

Plymouth Mail.

VOL. I. NO. 15.

PLYMOUTH, MICH. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887

WHOLE NO. 15

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.

Brother's giddy bag ball stockings
In the garden breezes stop;
Soon they'll ornament his sister
At the plumbers' social hop.

—Hang up your stocking!
—Mrs. Wade is on the sick list.
—They have a fine new organ at the M. E. church.

—Henry Fisher, of Wayne, was in town Wednesday.

—Potter, continues to remark. See advertisement.

—A Merry Christmas to the numerous readers of the MAIL.

—Bronson Howard has located in Ann Arbor for the winter.

Nice New Orleans sugar, six cents per pound at Star grocery.

—Peter Gayde we learn is numbered among the sick this week.

—I have a pair of good large buffalo robes for sale cheap, W. B. VanVliet.

—We learn that Mrs. Jacob Streng, who has been ill for some time is improving.

—Charles Palmer and wife, of Chicago, are here visiting with the latter's parents.

—Will Corlett and wife, of Wayne, attended the party here last Friday evening.

—The Northville masons expect to dedicate their new hall next Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. David Allen is improving, and is now at the home of her brother in Detroit.

—Voigt, the Detroit brewer paid his taxes the other day with 1,479 silver dollars.

—The Detroit humane society is going to look out for cats and dogs as well as horses.

—Wm. Selleck and Al. Knowland are engaged in re-packing apples for L. C. Hough.

—Mrs. J. M. Hough is spending the holidays with her mother and sisters, in Nankin.

—Calvin Hallock and wife, of Osceola county, are in town visiting friends and relatives.

—Chas. Micol, of Detroit, who is here for the holidays, is clerking at Dohmstreich & Co.'s.

—Isaac Gleason, who has been very ill for three weeks with rheumatism, is recovering slowly.

—'Tis rumored that Prof. Stevens will give one of his marvelous entertainments in the near future.

A few good new sewing machines for sale very cheap to close out, by G. V. Bentley, Plymouth.

—Rev. H. Burns is assisting in the meetings at Howell this week, and they are having good success.

—Al Minthorn and Mit Jewell have been cutting wood on the Jewell farm for the past four weeks.

—Oscar LaSeur, who was sent to the Pontiac asylum, a couple of months ago, we learn is no better.

—A K. Wheeler and family left Saturday evening, for their new home at San Francisco, California.

—The young ladies helping hand society netted eight dollars from their "flower box" social last week.

—Mrs. Orange Butler and Mrs. Frank Butler, of Northville, were guests of Mrs. J. H. Steers, Tuesday.

—E. J. Pennimen's cigar factory was closed several days this week on account of Mrs. Pennimen's death.

—Our beautiful weather caught a bad cold Tuesday night, accompanied by about three inches of snow.

—We have a nice line of New Years calling cards, and beautiful type to print them with. Call and see them.

—Your taxes can be paid at the Plymouth national bank. Only one more week in which to save the percentage.

—Geo. Durfee, who was on the sick list last week is better again and has resumed his labors at Dohmstreich & Co.'s.

—Ira Hough left Plymouth last week, for Marquette. He had been home nearly four weeks recruiting for winter work.

—L. H. Bennett is turning out the boss screen doors. They are superior to anything in that line that we have yet seen.

—It is said since prohibition has been enforced in Kansas, church membership has been increased from ten to forty per cent.

—W. F. Taylor, of this place, has opened a cigar and tobacco store at Northville, in the place lately occupied by M. E. Elwood.

—Fred Fisher, who went to Detroit not long since to work in a machine shop has returned home. City air doesn't agree with him.

—Geo. A. Starkweather & Co. will close their store on Christmas and New Years—that is, on Monday, December 26 and January 2.

—E. J. Bradner is tearing out, building on and repairing the frame building in the rear of his store and when finished will reside in it.

—We are told that Mrs. Ruth Price is getting the material on the ground for a new residence near the one in which she now resides.

—A. O. Coleburn, of Edmore, who, with his wife are visiting among relatives at Wayne and Livonia, made the MAIL office a call, Tuesday.

—An exchange says that if a married man wishes to be happy he must get along without a hired girl. That's drawing the line pretty close.

—The Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad will sell holiday tickets on December 24, 26 and 31, and January 2, at one fare for the round trip.

—Next Monday evening there will be an election of officers of Tonquish Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., for the ensuing term. A full attendance is desired.

—Now is the time to buy heating stoves. Conner and Son are having a grand clearing out sale for one week. See description and prices on back page.

—One of the Sabbath school teachers asked her class "What kind of boys go to heaven?" A little fellow over at the further end of the seat cried out, "Dead boys!"

—The first use of the snow this season, so far as we have noticed, was made on Wednesday by some enterprising person who drove through our streets with a pair of bobs.

—A. T. Wallace, a brother of the Rev. Geo. H. of this place, was his guest for a day, on his return from the East to his sheep ranch, near the Rocky mountains, British America.

—Pelham, he that is supposed to regulate the weather in this vicinity promised us a cold wave Monday, but instead of its getting colder it became considerably warmer and a slight rain fell.

—Mrs. Pollard, of Ashland, who has been visiting at Mr. Burns' for several weeks past returned home Tuesday, accompanied by Theodore Farrand, who goes there to make his home for a time.

—Remember that we take subscriptions for all papers and magazines, and you can save money by calling on us when in want of anything of the kind. Special rate till Jan. 1 on the Detroit Echo, with the MAIL. (More local on fourth page.)

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

E. C. Bassett, two miles east of Plymouth, has a full blood Poland China boar for service. *15-16

GEO. A. STARKWEATHER & CO.

CONTINUE TO

DO BETTER BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE

Than Any Other Concern Knows How To Do.

SEE THEIR HOLIDAY STOCK.

GET THEIR PRICES.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

AT THE	FLOUR! FLOUR!	C. A. FRISBEE,
RED FRONT!	FLOUR!	Dealer in
		Lumber, Lath, :
		: Shingles, :
		: and Coal.
DISHES LEFT!	Why will you have poor bread? Thence discord in the family? When, by using the Celebrated Mayflower Brand of Flour, You can ALWAYS have GOOD bread, and a contented household. For Sale by	A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal.
That we are selling at the following prices:	PER DOZEN.	Prices as Low as the Market will allow.
Six Inch Plates, -	70 cts.	Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth.
Seven " -	75 cts.	
Vegetable Dishes, -	80 cts.	
Individual Butters, 25 cts.		
Tumblers, - - - -	30 cts.	
	Also, Graham, Buckwheat, &c., &c.	
	Leave your orders and have it delivered at your door.	
	L. C. HOUGH.	

HO, FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A GRAND AGGREGATION OF EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.

No such an assortment as we have just put on sale was ever before offered in Plymouth. We have something new and elegant in

Rose Mina Glassware and Moss Faine Vases.

We have an endless variety of small goods that it would be impossible to name,

Beautiful Tea and Dinner Sets!

Library Hanging Lamps, Plush Albums, Gent's Plush and Fur Caps, Etc., Toboggans, 18 cents to \$1.25 each. Come and visit us. We have a Veritable Fair.

H. DOHMSTREICH & CO.

SECRETARY FAIRCHILD SELDOM MAKES use of a stenographer. His annual report, which will soon be ready for the printer, is in his own handwriting.

THE board of regent of the Oregon state university has increased the salary of the president from \$2,300 to \$2,500, and the salaries of the other professors from \$1,740 to \$2,000.

It is said that Secretary Vilas has become almost a millionaire since he entered the Cabinet by the rapid development of mining land on the southern shore of Lake Superior.

GEORGE W. CARLE recently addressed 800 Yale students on "Cobwebs in the Church." Stray Cattle in the Chape" would have been a more appropriate subject from the collegians' standpoint.

As an argument against shawing it is remarked that Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, soundbited the sentences of the two bearded men among the condemned Chicago Anarchists and allowed those with smooth chins to perish.

MISS ADELE GRANT recently made her debut in Washington society at a small dancing party at the British Legation. She was very much admired and will be the reigning belle at the capital this season, no preventing Providence.

PUBLIC improvements now being made along the Tiber will presently reach the ancient church of St. Bonosa, in Rome, and it will then probably be ascertained if, as tradition has it, the remains of Cola di Rienzi are really buried there.

On account of the stench arising from the millions of dead salmon in the McCleod river, says The Yreka (Cal.) Union, trout-fishing along that stream is robbed of its charms. The smell of the decaying fish is attracting bears by the wholesale.

It is not generally known that the co-education of the sexes is carried on without limitations in the University of Texas. The young men and young women are admitted to the same classes in every department, and are eligible to degrees and honors without exception.

WHILE laughing at a comedy in a Philadelphia theater one night last week a young lady suddenly fell ill and died before she could be removed to her home. The verdict of the coronor's jury was that she came to her death through "heart disease, due to tight lacing."

HAMMILL HAMLIN, speaking at the Pine Tree club banquet in Boston the other evening, said he thought he ought to be excused from making an address because he had a sore thumb, and if he wanted to emphasize a good point with a gesture everyone would look at the bandage on the thumb and not notice the point.

VERY elastic caoutchouc tubing gradually loses some of its elasticity. Later, the tubes break on stretching, even if previously laid in warm water, and finally they crack if pressed between the fingers. This change is put down to a very slow formation of sulphuric acid by the action of moist air on the sulphur contained in the caoutchouc. By frequent washing with slightly alkaline water the action of the acid is prevented. Tubes washed five or six times a year remained perfectly elastic.

JAMES BROWN, of New London, Conn., knows considerably more about New York girls now than he did before he visited that city of sin last week. He was walking along Cherry street when he saw a crowd of happy hearted girls laughing on a corner, and while passing the maidens he was astonished to suddenly find a pair of female arms encircle his neck and to hear someone exclaim: "Oh, you dear old darling, give me a kiss!" Mr. Brown extricated himself from the arms as soon as he could, and remonstrated the owner of them with the fact that she was a "bold girl" and ought to be ashamed of herself. The "bold girl" seemed to have suddenly discovered that she had made a mistake, and, begging the old man's pardon, she hastened away to join her friends. Mr. Brown thought it was a good joke. But subsequently, when he discovered that a roll of bills had been extracted from his vest pocket, he thought it was something else, and at once had the forward maid arrested and jailed.

And he pointed to a door opening into the passage-way.

"And then what happens?" asked Scanty, with a nervous tremor in his voice.

"Why, I opens ther door and lets her in." "And when she's in, what then?" "Why, she don't go out again—by the dooc."

"How, then?" "This way," replied the wretch, stooping, and by the aid of a staple attached to the planks of the floor, lifting a small trap-door.

"Yer see, down there's ther cellar, and there's a sewer running under ther floor o' it that empties inter ther river. Ther's a place in ther floor as has fallen in—"

"And yer mean—"

"I mean that that's ther only way out o' this place for pretty girls wid wills as stands in ther way o' gentlemen as has a longin' tar be rich."

Scanty's thin face became ashy pale, and he shuddered as he said.

"I—I'm afraid I ain't got nerve enough ter help yer wid this job, Morry. I don't mind anythin' in ther ordinary way; but when it comes ter dork cellars and filthy sewers—why, then I weakens, and I can't help it."

"I don't want no help from you, so far as that part o' the job goes," responded his companion, rising and going to the cot, and drawing a bottle from beneath the pillow. "There, take a pull at this," he added, passing it to Scanty. "It'll put some nerve inter yer."

The latter seized the bottle eagerly, and gulped down a good quantity of the liquor it contained.

"Now," resumed Morry, "what I wants yer ter do is this. Go outside and stand by ther door until she gets in. Ther ain't no chance o' my bein' interrupted, fer ther landlord and his wife is gone ter a dance, and won't be back till mornin'."

Ther front-room tenants on ther next floor moved out ter day, and ther feller what has ther room over this allers comes in druuk, so he wouldn't hear nothin' if ther was a terrible row down here. As soon as she's safely inside, I wants yer ter go ter Mother Belden's house, just as fast as yer legs'll carry yer. Ther old woman herself'll be gone ter market, and her house'll be all alone. Here's a key as'll fit the right latch. In ther second-story front room ther's a burer. In the top drawer o' that burer is a fancy box, and in that ere fancy box is \$100 and a lot o' jewelry, which I wants you ter take charge of and carry ter our room, where I'll meet yer in less nor two hours."

"All right! I understand yer," said Scanty, moving toward the door.

At that instant some one entered the passage-way. Both men bent forward and listened intently, their eyes fixed on each other's faces. They heard footsteps ascend the stairs, and the door of the room above them open and close. It was Nat Garvin returning home after his good fortune.

"It's ther drunken feller!" whispered Morry. "In ten minutes he'll be fast asleep, and anorin' loud enough ter split ther shingles o' ther roof. But you must get outside. It's after nine, and she'll be here in er few minutes. Go."

Scanty passed out of the apartment, closing the door softly after him. As soon as he was gone, Morry, seating himself upon the cot, drew a large sheath-knife from beneath the mattress and examined it closely. In the meanwhile, Nat, having closed and bolted his door, was endeavoring to obtain a light in the room above. He experienced considerable difficulty in finding a match, but, after fumbling for several minutes in the drawer of his washstand, among cigar-stumps, corks, playing-cards, broken pipes and loose tobacco, he succeeded in finding one which would ignite.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, looking at the remnant of a candle before him, "the rats have eaten up half my candle; the supply of light is consequently limited to-night. Thank Heaven, this is the last night I shall pass in this miserable den!"

The candle sputtered and flickered before it burned steadily, diffusing but an indifferent light over the poor apartment. Removing his coat, Nat hung it over a round of the ladder which led up to the scuttle opening from the room to the roof; then, taking a pack of cards from the open draw of the washstand, he seated himself upon the side of the bed, and began shuffling them. Suddenly he threw them from him, exclaiming:

"I want nothing more to do with you. From this night I am through with you forever. To-morrow I shall sail for Australia, the land of gold—gold—that dazzling god before whom great and small, rich and poor, alike bow low. I am determined that my good fortune shall not prove any stumbling-block this time. No, indeed! I intend to profit by the experience of the past."

From his pocket he drew forth the money he had won, and counted it over several times with evident pleasure; then he held the roll of bank-notes up before his eyes and looked at it admiringly, turning it over and over in much the same manner as a child inspects a new plaything. After several minutes passed in this way he carefully deposited the money in the inside pocket of his vest, and, taking up his pipe, proceeded to fill and light it.

Some one knocked upon the door of the room below.

"Hello! Somebody is knocking at some one's door!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself back upon the bed and puffed huge clouds of thick, blue smoke into the air.

Morry sprang to his feet, slipped the knife he had been examining into his pocket, and opened the door. The uncertain light of the candle fell upon the beautiful features of our heroine. The ruffian for a moment stood transfixed with admiration of her loveliness. Her eyes were raised inquiringly toward his face. The fresh night-air had caused the color to deepen in her soft cheeks, which heightened the effect of her beauty.

"I beg your pardon," he said, timidly. "I am looking for a sick girl whom I was told lived here."

"That's all right, miss," he replied. "This is where poor Louisa lives. I'm a neighbor o' her's, and since wid my wife ter see if we could do anythin' for her, 'cause yer see she's a little worse ter night. But come in, miss."

He stopped with the door half open, and, as she crossed the threshold, he closed the door and cautiously drew the bolt.

"Only in yer imagination, miss," he replied, with a nervous grin.

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm. "I means that I've got yer lost where I wants yer, and if yer makes ther slightest noise I'll send yer inter ther next world widout givin' yer time ter say yer prayers," replied the ruffian.

The horror of her situation dawned upon her mind. For a single moment she stood before him unable to move—paralyzed with fear. Then her terror gave her strength. She sprang toward the door, but he seized her before she could draw back the bolt, and hurried her to the opposite side of the room.

"Great Heaven!" she cried, raising her hands imploringly toward him, "have pity on me! If you possess one humane impulse release me—open that door and let me go."

She might as well have asked mercy of a hungry beast. Every brutal instinct within the man was aroused. He paid no attention to her entreaties. His features were hideous to look upon.

"Help! help!" she shrieked, in the extremity of her terror.

Nat Garvin heard her cry and started up. "What is that?" he asked. "A woman's voice callin' for help, and from ther room below!" and he knelt down upon the floor and listened.

"If yer cry out or make another sound I'll put this inter yer!" ejaculated the murderous wretch, drawing the knife from his pocket and raising it above her.

"God help me!" she wildly cried. "Have you no feeling, no heart! Spare me! Please open that door and let me go."

"If I opened it," the wretch answered, with a demoniac laugh, "yer couldn't get away, for it's guarded on ther outside."

"Guarded!" exclaimed Nat, catching the words, and starting to his feet. "Then I cannot save her! Yes, the scuttles! the roof!"

He sprang toward the ladder, and the next instant he had forced open the scuttle and was on the roof beside the broad chimney.

"Come, my pretty 'un," said the brutal fiend, seizing her in his arms. "I wants a kiss from them rosy lips o' your'n."

Fear gave her supernatural strength, and she tore herself away from him, and rushed again toward the door, crying:

"Help! help!"

"Yer'll scream out again, will yer!" he exclaimed, beside himself with rage, as he sprang after her and seized her by the throat. He dragged her roughly back. "Then, by Heaven, I'll—"

The light flashed upon the blade of the knife as he raised it to strike. That very instant the fire-board fell with a crash, and Nat Garvin, begrimed with soot and dirt, sprang into the room, struck the brute to the floor, and caught the fainting girl in his arms.

CHAPTER I.

Nat raised the unconscious girl in his arms, and bore her gently toward the miserable cot, upon which he laid her as carefully as if she had been a sleeping child. His eyes rested compassionately upon her features, which, under the uncertain light of a solitary candle, resembled those of a statue cut in cold, white marble, so colorless were they. But for the faint sound of breathing, barely distinguishable, she might easily have been mistaken for a corpse. The careless man of the world stood for some minutes gazing upon the helpless girl before him, wrapped in silent admiration of her matchless beauty.

"Poor child!" he at last exclaimed, tenderly. "She has received a heavy shock."

Then he bethought himself, and turned suddenly toward the spot where her assailant had fallen beneath his well-delivered blow; but he was astounded, chagrined, at discovering the man was gone.

"The wretch! I must not permit him to escape so easily. This poor child may be able, when she recovers consciousness, to give some information which will lead to his arrest. I will summon a carriage, and have her conveyed at once to her home."

He quite overlooked the fact that he possessed no knowledge of where her home was; but, begrimed, coatless and hairless, as he was, he dashed from the room, and into the street. The locality was a poor one, to which carriages were almost unknown; but five minutes' busy walking brought him into a busy thoroughfare, through which dashed hither and thither vehicles of every description. He was not long in finding a disengaged coach. The driver, after some hesitancy in consequence of our hero's extraordinary appearance, consented to engage with him, receiving in advance more than double his regular fee. Nat sprang into the coach, and was driven back to the house. Eagerly he hastened through the dark passage-way, and entered the room where he had left Ella ten minutes before. The light still burned, but the cot was unoccupied—the room was empty. He was dumfounded. Seizing the bundle, he explored the passage-ways and vacant rooms above; but no trace of the missing girl could he find. Then he dismounted the carriage, and, putting on his hat and coat, went out into the street, and walked until the first rays of dawn began to appear.

It was after midnight when a policeman, patrolling a lonely street, suddenly came upon a well-dressed female, wandering along in a state of delirium. Believing her to be one of demi-monde, and intoxicated, he conducted her at once to the station-house. There an examination proved that she was not under the influence of liquor, but very ill—that the blood in her veins was boiling with fever, and that her condition was critical. She was unable to give any account of herself, and there were no papers about her person by which her identity could be established. She was, therefore, conveyed to one of the hospitals. The next morning's Herald recorded the fact of an unknown insane woman having been found by the police wandering the streets at a late hour the previous night—nothing further. This unfortunate one was none other than the heroine of our story.

Weeks rolled by, and, while poor Ella was the suffering inmate of an hospital, Nat Garvin, on board the ship Ben Onill, was sailing over the ocean toward Australia; the Elderado of his dreams.

When Ella was admitted into the hospital, the attending physician determined that slight hope of her recovery, although, as he

however, a marked improvement in her condition became apparent. The nurse, a kind-hearted soul, who had taken a strong interest in her charge from the first, bestowed upon her every attention, yet her recovery was slow, and it was three months before she was able to sit up.

It was while she was convalescing that she told her humane attendant part of her sad history, withholding, however, her own name, and avoiding all allusion to Frederick Norton, and his cruel persecution of her. She had reposed confidence in the girl Mollie, and had been betrayed, and she felt, therefore, but little inclination to trust a stranger a second time. She simply related that her father's sudden death had left her destitute and alone, and explained how utterly incapable she was of making her way in the world.

The nurse's heart was touched with pity for this young, inexperienced, and almost penniless girl, and she at once decided to do the little to assist her that lay in her power. She had a friend who did quite an extensive business as a dressmaker, and employed several girls during the busy season, and to her she wrote, soliciting employment for Ella. The dressmaker, being in want of assistants, consented to receive her into her establishment, and give her a home and some little remuneration, until she succeeded in acquiring sufficient knowledge of the business to be of more value to her; so, when Ella was discharged from the hospital, she went to Mrs. Dutton's dressmaking establishment, where she set diligently to work to penetrate into the mysteries of the modiste's profession. A visit made by her to the house where Mrs. Belden had lived, and where she had boarded with her, one evening, after working hours, revealed the fact that the lady had moved away, and the house was tenanted. She found her new life by no means an agreeable one, for she was obliged to work early and late, and to bear silently oftentimes the jeers and cutting remarks of her more disagreeable work-room companions—girls who were far beneath her in point of intellect, culture and morals; and in addition to this her patroness was oftentimes unreasonable and irritable, yet she bore all without a murmur, and strove to satisfactorily perform her duties. It was something like two weeks after she had entered Mrs. Dutton's employ that she was sent to a prominent dry-goods store to match a piece of goods. She had fulfilled her mission, and was hastening back, when the parcel she was carrying slipped from her hand and fell to the pavement. A poorly-dressed young man, who was passing at the time, picked it up and politely returned it to her. As his eyes met hers, he started, and exclaimed:

"Pardon me; I am not mistaken in addressing you as Miss Thorndyke, am I?"

The mention of her name—the name she was striving to conceal—by this stranger seemed to freeze the marrow of her bones with fear. His face was totally unfamiliar to her, yet he knew her name. Who could he be? Before she fully realized what she was saying, she had replied to his inquiry in the affirmative.

"I was sure I was not mistaken," he replied. "You do not remember me, of course, though I used to see you often at Niagara Falls more than a year ago. But you have changed very much since then."

"Changed indeed!" she said, half aloud. Then she raised her eyes toward the face of the stranger again. Surely, there was nothing evil in its expression.

"You are unhappy—miserable!" he said. "Am I wrong when I accuse Frederick Norton of being the cause of your unhappiness?"

"You know him!" she cried, eagerly. "Know him! Would to Heaven I could answer 'No.'"

"I—I do not remember ever seeing you before," she said; "yet you speak as if you knew something about my past life."

"I am acquainted with one of its saddest events," he answered. "Yet it is by no means strange that you should not recollect me, for I was merely a hireling—a man-of-all-work about the hotel where you stopped at the Falls; yet I sympathized with you deeply in your affliction, for I knew the man whose charge you would become."

"You refer to Frederick Norton. You know something about his inner life, do you not?" asked Ella, eagerly.

"I know him to be a villain disguised as an honest man. I know him to be capable of any act of perfidy through which he could achieve a cherished object," replied the young man. "O, Miss Thorndyke! I was a man, once who could hold himself erect, and feared no one. It was he who made me the degraded wretch who stands before you!"

"You, too, have suffered through him! Oh, sir, tell me how!" implored Ella, laying her hand impatiently upon his arm.

"I will," he replied, "although in doing so I recall the bitterest incidents of my life. Let us walk along while I relate my story."

They turned into a quiet sidewalk, along which they proceeded slowly.

"My name is Robert Stanford," he began. "I was only twenty-two years of age when I first became acquainted with him, and my inexperience and impulsive nature led me to be an easy dupe. I looked upon him from the first as the soul of honor and my ideal of true manliness. We were both employed by the same firm, and out of business hours were almost constant companions. Together we attended places of amusement, and sometimes visited rather questionable resorts. Through him I made the acquaintance of actresses and men about town. One night he asked me to loan him one hundred dollars; he knew that I had only the day previous received a remittance from my widowed mother. I complied with his request, and the next day he handed me a check drawn to his order by our employers for double the sum of his indebtedness, requesting me, as I was going to the bank to get it cashed, to retain what was due me, and return the balance to him. I called his attention to the fact that the endorsement on the back was not in his usual handwriting, and added that I should never recognize it as his. He replied that he had injured his right hand and was obliged to write with his left. Then for the first time I noticed that his right hand was bandaged. I presented the check at the bank, where I was known. It was cashed. The next day I was arrested for the forgery of our firm signature. I de-

scribed it here, but they failed to recognize the signature as his. I explained that it had been written with his left hand, in consequence of his having injured the other. He was sent for. He coolly denied all knowledge of the matter—avowed that his right hand was perfectly sound, and extended it to prove his statement. The bandage was gone. My explanation was looked upon as a mere subterfuge. I was tried, convicted of forgery, and sentenced to prison. Yes, Miss Thorndyke, I have slept upon a pallet within a grated cell, eaten the prison fare, and worked beside the common felon. I have passed years within prison walls for his crime."

"Poor fellow!" and the tears started to Ella's eyes. "You have indeed suffered; but is there no way we can bring about the punishment of this wretch?"

"None," he replied, gloomily. "I am powerless; I dare not face him. I escaped from prison—a word from him would send me back again. I walk the streets in fear lest I should meet him; but I shall soon be relieved of that anxiety, for to-morrow he sails for Europe."

"For Europe!" echoed Ella.

"Yes," he responded.

"I understand the object of his journey," she said. "He goes to secure the property my father left at his death. He takes advantage of an unjust will made years ago. He has wrested from me everything—except my miserable life!"

The earnestness of her manner moved him. "If I could only think of some plan to prevent his accomplishing his object, how happy I should be! How glad it would make me if I could by some means force him to restore all that he has so cruelly deprived you of! Did your father leave his property to this man?"

"Some years ago, in a fit of passion, he made a will in his favor," she answered; "but there was another and a later one—I saw it only the day before my father's death, but afterward it could not be found."

The unprincipled wretch destroyed it, no doubt!" he exclaimed. "He sails to-morrow. Have an idea. I know the captain of the Denmark, the vessel upon which he has taken passage. Perhaps, if I was to ask him, he would take me across to England. Once there, I would not feel the clutches of the law. I would dog Norton like a hound, and perhaps discover some irregularity in his transactions which would lead to the overthrow of his base schemes. There I could face him, if need be, for I should have no fear of extradition in my case, and accuse him openly of his duplicity, and wreak vengeance upon him for the wrongs he has done us both."

"Oh," said Ella, earnestly, "how grateful I should be if you could force him to restore to me only a small portion of my father's estate!"

"Who knows but with Heaven's aid I may succeed in doing so!" exclaimed Robert, his eyes flashing at the thought. "I can at least try. I swear that from this moment it shall be the business of my life to hunt this villain down—tear off the mask under which his true character is concealed, and disclose his despicable character to the world!"

A change came over his features. His mouth assumed a firmer expression, his eyes shone with a clear light, and every line of his face was expressive of determination and power of will; and Ella, noticing this sudden metamorphosis, felt her heart grow lighter, for a new hope grew up within her breast, which she silently but earnestly prayed might not die as suddenly as it had been born.

"I must leave you now," and Robert extended his hand to her. "I will lose no time in seeing the captain of the Denmark. He was an old friend of my father's. He knew me when I was a little fellow, and I doubt very much whether he will refuse my passage for such services as I may be able to render on board the vessel during the voyage."

"I shall be very anxious until I learn the result of your effort!" exclaimed Ella, grasping the extended hand. "You will let me hear from or see you by evening, will you not? Here is my address," and she wrote her name in pencil on one of Mrs. Dutton's cards, and handed it to him.

"You shall see me by seven o'clock," he said.

"God grant you may succeed," she replied, and so they parted.

As Robert Stanford turned and retraced his steps, he failed to notice a man who stopped suddenly on the opposite side of the street and looked sharply after him for some seconds, and then crossed over and followed him at a distance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It's One of Their Fallings.

A Hartford man, whose wife was going abroad, asked her to telegraph him a word or two letting him know of her safe arrival in New York. In a few hours he received the following message. "collect." "Dear George?" Arrived here safely at fifteen minutes after 6. The train was due at 6, but we were delayed fifteen minutes while en route. Had a perfectly lovely trip. Don't worry about me; I'll get along all right. And take good care of yourself. Be so careful about taking cold this damp weather. Remember that you are to keep on your flannels until the 15th of June. Be sure and have the house opened and aired as often as once a week. Remember what I told you about your socks and shirts. Don't forget to keep the basement door locked. Write every day. I'm sure I'll have a lovely time. So good in you to let me go. You must come over after me in August. Forever and ever and ever yours, Mamie." An hour later Mamie was pained to receive the following reply to her "word or two." "Don't cable anything from Liverpool. I'm a ruined man if you do. George."—Hartford Times.

There are 20,000 more women than men in Washington. Washington can't very well be a capital city for women who are matrimonially inclined.—Norristown Herald.

EVERGREEN BRANCHES.

Is there never a time in your long life through,
When the sky was pale with a frosty blue
And the chill wind whistled, that you knew
A feeling of bounding mirth,
That made the whole wide earth
Seem blithe and gay?
No! Then you have never seen a boy,
And never have known the rollicking joy
Of Christmas day.

Was there never a place you can bring to mind
Where in wintry weather you used to find
A glowing hearth, when the icy wind
Was roaring in rage outside,
While within, your heart defied—
With Christmas cheer
And loved ones near
Care's gloomy face?

Then home to you is an empty name,
And youth in your lonely heart can claim
No dwelling place.

Did you never believe in that wonderful tale,
And carefully tie to a chimney nail
A stocking for gifts that would never fail?
Though well you knew,
If the tale were true,
You deserved no Christmas kindness;
But yet with loving blindness
One heart recorded
Some grain of good
She never would
Leave unrewarded.

If not you have never known a mother
Or the gift far dearer than any other
You have learned to miss.
For however poor,
You were always sure
Of her Christmas kiss.

Thos. Jackson.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

When Christmas bells are ringing
Around us everywhere,
And snowy gems are swinging
Like spirits in the air,
We laugh so loud and merrily,
We feel so wondrous gay,
We quite forget some eyes are wet
With tears on Christmas day.

When Christmas bells are ringing,
And friends we love are near,
Their laughter and their singing
Are pleasant sounds to hear;
But while with love and jollity
Our bosoms overflow,
Some turn to weep for those who sleep
Beneath the church-yard snow.

Wellington F. Campbell.

THE STORY OF THE TREE.

BY MRS. C. F. BAILEY.

OLD and brown stripped of its foliage, here and there a bit of string or scrap of tarnished tinsel its limbs grotesquely ornamented with ill-shaped masses of colored wax and thrown upon waste heaps together with coal ashes and discarded tin cans what could have been more unsightly than this old Christmas Tree. But for the good, I know it must have done, I said my steps, meditating on what its story might be, when there came a rustling among its dry branches, and a voice seemed to come in answer to my thoughts. And these were the words:

"My home was away out yonder where the white fields meet the mountain. I can't tell how many years my brothers and I spent playing with the Storm King and whirling in glee at his fiercest blasts. But there came a time in our lives when all was changed. An unknown man captured us and we were transported to the pavement of a busy stirring city. From the groups of chattering children about us we learned our mission. The spirit of the crowd seemed imparted to us, and we were happy. But with the gladness came pride, and with pride, dissension. Our merits were discussed so often in our hearing that we took up the subject, and at times the debate became so animated that our limbs rustled with anger. 'I am finer than you!' 'My limbs are fuller!' 'My form is more perfect!' were heard so often that I wonder any of us were chosen to bear the gifts that should convey peace and good-will. Finally one of our members, wiser than the others, proposed that the matter should come to an end. None of us could judge correctly of our own merits. The only way was for each to perform the duties that the strong power should lay upon us, and then after the work was completed, the festivities ended, we should meet together, and each telling his own story, the good accomplished should be the criterion of merit. So our contentions ceased.

"I had no pride. Mad frolics with the wind when I was too young to know my strength, an ugly chip from a boy's knife, and the persistent crowding of an imperious tree, combined to stun my growth, and so marred my beauty that I wondered myself at being brought with my companions.

"Turned over and pushed from side to side as my brothers were selected and carried away, jeered at and laughed over for my deformity, I of all, seemed the only one who would have no story to tell. At last I was left all alone.

"While wishing much that it might be otherwise, a little carrier boy with newspapers beneath his arm came hurrying along his delivery route. I caught his eye and slackening his pace he looked at me so longingly that had I but possessed the power, I should have stretched forth my limbs. Then I heard him say:

"Oh! If only I could! But we're so poor!"

Then with a suddenly changed voice he added, 'I will,' and turned his steps and entered the store before which I was stationed. He was gone but a moment. He returned in company with a stout male man who was rubbing his hands and looking at me with a gleam of interest.



"I WISH EVERY ONE COULD BE HAPPY THIS DAY."

If Christmas joy came only to the homes of those who have an abundance wherewith to purchase gifts for father, mother, brother and sister, dreary indeed would be each recurring anniversary of the festive season. 'Tis love that makes the gifts precious, 'beyond price,' and the knowledge that a kindly remembrance has cost a sacrifice on the part of the donor, doubly enhances its value.

How many "little men" there are in the world upon whom early in life has rested the responsibility of taking "father's place," to help the widowed mother in her brave struggle to care for

the little ones and keep hunger and want from the fireside?

Such a one is the little hero of the above illustration. Right manfully does he do his duty, and on this Christmas eve brings to his mother and those who are too young yet to take part in the struggle, the money which he has earned; and his exclamation is but the expression of the joy which swells up in his own happy heart, as he pictures to the group around him the pleasures of the coming morrow.

The mother is blest in such a son, and thrice blessed is the boy whose mother has early taught him the lessons of cheerfulness, patience and an abiding trust in Him whose birth we commemorate at this time.

a great deal more than you could pay, but you see I don't intend to mean to give it to you. And see here, my boy," and his face just glowed when he said this, "is it a little sister that is to be made happy with that unsightly thing? Well, come in some time when you are at leisure. I see you are a man of business and we will talk the thing over, and may be find some thing about the store to make your tree less ugly!"

The boy said "thank you," but his voice was so queer that I looked up and found tears in his frank eyes.

"Tut! tut! my man," said the jolly grocer, "that will never do. Shoulder your tree and march off."

"I must carry my papers first."

"All right! No danger of any one stealing it, and I'll be sure and not sell it!"

And so it came about that I fell into the hands of Tim Morrison, was carried home and stored in an unoccupied room of the tenement house that sheltered the boy, his widowed mother and little invalid sister.

After Nellie was asleep, Tim and his mother brought in the light and looked at me.

"How beautiful!" said the mother, "and how good of you to think of it! It makes me as happy as it will Nellie when Christmas eve comes and she finds what a brother's kindness has brought her."

"That is an ugly twist in the tree there. Mr. Delano said that was the reason no one would buy it. But do you know I thought, in a minute, that we would have it down in Auntie Burke's room, and that we would put this bare side close to the wall, and that crook would just fit around the bend in her chimney!"

And so my mission had really commenced, and I began to think that my ill-shapen form was worth enduring, even though it had been given me only to fit around a chimney.

Such talks as mother and son had over me in that deserted room! Such planning to make much out of little, and little from no thing! It really made my heartache, and I longed to be something more than a tree—something human, that I might aid these loving workers. Sometimes my branches would stir with emotion. But they never mistrusted it. The mother's eyes grew brighter, as, wrapped in a shawl, she sat beside me sewing after little Nellie had fallen asleep. Her face would sometimes wear a younger look, as though she were living over again her girlhood's days. And once when she had finished a cloth doll and dressed it in some garments she had made, she smiled and I heard her singing softly some old fashioned air.

"Won't Nellie be happy, mother?" Tim kept saying as he worked away at a cradle he was shaping for the wonderful doll.

"Indeed she will and so will you and I!"

It would be impossible for me to tell you the gladness that came to these people from the veriest trifle. Auntie Burke entered into the scheme as heartily as did Tim and his mother; and, though poor herself, she brightened her room to make ready for the coming festival, and gave of her small store most willingly.

"Bless the child, little sufferer that she is! It would be a pity if a great strong woman like me couldn't do a bit to make her Christmas glad!"

She it was who hunted up the pretty print for the doll's dress. An unused curtain of hers made the neat clothing for the bed Tim whittled out, and her self-denial furnished corn enough to decorate my branches.

Mr. Delano was not forgetful of his promise to the boy, and the result was a paper of candy, nuts and fancy crackers, a few wax candles and a toy or two that in Tim's eyes were beautiful beyond expression. Then, as though to add to their enjoyment, Tim came bounding home one night with the won-

derful news that his weekly wages had been raised twenty-five cents, and, it being Christmas time, he had been paid for the week just ended.

"Oh, mamma, may I spend just this?" You know we have got along and we can just a little longer."

The words "Yes, my boy," were hardly spoken, when the lad seized his cap and rushed off to a "five-cent store" where he was soon busily engaged looking over the holiday goods displayed upon its counters. So much money must be used judiciously, and a full hour passed before he returned and placed in his mother's lap a toy dishpan, a box of cooking utensils, a slate, a bright apron and a child's goblet. There were tears in the mother's eyes that night as she stowed away these treasures in the room where I was watching and listening, and as she bent over her boy and kissed him. I heard her say:

"You are getting so like papa, Tim!"

And he threw both arms about her and replied: "I am going to be just like him one of these days, little mother, and then you shan't work or know anything about care and trouble!"

The afternoon of the day before Christmas found all the preparations complete. The principal work was accomplished the evening before, so as not to arouse Nellie's curiosity, but Tim had so many alterations to make that he kept busy long after the others declared the work complete.

Time slipped on until Tim's step at the door informed me that the surprise was soon to be. Lamps were lighted, my covering was removed, and full in the light I stood, ready to fulfill my mission of gladness.

Tim, with glowing face, came first, bearing a little rocking chair, and just behind, his mother with a mile of a girl in her arms. Unfolding the shawl that was wrapped about her, they placed the child in her chair before me, and then, turning up the lights that all my gifts might be seen at once, mother, brother and friend stepped back and listened for the first words the child should utter. I alone, could see her face as she raised her eyes and looked at me. Surprise, gladness, love, all mingled, transformed the child's countenance into that of an angel. Not a word did she utter for a moment. Closing her eyes, tears rolled down her cheeks.

The first emotion having spent itself, the child was herself again, and exclaimed:

"What a dear, good Santa Claus, and how I love him!"

Tim was her ready assistant, and, kneeling beside her chair, he displayed the merits of each gift as his mother took it from the tree.

"See! Real candy, Nellie! Isn't it nice? Eat it."

"Not a bit, Tim, till you take some. Even candy wouldn't be sweet if you and mamma didn't share it with me. Oh, what a lovely Christmas! I never was so happy!"

I never found a truce of our old companions, and so could not compare experiences; but don't you think my story must have been the best? And would you mind being ugly and ill-shapen and despised, if thereby you were the humble instrument in the hands of a Higher Power for brightening clouded lives?

And as I turned from the old tree a new light broke in upon my own heart, and I saw that the joy of Christmas was in giving rather than in receiving.

SONGS OF LOVE.

Sound over all waters reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clashing of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

THE SCALA SANTA.

The Most Interesting Relic in Rome—Stairs the Savior Trod.

In the eastern extremity of the spacious piazza, in front of the Basilica San Giovanni Laterano, stands a building not in itself particularly attractive, but containing the most interesting of all Roman relics—interesting especially to the Christian and antiquarian, and to every intelligent traveler. A part of this building is a convent, occupied by Passionist fathers, but the portion best known to the public is that containing the Scala Santa, or holy stairs, being a flight of twenty-eight marble steps removed from the house of Pilat at Jerusalem, and understood to have been trodden by Christ when going to and from the judgment hall. The stairs were brought to Rome in the year 326 by the empress sometimes called St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and have been held in great veneration over fifteen hundred years. At one time they stood in the old Lateran palace, having been removed there from a building that suffered from an earthquake in 879. Since the demolition of the old palace they have occupied their present quarters. These sacred steps may not be trodden by foot of man; they are only reverently ascended on the knees. By order of Clement XII. they were covered with wood for preservation, leaving the front of each step visible and openings in the boards, so as to allow the marble steps to be seen in places where they are supposed to show marks of the Saviour's blood. The top step only is left uncovered and consequently is nearly worn away by the knees of faithful devotees. On all occasions there may be seen slowly and reverently ascending—some kissing the steps as they go—but especially on Fridays in Lent, and more particularly Good Friday, the stairs are thronged with pious pilgrims; some whose actions denote adoration for the Saviour; others, no doubt, who make the ascent only in the hope of securing the promised boon of one thousand years' respite from the pains of purgatory. At all events, it is one of the most impressive religious exercises the writer has ever witnessed.

It is reported of Martin Luther that he once attempted the ascent of the Scala Santa, and that, having reached midway to the top, he turned and walked down under what he supposed to be heavenly guidance. At one period these stairs were used as a place for the performance of public penance, when penitents in sackcloth and ashes might be seen ascending.

A heterogeneous mingling of humanity may be seen within these sacred precincts; the peasant woman of Campagna, dusty and travel stained, though picturesque in costume; the miserable object branded with the mendicant men, such as guard the entrances of churches in Rome and extract a *soldo* for drawing back the greasy upholstery doing duty for a curtain on the entrance of visitors, rubbing his tattered garments against the velvet and furs of some noble lady of patrician blood; again, a soldier showing the marks of having seen service, bearing his plumed hat, adds his dark costume to the group, while little innocents are led by their mothers, unconscious of the solemnity of the environment.

At the foot of the stairs on the right is a fine group in marble by G. Cometti, representing Christ being betrayed by Judas; on the opposite side another by the same sculptor—the subject, *Eccce Homo*. These statues were purchased and placed by Pius IX. On each side the Scala Santa are flights of stairs which the pilgrims descend on foot, and at the top, by looking through a grating, some of the glories of the sancta sanctorum may be seen. This chapel is the only remaining part of the old Lateran palace, of such antiquity that its origin is a veiled mystery. It is known to have existed in the sixth century, dedicated to Saint Lawrence, and was the private chapel of the medieval popes, and held so sacred that only a pope can officiate at the altar. The chapel is only open once a year, the morning before Palm Sunday, when the canons of Lateran go there in solemn procession to worship, bearing torches and a veiled crucifix. Even on this occasion none of the laity are allowed to enter. The interior is gorgeous in the extreme. The altar fills a recess, and is supported on porphyry pillars. The edifice contains many precious relics mostly of St. Andrew and St. Luke, whom tradition says was a painter as well as a physician, and miraculously completed in colors by an angel, hence its name, "Archeiro Opeton," or picture painted without hands is reserved in a silver tabernacle above the altar. This painting is held in great reverence. On the Feast of the Assumption it was carried through the streets of the city, the procession halting on the steps of a church in the ceremony of washing the feet of the pope was performed in perfumed water. On another annual celebration the same office was performed by the pope on the feet of twelve sub-deacons in the sancta sanctorum. Among the relics preserved there are sandals supposed to have belonged to the Saviour, and some wood of the true cross. The latter, or something representing it, is to be found among most collections of the kind in Rome. There is also a fine representation of Christ in mosaic in the style of the ninth century.

The man who wouldn't take "no" for an answer has gone into amateur photography and is taking snapshots right and left wherever he goes.

PITY THE POOR SALESMAN.

The Saleswoman is the Best, Because She Never Makes a Mistake.

A woman behind the counter is like a queen behind her throne, and is frequently a tyrannical and arbitrary sovereign, but a man selling goods does not possess the same imposing appearance. His objects seem too plainly to sell his wares instead of to trifle with a customer, or to exercise his great privilege. He is not a diplomat, and in this position with all its temptations he is seldom a bully.

A few days ago, while waiting on the will of a peerless lady with handoline bag and a hanty mein in a Broadway shop, the subscriber was attracted by negotiations between two ladies and a salesman. He was a heavy built, stalwart young man, with a fresh color, and, to the casual glance, in good training, weight about 160 pounds, skin clear and well colored. The ladies were from out of town—we will say Jersey City, by way of a venture. The younger, the would be purchaser, was very thin, inclined to straw color, chill and anguish looking; not at all in good condition. You would have given the shopman long odds in any combat between the two. But there was a mother with the younger woman; her duplicate, if duplicate means double, for she was just double as fat, double as old, double as eagle-eyed.

"I want to see some black silk," remarked the daughter.

"Certainly, madam," said the shopman. "Here is I guarantee, the finest piece of silk ever made up in the city. If I were a lady, and buying silk, I'd buy this black. As long as any of it's left, even after it gets slick and shiny, you can add to it; you can turn and twist it."

Ah, but I don't want it if it's going to get shiny and going to fall to pieces like that," said the younger lady from Jersey.

"I want something that'll wear."

"But madam," began the shopman. "I didn't say—"

"Well, Mary Jane," interrupted the elder lady, disparagingly, "it does seem an awful pity you've got to give up your black silk, but I suppose the man says himself it's going to get shiny and's coming to pieces it's no good looking for one. Black silk's always convenient; in case of family fiction there you are; there's nothing genteler for church; and as for tea, all's extra you've got to have's a lace fichu, and there you are again. Give me a black silk says I, and there I am, no matter where you put me. But of course, if it's going to get like that falling to pieces in your hand as he says—"

"Madam—" gasped the shopman. His knees had begun to tremble and his breath to shorten.

"Of course nobody wants a dress that's going to fall to pieces, because there'd be the dress maker to pay, and what's the use of making it up if it's bound to act like that?" went on the younger lady; but she was not weakening; her color was high, and a healthful excitement glowed in her eyes.

"I said, madam, that—whispered the shopman.

"Of course I feel discouraged, Mary Jane," said the mother, waving him aside, "but at best he's honest; some men'd try to pass off his goods as worth buying. Young man, I'll say this to you: You're silk poor, but your honesty, and I wish you well."

With this rally they moved off. If I kept shop I'd keep it with saleswomen. They'd awe and subdue, and sell my black silks.—New York Letter to Hartford Courant.

Floating Gardens of the Aztecs.

During all their wanderings, wherever they stopped, the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies, in the midst of a lake where there were but few fish, necessity and industry compelled them to form floating gardens on the bosom of the waters. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants intertwined with twigs and branches until they formed a foundation sufficiently strong to support a soil they drew from the bottom of the lake, and on it they sowed their needed maize and chilo. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water and of various forms, the most effective being long and narrow, called chinias, or ribbons. With their natural taste for flowers, they added the ornamental to the useful, and these small gardens multiplying, were covered with flowers and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of their gods or sent to decorate the palace of the Emperor.

What a picture of delightful independence.

The peaceful Indian could anchor his flowery home where he willed, float beyond social cares or political burdens, and from prying neighbors and peevish gossip he could quite quietly paddle away! In these secure retreats the spendthrift could elude his creditors, the bank defaulter hide from the minions of the law.—Hunting.

Outlawed.

A few years ago a pious church member in the western part of this State arose in an experience meeting and gave a review of his life. When he came to the declaration, "I thank God that I love no man anything," a woman in a remote corner jumped up and said, "I have a little something to say, brother, that you may not forget."

Churches.

Methodist.—Rev. G. E. Wallace, Pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10:30 a. m. Morning service.

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

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

German Lutheran.—Services alternate between 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday ly school every Sunday morning at 9 a. m. Rev. W. A. Bank, Pastor.

Societies.

Travellers' Local L. O. O. F., No. 32.—Meets every Monday evening at their hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m. W. B. Van Vleet, N. E. John B. Rauch, Sec. Sec.

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

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

Chautauq, No. 330.—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block. I. N. Hedden, Master.

W. of L. LAFRAM ASSEMBLY, No. 5205.—Meets every 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. O. G. Curtis, Jr., S. C.

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, No. 47, F. & A. M.—Fridays on or before the full moon. W. N. Wherry, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

WHAT THEY SAY.

(Continued from first page.)

—If you want a good, large pair of buffalo robes cheap, call on W. B. Van Vleet.

A few good new sewing machines for sale very cheap to close out, by G. V. Bentley, Plymouth.

—Mr. Eugene Davis, who left a short time ago to work on the F. & P. M. R. R., has a position as agent at East Saginaw. His family will move to-day or to-morrow.

—The Michigan crop report places wheat in the southern part of the State at considerably below the average for this season of the year. It is placed at eighty-six per cent. against ninety-five per cent. last year.

—Rev. Herman Burns preaches his farewell sermon Christmas day. He has received and accepted a call from the Dexter Baptist church, at an increase in salary, and will be supported by an undivided membership.

—The libel suit of F. P. Watrous, a lawyer, against editor James Slocum, of the Holly Advertiser, came off in the Circuit court at Pontiac, Tuesday, and resulted in the court ordering a verdict for Slocum. Good for "Jim."

—The Note correspondent, of the Saline Observer, says that there is a teacher in that vicinity who punishes her pupils by throwing squash pie at them—and she is a straight thrower too. Horrible!—Isn't it—the pie we mean?

—Leonard Vickery has sold his house and lot on Union street to Charles Merritt. Mr. Vickery has rented E. J. Bradner's residence and will move into it as soon as Mr. Bradner gets his new residence in the rear of his store finished.

—The Ain Arbor Courier is pleased because O'Brien, the crook who swindled D. B. Brown, of that city, out of a large amount of money some time since, was lately shot at Chicago; and then it sighs because the shot was not fatal.

—While a number of the young folks were enjoying themselves at a birthday party one night last week, at the residence of John Burden, a number of roughs outside made things extremely unpleasant by cutting down the clothes line and tying the door fast and otherwise making life burdensome.

—The 15th inst., Mrs. Colton, a cripple over eighty-seven years of age, assisted by Mr. J. Brearley and Miss U. Hartsough, went in a tricycle chair to the residence of Sewell Bennett, of Golden street, and had a pleasant afternoon visit. The second time she has been out of the house in over fourteen months.

—Thursday evening of last week at Ypsilanti, a thief snatched a satchel from Mrs. C. Cornwell, in front of her residence and ran with it. Taking a pocketbook from it he dropped the satchel, which contained a valuable diamond ring, which the lady recovered. As the thief has not been caught it is supposed that he is still running.

—A Christmas supper will be given to those connected with the M. E. Sunday school, and their parents, at the M. E. Church, on Saturday, at five o'clock, sharp. Parents are requested to bring refreshments to the church at two p. m. A light literary entertainment will be given in the evening to which all are invited to attend.

—The Ladies Home missionary society, met at the residence of Mrs. Julia Hough, Wednesday, December 14, 1887, for a social tea meeting, for the benefit of the society. Refreshments were provided by the ladies. A plate of goodies, cup of tea, etc., were sent to Mrs. Shank, with regret that she could not be present. Garments were cut out and busy fingers put them in shape for some poor children. A patchwork quilt started and plans laid for other work. An addition of \$1.85 was added to the fund already on hand. The long and severe illness of the President, Mrs. Bank, and the death of the loved and loved Secretary, Mrs. John Hood, has prevented the ladies from holding meetings for some time past, but they hope now to continue their work with God's blessing.

Sleighs and cutters for sale at Beam's.

See the pictures on opal glass at the gallery.

—Eaton county will vote on local option January 24.

—The taxes for this township, this year, amount to 18,879.74.

—C. A. Pinekney has an air gun, which he will endeavor to get patented.

—It begins to look as if we were going to have sleighing for the holidays.

—Bert Robinson commenced work for L. H. Bennett, Thursday morning.

—The name of the Perrinsville post-office has been changed to Pike's Peak.

—As Christmas and New Years comes on Sunday, Monday will be the legal holiday.

—Dominick Murray in "Right, Right," at the new Casino theatre, Detroit all next week.

—Marvin Berdan has invented a new road cart and is having ten of them made by E. W. Beam.

—Between the screen door and and fanning mill work, Bennett's shop is indeed a literal beehive.

Best cabinets only \$3.00 per doz. All sizes from bon ton to life size, at the gallery of A. C. Novess.

—Advertisers, when desiring changes should get copy to us not later than Tuesday to insure change.

—S. W. Everett has been appointed guardian over Mary Ann Everett, an old and incompetent lady, of Livonia.

—Considerable correspondence came in too late for use. There was also some late last week. Send items as early as Wednesday.

—All Odd Fellows are requested to be present at lodge room next Monday evening to elect officers and transact other important business.

—George Wills, the blacksmith, has a change of advertisement this week. Geo. is a good workman and would be pleased to have you call on him.

—Our merchants are well supplied with lots of pretty and useful articles for the holidays. Look over our advertisements and you will learn who has 'em.

—Circuit court commissioner John D. Canfield died at his home in Detroit, on Friday night last, of consumption. He was a young man and quite popular.

—The remains of Geo. Holbrook's son, who was drowned in Tennessee, some time ago, were brought here for burial on Wednesday. Mr. Holbrook formerly resided here.

—Late real estate transfers: Leonard F. Vickery to Chas. S. Merritt, land in Plymouth village; \$700. Siron W. Kellog to Leonard F. Vickery, land in Plymouth village; \$140.

—A. L. Dennis, of New Era, Oceana county, manager of the New Era lumber company, which is owned principally, if not wholly here, was in town Wednesday and yesterday.

—The suit in the circuit court between Hiram Walker & Son, of Detroit, and T. C. Sherwood, of this place, to obtain possession of a cow, was decided last Saturday in favor of Mr. Sherwood. Thus twenty-four men have said that the cow belongs to Sherwood.

—Charles S. Filkins and Lucy A. Chambers, both of Northville, have secured the necessary documents to allow them to marry. They are aged twenty-five years each, and their license is No. 595. William Voss, aged twenty-nine, and Mary Goss, aged thirty-four, both of Livonia, have secured license No. 600.

—Thursday evening of last week, as a young lady was walking past Mr. Bennett's she saw a man about to meet her, and stepped out on the flag stone to let him pass, when he gave a lunge and threw out his arm, almost throwing her off her feet. She left him behind in a hurry, but if such things are to happen often, ladies, as well as men, will go armed.

—The party given by the Pirouette club at the Berdan house, last Friday evening, was a fine affair. About seventy couple were present and the utmost harmony and good cheer prevailed. The music was obtained from the city—five pieces—and gave excellent satisfaction. All who attended were well pleased, and the next party given by this club, which will be given soon, will no doubt have a still larger attendance.

—It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mrs. E. J. Penniman, Jr., who died on Monday, at the home of her parents at Northfield, Minn., where she went some two months ago, accompanied by her husband, in hopes that the change might be beneficial to her. For a few weeks, we are told, she seemed to improve but a change for the worse came and she continued to fall in spite of all that the best medical aid within reach, could do for her. Although not acquainted with the deceased, we have heard many complimentary remarks concerning her and learned that she was a great favorite here. She leaves a child eight or nine years old. Lung troubles was the cause of her early demise.

—We learn that Horace Allyn, of Orange City, Florida, who formerly lived near here, has met with quite a loss by a recent fire there. He is a partner in a drug store on which there was a \$1,000 loss, and then he lost \$200 worth of individual property.

Livonia.

Report says there are two cases of diphtheria in this town.

Miss Lauffer, our teacher, has closed her school till after the holidays.

Mr. Kinner, of Detroit took the cake on the mask at the dance, last Friday evening.

The man that grumbles about cold weather this winter should be sent to the lower region.

Wm. Kinner and wife and Miss Holmes of Detroit, spent last Sunday with Wm. Smith, of this place.

Mr. Editor it may be a little ahead of time, but all the same I wish you a Merry Christmas. [Thanks.]

The dance held at the town hall, last Friday evening, was a grand success, there being about one hundred tickets sold.

It is reported that Mrs. Rice, while walking on the streets of Detroit, had her porte-monnaie with a sum of money in it, snatched from her arm by some unknown man.

The young men who took their bottles with them to the dance last Friday evening, had better leave them at home next time, or stay at home themselves. We know who they were.

Last fall while E. S. Rice was in Iowa, he came across a colored man and hired him, sending him to work on his farm in this town. Last Friday evening, while Rice and his family were at the dance, Mr. Darkey ransacked the house and left for parts unknown, taking with him a gold watch, suit of clothes, sum of money, and about three thousand dollars worth of notes and papers. Mr. Rice started after the thief at once and overhauled him in Canada the next day and had him arrested.

The Library Magazine.

The issue for December 10 contains the following important articles:

The Catholic Revival of the Sixteenth Century, from the *Quarterly Review*. Science and the Bishops, by Prof. T. H. Huxley. The Theosophic Movement in India, by Herr Ernst von Weber. Rural France, from the *Edinburg Review*. Also brief articles from the *Saturday Review* on The Future of Canada, American and India Wheat, Queries of Journalists, and Debts of Honor. Single copies three cents; \$1.00 per year. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York. The *Library Magazine* is supplied in connection with this paper for the price of \$1.60 per year for the two. Address this office.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottle free at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Boylan, druggist. 63

COMMISSIONERS NOTICE.—State of R. B. Stewart, deceased. We the undersigned having been appointed by the heirs, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims against said deceased, will meet at his late residence in Canton, on Tuesday, January 24, 1888, and on Monday, June 26, 1888, for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims. J. M. STEWART, Dated, Dec. 21, 1887. 15-18 ELI CONTRITE.

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. Pattengill,
William Geer, L. N. Starkweather, S. J. Springer,
L. N. Wilcox, L. H. Bennett, Geo. Van Sickle,
Samuel Lyndon.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.

New - Blacksmith - Shop!

RED FRONT.

Known as the Bennett Stand. Am prepared to do

ALL KINDS OF BLACKSMITHING.



Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Should be called to see all my friends.
PLYMOUTH, 3-15 GEO. WILLS

Goods for the Holidays.

- ARRIVING DAILY! -

An Elegant and Extensive Assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Come and See Them.

Parlor and Bedroom Suits, Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs, Reed Rockers, Lounges, Center Tables, Ladies' Work Baskets, Carpet Sweepers, Beautiful Oleographs, Oil Paintings, Mirrors, Brackets, Etc.

Also, New Patterns of Mouldings for Picture Frames, which will be sold for **Lowest Living Prices.** Come one and everybody, and see if there is not something you want to make a Christmas Present of

BASSETT & SON.

ANDERSON & CABLE,

—THE—

Hardware Dealers,
OF PLYMOUTH,

Have Everything in Hardware at Rock Bottom Prices.

COME TO US! WE CAN SUIT YOU!

Beautiful Sleds for the Boys. Toys for the Children.

Everything Goes!

UNTIL JAN. 1, '88.

ANY WHIP!

IN MY STORE,

ONE-THIRD OFF!

FOR CASH,

: POTTER, :

Plymouth, Dec. 23, 1887.

The Harnessmaker.

J. H. BOYLAN, DRUGGIST.

Dominoes, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Checker Boards, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Photograph Albums, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Autograph Albums for 15 cents, at Boylan's drug store.

Box Paper for Holiday Presents, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Ladies will find Sachet Powder, at Boylan's Drug Store.

You will find Plush Autograph Albums, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Finest Line of Scrap Books in Plymouth, at Boylan's Drug Store.

Druggist. **J. H. BOYLAN,** Druggist.

Salem.

Henry Whipple's health is improving quite fast.
Mrs. Fred Dakin has been on the sick list this week.
Bert Rich is attending school at Ypsilanti this winter.
Mrs. Fred Tousey is reported somewhat worse again.
The Congregational society will give a Christmas dinner at Perkins' hall, on Saturday.
Born.—To Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Caverly, a seven and one-half pound boy, last Tuesday.

Newburg.

Harry Philport is gradually failing.
E. L. Crosby has returned to Tennessee.
C. W. Flinn, of Birmingham, is visiting friends here.
Vincent Loomis, piano tuner, of Ypsilanti, is at work in this vicinity.
Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Farwell, of Ausable, Mich., are visiting friends here.
We understand that Wm. Farley has been appointed guardian of Miss Mary Ann Everett.
C. J. Tuttle has returned home from Cleveland, Ohio. He commenced work this week for H. Dohmstreich & Co., Plymouth.
Our citizens are still agitating the question of holding services at the Congregational church, and those who are opposed will be in favor if they will attend church when the wind is blowing at a fifty mile an hour gait and the thermometer is way below "frez"; they get the breeze on them from the west door and their horses have to stand out in the wind. We hope all will take the good advice of Mr. Sherwood and cheerfully submit to the majority.

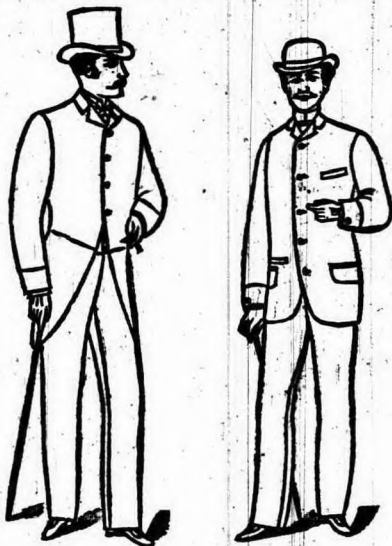
Novi.

Snow!
D. S. Magill and wife spent Sunday at Detroit.
J. H. Kaple, of Detroit, was in town Monday.
P. C. Kingsbury, of Detroit, was in town part of last week.
Don't forget the Xmas tree at the M. E. church, Saturday evening.
E. R. Bloomer, of Farmington, was at his brother's, F. W. Bloomer, Tuesday.
Mrs. Pinkerton, of Northville, was in town Friday, the guest of Mrs. L. R. Webster.
Sadie Bicking and sister Bertha, of Walled Lake, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith, Sunday.
Our only "Salty" Sullivan, was seen on our streets this week. He is working for the M. C. R. R., at Detroit.
Whipple Bros. are having a big trade this fall, and their patrons come from Northville and other neighboring villages for lumber.
We are surprised to hear that our Mr. John Goundrill has engaged in the patent medicine business. We can now call him "Doc." and wish him success.
Now that we are getting plenty of snow it would be advisable to keep the sidewalks clean. Don't allow the women folks to wade in the streets and be obliged to get into the deep snow when teams meet them. Drivers don't always turn out for ladies, you know!
The suit of A. Sage vs. M. Root, for the recovery of an old debt, which has been accumulating for a long time, was in Justice Wixom's court Tuesday. The facts in the case made it quite interesting. This bill or account was for horse shoeing and repairing done by Mr. Sage and Mr. Root would have paid it, and even acknowledged the debt, but another party it is alleged interfered, and refused an honest settlement. The whole community was in sympathy with Mr. Sage, as he is an old man and what he earns by hard labor belongs to him. One who tries to cheat him out of it, is no better than a sneak. We are positive on this point.
The matter of admitting people into the church membership is one of moment, and the importance of the matter is of such gravity as to demand more than passing consideration from all candid thinking people. It not only appeals to the thoughtful man and woman, but it appeals to the young, with whom it is so materially concerned. At the present time it seems as though religious culture is being fully argued before our congregations, but to us it appears, that the preaching of the word and the actual practice of its principles are not in strict accordance. It is argued that we are made better by our having identified ourselves with some religious denomination. In many cases this is true, but can these facts escape our notice, viz: That many there be who approach the holy altar, clothed with the outward appearance of solemnity, to whom the clergy propound those questions, the answers to which constitutes them members of these various religious organizations, whose lives up to the very time such membership is consummated are in open contradiction to the sentiments expressed in the holy sanctuary? The

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TAILORING

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SPECIALTY!



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A SPECIALTY!

We have a very fine line of cloths for making

CLOTHING TO MEASURE!

Fancy Worsteds, Cassimeres, Diagonals, Kerseys, American and Scotch Cheviots, for Suits. Chinchillas, Meltons, Fur Beaver, Fine Imported Kerseys, for Overcoats. A variety of Pants patterns that has never been equalled here either in style or beauty.

When in need of a Suit or Overcoat, come and see us, we can and will please you, both as to fit and price.

ALL WOOL SUITS, as low as \$12.00.

OVERCOATS, Heavy, Strong and Well Made, \$10.00.

We cut our garments by the most perfect system now in use by the best cutters in America, and are now prepared to do work with neatness and dispatch.

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT. **Geo. A. Starkweather & Co.**
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

young of our country need the purest lives to exemplify. Can we recommend to them the daily lives of a vast number of our church members, whose acts, words and (we venture to say) thoughts, are most destitute of christian purity? Are we inviting souls to God and better existence, with out-stretched hands, the palms of which are hardened by ungodliness? These thoughts are burdened with warning. Our churches are prosperous as far as the increase of membership is concerned, but what of the purity of that body. Do we do unto others as we would that they should do to us? We might ask a thousand questions, but we leave the matter to the reader. Determine your personal position, and with the new year make solid resolves to purify your moral being, and enable yourself to lend an influence that will be the means of leading some one to the Savior. Get religion, live true to it, and your future welfare will be as bright as the noon-day sun. NIBS.

A Great Popular Cyclopaedia.

The third volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia, a marvel of condensed information covers the alphabet between the titles Artemisia and Baptisia. 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 pay for a Dictionary alone, it 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 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. The venerable Prof. Day, of Yale College speaks of the work in the following emphatic terms: "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 marvelous low cost makes it a prize eagerly to be sought in every intelligence-loving household."
The publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York, or Clark and Adams streets, Chicago, will send specimen pages free to any applicant, or a specimen volume, (which may be returned if not wanted) in cloth for 50 cents, or half Morocco, 65 cents; postage 10 cents extra. The set of thirty volumes is offered at considerably reduced price to early subscribers.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Paterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am seventy-three years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own household work. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all diseases and pain." Try a bottle, fifty cents and \$1, at J. H. Boylan's Drug Store.

BUY THE

Detroit Evening News,
10C. A WEEK
Delivered at Your Home or
Place of Business, or
Sent by Mail.

It is Universally Conceded to
be THE Newspaper of
Michigan,

Covering all the news of the day worth knowing or worth reading, in such clear and concise manner as makes it possible for the business man to keep promptly posted without interference with the duties of his business hours; the workman to keep abreast of the times without making his newspaper reading laborious—in fact making it rather a recreation and a pleasurable half hour or more after supper; and furnishing such other and interesting reading matter, including stories, as given to the tired housewife an opportunity to enjoy herself while watching physical rest of greater or less duration throughout the day. Besides this, it will ever be found the friend of the people, advocating the greatest benefit to the greatest number; exposing rotteness in the interest of the general welfare; advocating all reforms that will insure to the public weal, and generally exercising such a watchful supervision as shall make the patrons feel that its value are those of a faithful friend who will become more and more apparent to them the longer they continue its acquaintance. Nothing shall be permitted in its columns that can offend refined sense or make it other than a paper that paternalists may feel free to introduce to every member of his family capable of reading, with the assurance that nothing harmful shall result. The Evening News is bound to keep at the head of the newspaper procession in Michigan, and "don't you forget it!"
The Evening News, by mail, \$25 per year.

THE SUNDAY NEWS,

Issued every Sunday morning, is an 8-page paper, with as fine a "layout" of interesting reading matter as can be crowded into 56 columns, including the current news, special articles, fiction, etc. Price, \$3.50 per year.

THE ECHO,

8 Pages, 56 Columns, \$1.00 a Year.
Each issue replete with stories by well-known writers, sketches from life, and both instructive and mirthful miscellany for the masses.
The Michigan edition contains the news of the week and the is not marked superior.
Book premiums worth the cost of the paper given to each subscriber.
Send for sample copy. Address:
THE ECHO, Detroit, Mich.
Liberal Terms to Agents.

Something Startling!

AWAY WE GO!

You Will Say You Cannot Do It!
It Has Been Tried Before!

We know it has been tried before. We know it has been a success. And we are bound to

MAKE IT A SUCCESS!

—BY—

Knocking the Bottom Out of Prices!

As we can afford to when we

SELL FOR CASH!

We will save Bad Debts and the expense of a book-keeper, also, the discounts on purchases, as we will

BUY FOR CASH!

—AND—

SELL FOR CASH ONLY

Commencing the First Day of the New Year.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success,"
and here goes for it.

We will pay Cash for Butter and Eggs, and for everything that we buy. Call and see us and be convinced.

Red Front Drug Store.

C. A. PINCKNEY, Proprietor.

MAKING A GREAT STATE.

State School Officers.

The state Sunday school convention held in Kalamazoo raised \$2,500 for the work in this state and elected officers as follows: President, Rev. Washington Gardner of Albion; vice-president, J. R. Blake of Union City; Rev. Kerr B. Tupper of Grand Rapids; and C. M. Miller of Hancock; recording secretary, E. W. Miller of Big Rapids; statistical secretary, M. H. Reynolds of Dows; treasurer, L. C. Reed of Jackson; executive committee, E. A. Hensch of Jackson, J. M. Ballou of Omega, George M. Bush of Kalamazoo, E. D. Russell of New Buffalo, E. K. Warren of Three Rivers, G. E. Holt of Jackson, Horace Hitchcock of Detroit, H. P. Collin of Coldwater, and J. P. Armstrong of Jackson. District vice-presidents: First, Frank J. Curtis of Detroit; second, H. M. Morey of Marshall; third, James Bailey of Benton Harbor; fourth, C. S. Bicknell of Cedar Springs; fifth, P. S. Jewell of Ionia; sixth, Jonathan Palmer of Flint; seventh, Clarence L. Judd of East Saginaw; eighth, D. R. Breed of Reed City; ninth, Rev. J. W. McKeever of Ludington; tenth, C. A. Crawford of Traverse City; eleventh, W. H. Walker of Tawas City; twelfth, W. C. A. Bugbee of St. Ignace; thirteenth, Rev. John Fierles of St. Ignace; fourteenth, J. E. Laycock of Stephenson, Menominee county; sixteenth, E. L. Wright of Hancock.

Reduced Rates for Holidays.

The Lake Shore will sell round trip tickets to local points on its line December 24, 25, 26 and 31, and January 1 and 2, at one fare for the round trip, limited to January 3, 1898, for return.

The Michigan Central, E. & P. M. and D. L. & N. railroads will sell holiday tickets to local points on their lines Dec. 24, 25, 26 and 31, and Jan. 1 and 2, at one fare for the round trip, limited to Jan. 3, 1898, for return.

PENINSULAR POINTERS.

The late district treasurer, E. Meed of Chippewa township, Mecosta county, has been arrested charged with embezzling school funds. He says he is not guilty.

Charles Mattison, president and manager of the "Willing Workers" society of Grand Rapids, has skipped with the cash. The society was supposed to be organized to give the newsboys and bootblacks a Christmas dinner, and Mattison induced a number of ladies to solicit funds, which he took in charge. About \$50 will cover the loss.

Ex-Speaker Newcomb Clark of West Hay City, is going to move to Kentucky.

The big international bridge at Sault Ste. Marie is now ready for traffic.

About 50 survivors of the Third Michigan infantry held a reunion in Muskegon on the 14th inst.

Hen. J. K. Boies, for over 40 years in the dry goods business at Hudson, has sold his stock to F. H. Brown of Blissfield.

Hiram A. Pickens of Corunna has been sentenced to two years at hard labor in Jackson for stealing wool.

Thieves are causing considerable trouble to the farmers in the vicinity of Harrisville.

Alfred E. Jocelyn, the school teacher of Henderson, Shiawassee county, who shot and killed Thomas Morrison, who visited the school for the purpose of threatening Jocelyn, has been acquitted. The jury went out but a short time.

Parley W. Johnson was robbed of \$100 in cash and \$700 in notes in Grand Rapids. The money has been returned to him, but the notes were destroyed.

Wallace Chapin, who is alleged to have fired the shot which caused the death of Gus Halting in the railroad war near Cadillac, has been held for trial on a charge of murder. Chapin's father and brother are held for intent to do great bodily harm.

The first train over the Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie and Atlantic road reached the Sault, the eastern terminus, on the 14th inst.

Ninety-two new buildings went up in East Tawas this year.

Frank Hennessy of Paw Paw has just been relieved of a tape-worm 53 feet long.

Major Wendell L. Simpson, who succeeded John Lockwood as military instructor at the Agricultural College, has arrived at Lansing from Fort Sill, Indian Territory. Lieut. Simpson is the possessor of a well-built soldierly form, a blonde mustache and eight years of experience as an Indian fighter on the frontier, and is still but 26 years old. He is a son of an ex-representative Simpson of Van Buren county, and was a member of the junior class at the Agricultural College in 1879, when Julius Caesar Burrows secured his appointment as a cadet at West Point. He will remain in Lansing until the new cottages at the college are completed and will then reside there during the remainder of his three years' appointment.

Allegheny county shipped 1,315,545 bushels of potatoes this fall.

Byron Bigelow, of Birmingham, is 6 ft. 9 in. tall; D. Bethune Bigelow, 6 ft. 8 in. Tommy Bigelow, 6 ft. 8 in., and Emerson Bigelow, aged 15, is 5 ft. 10 1/2 in. tall. Pretty good for one family of boys.

Remember that the Big Rapids wagon works are to be converted into a furniture factory.

Daniels, the man arrested for the murder of Jerry White, near Flushing, has made a full confession and told when and how the bloody deed was committed. He says he was prompted to commit the deed by his wife, who urged him to put White out of the way and thus secure the deed to a farm which he had thought of purchasing of White. Daniels says he is willing to go to prison for life.

The Peninsular family of Leaning has been organized with a capital of \$50,000.

The old fight for the Ontonagon railroad is up in the senate again.

Henry Flax, the Marquette wife murderer, has been sent to Jackson prison for life.

Three Negroes broke into William Henry's store at East Tawas and stole all the goods in the store, which were to be sold at auction.

been assigned to the packing room of the Withington & Cooley contract.

Prof. John C. Holmes of Detroit, who has been connected with educational movements in this state for more than a quarter of a century, died suddenly of apoplexy on the 16th inst.

Frederick Zerber and his son John, well-to-do farmers of Rega, have been arrested for firing the barn of their neighbor, Jacob Matzinger.

The Shelby charcoal kilns consume on an average per month about 1,500 cords of beech and maple wood, turn out about 60,000 bushels of coal and pay about \$2,000 for wages, etc.

Mrs. Julius E. Fletcher of Niles has sued J. W. McGuirk, a saloonist of that place, for \$10,000 for selling liquor to Fletcher, deceased.

James Lawrence, the bank burglar, who was shot in Galesburg the other night, has since died from the effects of the wound.

Jackson has a tobacco dealer who refuses to sell cigarettes to boys.

Mrs. Dora Wise of Chester, Eaton county, is 98 years old and the mother of nine daughters, eight of whom are living. She has 50 grand children, 110 great grand children, and 11 great, great grand children. Most of them were present at the family reunion a few days ago.

A wealthy syndicate has purchased the Moore-Benjamin group of iron mines in the Gogebic range for \$3,345, 100.

A bolting saw in Anderson & Sovereign's shingle mill near Coral burst when a slab fell between the carrier and the saw, and a piece of the saw struck Fred Coe, the filer. He lived about one hour. He was 29 years old, unmarried, and resided at Lakeview. Strange to say, no others were hurt. Coe knew it was a condemned saw, but wanted to run it while he gummed the other saw.

William Newman, a farmer, living four miles south of Petoskey, while chopping felled a tree on himself, injuring him so badly that he lived only four hours. He leaves a widow and four children in destitute circumstances.

Rumored that the D. L. & N's shops are to be removed from Ionia to Lansing.

Adelbert Marble was arrested in Durand a few days ago on a charge of passing money that had been raised by covering the figures with figures of a higher denomination.

An association of the alumni of the university has been formed in Chicago.

Isaac Pennington of Macon has given \$500 to the student's christian association of the university.

The Baraga hotel at Baraga was destroyed by fire on the 20th inst. John Bennick, a guest of the house, was burned to death.

DETROIT MARKET.

WHEAT, White.....	85	@	55
" Red.....	84	@	55
CORN, per bu.....	54	@	51
OATS.....	35	@	35
BARLEY.....	15	@	15
MALT.....	24	@	95
TIMOTHY SEED.....	20	@	25
GLASSER SEED, per bag.....	40	@	40
FEED, per cwt.....	18	@	18
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.....	24	@	27
FLOUR—Michigan patent.....	4	@	50
" Minnesota patent.....	5	@	52
" Minnesota bakers'.....	4	@	45
" Michigan rye per bu.....	6	@	67
APPLES, new, per bbl.....	17	@	35
CRANBERRIES, per bu.....	30	@	35
QUINCES, per bbl.....	40	@	45
BRANS, picked.....	2	@	35
" unpicked.....	1	@	160
BREXWAL.....	2	@	30
BUTTER.....	11	@	30
CHEESE, per lb.....	11	@	12
DEAD APPLES, per lb.....	1	@	6
EGGS, per doz.....	18	@	30
HONEY, per lb.....	14	@	30
HOPS.....	3	@	30
HAY, per ton, clover.....	9	@	90
" Timothy.....	10	@	11
MALT, per bu.....	20	@	75
ONIONS, per bu.....	2	@	25
POTATOES, per bu.....	7	@	75
POULTRY—Chickens, per lb.....	9	@	9
Geese.....	7	@	7
Turkeys.....	10	@	10
Ducks, per lb.....	10	@	10
PROVISIONS—Meat Pork.....	13	@	14
Family.....	15	@	15
Extra meat beef 7 lb.....	7	@	75
Lard.....	6	@	55
Dressed hogs.....	6	@	55
" Beef.....	7	@	7
" Calves.....	7	@	7
" Lambs.....	7	@	7
Hams.....	11	@	11
Shoulders.....	7	@	7
Bacon.....	11	@	11
Tallow, per lb.....	7	@	7
Hides—Green City per lb.....	7	@	7
Country.....	7	@	7
Cured.....	7	@	7
Salted.....	7	@	7
Sheep skins, wool.....	2	@	125

CATTLE—Market strong; 10 @ 50 higher; fancy, \$5.00; shipping steers, \$3.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00; cows, bulls and mixed, \$1.30 @ 2.50; Texas cattle, \$1.00 @ 3.00.

HOGS—Market weak; mixed, \$5.10 @ 5.85; heavy, \$5.40 @ 5.75; light, \$4.85 @ 5.35; skips, \$3.25 @ 4.65.

SHEEP—Market slow, fancy, \$5.00 @ 5.45; native, \$3.50 @ 5.00; western, \$3.75 @ 5.00; Texas, \$3.00 @ 4.00; lambs \$4.00 @ 6.00.

Defending His Church.

Bishop Harris of Detroit has raised a tempest in catholic circles by his address before the Evangelical alliance in session in Washington, criticising the Roman catholic church. He said that the catholic church was a financial success, but a charitable failure, which sent costly gifts to a foreign pope. This emphasized the previous charges of Bishop Cox that Jesuitism was contrary to American institutions and consulting a Roman pope was un-American.

Father Chappelle, the most eloquent catholic priest of the national capital, answered Bishop Harris in vigorous terms. The church was crowded in anticipation of the controversy. He emphatically denied the charges of Bishop Harris, and declared that catholics were among the most loyal Americans. Instances were given of catholic devotion to country during the war.

"I appeal to you, fellow catholics," he said. "Are you not ready to obey the constitution? Are you not as loyal as protestant fellow citizens? What do these accusations of want of patriotism mean?" He closed by showing how the catholic hospitals, homes and asylums were helping civilization fully as much as more than other religious institutions.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Matters of Interest from the National Capital.

Doings in Congress.

A grand reception was tendered Esmond and O'Connor, the leaders in the Irish home rule party in the British parliament, in Washington the other night. The distinguished statesmen delivered ringing addresses to the large audience, to which Senator Sherman responded, eloquently endorsing the home rule movement. Senator Ingalls spoke in favor of Erin's cause, and other speakers continued in the same strain. Resolutions were adopted promising sympathy and help to the unhappy country in her struggle for her rights.

The first speech of the session was delivered in the senate the other day by Senator Merrill on the bill to regulate immigration, introduced by himself. He presented, facts and figures in a measure which showed that he clearly understood the subject under discussion. The bill was referred to the foreign relations committee.

Mr. Burrows of Michigan will soon introduce in the house a bill to fix a standard weight for a bushel of farm products, which shall be the national guide in the exchange of these commodities.

The Hon. A. W. McClellan, postmaster general of Canada, is in Washington to conclude negotiations for the establishment of a parcel post system between the two countries.

Several congressmen have taken it upon themselves to bring about a reform in the matter of funeral junkets.

Among other measures of importance introduced in the senate is a bill to prohibit United States judges and courts from authorizing the borrowing of money by receivers of railroads and other corporations beyond the amount of their annual net income; also to prohibit the appointment of such receivers without evidence of the financial condition of the company. The bill was referred to the committee on inter-state commerce. Other bills have been introduced and referred as follows: To protect employees and servants engaged in inter-state commerce and in the territories and District of Columbia. To extend the general land and mining laws over the territory of Alaska; also, to facilitate the settlement and develop the resources of Alaska, and to open an overland commercial route between the United States, Asiatic Russia and Japan. To forfeit lands granted to the state of Michigan for a railroad from Marquette to Ontonagon. To limit the jurisdiction of the United States circuit and district courts.

Senator Palmer gave a dinner the other night to President and Mrs. James B. Angell; Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, British Fisheries Commissioner; Messrs. Berque and Maycock of the London Foreign Office; Gen. John C. Fremont, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, Judge and Mrs. Cooley, Senator and Mrs. Stockbridge, Senator Hoar, Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton, Maj. and Mrs. Lydecker.

Senator Palmer introduced a bill the other day asking for an increased appropriation for the new government building in Detroit.

There is every indication that the territories of Dakota, Washington, Montana, and possibly, Utah will be admitted into statehood. While Utah has adopted a new constitution, which prohibits the perpetuity of polygamy within the territory, congress will make the provision that in the event of the territory's admission into the United States that clause of the constitution cannot be disturbed without the consent of congress. It matters not, however, if they are admitted at this session, they would not be granted the right of national franchise until 1892.

The treasury department will, on Jan. 1, reduce the expenses at non-supporting customs stations by dismissals and curtailing salaries. The saving will amount to \$115,835 per year, of which amount \$2,876 will come from Grand Haven, Mich.

Congressman Fisher has a bill to provide for the deposit of gold and silver coin and bullion and the issuance of coin certificates therefor. The gold and silver so deposited becomes the property of the government and shall be used to liquidate the national debt.

The senate committee on education have unanimously ordered a favorable report on the Blair educational bill as it passed the senate last session.

It is rumored that Congressman Adams of Chicago will introduce a bill after the holiday recess for the expulsion of anarchists from United States territory.

Secretary Lamar has issued an order directing that all lands heretofore withdrawn and held for indemnity purposes under the grants to the following named railroad companies, among others, be restored to the public domain and offered to settlement and entry under the general laws: Grand Rapids & Indiana; Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw; Chicago & North-western, in Michigan. The fact that the withdrawals still remain in force renders this order necessary to a final settlement of the grants.

Col. John M. Farland of Dearborn, who commanded the Twenty-fourth Michigan for a few moments at the battle of Gettysburg is now in Washington. Gen. W. W. Dudley met him and presented him with the "Iron Cross" worn by commanders of the "Iron Brigade."

Senator Ingalls of Kansas, has introduced a bill to pay Isaac O. Savage, late First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster of the Eighteenth Michigan Volunteer Infantry, the sum of \$300 for moneys disbursed by him in the payment of teamsters hired for the United States service during the months of November and December, 1864.

The house committee on rules has been appointed as follows: Messrs. Russell, Mills, Reed and Cannon.

The supreme court has confirmed the decision of the Dakota court awarding \$30,000 to the brakeman who lost both legs in the service of the Northern Pacific road.

Col. Wesley Merritt of the Fifth cavalry has been nominated by the president to be brigadier-general.

A bill was introduced in the senate the other day to prohibit the manufacture and sale of spirituous and intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia.

Senator Palmer has introduced bills to extirpate contagious pleuro-pneumonia, foot and mouth diseases, and rinderpest among cattle; and to facilitate the exportation of cattle and the exports of live stock. Also to forfeit lands granted to Michigan for a railroad from Ontonagon to the Wisconsin state line. Also, to appropriate \$250,000 for the erection of a public building at Bay City.

The question of tariff reform was brought up in the senate a few days ago in the form of a resolution introduced by Senator Pugh, who addressed the senate at length in support of his view of the matter.

Interred at Last.

The four anarchists who were hanged Nov. 11, and Louis Ling who cheated the gallows by suiciding, were placed in their final resting place in Waldheim cemetery, near Chicago, on the 18th inst. A large crowd of friends and sympathizers were present.

The grave which had been prepared to receive the remains of the five anarchists had been dug 100 feet north of where the ceremonies took place. It was twelve feet and leading to it was an inclined plane dug out of the earth. At the bottom of the receptacle is a block of granite on which rests a bed of cement. Granite blocks are the walls and the top are two blocks of granite at least a foot thick. This stone-encased grave was made to fit exactly five pine boxes in which the five caskets were quickly placed. The remains were carried down the incline and the sexton and his assistants quickly placed them in position. Spies lies to the west, his head to the north, and beside him lie in order Fischer, Parsons, Engel and Ling.

The Southern Method.

Three Negroes shockingly assaulted Mrs. D. J. O'Berry and her daughter, living near Jacksonville, Florida, having gained admittance to the house by civilly asking for a drink. As soon as the assailants left the women gave the alarm and bands were engaged at once to spout the woods. Two of the Negroes were caught the next afternoon—some miles distant in a swamp. They were swung up and choked until they confessed to the deed.

The enraged men then built a fire under a projecting limb from a big oak, and applied a match, swung up the Negroes over it despite their agonizing screams and entreaties.

As the flames leaped upward the writhings of the Negroes were horrible, and several of the men, unable to stand it long, discharged a volley into the wringing figures before them, killing them instantly. The fire was extinguished and the bodies were left swinging, a ghastly warning to other Negroes.

If the other one is caught, he probably will be served in the same way.

Grant's Chief of Staff Dead.

Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith of Philadelphia, a distinguished soldier in the war of the rebellion, is dead, aged 87 years. He has been in New York for some time in connection with the details pertaining to the Gen. Grant fund. He was chief of the dead hero's staff at the close of the war. His illness was of short duration and his death was very unexpected.

Gen. Smith studied law with Salmon P. Chase and was admitted to the bar in 1846. In 1856 President Pierce appointed him United States marshal for the southern district of Ohio, which position he retained until the accession of President Buchanan. In 1861 Gov. Denison of Ohio appointed him lieutenant of the Fifty-fourth Ohio volunteer infantry, but before the regiment left the field he was promoted to be its colonel. He took part in many important engagements and remained in the field until 1864, when sickness, contracted by exposure, compelled him to resign.

An Indian Territory Tornado.

A destructive cyclone visited Armstrong academy, I. T., Fort Washita and Green at an early hour the other morning, causing great destruction of property and loss of life. A terrible rumbling sound was heard about 5 o'clock. A heavy black cloud, funnel-shaped, was seen rapidly approaching. When about a mile north of Fort Washita, it struck the ground. In an instant half the houses in Fort Washita were in ruins. Armstrong academy was not greatly injured, but ranchers in the immediate neighborhood suffered greatly.

At Green, a little hamlet six miles south of Armstrong, the damage was very heavy and many persons were injured. Seventeen houses and a general store were carried away bodily, while many horses and cattle were killed or maimed. Six persons are known to have been killed.

Wanting to be Annexed.

The St. John N. B. Globe has come out in open advocacy of immediate annexation of Canada to the United States as the simplest and best way to settle all difficulties between Great Britain and the great republic. This has produced a great sensation in political circles in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Globe is owned and edited by John Ellis, a member of the Canadian parliament for St. John city, and for many years its representative in the New Brunswick legislature and one of the recognized and ablest leaders of the liberal party in eastern Canada.

Slight Hope for Liquor Sellers.

The superior court of Kennebec county, Maine, has declared the law making the payment of the United States special tax as a liquor seller prima facie evidence that the party paying such tax is a saloon keeper, and therefore a public nuisance, and subject to summary removal.

DICKIE'S CALL.

For the National Prohibition Convention.

Ladies Wanted as Delegates.

Following is the call for the National Prohibition Convention to be held at Indianapolis on June 6 next:

To the prohibition electors of the United States:

In accordance with the action of the national committee of the prohibition party, and in harmony with the instructions of 1894, a national convention of the prohibition party will be held in the City of Indianapolis, Ind., on Wednesday, June 6, 1898, at 10 a. m. for the purpose of nominating candidates for president and vice-president of the United States and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be presented.

All citizens of this republic who believe that the traffic in intoxicating drinks is a national disgrace and a national scourge; that it is destitute of wealth-producing power; that it robs labor, destroys capital, debauches society and corrupts politics; that it defiles restaurants, broadens and fosters anarchism; that it tends to and already is an alarming extent to dominate in municipal, state and national government; that it threatens the safety of our homes and the perpetuity of our institutions, and that it ought to be forever prohibited; who believe that to abolish poverty, assist in solving the labor question, purify politics and add to the solidity of our institutions; who are convinced that this desirable reform needs for its consummation the responsible agency of a political party, clearly committed thereto as a matter of principle and not as a matter of expediency; who favor a general and progressive system of popular education; who would amend our election laws to secure greater purity of the ballot; who stand for a free ballot and a fair count for both the white men of the north and the black men of the south; who favor the protection of American labor and the laborer; who would foster our agricultural interests; who believe that the ballot in the hand of women will be the death knell of the liquor traffic; in short, all citizens who may differ upon other questions, who are agreed upon the necessity of separate political action in order to secure the overthrow of the rum power, are requested to unite under the call in sending representatives to the national convention at Indianapolis.

The basis of representation has been fixed by the committee as follows: Two delegates from the District of Columbia, two from each Territory, and from each state twice as many as the representation of the state in the United States Congress. Delegates are to be chosen by such method as may be decided upon by the various states by state conventions or state committees, and the District of Columbia and the Territories by corresponding authority. A full list of all names should be chosen in every case. It is desirable that a fair proportion of ladies be sent as delegates.

Since the basis of the representation was fixed as above there has developed a widespread feeling that the national convention, as so constituted, will not be a sufficiently large body to meet the case, and yet without assuming the authority to change the basis of representation, the executive committee would suggest that additional delegates, to be known as provisional delegates, be selected in each state and territory and in the District of Columbia, on the basis of one delegate for each 1,000 prohibitionists' votes, or major fraction thereof, cast at the last general election, the term "general election" being construed as meaning in all states the last election in which state officers were voted for. The convention must meet and organize under the call as previously determined, and will possess power to act upon the question of seating the provisional delegates. Secretaries of conventions and of state committees should send to the chairman of the national committee full lists of the names and addresses of all delegates as soon as selected.

Samuel Dickie.

Chairman National Prohibition Committee.

J. A. VAN FLEET, secretary.

Gov. Bodwell Dead.

Gov. Bodwell of Maine died in Augusta on the 15th inst. His death was caused by paralysis of the heart caused from exposure and overwork, and was very sudden and unexpected, as it was believed that he was on the road to speedy recovery.

Gov. J. R. Bodwell was in the 70th year of his age. In early life he was a farm laborer, but rose in later life to be a man of note in the state of Maine, as president of the Bodwell granite company and of the Bodwell water company at Oldtown and later as an importer and breeder of thoroughbred cattle. In addition, he was well known as a lumberman on the Kennebec river and a promoter and stockholder in various railroad enterprises. He was twice mayor of Hallowell, which city he twice represented in the legislature. In politics he was a republican, and as such several times represented Maine in national conventions. His vigorous preparations in 1880 against a possible illegal occupation of the state capital by the democrats will be remembered, he having armed his Hallowell workmen and sent them to defend Gov. Davis against his rival. In the fall of last year he succeeded Roble as governor of Maine. Gov. Bodwell succeeded in making and keeping many friends in both political parties. He thoughtful care of those who helped to make his fortune has been exemplified by substantial bequests, while his family have been well provided for. There being no lieutenant governor, the succession is in the hands of the president of the senate.

Anti-Saloon Platform.

The anti-saloon republicans, league New York met in Syracuse on the 10th inst. and adopted a platform declaring an irrepressible conflict between the "Bible traffic and Christian civilization, holding that the saloon ought to be utterly extirpated, because its proprietors have combined in an open war against the American Sabbath, that the compact between the brewers and distillers has reached a point where the republican party must accept the issue, and with "no uncertain sound declare determined hostility to these enemies of good morals and the sacred institutions of our land or abandon their claims to be the party of law and order, opposed to vice and crime, anarchy and socialism." It points to Pennsylvania as an example of the success resulting from a bold stand in favor of prohibition amendments and local option and restriction legislation.

Albert Griffin of Kansas, chairman of the national committee, announced that when he called on Mr. Blaine several months ago at Augusta, Mr. Blaine had expressed the anti-saloon sentiment.

...and apologized every time she pronounced this word correctly in intelligent New England circles, where the latter and improper pronunciation was invented and has been established parallel upon our nomenclature. Had not the legislature of the state officially declared the final syllable to have the sound of saw, not sass, or had not the inhabitants from earliest settlements, to say nothing of the people of Louisiana, of which Arkansas was once a part, always pronounced it saw, there would nevertheless be no authority for the curt and abbreviated sass which is always given. The word is an attempt upon the part of the first French missionaries of Marquette's time to phonetically spell in French the name of a tribe of Indians, and no Frenchman would ever pronounce the combination of letters in the manner taught by the New Englanders. The final s was and is silent, and the a has the nasal aw, so common in many Frenchman's speech. As for the old comparativists, who, regardless of the inconsistency of English spelling, always inquire "if Arkansas is Arkansas why is not Kansas Kansaw," they may be glad to learn that Kansas was Kansaw, and early Anglo-American travelers so pronounced it, and even attempted to spell it phonetically in English, as can be seen in the report of Lieutenant Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains, 1819-1821, where the word is spelled Konza—the nearest combination of English letters that can approach the true French sound. But Arkansas is not the only French geographic term that has been sacrificed to the attempt of New England lexicographers to create in that region a standard pronunciation of the English. The word *chien*, for instance, which was originally applied to the Indians from their system of police, I believe, and meant literally the "Dog Indians," and now graces the rivers, counties, cities, and mountains of our maps as Cheyenne—the most plausible illustration of a Yankee-phonetic pronunciation of a French-spelled word. "Arkansaw" may be difficult to say, and may fall heavily on our ears, but it is proper all the same, and the sooner Arkansas is abolished the better for our consistency.—*Science*.

An Anxious Inquirer.

A correspondent in Kansas, who signs himself "Anxious Enquirer," asks which we think is superior, Fact or Fancy? As this is a matter of more than national importance not only to our correspondent, but to the universe at large, we proceed to allay the impending crisis by the following timely remarks:

Fact is bed-rock, hard-pau. Fancy is an off color—deceitful; the down from the thistle bud. Fancy has rather too much of an imaginary flavor. We prefer the solid comfort of a genuine mince pie to the gloomy festivities of the nightmare, which is sure to follow. The one is solid fact, the other purely ideal and fantastically convulsive.

Now, Mr. Anxious Inquirer, if a young lady particularly struck your fancy and hit it hard, don't you think you would prefer to have a five-minute chat with her, for a fact, than go through the long weary ways of life feeding on substantial vagaries of a dream, and imagining all sorts of impossibilities about her? Seems to us you should. A dollar in your pocket, for a fact is worth the sum total of Aladdin's dream. That's another fact, Mr. Inquirer.

Fancy is feminine. Fact, masculine. Fancy is too much like warm taffy—more blessed to give than to receive. Fact sits before a man a square meal. Fancy feeds him on memories of things that have been, and hope of things that are to be. Fact always has a clear head; the brain of Fancy has the inflammatory rheumatism. Fact builds a railroad; fancy ministers to a mind diseased. Fact marries a man and sets him up in business; Fancy makes him love-sick and melancholy as an invalid monkey in the branches of a dead cocoanut tree. Fact is a business man and thrives on bedstead. Fancy is a poor poet, and does not thrive on gin and sugar, and this poor country is flooded with 'em. It is, for a fact.

But, we fancy that we have devoted about enough space to you. We are not at all chary about communicating standard advice and valuable rose-tinted information to a suffering public; but it is the space that it takes up that annoys and exasperates us. However, several other important questions will probably be answered next week including "Have Women Souls?" and "Will Lager Beer Intoxicate?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Couldn't Deny It.

"Appearances are deceitful," remarked the loquacious traveler to his vis-à-vis. "I'll bet you \$5 that you can't tell what I ate."

"Taken—I should imagine you to be a gentleman."

"Confound—say, that's not square," but he paid the money.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Always on Deck.

The Derrick is the only newspaper in town that had a representative on the cotton veranda yesterday when it fell eighteen feet into the creek. We always gather there with both feet.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Soon after seven o'clock that evening Robert Stanford called on Ella, and informed her that he had succeeded in making an arrangement with the captain of the Denmark to sail on that vessel the following day. The motive of his journey he had kept secret. The captain was ignorant of his having been convicted of crime, and, as an excuse for his anxiety to sail at once, he was obliged to depart from the truth, and state that he had a friend in England who had procured for him a very desirable situation, but that he had not the means to pay his passage, and unless he availed himself of the opening offered he would lose it, and the captain, in remembrance of a great kindness once done him by the young man's father, did not hesitate to grant his request.

While these two unfortunates sat together in Mrs. Dutton's parlor, Frederick Norton was quietly smoking a cigar and slowly pacing the floor of his apartment in the Metropolitan Hotel.

"So, to-morrow," he said to himself, "I undertake another voyage across the Atlantic, and when I return to this country it will be as a rich man. What a fool I was to attempt that girl's life, through Morry and Scanty! I am glad they failed, for I believe the story about the will was false. She will soon sink into the mire of poverty, and once in its depths she is harmless. I'll venture to say she already regrets the cutting, proud words she spoke to me."

Some one knocked at the door. He opened it, and found one of the hall-boys standing without, who presented a card. He took it, glanced at it, and then said:

"Show him up."

The boy withdrew, but soon re-appeared, followed by a tall, rather carelessly dressed and hard-featured man, whom he ushered into Norton's presence. Norton, motioning his visitor to a seat, said:

"Well, Trig, you have found the information I gave you to be correct, I presume?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I have a request to make."

"I'll grant anything in reason."

"The vessel leaves her wharf at one o'clock to-morrow. I ask that you will defer taking the final step until ten minutes before that hour."

"Very well; I'm agreeable."

"I have and object in asking the postponement."

"No doubt of it," responded his visitor.

"You're one of the kind, I imagine, who never do anything without an object."

"I should be a fool if I did."

"And you're anything but a fool, or I've made a great mistake in my estimate of your talents," said Trig, rising and approaching the door. The two men bade each other good-night, and Norton, having lighted a fresh cigar, resumed pacing the floor. He was evidently in a very happy state of mind, for occasionally he would laugh to himself and rub his hands together in unmistakable glee.

The Denmark was to start within an hour on her voyage across the broad Atlantic, and her dock presented the usual scene of bustle and confusion. A coupe drew up before the gang-plank of the steamer. The driver, springing down from his seat, opened the door, and Frederick Norton stepped but upon the pier. He stood for a moment looking about him, then his eye evidently rested upon the person for whom he was searching; for he smiled and nodded, and a moment later his visitor of the previous evening—Trig—pushed his way through the crowd and approached him. They talked together in a low tone for a few minutes, then Norton shook his companion's hand and boarded the vessel, and Trig turned and was soon lost in the crowd.

It was nearly one o'clock. Those who had gone on board the steamer to bid friends or relatives farewell and God-speed were notified by signal that they must leave the ship. As they passed over the side, many of them looked back with tearful eyes upon the faces of loved ones that looked down from the decks above. The last loiterer had reached the wharf, and a gang of men were about to haul away the plank, when a man, almost breathless rushed forward. It was Robert Stanford. He was in the act of ascending the plank, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned, and his eyes rested upon the face of Trig.

"Not so fast, my man," said that person; "I want you."

"Want me?" exclaimed Robert.

"Yes," replied Trig; "I arrest you;" and he threw back the lapel of his coat and exposed to view the shield of a detective.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Robert. Arrested!"

"Yes, as an escaped convict," replied Trig, roughly.

Robert's head fell forward upon his breast. At the same moment a faint cry issued from the crowd, and Ella Thorndyke tottered forward and fell upon her knees before the detective.

"Do not take him back to prison!" she cried, lifting her hands pleadingly. "He is innocent. The man who committed the crime of which he is accused is on board that vessel now. Do not let him escape!" She looked up. The steamer was some distance from the wharf. "Too late! too late!" she sobbed.

"Yes," murmured Robert, as a shudder ran through his frame; "I must go back to my gloomy cell and eat the hard prison bread again."

From the deck of the Denmark Frederick Norton had witnessed the scene upon the dock, and, with a cruel smile of satisfaction on his lips, he muttered:

"You both played your hands well, but I had one trump too many for you."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was after a long and tedious voyage that Nat Garvin one day stepped ashore in the town of Melbourne, Australia. The gold excitement was at its height, and men were flocking by hundreds to the mining districts, from where were received almost daily wonderful reports of the immense mineral wealth and rich discoveries. Yet in the midst of this wild whirl of delirium and surging mass of humanity Nat remained cool and passive. In former days he would have plunged into the mad current, trusting blindly to chance

He had been in Melbourne two weeks, during which time he had kept a sharp lookout for some substantial business opening. One evening he started down to the water-front, and was looking off upon the bay, when two men came along and seated themselves upon a small pile of timber near him.

"I tell you, my boy," said one, "there's a fortune in it, and it'd be a shame we haven't the money to establish it."

"But we haven't," replied the other, "and, therefore, nothing remains for us but to make an effort to get back to England or try the mines."

"To do either of which we must have money," replied the first speaker. "Then what would become of the women? They can't dig. Remember, there are twelve of us in the same predicament, and between us there is not more than five pounds all told. I never saw a better company so thoroughly wrecked. All we want is a theater and a manager, with a little capital to put us on our feet again. Why, the fellows here throw their money about like dirt. See how they pack Her Majesty's every night, and a more wretched company than they have there never trod the boards!"

Nat approached the stangers, and entered into conversation with them, in the course of which he learned that they were actors—members of a theatrical company which had come from England with a person of reputation and experience in dramatic affairs, for the purpose of opening a theater in Melbourne. The theater not being completed on their arrival, the manager decided to take his company through the mining camps and towns, giving a limited number of performances in each. The undertaking was attended with success; but, about a fortnight before the time set down for the return of the troupe to Melbourne, the manager was waylaid and robbed due night of the entire proceeds of venture. Two days later he died from the effects of the injuries he had received, and the company was left like a regiment without a commander. After meeting with many hardships and discouragements, they, however, succeeded in making their way back to Melbourne; but only to find the theater they expected to occupy in the possession of another company, which had arrived from England in their absence, and secured it by the payment of a larger sum than their late manager had agreed to give. The new company was a very indifferent one, yet it was meeting with the most flattering success, while they—twelve in number, four ladies and eight gentlemen—thorough artists, were almost penniless, and without prospects.

Nat evinced considerable interest in their narrative. He inquired of them how much money would be necessary to erect a substantial building suitable for a theater, but they had not the remotest idea—in fact, their knowledge of business matters appeared to be of a very limited nature. He was, however, rather favorably impressed with their idea regarding the establishment of a theater. That evening he talked the matter over with an American, whose acquaintance he had made since his arrival in Melbourne, and who, like himself, was looking after something more certain of returns than gold digging. His new acquaintance expressed himself confident that another theater in the town, properly conducted, would pay handsomely. They made inquiries about the stranded company, and learned that it was made up of excellent dramatic material. They then consulted a builder, after which they counted up their cash, and arrived at the conclusion that they had enough between them to build a cheap but substantial theater. They entered into partnership, and five weeks thereafter a new place of amusement was thrown open to the public. The enterprise met with success from the start.

In two years Nat Garvin was a wealthy man. That he was a happy one no one doubted, but sometimes he felt a yearning for his native land, and when the feeling was strongest upon him, there appeared before his mental vision a face—a beautiful, girlish face—in a frame of wavy chestnut hair, but colorless as alabaster, upon which the flickering rays of a miserable candle seemed to fall; and his heart would throb while he wondered what had become of the lovely creature, whom he had discovered only to lose a moment later. Sometimes he permitted his imagination to draw strangely romantic pictures, in which she—that unknown girl who haunted his memory—constituted the central figure. But, alas! while fortune smiled on Nat in that far-off quarter of the globe, she passed unnoticed, the poor, struggling girl in New York.

Poor Ella! Her trials were many, and sometimes she nearly sank beneath their weight. She had not been much longer than three months with Mrs. Dutton when that lady was attacked with typhoid fever, from which she did not recover. Again, friendless and without a home, Ella was obliged to depend upon the scanty sums she was enabled to earn by the use of her needle. She endeavored to obtain a situation as governess or teacher of music, French, or drawing, but she found that openings were few, while applications were numerous. She soon learned that the world—in a commercial sense—rates mental acquisitions at a very low figure. In her small attic chamber she worked, prayed, and hoped against hope. A horrible fear would sometimes intrude itself upon her mind that a time would come when she would be unable to obtain work, and she shuddered when she realized what would become of her under such circumstances.

In the meanwhile, Robert Stanford was serving out the remainder of his term in prison, while Frederick Norton had returned from Europe and taken possession of the estate of his late employer. He had become greatly interested in the culture of California grapes and the production of American wines, and he invested largely in vineyard property and established a wholesale house in New York. A year later, Emma Stevens became his wife.

In a narrow, busy street in the heart of New York's business section, stood a building over the principal entrance of which was suspended a sign bearing in gilt letters the following inscription: "F. Norton, Wholesale Dealer in

Books, Stationery, and Office Supplies. In the rear was the counting-room or office, which was separated from the warehouse by a black walnut partition, with glass panels. The furniture of the office consisted of a large sofa, two desks, a stove, and several chairs and stools. At one of the desks stood a man who appeared to be forty years of age or thereabouts. He was thin and round-shouldered. The lower portion of his face was covered with a heavy brown beard, thickly sprinkled with gray—his head was slightly bald, and the lines about his eyes, which were keen and sharp, and over which he wore spectacles, showed plainly that care and sorrow were not strangers to him. He was engaged adding a column of figures in a large book which rested upon the desk before him. This man, who was employed by Frederick Norton as book-keeper and general business assistant, was known as Thomas Redfield. Having gone over the figures a second time and proved his first total to be correct, Mr. Redfield returned the book to the safe, from which he was turning when a burly man in a blue shirt and rough trousers entered the office.

"Well, Mr. Redfield, I've got my load on; where is it to go?"

This man was Sampson Klopp, truckman and porter—a hard-handed, powerful fellow, with a rough exterior, but as kind a heart as ever beat in human breast.

"To the Norwich boat," replied Mr. Redfield, handing him a slip of paper.

"All right," said Sampson.

He was about to leave the office, when he stopped, as if a sudden thought had entered his mind, and turning again toward the book-keeper, said:

"Time the boss was here, ain't it, sir?"

"He is a little behind his usual time this morning. Did you wish to see him?" replied the other.

"Well, kinder—yes," said the big fellow, with some embarrassment. "I think of throwin' up my job."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the book-keeper.

"Why?"

"Well, the fact is," replied Sampson, fumbling awkwardly with his hat, "I'm goin' to get married."

"Married!" said the other, considerably amused by the man's display of embarrassment.

"Yes, sir, married, sure—that is, sure as things are in this world. I don't mind tellin' you, Mr. Redfield, all about it," proceeded Sampson, in a confidential tone, resting his arm upon the desk beside which he stood, and raising his eyes with more assurance to the face of his auditor. "You see, I've been goin' with her for these two or three years back, and I'd married her a year ago if she'd only said yes. But when I spoke of it she says: 'Sam—she always calls me Sam, you know—says she, 'there's no use of talkin' about it; you ain't got any money laid up, neither have I, and a precious pair of fools we'd be makin' of ourselves goin' off and gettin' married, without a dollar in our pockets. No,' says she, 'I'm willin' to wait for you, Sam, until you've laid aside enough to start in life properly to buy a little home somewhere, so that if there should be any children'—and her face got as red as the hair of her head when she said that—we'll have a place of our own to raise 'em.'"

"Very good advice!" replied Mr. Redfield.

"And you followed it, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, I've been layin' up money ever since, and now I'm goin' to make her keep her promise," said Sampson, decidedly.

"How much have you saved?" asked the book-keeper.

"About four hundred dollars," he answered.

"That is not a very large capital to start on," replied Mr. Redfield. "What are your plans?"

"To pay this down on a little place in the country, somewhere near the city, so that I could drive back and forth each day, and build up a little business in the express line. I think in time I might do very well."

"Quite likely," replied the other, "and you can rest assured, Sampson, you have my best wishes for your success."

"Thank you, Mr. Redfield, thank you!" replied Sampson, evidently much pleased.

"And—perhaps when the day comes you wouldn't object to givin' away the bride. We'd both be proud of the honor, and, somehow or other, I believe that if you was to do that favor for us we'd be sure to have good luck from the start."

"Well, in that case," replied Mr. Redfield, smiling, "you can count on me when the time comes, for I should be pleased to do anything which would tend to add to your prosperity."

"Thank you, sir, again," said Sampson. "You don't know how pleased Polly'll be when I tell her. She has often heard me speak of you, sir."

Their conversation was brought to a close by the entrance of their employer.

"Good-morning, Redfield!" he exclaimed, as he entered the office. Then, turning to Sampson, he asked: "Is there anything I can do for you, Klopp?" The porter wished to notify him of his intention to leave, but Norton's sudden appearance had quite discomposed him, so he quietly replied:

"No, sir—much obliged," and immediately withdrew.

"Any letters?" asked Norton, opening his desk and seating himself before it.

"Richard has not returned from the office," answered Mr. Redfield.

"Ah, here he is!" said Norton, as a tall, awkward boy entered and laid a pile of letters upon the desk before him.

The day on which we introduce the reader to Norton's place of business proved a busy one, and both principal and employes were consequently kept occupied with their various duties much later than usual. It was nearly six o'clock when the book-keeper gathered up his books and proceeded to return them to the safe, while his employer closed and locked his desk, preparatory to his taking his departure for his up-town home. As Norton was drawing on his gloves, a woman, poorly dressed—indeed, almost in rags—entered the warehouse and slowly made her way toward the office, at the door of which she hesitated, and in a low tone addressed Mr. Redfield—who was in the act of closing the heavy iron doors of the large safe—as follows:

"I beg your pardon, sir; I am endeavoring to sell these wax tapers. Would you care to

At the sound of her voice both men started, and Norton, whose back was toward her, suddenly turned. As her eyes fell upon her face she staggered back, and the case of wax tapers, slipping from her hands, fell with a crash upon the floor.

"Frederick Norton!" she exclaimed.

It was Ella Thorndyke who stood there, trembling and in rags. A cold, cruel smile broke over Norton's features as he exclaimed:

"This meeting is as much a surprise to you as it is to me, it would appear. You evidently did not know when you entered here late whose presence you were coming. Yet you might have read my name upon the sign over the door, if you had only raised your eyes. So this is really you!"

"Yes, Frederick Norton," she replied, in a broken voice, "it is I, the woman you have so basely wronged! See what you have brought me to! Does the sight please you? Does it send a thrill of joy to your cruel heart to know that I am almost a beggar, and to think it is to you I owe my poverty? If so, enjoy your stolen riches; but be assured of this—poor and miserable as I am, I would not bear half the weight of your sins for the wealth of an empire."

"The woman's drunk!" he roughly exclaimed. "Leave the place—go, or I'll—"

He started forward, and would have seized her had not the hand of his book-keeper fallen heavily upon his shoulder and held him back.

"She is a woman, remember!" exclaimed Mr. Redfield, his eyes flashing. "Lay a finger on her at your peril!"

Norton turned in anger toward the speaker, but his gaze sought the floor before the determined face of the man before him.

"Frederick Norton!" exclaimed Ella, in a firm voice, her eyes resting full upon his face, "the wicked may succeed for a time, but God upholds right to the last. The end has not yet come." Then, turning to Mr. Redfield, she added: "I thank you, sir, for your offer of protection, yet I do not fear him. He feels his guilt, and it galls him. I tell you that man is a villain and a thief. All he calls his mine." She moved toward the door, and on reaching it, turned and added:

"Tremble, Frederick Norton! beware! for there is a day of reckoning yet to come," and the next instant she was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Granulated Eyelids.

"What is granulation of the eyelids? What are its cause, symptoms and cure? Is it the cause of movable lines over the sight?" are questions that are often asked. There is no connection between disease and the lines mentioned. The latter are of little importance. Most people may see them on looking steadily at a white wall or a cloud. They are supposed to be shadows of objects within the eye—part of its structure—thrown on the retina, and thence projected, greatly enlarged, into space. They trouble short-sighted people more than others, but they do not indicate disease.

Granulated lids are a form of conjunctivitis, an inflammation of the mucous membrane which lines the lids and the front of the eyeballs, called the conjunctiva.

There are four varieties of conjunctivitis. With two of them we have, at present, nothing to do. The infantile, which is due to contagion, and may speedily result in blindness if not promptly treated; and the diphtheria, which occurs mainly in feeble and ill-fed children, and which is a serious disease, but, thus far, it is not known to have appeared in this country, though German immigration may at any time bring it here.

The other two varieties are the simple and the contagious. The simple is generally due either to some irritating substance getting lodged under the lid, or to exposure to cold. In the first case the trouble subsides on the removal of the offending cause. In the second, a simple wash, which should be prescribed by a physician, with rest for the eyes and protection from dust and sun, will soon remove inflammation.

By neglect and aggravation from surroundings it may run into contagious. In the simple form the secretion is only mucous, but if it passes into the contagious the secretion becomes purulent.

As a general thing, the contagious form is due to contagion from a similar case, or from some other foul secretion in the blood. A single infected child at school may give it to many of his mates. Cases of blindness have so resulted. A towel used in common has often imparted it. One should never wipe with another's towel.

The granulations are minute, swollen protuberances under the lid, sometimes quite fine, sometimes large enough to give the lid a puff look. They strongly incline to be purulent, and thus contagious. They are most common among children living in badly ventilated rooms. In both simple and contagious conjunctivitis the main reliance is on stringent washes, but for the treatment of a contagious case the physician should be promptly called. No one suffering from it should be allowed to attend school.—*Compendion*.

An Enemy He Has Made.

"The first mosquito of the season visited me last night," observed the snake editor, "and I made him my enemy."

"How was that?" asked the humor editor.

"Well, he landed on my hand, and I mashed him, and, go, or I'll mash against me."—*St. Louis Globe*.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Leaves from the Life of an Actress
Now Residing in Florida.

In one of the suburbs of Jacksonville, says a letter to *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, stands a little unpretentious dwelling, which has for an inmate a woman who has had a most checkered career. Rumors of this woman's experiences reached a reporter, and he determined to investigate the truth of them. A short walk brought the writer to the house, and a knock brought the object of his search to the door.

She was a woman who had passed the prime of life, and her face in her youth must have been ravishingly beautiful. It was now furrowed with deep lines of care and sorrow. Her once raven-black hair, which was wound carelessly around her head, was streaked with silver, and though her hands were small and delicately shaped, the shrunken flesh told too plainly a tale of hunger and suffering. There she stood; her eyes, which could at times flash fire as some memory of former wrongs flitted across her mind, turned with a startled expression this morning on the intruder, whose curiosity had led him to her home. But as he doffed his hat and greeted the strange woman with a kindly "good morning," the flashing orbs filled with a softer glow, and with the bow of a duchess she returned the salutation, and invited the newspaper man inside.

The visitor managed to explain his errand with difficulty, and even then, by the flash of the black eye, he saw that she resented the intrusion. But after a short talk the thread of the conversation was gradually led back to herself, and she gave the following sensational account of herself:

"I am of English birth. My father, who once bore the honored title of the earl of Hereward, but who was then an officer in the guards, wooed and won my mother, at that time a very popular actress, playing at Drury Lane theater. The marriage, or rather mock marriage, for my father heartlessly deceived my mother, took place in a little country village near London, and as my father said he feared his father, the old earl would disinherit him if he heard of his action, he prevailed on my mother to live in retirement, promising that as soon as possible he would declare to the world the true state of affairs. I was the sole issue of this union, and month after month passed, and the plausible guardian prevailed on my trustful mother that the time was not ripe yet for a disclosure. It was soon the same old story.

"At first no one could have been more devoted than my father; then, as time wore on, his visits to our little home became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. My mother in deep distress sought the presence of the old earl, and then told him the whole story, but he refused to believe her, and drove her from his door. In her anguish she sought her husband's regiment, but found he had exchanged and gone to India. Selling the babies that he had given her in the halcyon days of their early happiness, she took me with her, and we sailed for the gorgeous east, we found, alas, too late, that her trustful husband had fallen in an affray with some mountain tribes in the interior.

"In her despair my mother took poison and died, leaving me in a little hill station, where an officer's wife adopted me, and cared for me as her own child. I was sent home to England, and, after being educated, concluded to follow my mother's profession and become an actress."

"In vivid word language she then depicted her own life. A rich Prussian noble deceived her, and when she remonstrated he sent her to Siberia on a false charge of being a nihilist. Her escape and the vicissitudes she encountered before she reached America would fill a volume, but were told with a singularly truthful air. She came here some months ago, and has eluded observation until now. She keeps perfectly secluded, and evinces a desire to be unknown. So far, not a dozen people here know of her residence or her history. Certainly truth is stranger than fiction.

A Stambouli Amazon.

People just now in Constantinople are interested in the presence among them of Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, who is paying a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean war, when she led a large body of Kurdish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman Government remembers her services, and requites these by a monthly pension of 5,000 piastres—a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, hawk-like face, her cheeks are the color of parchment and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sterner sex, she looks like a man of forty, not like a woman who will never again see seventy-five. Slung across her shoulders, in Cossack fashion, is her long sabre, with its jeweled hilt, decorations shine and sparkle on her breast, while the stripes across her sleeve show her to be a captain in the Ottoman Army.—*Park News.*

A WOMAN'S FREAKS.

Is She a Kleptomaniac or a Chronic Shoplifter?

There has been much newspaper space devoted to the freaks of Flora Trumbull during the past twenty months, says *The Detroit Free Press*. She has been subjected to many examinations in the police court for shoplifting by the authorities of justice, and was once convicted and served time for that crime. She has repeatedly been detected in the act of stealing goods from the counters of retail dry-goods establishments in this and other cities. Mrs. Trumbull's habit has been to walk into a dry-goods establishment, ask to be shown articles, and while the clerk was engaged in search of the goods she would conceal what ever took her fancy under her garments. Occasionally she would be so successful that the clerk who waited upon her would only suspect that she had been sneaking. At other times the clerk would be morally certain that she had taken goods surreptitiously from the appearance of her cloak when she left the store. On one or two occasions it transpired that Mrs. Trumbull was detected in the manner of the man who attempted to leave a grocery store in a southern town with the tail of a codfish protruding from under his coat. On one of these occasions Mrs. Trumbull escaped through the sympathy of the jury, and on another she was forced to undergo imprisonment for her folly. But recently she has been complained of to the police for this strange and unaccountable habit, and her trail has been camped upon by several detectives. Positive evidence has been procured against her which neither she nor her attorneys could contradict with any show of success. Her case seemed to be one which called for special attention, and consequently a petition was filed in the probate court yesterday by Detective Manning, setting up that Mrs. Trumbull is insane and asking for her admission to the Pontiac insane asylum. It is the most charitable construction of Mrs. Trumbull's mania, and was suggested to the probate court out of sympathy for her.

The case came before Judge Durfee, and he resolved to order a hearing in the case forthwith. Accordingly at 3 o'clock Mrs. Trumbull, a middle-aged and disconsolate-looking woman, shabbily dressed, accompanied by her husband, as poorly dressed as herself, appeared in the probate court.

The last act of the unfortunate woman was to be caught in the act of purloining goods from the establishment of Taylor, Wolfenden & Co. on Wednesday last. Frank D. Taylor was the first witness called in the matter yesterday by Judge Durfee. In making his statement Mr. Taylor said: "All the interest I have in the application on here is to protect myself and other business men from this woman. If she is insane I ask the court to do nothing more than to commit her to the asylum at Pontiac, and I feel sorry that she was not committed long ago. If she is not insane, then she ought to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law and placed behind the bars. I understand that her mania has brought her so prominently to the notice of the police justice that he refuses to take a complaint against her, and if the authorities believe she is insane then I am bound to believe them."

Francis Bowring Owen, the attorney for Mrs. Trumbull, was considerably exercised over her case. Of a physician who went on the stand to give his opinion of Mrs. Trumbull's mental condition Mr. Owen inquired:

"Are you an expert on matters concerning the mental condition of persons?"

"I am," replied the physician.

"Are you called so?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any reputation as such?"

"I do not know."

"Would you be surprised if you learned that this a conspiracy to separate a husband and wife?"

"Yes, sir, I should be, certainly."

"What is Kleptomania, doctor?" inquired Mr. Owen, casually.

"It is that form of insanity which renders a person unable to resist the temptation to steal."

"Is this woman a kleptomaniac?" asked Mr. Owen severely.

"Yes," was the terse and decisive response.

Detective Manning was sworn in the case, and he stated that several months ago he was called to a store to investigate Mrs. Trumbull's case. He said that a similar complaint had been made before Magistrate Bartlett, of Windsor, against Mrs. Trumbull, and that in his opinion she was insane.

The husband of the respondent was called and he was asked if in his opinion his wife was an insane person.

"No," said he.

"Where do you live, Mr. Trumbull?" inquired Judge Durfee.

"In Windsor," replied the witness.

"Do you consider your wife a truthful person?" inquired Mr. Owen.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness with emphasis. "I have never caught her in a lie since she was 5 years old."

This was a stumper, and the proceeding suffered somewhat from the amusement in court. Judge Durfee, however, soon brought the subject uppermost by declaring that if Mrs. Trumbull was a resident of Windsor and lived there with her husband, the cause is one for the Windsor authorities to dispose of.

"I shall not commit this woman to the insane asylum at Pontiac," said Judge Durfee. "If she is a resident of the province of Ontario, the province of Ontario must look after her incompetence." And with this the court-room doors were closed.

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