is to be found. It is a lovely trail to follow, through shaded streets and cross-cut paths overhung by vine-wound trees, the wild grapes tossing defiant clusters almost in the passer's face, up over a long hill by the town hall on the left. A turn of the road to the right and I found myself at the entrance to a shady country yard with a low seat made by nature in the big tree at the right of the path where a brown-eyed girl of 12 swung her feet in unconscious imitation of the summer coquette in her hammock, with a meek-faced, snowy dog lying at her feet. To the inquiry: "Is this a summer-house for dogs?" she dropped lightly to the ground with an affirmative nod, and as her father was away acted as "intelligent guide" through the quarters. Passing around the neat white cottage, with its green blinds, we made our way toward the great barn in the rear escorted by five dogs of various sizes, shapes, and colors, and followed by the angry growls of a sixth, a huge mastiff who was chained securely in the little back porch. In the barn a beautiful hound rushed out of a stall-box as we entered, where the little maiden told us he was accustomed to sleep and stay with the horse who usually stood there and with whom a great intimacy had been established, the horse nosing carefully all about the dog if he was sleeping in his grain box or manger, as often occurred. Once the dog was found dozing on the horse's back. A deep pit at the side of the barn had been dug, in which some dozen dogs leaped and bounded against the stout fortress of logs with which the sides are strengthened against their fierce scrambling assaults and their insane desire to burrow out under the barricades. A litter of Gordon setters, just old enough to tumble about, were investigating with curious noses a poor little black puppy, who was so sick that they did not "hope to save him," said the girl. A magnificent retriever who occupied an adjoining and somewhat more exclusive pen viewed our eager faces over the parapet with fine disdain. He rejoiced under the name of Running Chesapeake and belonged to a New York gentleman. Tempter was the name of a black and white pointer, and a black, shaggy dog-beauty claimed as his brother a brown-spotted pointer called Brown Gown.

Standing upon the top of a tidy little dog-house stood a slender grayhound, belonging to an English lady who was traveling in the west, and a dear little ball of white silk named Flurry was a regular summer boarder, coming season after season to be cared for while her mistress, a prominent actress goes for her summer rest to a favorite resort, which, unfortunately, does not agree with Flurry, as she suffers from hay-fever.

The dogs receive the kindest of care, are carefully fed, exercised, washed and combed, and tended with faithfulness which insures their frequent return, even at the comfortable compensation charged. The terms vary, of course, according to the case required. Some of the ordinary breeds, or rather no breeds being simply allowed to run, with their meals set out at regular times, while others must be cuddled like babies and sleep in the house, and others still are sent there to be cured of mange and less plebeian skin diseases. One lady who goes to Florida yearly sends her Italian grayhound, *Realty*, here until her return, it is so sensitive to malaria. Professional people are the best patrons.

Will Stay Down.

"I figure like this," he said, as he sharpened away at the point of his pencil. "I can go to South America and purchase five hundred horses at \$12 per head. The moment they are landed here I can sell them for \$50 each."  
"That would be a big spec,"  
"You bet, and—gosh!"  
"What is it?"  
"I'm busted clear to smash! I'd have to buy five hundred as soon as the horses landed, and when the money to do it with? That's the way with these infernal monopolies always keep a poor man down!"—*Fall Street News.*



### Facts About the Sea.

The sea is the reservoir into which run all the rivers of the world. It is the cistern which finally catches all the rain that falls, not only upon its own surface, but upon the surface of the land and upon the roofs of our homes. All this water is removed again by evaporation as fast as it is supplied. It is estimated that every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. This vapor is fresh, and if all the water could be removed in the same way and none of it returned, it is calculated that there would be left a layer of pure salt two hundred and thirty feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

This is upon the supposition that three feet depth of water contains one inch depth of salt, and that the average depth of the ocean is three miles.

At a depth of about three thousand five hundred feet the temperature is uniform, varying but a trifle between the poles and the equator. The cold water is below. It is reported that in many deep bays on the coast of Norway, the water often begins to freeze at the bottom before it does at the surface.

At this depth waves are not felt. Waves do not travel—that is, the water does not move forward, although it seems to do so; it stays in the same place. The rising and falling moves on.

We measure waves by their height, and by the distance from crest to crest. In deep water this latter distance is about fifteen times the height of the wave. In shallow water the proportion is less, and this makes a choppy sea.

The force of waves is in proportion to their height. It is said that the sea strikes on Bell Rock with the force of seventeen tons for each square yard.

The pressure of the water increases as we go down. At the depth of a mile this pressure is reckoned at more than a ton to the square inch, that is, more than a hundred and thirty-three times the pressure of the atmosphere.

To get correct sounding in deep water is difficult. A shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. Through this sinker a hole is bored, and through the hole is passed a rod of iron which moves easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside is coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on.

When the bar, which extends below the shot, touches the bottom, the sling unhook and the shot slides off. The cup in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a cover shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. In this way we learn the character of the deep sea bottom.

It will be seen at once that we can know the depressions of the bottom of the ocean more easily and more accurately than we can learn the elevation of the land. As a consequence we have a better topographical map of much of that surface than we have of the continents.

The depth of the sea presents some interesting considerations. If the Atlantic were lowered six thousand five hundred and sixty-four feet, it would be reduced to half its present width. If it were lowered a little more than three miles, there would be dry land all the way between Newfoundland and Ireland. If the Mediterranean were lowered six hundred and sixty feet, Africa would be joined to Italy, and three separate seas would remain.—Youth's Companion.

### Peculiar Family Relationship.

"The Osborne family muddle" is thus made conspicuous by the Madison, Ohio, Journal:

L. Osborne of this city has married his grandfather's second wife, and they have a son. Given this simple statement, a number of peculiar family relationships may be deduced. For instance, Mrs. Osborne is a grandchild of his. His son, being also a son of his (Osborne's) grandmother, is uncle to his own father. Osborne becomes a brother to his uncles and aunts, and also a stepfather to them. The boy, being the child of Osborne as a grandson, is thereby a great-grandson of his own mother, while his father may rejoice in the title of great-grandfather to his own child. Thus the boy becomes a granduncle to himself and his parents' great-grandchild. Osborne is the boy's father and great-grandfather at the same time, and, being the husband of his own grandmother, enjoys the distinction of being his own grandfather, as well. Osborne's mother married a man named Blake, and his sister married a brother-in-law of her mother, Henry Blake. Osborne's sister becomes a sister to her own mother. Mrs. Blake, being Osborne's mother, is grandmother to Osborne's son. The latter, however, being a son of the wife of Mrs. Blake's father-in-law, is therefore a brother to his grandmother and granduncle to his grandmother's sister, the daughter who married Mrs. Blake's brother-in-law. He also is her nephew, as the son of her brother. Osborne is the younger Mrs. Blake's grandfather as well as her brother. Thus her nephew, Osborne's son, becomes uncle to his aunt, being a son of her grandmother. This series of relationships may be likewise traced almost indefinitely. The family are happy and contented and live pleasantly.

### Big-Hearted Miners.

"I met a Mr. Davis in Butte. He is the traffic manager of the Northern Pacific road, and he told me a fine story characteristic of those big-hearted miners. Mr. Davis had taken his aged father and mother up into the heights of one of the mountains that shadow Butte. It was fifteen miles distant. While they were camping there a snow-storm swept upon them and the sudden change caused Mr. Davis's father to suffer from an attack of paralysis. The old gentleman was helpless, and his son was perplexed. He was fifteen miles from civilization, and had no conveyance to reach it. He happened to remember that not far away on the mountain side was a camp of miners. He walked to the camp and found them there just sitting down after their meal to a game of cards. He apologized for intruding upon them and said: 'Boys, I am in trouble.' The cards fell out of their hands, and they were on their feet ready for his relief. He told them his story. 'Well, stranger,' said the leader, 'we'll get the old man down the mountain safe and sound; but you'll have to get the old woman down the best you can, 'cause, you know, we ain't ust to handlin' women' are we, boys?' And at the mention of a woman's name the speaker's hand went up to his eyes, but in a second he recovered and said to Mr. Davis, 'You lead the way and we'll follow.'

"They toiled up the mountain until they came to the hut where the old people were housed. At the sight of the lady the miners—seven of them—bunched themselves just as a lot of freight cars that come to a sudden halt. Every hat was off. Having made their bows they gathered about the old man and looked upon him as if he were dead. Then they wrapped him in blankets and picked him up and gently wound around the mountain, picking out the smooth places, never saying a word. When they reached the level and the old man had been laid upon his bed, Mr. Davis took the miners to one side and said: 'Men, here is a roll of bills—all I have—take it no matter how much it may be.'

The old miner who had done all the talking for the crowd took off his hat and spoke:

"'Why, we thought you know'd us.'"

"'I do know you,' said Davis.

"'But we thought you know'd us well. No, stranger, put her up. Why, we wouldn't let that old man suffer up thar a minnit. Would we, boys?' And they all raised their hats. Easy, boys,' said the speaker. And they shouted, but it was a soft and low shout, which brought tears to Davis' eyes."—Chicago Mail.

### Rich Men's Advice.

From the Haverhill Gazette.

The Boston Herald was enterprising enough to give in Sunday's issue some hints to the young on the acquirement of wealth from men who have been successful in this particular. Of course they could say nothing better expressed in Samuel Smiles' "Self Helps," a work, by the way, which every young man should own. Their advice was all good, however, particularly that of Gen Butler, who advised young men to invest in a wife. "If you can find a saving, prudent girl who has been brought up by a mother who knows how to take care of a house," and in real estate. Just how to get the money to invest was not stated so clearly. Henry Faxon said for one thing, and it is as true as the gospel: "There is more noise and brag and bluster in a pint of whisky inside a political wire-pulling summer than there is in a barrel of flour inside 200 honest men." Barnum says: "Read the newspapers, and keep thoroughly posted in regard to the transactions of the world. Be careful to advertise in some shape or manner." Russell Sage is laconic. He says: "Save your money." Erastus Wiman's advice is the best of all. "The legitimate trade, the honest plodding routine of life, is the true basis for all good fortune; and what is better, is the true preparation for its enjoyment and its retention, if ever it is achieved. It may not be within the power of many a young man to acquire a great fortune, but it is within the power of all to merit the application to the words of the ancient philosopher: 'It is not in mortals to command success; we will do better. Sempronius—we will deserve it.'"

### Wanted a Bone Cocktail.

"Gimme a bone cocktail," demanded a young man of a fashionable bar-keeper recently.

The barkeeper blushed. He knew how to mix all the fancy drinks in existence, and he felt ashamed that any one should call for a drink the name of which he had never heard before.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir; but did you say a bone cocktail?"

"Yes, sir; I said a bone cocktail. I suppose you know what that is."

"Oh, yes, certainly, but I think we are all out of bones."

"Here, don't give me any funny business, but hand me over the dice box. I'll shake you for the drinks, and that's what I mean by a bone cocktail."

The barkeeper lost, but considered that he had made money by learning just what a bone cocktail was.—Stockton Mail.

### "All Things in Order."

"Life," said Mr. Beecher on one occasion, "is sparing of great events and great occasions and opportunities; it is the little things that make up the sum total."

So it is in housekeeping. The business of conducting a household with comfort and success depends upon a vast number of "little things." Let these little things be in order, and there will be far less of the friction, fault-finding and complaining that banish happiness quite as completely as some great sorrow.

To begin with. Let no housewife tolerate dull knives. Who has not seen the head of a household struggle and fret and perspire over the carving of a joint, not because the meat was abnormally tough, but because the knife was too dull? Let us take a lesson from our butchers. No vendor of roasts and joints would dream of conducting his business without having his hatchets, saws and knives thoroughly overhauled, and their edges renewed at regular intervals. The housekeeper sees the tradesman run his steel between bones, separating joints, removing rinds, reducing steaks to their proper proportions, and then wonders why the meat that seemed so tender at the stall appears so tough upon the table. It is so simply because the butcher takes care that his knives are sharp, and yours, madam, have never had their edges renewed, perhaps, since the day you bought them.

Why is the coffee so muddy? Have you examined the sieve in the coffee-pot? It is not the cook's "business." She does the work; it is your part to provide her with the proper implements. Why does the toast taste of fish? Have you made sure that there is a broiler distinctly kept for the fish, and a toaster provided for the toast?

Do the glasses on your table show the signs of grease and sport the lint of rough towelling? Have you made sure that the kitchen is supplied with towelling to be used for glass and silver and nothing else? If the cat has stolen the cream, and the mice have appropriated your cheese, have you examined the latch on the closet door? If the flies have rendered your food unfit to use, and a legion of ants have chosen your larder as a parade ground, have you provided yourself with wire screens, nettings, and those luxuries ants most love, but which destroy them most certainly?

Be sure that each department of household labor is well supplied with ways and means. If you want your linen fresh and sweet, procure the best quality of soap and see that there is an airy place to dry it in. Use no chemical compounds for bleaching, etc., but see that nature's agents, sun and air, have a fair chance at them. Let each vegetable have its own utensil, and cook no onions in the spot that must afterwards furnish forth sweet peas or potatoes. Let your baking tins shine and the bread pans be sacred to bread alone. Have a spice box with the labels upon each division, and permit no social intercourse between allspice and nutmegs. Be sure that your brushes are clean and new enough to retain a firm hold upon each particular hair.

In short, attend to the little things. What servant can collect dust in a dust-pan whose edges has a series of uneven and unequal curves? A scrubbing brush so worn as to have no tufts of hair within an inch of its edges should be relieved from further service. A broom with its straw bent and worn down till it is little more than a harsh stub may do for a sidewalk, but has no business with a carpet. It is said that a good workman never quarrels with his tools. Precisely because he takes the best of care to have them in order. Housewives, if you want your work well done, see that you provide the proper implements. Select them with care, and be sure of their efficiency. What could the genius of Raphael or Michael Angelo have achieved with a ragged paint brush or a blunt chisel?—Examiner.

### A Pointer for the Parson.

An amusing typographical blunder was perpetrated in Carson, Nev., recently. Rev. Van Deventer sent to the Tribune his theme for the following Sunday's discourse, "Receipt for the Cure of Hoodlumism." This appeared in print as "Receipt for the cure of Rheumatism," and it had the effect of crowding the church with people, many of whom had not attended divine worship for a quarter of a century, and a considerable number of whom were stiffened more or less with rheumatism.—Omaha Bee.

Judge Lacombe says he has no jurisdiction over Ives. Nobody else seems to have. Ives beautifully illustrates the fact that this is a free country.—New York Tribune.

The supreme court of Illinois appears to be waiting for bouquets and cold quail.—Omaha Register.

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