

## PLYMOUTH MAIL.

PLYMOUTH, - MICHIGAN.  
Published Every Friday Evening.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,  
In Advance.

J. H. STEERS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Office Taylor Block, opposite Postoffice, Main street.  
Entered at the Postoffice at Plymouth, Michigan, as  
Second Class Mail Matter.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

With a tightening grasp she seized his arm  
Like one with horror dumb,  
Gurgled and moaned, then wildly shrieked,  
"Oh, George, I've lost my gun!"  
—Toledo Blade.

Best 50c tea at Boylan's.  
Pure Paris Green at Gale's.  
—Harvesting is in full blast.  
For good, fr-sh bread go to Dohmstreich Bros.

—J. R. Hsie of Wayne was in town Monday.  
—Free concert in the park Saturday evening.

—Miss Lottie Davey is afflicted with a sore hand.  
One fourth off on Butterick's patterns at Starkweather's.

—Cherries are worth three cents per quart at Brighton.  
—Save up your big "punkins" and "taters" for the fair.

—We had a delightful rain on Sunday lasting several hours.  
—The Plymouth fair will be held on October 1, 2, 3, and 4.

—A lawn social was held at T. C. Sherwood's Wednesday evening.  
The new Plymouth bakery bread, fresh every day at Dohmstreich Bros.

Castor, machine castor, lard, golden and black lubricating oils at Boylan's.  
—Miss Jessie Steers has been visiting at Northville since Monday evening.

One hundred chairs for sale; been used but little; 30 cents each.—J. H. Steers.  
Leave your watch, clock and jewelry repairing with Turk, the jeweler, at the MAIL office.

—Charles Kensler has gone into the blacksmith business with John Haywood at Salem.  
—Miss Effie Vining who has been visiting here for several days returned to Wayne Wednesday.

—Edwin Hodge is suffering from a severe injury to one of his hands which got caught in a reaper.  
—James Marshall who has been visiting his family here for several weeks returned to Rockford, Ill., Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Woodard of Detroit have removed from Grand River, avenue to No. 3 LeRoy-place.  
—Mrs. Jas. Marshall left the first of the week for Cadillac where she will make an extended visit with her two daughters.

Binder Twine.—Clear manilla, 18 cents; half and half, 16 cents; good twine, 14 cents per pound. BENTLEY & McLAREN.  
—Mrs. Ex-Senator Kemp, Mrs. O. Martin, and Mrs. J. S. Nowland of Ann Arbor were guests at W. H. Hoyt's yesterday.

New line spectacles and eye-glasses at Boylan's.  
—Those persons who wish advertisements in the fair premium list should hand them in at once and not wait until the last thing and then get left out.

Dohmstreich Bros. are enjoying a rush in their merchant tailoring department.  
—Frank Butler and wife and Mrs. J. H. Smith of Northville, Mrs. W. C. Steers of Wayne, C. H. Kingsbury, wife and child, of East Saginaw, were guests at J. H. Steers' Monday.

Binder Twine.—Clear manilla, 18 cents; half and half, 16 cents; good twine, 14 cents per pound. BENTLEY & McLAREN.  
Remember the Plymouth Fair this year will be the best that has ever been held here and ahead of any fair east of the state fair. Make your calculations on being here and bring everything worth exhibiting.

Insect powder at Boylan's.  
—A subscriber wants to know what is worse than being pestered with howling dogs and mo-quotos on a hot night. We have given it up and appeal to some of our subscribers.—Holly Advertiser. Tell him that mosquitos and howling dogs are pleasantries compared with that of collecting old subscription accounts.

Pure Paris Green at Boylan's.  
Fruit jars at Chaffee & Hunter's.

Jackson drain tile at C. A. Frisbee's.  
Genuine Vernor's Ginger Ale at Chaffee & Hunter's.  
For No. 1 fresh ice cream, made every day go to Gale's.

—Mrs. I. B. Manning of Detroit was in town the first of the week.  
—Mrs. H. C. Robinson left Thursday for a visit among friends in York State.

Leave your orders for McClumpha's red raspberries for canning at Chaffee & Hunter's.  
—The Plymouth band goes to Monroe to the band tournament on Tuesday, August 20.

New one gallon cans apples 25 cents at Gale's.  
—The front section of the rink has been removed on the ground east of the F. & P. M. depot. They are now removing the second piece to some other location.

—Miss Sarah Smith, who lived near the Baptist church, died Sunday and was buried at Newburg on Monday, the Rev. Lee McCollister of Detroit officiating.  
Vernor's celebrated ginger ale on draught at Gale's.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steers, Mrs. James Patterson, the Misses Mary Hough, Lillie Eaton, Effie Vining, Clara and Jessie Steers and Messrs. Bert Bennett and Milton Moore spent Saturday at Walled Lake.

Fine home made bread every day at Chaffee & Hunter's.  
—An exchange says: There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Pound it until fine, and put in an empty clean pepper box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, and put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Best 40c chewing tobacco at Boylan's.  
Binder Twine.—Clear manilla, 18 cents; half and half, 16 cents; good twine, 14 cents per pound. BENTLEY & McLAREN.

—The usual large crowd of people were on our streets last Saturday evening. The only difference we noted from other Saturday evenings was that the throng was larger and continues to increase each week. If you want to meet your friends, come to Plymouth Saturday evenings, they are all here. At the same time you can hear the free concert by the band.

Fresh warm bread at Chaffee & Hunter's.  
—Miss Clara Steers expects to leave next Monday for a visit of several months in Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York. She will go by rail as far as Albany and then by boat down the Hudson River to near New York City where she will make her first stopping place. Mrs. J. H. Smith of New Haven, Conn., who has been visiting here will return home at that time.

Boydell's celebrated Paints and the Peninsular liquid paints will be found on sale at Gale's.  
—Owners of dogs should remember that the law requires all dogs running the streets at this season of the year to be muzzled. If you neglect to muzzle your dog and you find him some day "with his toes turned up," don't blame any one but yourself, as you have had ample warning. Don't think because its your dog that he is safe—the marshal has the law to enforce and all dogs are equal with him.

Buy White Loaf flour at Chaffee & Hunter's.  
—Pomeroy's great show has been here and gone and our people rest easier. Although they advertise that no confidence men or swindlers travel with the show or in its wake, it is a fact that they were with them here and tried to play their games in one of the tents, but the marshal being notified, they closed up business at once. The same parties went to our village officers that morning and tried to get a license to ply their games, and to make their appeal stronger showed licenses granted them in other towns. They showed a license from the Dexter authorities who charged them two dollars for the privilege of swindling the people. The citizens of Dexter must feel proud of its officers(?) As to the show, we must say that they had a lot of well educated horses.

Flinn & Durfee's Ice Cream by the dish or quart at Chaffee & Hunter's.

Leave your order for a Fall Suit or Overcoat Early. Notwithstanding this is the time considered dull in the Merchant Tailoring business, we are very busy at the present time and have work for a month ahead (we may be enjoying a rush later on).

You have but to see the work that we are making up and learn who our patrons are to satisfy yourself who is doing the Fine Merchant Tailoring. It must be known that first-class tailors put from \$8 to \$15 worth of work into a suit; that is what we are now doing and we do not care who knows it in this part of the world.

Our cutter deems himself competent to cut and fit any kind of a garment worn in this or other nations, be it for the Turbaned Turk, the Almond-Eyed Celestial or our own stylish American. However, we do not expect to extend our trade to all parts of the world, so long as we are kept busy attending to the needs of our fellow townsmen, but will endeavor to deserve a continuation of the liberal patronage now being accorded us.

We cannot afford to combine the finest workmanship with anything desirable for a suit as low priced as \$10. We have however, several standard lines ready made Overalls, Pants and Coats warranted not to rip which you need not be ashamed to be found dead in.

If you want a snit of which you may well be proud, do not make another mistake but come to us, you will find we are something to tie to.

## G. A. Starkweather & Co.

### Very Naughty!

The following items clipped from The Holly Advertiser of last week would lead people to think:

"That married women are flirting and their husbands are blind to the fact."  
"That Holly's married men should give the young girls a rest, and the young men a chance."

"That Holly people should shun—instead of bless—those married men who are paying attention to other men's wives. Ditto, women."

"That too many married men and women in Holly are devoting their attention to other wives and husbands and neglecting their homes."

Sleepless night made miserable by that terrible cough. Shloh's Cure is the remedy for you.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Shloh's cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.—Chaffee & Hunter.

### Dividends Were Scarce

"Well, Jasper, how's business?"  
"Tol'able, sah; jus' tol'able."  
"Has poultry gone up any of late?"  
"Deed it hab, sah. I notices dat as a gen'ral ting dey'm roostin' way up, sah, way up, an's my climbin' days am-nigh 'bout ober, dis genterman's dividends in de poultry business am gettin' pow'ful sca'ce, lemme tell yer."—Yonkers Gazette.

### \$100 REWARD. \$100

The readers of the PLYMOUTH MAIL will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.—Chaffee & Hunter. 146

### Puggie Not So Well.

Mrs. Cumritover—How are the children this morning?  
Mrs. Lovitt—Well, Tommie and Susie are better, but Puggie is still a very sick dog.—Epoch.

Why will you cough when Shloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.—Chaffee & Hunter.

Shloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis.—Chaffee & Hunter.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Chaffee & Hunter.

Try the MAIL three months, only 25 cents

### Buoklen'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 Chaffee & Hunter, druggists 118

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

# BAND CONCERT Free Entertainment

EVERY  
Saturday Evening  
IN THE  
PARK,  
Plymouth, Mich.

Plymouth National Bank  
L. D. SHEARER, President.  
E. C. TACH, Vice President.  
L. C. BIERWOOD, Cashier.  
J. R. Hoar, F. C. Leach, L. H. Bennett,  
Wm. Geer, E. F. St. John, L. C. Hough,  
I. N. Starkweather, O. R. Patengell, G. M. VanSickle,  
L. C. Sherwood.

Three per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.  
**C. A. FRISBEE,**  
Dealer in  
**Lumber, Lath, Shingles, and Coal.**

A complete assortment of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Hard and Soft Coal.  
Prices as Low as the Market will allow.  
Yard near F. & P. M. depot, Plymouth

# TO STAY AT HOME.

## VETERANS NOT TO PATRONIZE THE ONE-FARE-ROUND-TRIP RAILROADS.

Samuel Johnson, Recently Resigned from Professorship at Agricultural College, Speaks.

## AN INSANE CONVICT AT IONIA THRUSTS A KNIFE INTO ANOTHER'S HEART.

To the Michigan G. A. R. Department Commander Michael Brown has issued the following order to the G. A. R.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF MICHIGAN, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, BIG RAPIDS, JULY 13, 1899.

Circular No. 2. After long continued and bonafide efforts on the part of a large number of the department commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic, supplemented by earnest appeals to the railroad officials from our commander-in-chief and executive council of Milwaukee, we have failed to secure for the old soldiers the customary rate of one cent per mile traveled to and from the national encampment, to be held at Milwaukee, Wis., during the last week in August.

In view of the fact that a rate of one cent a mile and less has recently been given to other organizations, societies and excursions, there is a general feeling that the men whose services and sacrifices alone made it possible for the railroads to exist and share in the prosperity which has attended the nation in recent years are entitled to the rate asked for and which has recently been accorded to others.

Firmly believing that the refusal to give said rate of one cent a mile traveled is an unjust discrimination against the veterans of the late war, I therefore in concurrent action with the department commanders of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, who have and will issue circulars similar to this in their respective departments, advise all comrades of this department, as a matter of self-respect and self defense and out of love for our order, that they forego the anticipated pleasure of meeting their comrades at the national encampment by remaining at home, only those attending who are duly elected delegates or ex officio members of the encampment.

Comrades, let us be dignified but resolute and determined in this matter, and manfully resist this great injustice sought to be meted out to the men who gave the best years of their lives and their best energies to make our country united, strong and prosperous, and our flag as well as our laws and our theory of government by the people respected and admired throughout the civilized world.

I issue this circular with much regret. It will be a great disappointment to thousands of comrades in this and other departments to have the anticipated grand reunion resolve itself into a mere formal business session. It will also be a great disappointment to the comrades and patriotic citizens of Milwaukee who are doing everything in their power to give their visitors a generous welcome. They are entitled to the thanks and best wishes of all the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic for their efforts, and it is to be regretted that we cannot with any degree of self-respect reward them for their arduous labor by our presence at the encampment.

Personally I shall be greatly disappointed. I had hoped to see the department of Michigan very largely represented in the grand parade and review, but with a principle involved, and with the future good of our noble order in view, I believe I am doing right and that the comrades throughout this department will endorse my action. I wish to say that I am informed that some of the great railroad systems of this country were in favor of the one-cent-a-mile rate, but a majority being opposed, they deemed it to be their duty to agree to the rate announced, to wit: one fare for the round trip.

I recommend that comrades organize county and district reunions and that each post have as many social gatherings as possible. Let us stand firmly upon the great principles of the fraternity, charity and loyalty.

By command of  
MICHAEL BROWN,  
Department Commander.  
N. H. VINCENT,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

### Murderous Convicts.

A distressing homicide occurred at the state asylum for insane criminals in Ionia the other morning. Olaf Algren is among the inmates who are counted as dangerous, and has hitherto developed strong homicidal tendencies. He has three times attempted to take his own life, and once mangled himself in a horrible manner, but recovered. He is usually kept in restraint and when no one confined is in charge of a keeper. Today he was taken out for air and exercise in charge of Attendant Clark. Algren, as he passed the kitchen, asked to be allowed to go in and get a drink. This Clark permitted, and though against his instructions, allowed Algren to pass in alone with Clark, who was in the door. The cook and several patients were in the kitchen. A large carving knife lay on the table which Algren seized and attacked a patient named James T. Jackson. The latter started to run, but was overtaken near the butler door by Algren, who plunged the knife into Jackson's back, penetrating the heart. Jackson fell dead on the stairs. Keeper Clark, the cook and the remaining patients then succeeded in disarming Algren.

The same day another assault occurred in the prison proper.

In the furniture department a great many prisoners are employed who are necessarily allowed the freedom of several rooms, and over whom the most vigilant keeper cannot keep a constant eye.

Taking advantage of this liberty, a convict named George Deweight, 10-year man, sought to settle at the point of a knife a difference that had existed between him and a convict of the name of Charles Stanley.

Arming himself with knives used in his department of the factory he stealthily passed through the engine room and into the finishing apartments. Inquiring of an inmate where Stanley was he was directed to the varnish room. As he approached Stanley saw him coming, with a knife, and unobserved slipped behind some stock, leaving his co-workman, James Meany, stooping over a nail of varnish.

Deweight crept up behind him and thinking he was the man he sought to murder, pounced upon his back and stabbed him twice. Meany struggled from his grip. As he arose to run the madman stabbed him a third time in the left side of the head. The blade of the knife penetrated the crifice of the ear and broke off near the

handle. The wounded man ran out of the shop into the yard, closely pursued by his assailant.

One of the keepers of the shop heard the disturbance and attempted to enter the room, but was knocked down by Deweight as the two men (Meany and Deweight) rushed out. Deweight then turned and, drawing a second knife, held the crowd of convicts, who were attempting to arrest him, at bay until a second he appeared. This man dealt him a blow that brought him to the ground.

The wounds of the unfortunate prisoner were dressed by the prison physician, who thinks his patient will recover, although he is horribly cut about the head and shoulders.

### Monthly Crop Report.

The monthly crop report issued from the state department is compiled from reports received from 911 correspondents. Upon these the first estimate for this year's wheat crop is made. The acreage in crop is based upon returns of supervisors from 1,111 townships, and is given at 1,431,531 acres. The estimated yield per acre is in southern tier counties, 15.0; central, 15.4; northern, 15.8; and for the state, 15.2 bushels, indicating a total yield in the state this year of 1,693,000 bushels.

The area of wheat reported actually harvested in 1898 was 10,000 acres less than that reported on the ground in May of that year, and the total yield for 1898 was slightly in excess of 3,000,000 bushels. Damage to wheat from winter killing insects, and otherwise, is about 10 per cent. That from grain "chips" cannot be estimated until the grain is threshed, but the prospect is in favor of its being much less than anticipated.

The amount of wheat reported marketed for June was 382,775 and for 11 months, from August to June, 14,789,056 bushels.

The condition of corn is 58; oats, 99; potatoes, 93; clover meadows and pastures, 84; timothy, 83; clover sown this year, 93 per cent.

The prospect for average crops of apples is 70, and of peaches 71 per cent.

### Johnson vs. Kedzie.

Samuel Johnson, whose resignation as professor of practical agriculture at the agricultural college was recently requested, is out in a letter in the State Republican, in which he names Profs. Kedzie, Cook and Beal as the members of the faculty who were opposed to him and his department.

He is especially severe on Kedzie, claiming that the latter has been a law unto himself, and in direct violation of the faculty has permitted students to work in the chemical laboratory when they were due on the farm and garden; that he has encouraged students to evade manual labor, prejudiced them against the work system and those who had it in charge. He charges that Kedzie's three sons, who graduated from the institution, were permitted to neglect almost, if not entirely, their manual labor duties.

Kedzie is also charged with having encouraged the students in their efforts to break up the agricultural class in 1881, and after the riot in 1887 he gave the students to publicly understand that he approved their course.

Profs. Beal and Cook are charged with endeavoring to belittle Johnson and his work whenever occasion presented itself.

### Salt Inspector's Report.

The report of State Inspector George W. Hill for the month of June shows salt was inspected in quantities as follows in the districts named:

District	Amt. bbls.
Bay County	103,009
Saginaw	97,815
Manistee	81,525
Osceola	37,528
St. Clair	27,144
Mason	27,031
Huron	15,497
Midland	4,275

Total 362,157

The inspection year begins Dec. 1, and the annexed is a comparative statement for a series of years to July 1:

Year	Barrels.
1897	351,349
1898	350,516
1899	350,211
1900	350,000
1901	350,000
1902	350,000
1903	350,000
1904	350,000
1905	350,000
1906	350,000
1907	350,000
1908	350,000
1909	350,000

### Weekly Crop Report.

The weekly crop bulletin for the week ending July 13 shows the mean temperature to have been 1.1 degrees above normal. The total rainfall was .32 below the average. The amount of sunshine has been above the average, and the effect upon all growing crops has been beneficial. Corn has made rapid progress. Haying is well along, and is about finished in the southern section. Wheat harvest has been commenced in several southern counties, but is not general. Reports indicate that wheat is ripening rapidly, but not evenly, and fears of damage from the grain aphid are rapidly diminishing. Oats, barley and potatoes are in fine condition.

### CONDENSED STATE NEWS.

Articles of association have been filed with the secretary of state of the standard electric oil company of Detroit, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000; the Cadillac transportation company of Detroit, with a capital stock of \$150,000; the Cadillac masonic building association of Cadillac, capital \$25,000, and the Tuscarora mineral land company of Ishpeming, capital stock \$1,000,000.

Lyman & Co.'s center table factory in Goldwater was destroyed by fire the other morning.

The crews of the life-saving stations on Lake Michigan are being put through night-drills. Some of the crews which were very proficient during the day having been found inefficient when on duty at night.

Wm. Curtis of Emerson, Gratiot county, has been detected in a systematic course of forgeries, in which his brothers, all prominent farmers of Emerson, are the victims. His plan was to forge their names as indorsers of his notes and get the money on the notes. When the notes became due he would forge renewals, and thus kept business moving. His transactions amount to about \$1,400, covering a period of about two years. The matter has been fixed up among the brothers and there will be no criminal proceedings.

The students of the agricultural college are to have a self-supporting bath house.

Colt Wats of East Saginaw has been elected one of the trustees of the German-American teachers' association of the United States.

Louis Cherrier, the Calumet express agent who absconded with \$500 of the company's funds, was arrested in Grafton, Dakota, a few days ago, and brought back to Calumet.

Roswell G. Horr of East Saginaw, has been appointed consul to Valparaiso, South America. He declines the appointment.

Senator C. G. Griffey of Negaunee, has sent his resignation to the governor. It is thought he has his eye on a federal position.

Joseph Buckhout, one of the oldest settlers of Grand Rapids, died.

In the case of the Isle Royal company against the secretary of state, for refusing to accept its charter on the grounds that too many purposes were included in the charter, the supreme court has decided that a company formed under English laws is not brought under the Michigan statutes. The company asked the court to compel the secretary of state to accept its charter, but the court decided that the secretary was not compelled to do so.

The new pension examining surgeons at Lansing are Drs. George E. Ranney and Matthew Coak.

The President has appointed John Steketee of Grand Rapids collector of internal revenue in the fourth district.

J. G. Steinck of Grand Rapids has been chosen supreme marshal of the patriarchal circle. This is the only official which fell to the state.

The next annual meeting of the national convention of local freight agents will be held in Michigan, July 5, 1899, in the date and Detroit the place.

A rich body of iron ore has been struck near Norway.

Young Whitford, who was accused with killing John Maloney at the Soo, has been released.

Negaunee and Ishpeming will soon be connected by an electric railway.

Ben J. Duell, a convicted forger, escaped from the Grand Rapids jail the other night, but was recaptured later near Otsego lake.

The supreme court before adjourning made an order allowing Reporter Fuller three clerks for one year, at a salary of \$1,000 under the Pealer law. The amount previously allowed for clerks is \$600 per year, and reports are two years behind.

George Otis, a Decatur veteran who was dropped from the pension rolls two years ago, has been restored and receives \$800 back pay.

The furniture factory recently destroyed by fire at Bloomingdale, Van Buren county, will be rebuilt.

Abram Gates, a farmer living two miles west of Gregory, had 73 sheep killed by a train on the Air Line division of the Grand Trunk the other day.

The Michigan fruit crop, from present indications, will be as large as it ever was.

Ohio has not yet paid the widow of Sheriff Lynch of Alpena, the reward offered for the capture of Billy Morgan, although Lynch lost his life in accomplishing the job.

Ten saloon-keepers of St. Johns have been arrested on complaint of Mrs. Jack Crichton, charged with doing business on the Fourth of July.

Ella Vaughn, Clara Arnold and Joe Hughes have been arrested at Bay City on a charge of stealing \$425 from Dr. Chester Cary of Columbusville. The doctor says the theft occurred on the Fourth, while he was in the city celebrating.

Joseph McDonald of Akron, Tuscola county, disappeared in August of last year. His remains were found near Akron a few days ago. It is supposed he was waylaid and foully do-it with, to get possession of a considerable sum of money which he had, and which others know of.

The water board of Detroit figures the population of that city as 204,000.

Battle Creek has got out an injunction to prevent the Grand Trunk from laying any more tracks on Hall street in that city.

We take no stock in the rumor that the new secretary has ordered a lot of navy plugs to stop the leaks on our war vessels.

A Russian navy officer has invented a method of searching the sea or coast by night, which does not reveal the position of the ship. A mortar fires a buoyant shell containing a compound which ignites on reaching the water and lights up the surrounding area.

George Petrie, while cutting peat on the island of Burray, Orkney, found some curious and valuable silver coins and ornaments. There were twenty-five armlets and bangles and twenty-two neck rings of silver wire, rope pattern. The coins are of the eleventh century.

Irvin Locklear rode into Arcadia, Fla., with an incorrigible mustang, which he sold to a negro cheap, on the ground that it was too lazy to suit him. During the day every daisy in Arcadia was thrown from the mustang's back, and Irvin "hung around just to see the fun."

A handsome white woman was found recently living with a Chinaman in San Francisco. Her little daughter, by a white husband, was with her, and had been taught to call the Monzolian "papa." Another daughter, fifteen years of age, lives with another Chinaman.

One afternoon, while Nellie Sawtelle, of Smithfield, Me., was sleeping on a lounge, a pet cat of the family threw across her neck an adder which measured three feet in length. She threw it on the floor, where it showed fight, so as to keep her a prisoner until a neighbor arrived and killed it.

A metallurgist gives as a reason why steel will not weld as readily as wrought iron that it is not partially composed of cinder, as seems to be the case with wrought iron, which assists in forming a fusible alloy with the scale of oxidation formed on the surface of the iron in the furnace.

A fisherman at Winthrop, Me., tells that he caught a pickerel through the ice at Lake Maranocook last January and found in its stomach a roll of undigested bank bills amounting to \$300. He thinks the money was lost by a sporting man whose boat was upset on the lake shore more than a year ago.

A genius somewhat resembling Adam Badeau has turned up at Cape Girardeau, Mo. He has succeeded the estate of John P. Hitt, for \$3,000 for writing a book for the deceased, entitled: "The Doctrines of Election." Hitt was a wealthy old crank with no education, and an absorbing desire for literary distinction.

Captain Morris, of the British schooner, Galena, which arrived at Charleston, S. C. from New York recently reports that when off Frying Pan shoals, a carrier pigeon flew on board. On one leg was a rubber band with "88" stamped on it. No vessel was in sight of the time. The pigeon was brought to Charleston.

The most eastern point in the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most northern is Point Barrow, Alaska; the most western is Alton Island, and the most southern is Key West. Working from these four points, many will be surprised when they locate the geographical center of the United States.

# AWFUL TRAGEDY!

## AUGUST ROSENBERG OF BOSTON A TRIPLE MURDERER AND SUICIDE.

The Steamer Rapel Sunk and Eleven of her Crew Drowned, off Socorro Island.

## CITIZENS OF JOHNSTOWN DIS-SATISFIED WITH THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

## A Woman and Her Three Children Murdered.

August Rosenberg had been living near Boston with Mrs. Catherine Smith for about a year as her husband, but it is the general belief that they were not married. Rosenberg had complained about the way he had been treated in money matters by the woman. Neighbors were aroused at about 1 o'clock the other morning by a number of pistol shots, and when the police entered the front door they encountered the dead body of Thomas Smith, who probably received his wound upstairs and succeeded in reaching the lower landing before falling. A bullet had entered his forehead. He was the eldest of the children, of which there were five.

Mrs. Smith was in bed. The indications were that she was shot while asleep. The ball entering the right temple. All the children occupied rooms in the attic. Willie, aged 12, and Augustus, aged 8, slept together in a room by themselves. The former was shot through the body. The wound will probably prove fatal. Augustus was shot in the mouth, physicians think his recovery possible. Charles, aged five, was slightly wounded. He was in bed with his little sister Mabel, one year younger.

Rosenberg jumped from a window after accomplishing his bloody work, but his dead body was shortly afterward found in Duce court, about 500 feet from the scene of the murders. There was no wound, and from the froth at his mouth it is supposed that he either died in a fit or by poison. The fiendish crime causes considerable excitement.

### No Rebate for Veterans.

The celebrated G. A. R. circular against the railroads has been formulated, and was sent through all official channels. The circular states that it has been impossible to secure the customary rate of one cent per mile for veterans who were to attend the national encampment of 1899 to be held at Milwaukee, Wis., during the last week in August. It is felt that, in view of the fact that a rate of one-half a cent per mile has been granted excursionists to Niagara Falls, and a rate of less than a cent per mile allowed the German turverein national meeting at Cincinnati, the men whose services and sacrifices have made it possible for these railroads to exist are at least entitled to the reasonable rate which has been asked.

The refusal of the request is looked upon as an unfair discrimination against the veterans of the late war, and in concurrent action with the department commanders of Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, it is asked that the anticipated pleasure be foregone, as a matter of self-respect and self defense, and in a dignified but resolute manner, resist this great injustice meted out to the old soldiers by the railroad managers.

### Johnstown, New York, Flooded.

A heavy rain at Johnstown, N. Y., Tuesday caused all streams to become swollen, and did very extensive damage to property. The downpour caused the Cayuta dam to crack, causing a raging torrent, and it soon burst its bounds. Two dams gave way and the torrent quickly carried with it the several skin factories along its banks, valued at many hundreds of dollars. A number of other buildings and outhouses were also swept away.

The Pond, Johnstown & Gloversville railroad loses some seven or eight bridges. There was another bridge crossing the creek and on it, viewing the flood, were some forty persons. This bridge was torn from its foundations, but it is not positively known how many persons, if any, were lost.

At 12 Tuesday night rain was falling in torrents in Johnstown, and the flood assuming a terrible aspect. Mills and sheds were being carried rapidly away.

The telephone was the only source of news as all trains were stopped and the above are all the particulars up to Wednesday p. m.

### A New Department.

Secretary Rusk of the agricultural bureau established a new division charged with the important duty of editing the reports and bulletins issued by the various divisions of the department, so many of which, being prepared by scientific men for scientific eyes, are comparatively lost to the general public, especially the secretary believed, to that public which the department is particularly designed to serve—the farmers. Advance sheets of bulletins issued hereafter from any and every division of the department will pass through the secretary's office, and their contents will be carefully read and digested in the editorial division. A careful resume will then be prepared in the plainest possible language, giving in substance the facts and conclusions of each bulletin. This division will be in charge of Mr. George William Hill of Minnesota. Mr. Hill has been for many years editor and publisher of agricultural papers in the northwest, including the Prairie Farmer of Chicago and Farmer of St. Paul.

### Our Salmon Fisheries.

The secretary of the treasury has received a letter from the collector of customs at Sitka, Alaska, in regard to the salmon fisheries of that territory, in which he suggests that inasmuch as there are now over forty fishing and cannery corporations actively engaged in catching and preparing salmon for market, distributed over a large area, that he be authorized to visit such portions of the territory to see that the laws for the protection of these fisheries are properly enforced. He has been informed in reply that his request cannot be granted, because of the lack of appropriation out of which his expenses would be paid. It seems that while congress passed the act for the protection of the salmon fisheries of Alaska and to prevent the unauthorized killing of fur-bearing animals in Alaskan waters, yet it made no appropriation for carrying out such objects, no provision being made even for the publication of the President's proclamation on the subject as prescribed by the act.

### Eleven Drowned.

The steamer Rapel, belonging to the Compania Sud-Americana de Vapores, left Valparaiso, calling at Talcahuano, for Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. A telegram has been received from the Castro

announcing the total loss of the vessel and eleven of her crew. According to a telegram the Rapel struck on the rocks at Humboldt or Socorro island and went down immediately. Among the lost are W. McLaughlin, chief engineer; R. Elliott, purser; R. Schaeffer, second officer, and eight of the firemen and crew. Captain Carnby, the chief officer, second engineer, and three of the crew have arrived at Castro. The other members of the crew remained on the island awaiting succor.

### Complaints from Johnstown.

A mass meeting of citizens was held in Johnstown, Pa., the other night, for the purpose of denouncing the methods of disposing of the relief fund. Resolutions detailing their grievances were adopted. Many representative men of the place are unable to see where all the money already spent has been used, and want the matter carefully investigated. They think if the balance of the fund is placed in the hands of the local committee the money will be expended much more judiciously.

### Sullivan the Victim.

The fight between Sullivan and Kilrain took place at Hichburg, Miss., on the 8th instant. Seventy-five rounds were fought, at the end of which Kilrain threw up the sponge, and acknowledged his defeat. Neither of the combatants suffered serious injury. There was no interference on the part of the authorities to prevent the fight.

### MINOR HAPPENINGS.

The men at Carnegie's steel plant near Pittsburg are on a strike. A number of Pinkerton detectives have been sent to the works to preserve order. The strikers are thoroughly organized, and trouble is feared.

The Milino National Bank of Laredo, Tex., has secured judgment against Jay Gould and others in the supreme court of New York to recover \$32,214 which was paid by the bank in July, 1883, to the Southwest construction company, organized by them. The company was established to consolidate the Gould and Grant system of proposed railroads under Mexican grants. This money was advanced on the assurance of the directors that the necessary funds for carrying the enterprise through successfully had been obtained in Europe.

In order to prevent the quarantine against pleuro pneumonia from being raised, Secretary Rusk says he will, if necessary, enforce national regulations to effect the desired end.

Mrs. Tyler, the widow of President Tyler, died in Richmond, Va., a few days ago.

### THE MARKETS.

#### New York Markets.

Flour quiet but steady; fine, \$1.90@2.75; superfine, \$2.00@3.05; Minnesota extra, \$2.75@3.35. Wheat—Quiet and steady; No 2 red cash, 87c; No 2 mixed, 84c; No 2 Oats—Quiet; No 2 mixed, 27c. Pork—Quiet; new mess, \$13@13.25. Lard—Quiet, \$6.55. Butter—Dull; western creamery fancy, 11@11.50; Cheese—Dull; 6@7.75. Eggs—Quiet, 14@14.50.

Chicago Produce Market.  
Wheat—Steady, 80@81c. Corn—35@36c. Oats, 22@23c. Pork—\$11.25. Lard—\$6.25@6c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.  
Hogs—Light grades, \$4.45@4.50; rough packing, \$4.00@4.25; mixed lots, \$4.35@4.55; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$4.30@4.40. Cattle—Market strong; native heaves higher, \$8.50@9.00; cows, \$1.75@3.20; stockers, \$2.00@2.15; Texans, \$2.50@3.50. Sheep—Market steady; muttons, \$1.50@2.20; lambs, \$4.75@5.00; Texans, \$3.25@4.10.

Detroit Produce Market.  
Wheat—No. 2 red 80c; No 3 red 74c. Corn, 39c. Oats, 20c.

Apples—New southern, 35@40c per bushel; fancy, \$1.00@2.50 per bushel, as per quality.

Butter—Best sections, in large lots, 11@12c; common and streaked, 8@10c; choice fresh creamery, 11@12c; fancy, 15c; old-fashioned, 13@15c.

Berries—Gooseberries, \$2.50@3.50 per stand; raspberries, black, \$3@3.50 per bushel; red do, \$3.75@4; blackberries, Lawtons, \$2.00 per stand and rare, receipts mostly soft; whortleberries, \$7.

Beans—Dollars are offering \$1.65@1.70 for hand-picked lots. Locals.

Cheese—Full cream, 8@10c as per quality. Cabbages—New cream, \$1.20@1.50 per 2 bushel crate.

Cherries—\$3@3.50 per stand for sour. Currants—75c@81c per bushel; supply large; a drug.

Dressed Meats—Beef, 4@7c per lb; veal, 6@8c; mutton, 7@10c; spring lambs, 12c.

Eggs—12c per dozen; single crates, 13c. Prices firm and regular.

Flour—Michigan patent, \$5@5.25 per bushel; roller process, \$4.75; Minnesota patent, \$5@5.25; Minnesota bakers, \$5@5.50; rye flour, \$3.25.

Fish—Fresh whitensh and trout 6c per lb; bass, 7c; dressed out 7c; No 1 pickerel 6c; No 2 do, 5c; sturgeon, 5c; grass pike, 4c.

Green corn—12c per dozen ears. Hides—No 1 green, 4c per lb; No 2 do, 3c; No 3 do, 2c; No 4 do, 1c; No 5 do, 1c; No 6 do, 1c; No 7 do, 1c; No 8 do, 1c; No 9 do, 1c; No 10 do, 1c; No 11 do, 1c; No 12 do, 1c; No 13 do, 1c; No 14 do, 1c; No 15 do, 1c; No 16 do, 1c; No 17 do, 1c; No 18 do, 1c; No 19 do, 1c; No 20 do, 1c; No 21 do, 1c; No 22 do, 1c; No 23 do, 1c; No 24 do, 1c; No 25 do, 1c; No 26 do, 1c; No 27 do, 1c; No 28 do, 1c; No 29 do, 1c; No 30 do, 1c; No 31 do, 1c; No 32 do, 1c; No 33 do, 1c; No 34 do, 1c; No 35 do, 1c; No 36 do, 1c; No 37 do, 1c; No 38 do, 1c; No 39 do, 1c; No 40 do, 1c; No 41 do, 1c; No 42 do, 1c; No 43 do, 1c; No 44 do, 1c; No 45 do, 1c; No 46 do, 1c; No 47 do, 1c; No 48 do, 1c; No 49 do, 1c; No 50 do, 1c; No 51 do, 1c; No 52 do, 1c; No 53 do, 1c; No 54 do, 1c; No 55 do, 1c; No 56 do, 1c; No 57 do, 1c; No 58 do, 1c; No 59 do, 1c; No 60 do, 1c; No 61 do, 1c; No 62 do, 1c; No 63 do, 1c; No 64 do, 1c; No 65 do, 1c; No 66 do, 1c; No 67 do, 1c; No 68 do, 1c; No 69 do, 1c; No 70 do, 1c; No 71 do, 1c; No 72 do, 1c; No 73 do, 1c; No 74 do, 1c; No 75 do, 1c; No 76 do, 1c;

Wayne.

Jno. Bowers gave Wayne a short c 11 Saturday night.

Bert Baker has accepted a position at the County House.

F. B. Hickok has returned and will attend to business in his gallery.

Quite a number of gents took in the city Saturday, returning in good shape.

Geo. Corlett has departed for parts unknown. Geo. intends to stay this time.

Farmers are very busy this week getting in their hay and some have cut their wheat.

We don't play ball any more. Why? Because we can't get anybody to play against us.

Jno. Marker will fill the place of Mr. Sims in L. & Stellwagen's during the latter's absence.

Vincent, the champion wrestler got thrown in his bout with Sims at Belleville, last Saturday night.

Wesley Vanness left for Ovid, his former home Sunday, where he will work in the shop. He leaves a host of friends among the young people.

In the lawsuit between Jno. Lee, a colored man, and Mr. Goudy, a German, for trespass, decision was rendered in favor of Lee, he getting six cents damages. Attorneys, Cullen for Lee and Deming for the German.

Mrs. Milliman died early Monday morning from consumption. The deceased was a very highly respected lady. She leaves two small children who will be kindly taken care of by relatives, their father being killed in a railroad accident some time ago.

Married by the Rev. J. McIlwain on Tuesday July 16th, at the residence of the bride's parents in Canton, Clarence E. Heckman of Idaho and Miss Emma Lang, eldest daughter of Jno. Lang. The happy couple immediately started on their wedding journey, with the best wishes of friends and relatives.

Livonia.

We had a fine rain last Sunday.

Charles Meining had a good horse die last week.

J. C. Fairchild is working for H. Wells of Plymouth.

We hear some complaint of potatoes being struck with the blight.

Asa Roberts is the first man to draw wheat in the barn in this town.

Almond Fisher of Wayne is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Maria Vanhouten at this place.

It is reported that Robert Carpenter, who went to Tennessee last spring is on his way home.

There was a large amount of hay cut and put in the barns in the best of order in this town last week.

Charles Base says he is going to challenge Sullivan. We will bet our money on Charley if it is drinking pop.

Oats will be a very large crop in this section if nothing happens to them. We never saw them look better at this time of the year.

Thomas Smitherman an old and respected citizen of this town died Wednesday, last week, aged 70. He was buried on Friday.

You can get a little more for wool this season than last and you can pay more for sugar, coffee and binding twine and some other articles, and men have got to work for lower wages in factories or get out.

Denton.

Mrs. Jsb. Smith is again on the sick list.

Mrs. Charles Duffree of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. L. J. Anderson.

Carl M. Sines is attending the summer term of school at the Normal.

Mrs. John Schlicht, who has been very sick for the past month is somewhat better at this writing.

George Palmer who has been slak with nervous prostration for some time is slowly recovering.

Miss Eva J. Babcock and Blanche Anderson will visit friends at Wayne and Detroit for the next few weeks.

The Young People's Alliance will hold their next meeting at the residence of Mrs. L. J. Anderson, Tuesday evening, July 23.

The cherry trees in this vicinity are being rapidly relieved of their burdens. The results is the mournful chirp of the robin in the distance.

The "Mothers' Friend."

Not only shortens labor and lessens pain attending it, but greatly diminishes the danger to life of both mother and child if used a few months before confinement. Write to The Briddfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

More than 22,000,000 acres of American soil belongs to non-resident aliens.

A persistent candidate for a consulate has been arrested in Washington for vagrancy.

The Supreme Lodge Knights of Honor, in session at Indianapolis, Ind., has elected A. R. Savage of Lewiston, Me., supreme dictator.

The death is announced of William Wright, LL. D., professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. He was in his sixtieth year.

The cash value of currency, coin and securities turned over to United States Treasurer Huston by ex-Treasurer Hayatt is stated at \$722,000,000.

The brewery-buying syndicate is reported to have offered \$10,000,000 for the Blatz Brewery of Milwaukee, Wis., and to be trying to get options on other breweries in that city.

Western towns are not giving the rate of mortality nor bragging about average, but the point is to convince new comers that cyclones always pass to the right or left by a few miles.

A philosopher on a western paper finds that only one person in every 10,000 dies in bed while asleep and concludes that it is a waste of time to lie awake and worry over the danger of that.

They are now tanning leather in New York by electricity. A green hide becomes French calf in less than half a day, and the leather dealers find it much easier to lie about it than formerly.

Yes, the sheriff bungled when he hung the Bald Knobbers. But each one of the murderers had killed his man and whipped his woman, and they did not take particular pains not to bungle.

A Boston woman imported quill pens from Germany at twenty-five cents apiece for three years before she discovered that a man in the same block furnished much better ones for a nickel.

A correspondent of the Rochester Herald, who has been doing California for the last six months, figures that fifty men have dropped their dollars in real estate where one single man has made \$10,000.

Job Smith, a forty-year old masher of New Hampshire, must answer to the law for having seven wives. He says he meant to make the number twenty before he stopped, but a friend gave him away.

In trying to eat ten pounds of roast beef on a wager the other day, George Lane, a resident of Rutland, overestimated his capacity and fell over in a fit and died. He thought he was a hog, but he wasn't.

John White, a Nevada miner, objected to Henry Wakenfield singing "The Sweet By-and-By," and as Henry refused to cut it short he was hurled down a shaft 100 feet deep, and his sad song silenced forever.

Little Jennie Williams, of Maine, had a snow slide and the spring came and melted the snow, and she got down the box of Rough on Rats and took the short line to the land where disappointment never comes.

The secretary of state is in receipt of a despatch from Mr. Bragg, the United States minister to Mexico enclosing a communication from the Mexican secretary of the treasury to the Mexican congress, showing that the house of Blochroeder had accepted the option for the \$2,900,000 to complete the \$6,500,000 loan.

A new horse disease has made its appearance in New York State, and is baffling the veterinary surgeons. The horses are attacked with a cough, have a high fever, and in some instances become blind; their limbs get stiff and they sweat profusely, refuse food and their eyes grow dull and heavy. The disease is said to be contagious.

The United States supreme court has decided that a notary public cannot legally administer an oath to a United States official, holding that an oath can be administered only by the officer specifically named in the law requiring the oath. This opinion, it is believed, seriously affects the status of more than a hundred thousand cases in the mineral division alone of the general land office.

A Birmingham (Ala.) physician, now in the insane asylum at Tuscaloosa, not long ago performed a wonderful surgical operation on himself. He put himself under the influence of cocaine, deliberately cut into his own abdominal cavity, removed a tumor from his liver, and sewed the incision up. He has since entirely recovered from the effects of the operation.

Applications for pensions are beginning to come in at the pension office in Washington from the widows and dependent relatives of the officers and men who lost their lives in the recent naval disaster at Samoa. The widow of Captain Schoonmaker of the Vandalia filed her claim a few days ago, and it has been submitted to the proper division for allowance. Her pension will amount to \$30 per month.

Inquiry at the department of state, based upon the report from Ottawa that a British war vessel is to be sent to Behring Sea to investigate seizures of illegal sealers, elicits the fact that nothing has been done by this government in this matter since the issue of the president's proclamation, which distinctly notified all nations of the intention of the United States to protect the seal and fish life from depredation.

News from San Francisco is to the effect that, while there is reason to believe that the new cruiser Charleston will ultimately succeed in fulfilling the contract requirements, much remains to be done upon the vessel, and probably at the government's expense, before this expectation is realized. The trouble with the machinery, it is inferred, arises from faults in the drawings furnished by the English designers rather than in the workmanship.

A scheme is being perfected for long-distance telephoning, which contemplates the connection by telephone of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis and Kansas City with each other, and with the east through Chicago. Chicago and Milwaukee are now being brought into connection, the east is already provided, and the rest of the circuit which will be for business only, will be in working order as soon as possible.

DOHMSTREICH BROS.

The General Merchants.

Fine Merchant Tailoring a Specialty.



Fine Merchant Tailoring a Specialty.

DOHMSTREICH BROS.

Combine the Finest Workmanship with the Lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Suits to measure, \$10. Pants to measure, 3.

LOWEST PRICES ON EARTH.

It must be known that we can't be beaten on prices and will not on quality and want the world to know it.

Come and make a critical examination of our stock and comparison of prices before buying.

Dohmstreich Bros.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper.

Epoch. The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the life of the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the great alternative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Claffee & Hunter's drug store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Man, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dead Shot on Moles!

IF YOUR LAWN IS BEING DESTROYED BY MOLES, SEND \$2.00 TO W. N. WHERRY, Plymouth, Mich.

For one of the above traps, they are sure to catch them. J. C. Stellwagen, merchant at Wayne Mich caught 29 in less than one yard space. We can name many others who have had equally good success.

Patented in the United States and Canada.

Bargains in Real Estate.

For particulars concerning any of the following bargains, call on or address TWO GOOD HOUSES IN PLYMOUTH, ONE OF them with two lots and another with six lots; for sale cheap. TO EXCHANGE FOR A GOOD FARM. A NICE brick house, almost new, on Lafayette avenue, Detroit.

BARGAIN NO. 1. Farm for sale: 30 acres, 8 1/2 miles from Plymouth; house, barn, orchard, good well; excellent location, short distance from school house. Unable to work it is the reason for wishing to sell. Price \$1,400, part down.

BARGAIN NO. 2. Six acres land, 4 1/2 rods on the road and 24 rods deep, 1 1/2 miles from Plymouth good house, barn and other outbuildings; in excellent condition. Plenty of good fruit; good "drive" well, which never fails; beautiful place. Price \$1,500, with very easy terms.

BARGAIN NO. 3. Only 2 1/2 miles from Plymouth B on best road; 3 1/2 acres fine garden land; 20 trees choicest apples and cherries. House has 10 rooms and splendid large cellar; rooms newly papered walls and ceilings, and well painted throughout; everything convenient and in perfect repair; double floor; weights and pulleys in windows etc.; 30 rods from good school; 10 rods from post office, church public hall and store. A splendid well of pure falling, pure water and a very large stone cistern. First-class neighborhood and the most desirable place of its size within ten miles. Title perfect; no encumbrance; easy terms. Buildings all new or equivalent to new. Will be sold dirt cheap.

J. H. STEERS, Plymouth.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Detroit, on the third day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine: Present, Edgar O. Duffree, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of BETSEY SIMMONS, deceased. George W. Simmes, the administrator of said estate, having rendered to this court his final administration account and filed therewith his petition praying that the residue of said estate may be assigned to him. It is ordered, that Tuesday, the sixth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for said account and hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the PLYMOUTH MAIL, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Wayne. EDGAR O. DUFFREE, Judge of Probate. GEORGE W. SIMMES, Register.

Sewing machines repaired and new parts furnished when required. Needle and oil for sale. J. H. Steers, Plymouth.

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

FOR SALE. I have several pieces of good property in Wayne for sale on very easy terms. A dwelling on Norris street, nine rooms, excellent cellar, cistern, woodshed, etc., very desirable. The property now occupied by the Wayne County Review. The vacant lot west of the Review office. The first dwelling west of the Review office. Also the property known as Central Hall. Plenty of time given if desired. Want to sell because I am unable to look after them. J. H. STEERS, Plymouth, Mich.

RICE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, (Late The Madison.) Corner of Jefferson-avenue and Randolph-street, DETROIT, MICHIGAN. J. D. RICE, Prop'r. E. C. SPRAGUE, Clerk.

CENTRALLY LOCATED. Being within three squares of the Brushstreet Depot, where passengers arrive by the Grand Trunk, Lake Shore, and the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railroads. Three lines of street cars pass the door—Jefferson-avenue line (which connects with Michigan Central Depot); the Trumbull-avenue, and the Congress and Baker-street lines. Woodward-avenue and Fort-street lines pass within two squares.

MEALS 25 CENTS. Rates—Per day, \$1.25 to \$1.50. Rooms without board, 50c, 75c, and \$1.



Princess Victoria of Prussia.

The engagement of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, oldest son of the Prince of Wales, to his cousin Princess Victoria of Prussia, daughter of Emperor Frederick of Germany, has just been announced. Princess Victoria was born in 1866, and is therefore now twenty-three years old, and is said to be a charming, sympathetic girl, who has always been very fond of England. Few Princesses have been so much talked of as she, owing to her former engagement to the ex-Prince of Bulgaria. It will be remembered that Prince Bismarck was bitterly opposed to this match on account of the offense which the marriage would give to Russia, and the consequences of which would most likely have led to war. A bitter struggle took place between the Prince who was supported by all Germany, and the Empress, and poor Emperor Frederick's short reign was very much embittered by all this. The engagement was postponed, but not given up, and it was well understood that the marriage was to have taken place this year. Great was therefore the astonishment when in February last Prince Alexander suddenly married an opera singer. There can be little doubt that the Princess Victoria's engagement to Prince Albert Victor is the direct work of the Queen herself, who had always favored Prince Alexander of Bulgaria's suit, and who has thus procured Princess Victoria a compensation for having been jilted.

American bootlers in Canada will learn with dismay that the imperial government will approve the extradition bill passed by the Canadian parliament, which is retroactive according to the opinion of the attorney general of the dominion. If this opinion holds, our government may ask the surrender of the bootlers who have fled from this country to Canada, and in that case the Canadian government would very likely feel disposed to give them up as an evidence of good faith in passing the law. There is a good deal of sympathy in Canada for what is known as the "American colony," a number of whom have become identified with the best society there. But as this did not prevent the passage of the law, it will not be powerful enough to protect them in case this government should ask for their surrender.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is expected back in London by the end of next September. He has already been booked for a series of lectures, the first of which is to be delivered in October. He is to receive \$250 a night for lectures delivered in London, and \$400 a night for those delivered in the provinces. Stanley evidently bears a charmed life. He has been reported dead a score of times in as many months, yet notwithstanding this, managers of lecture bureaus are counting on him as the drawing card in the coming season.

Thomas Jefferson once said: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Mr. Jefferson was a discerning man, and evidently knew what he was talking about.

IN PRIMITIVE CLOTHES

NEVER BECAME A LEGISLATOR.

Mr. Ruggles Was Only Getting Some Bait for His Hook but He Really Got Into Trouble—Naked Innocence.

[Special Correspondence.]

Ellison R. Ruggles, attorney at law, was a "crank," in the popular acceptance of the term.

Ellison had been for some forty years a sedate and sensible piscatorial crank when two great misfortunes befell him. He fell in love and into politics at one and the same time.



HE LEFT HIS CLOTHES BEHIND HIM.

He loved Judge Foote's daughter, Irene, aged nineteen, which was scarcely creditable to the sagacity of an angler of forty years standing.

He accepted a nomination for the state assembly, salary \$600, which was a piece of folly only to be exceeded by his unconditional surrender to Cupid.

With his soul full of worship for the beautiful Irene, with his brow full of the furrows of political anxiety, and with his arms full of his own clothes, Mr. Ruggles stood upon the high bank of Clear creek one morning early in June. He was in nature's own uniform, ready to wrestle the many-legged helgramites hid under the stones in the swirling creek below—his favorite bait for bars. Ellison R. Ruggles placed his apparel upon the bank, then, pail in hand, he waded up stream to a rich harvest of helgramite. An hour of labor, then—the sound of feminine voices!

A meteoric flash of red as Ellison sprang toward his canoe at the landing place!

Would he be too late to reach his clothes?

He would. Back to the canoe! He could conceal himself. He did so by lying down behind the boat.

Nearer and nearer came the merry voices! Suddenly the ladies have come upon a large part of a fisherman's wardrobe.

"Oh, girls! There has been a suicide! What shall we do! What shall we do!"

Ellison R. Ruggles held his breath and hugged the hard stones of the landing closer.

"Maybe the poor fellow is not yet drowned and we ought to go down to the landing place and help him," said Irene, with rare presence of mind in this critical moment.

A heavy cold sweat broke out by the quart, all over Ellison R. Ruggles' supine form.

"Oh, no!" screamed a frightened girl, "we had better take the clothes back to the hotel and notify Col. Chester and the others."



DOES IT MEAN SUICIDE.

Half an hour later Col. Chester seated on the veranda of the Newton Falls house was astonished by the sudden appearance of a bevy of excited girls, headed by Miss Irene Foote, who, with pale faces and quivering lips, related some uncorroborated facts about a distressing suicide and exhibited the raiment of the suicide.

Now Col. Chester was Ellison R. Ruggles' opponent in the warm political campaign then on.

Col. Chester recognized that fisherman's outfit.

Very innocently and sympathetically, the Colonel said: "I will go back with

you and see if there is anything in this story of a suicide."

With anxious hearts the party hurried toward the scene. Suddenly the Colonel stopped, gazed fixedly ahead and then sat down upon the grass and roared with laughter. The ladies were shocked.

What had the Colonel seen? "Why, simply a birch bark canoe climbing the fence at a distant field. The 'suicide' was plain as day to the Colonel now. When he saw that canoe scoot across a portion of the meadow toward a hay stack and suddenly crouch down in the high grass, the Colonel hurried forward. The party stopped within hearing distance of the hidden canoe.

And there the Colonel held the party one half hour, while he told about a man he once knew who got over head and heels in debt and feigned suicide. This man took some old clothes to the river bank, let his hat float down the river and then sneaked out of town at night, thus avoiding his creditors.

"It is just possible," wound up the Colonel, "that some such game as this is being played and we may be just in time to discover the rascal. Hadn't we better look around a little?"

The canoe over, in the meadow trembled in every fibre.



A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR.

At this moment Irene came walking slowly from the spot where the clothes had been found. Her face was flushed. She handed to Colonel Chester a scrap of paper on which was roughly scribbled:

"Will the officious person who removed those clothes please replace them, so I can go home as becomes a gentleman.

MR. BLANK.

The searchers after suicides returned, quietly and meekly, to Newton Falls, everybody mad save the Colonel.

That night Ellison R. Ruggles was sitting in his private office, trying to imagine some spot in the hereafter of adequate torment to meet the deserts of one Col. Chester, when the gentleman of his thoughts entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Ruggles."

"How are you?"

"I saw you were out canoeing to-day. Didn't you find the dew in that meadow a little light for very good sport?"

And everybody wonders at the coolness that exists between those two gentlemen.

BRANCH OF CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Route to Follow the Great River Valleys—it Would Open Fertile Lands, Timber Tracts and Rich Mines.

[Special Correspondence.]

More than twenty years have now elapsed since the United States came into possession of Alaska, yet it is only lately that we have begun to appreciate its value, and even yet the majority of American readers know little or nothing in regard to the resources and possible economical development of British Columbia.

Alaska's seal and other fur products have paid a good interest on the purchase money, and its salmon fisheries are already of large importance, while the yield of cod and halibut is steadily increasing. The southern part of the Alaskan coast and its adjacent islands contain extensive forests of valuable timber, and upon almost every river that comes down to the sea gold has been discovered. At certain points mines are at present operated upon a great scale and large settlements exist. Alaska possesses several navigable rivers. In the valley of the Liard, and along the little Mackenzie, whose sources are not far distant, the Hudson's Bay Company have had posts for many years, and the Indians of that region are so nearly civilized that all have abandoned to a great extent the ways of savage life, wear civilized garments and profess allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, whose missionaries have long dwelt among them.

There is no physical reason why this district should not be connected by a railway along the eastern base of the mountains with the Canadian Pacific, and one is already projected from Calgary to Edmonton—a long step in that direction. But this is not where the road to Alaska is proposed to be built, though it would be possible to carry it that way.

Now the great Columbian river, rising not far north of the United States boundary, in the narrow valley between the

Rockies and the Selkirks, flows turbulently northward until it passes in a sharp loop around the northern extremity of the latter's mighty barrier, and then flows back straight southward between the Selkirks



SEAL HUNTING IN ALASKA.

and the Golk range and on into Washington territory. About 200 miles north of the boundary the Canadian Pacific railway traverses all three ranges of mountains, twice bridging the Columbia, once east of and again west of the Selkirks. Into the Columbia, about 75 miles north of this railway, where the current sweeps in a mighty, semicircular canon around the head of the range, the Columbia receives a powerful tributary, coming down a broad wooded valley for two hundred miles, or probably more from the north. This is Canoe river, along which lay the old fur traders' trail, over Yellowhead pass, between Prince Rupert's Land and Oregon.



NOT A COW ON THE TRACK, BUT SEALS.

It is along these two great valleys of the Columbia and Canoe rivers, and their continuation northward, that competent engineers have marked upon the map a feasible route for a railway to and into the borders of Alaska; and they assert that, although its cost would be heavy, it would not be beyond the just expenditure of capital, since the resources of the country opened and the development of international trade would, in due time, return a large interest upon the private investment and justify the governmental aid which is sought.

Sauce for Goose Ain't Jest the Juice for Ganders.

Storekeeper (to clerk)—"I must get rid of these oranges in some way. I was deceived in them."

Clerk—"Aren't they sweet?"

Storekeeper—"No; they are as sour as lemons, but we must get rid of them."

Storekeeper (later to customer)—

"Would you like some oranges, ma'am?"

Customer—"Are they real sweet?"

Storekeeper—"Oh, yes; indeed, sweet as sugar."

Customer—"Well, I'll take a dozen, since you say they are sweet. Here's your money—a quarter, you said?"

Storekeeper (taking an examining quarter)—"Madam, I can't take this quarter; it's punched."

Storekeeper (to clerk, after customer has gone)—"That's just the way it is. Storekeepers must always have their eyes open for dishonest people. The audacity of some people is sickening."

But the Males Did Not Reciprocate.

Wife—"Miss Prim sends and receives a great many letters. She must have a good many correspondents."

Husband—"Yes, she always had a predilection for the males."

A Horrible Possibility.

Miss Loudstone—"Shall I sing something for you, Mr. Nambly?"

Nambly—"I'd rather you wouldn't, Miss Loudstone. This is the anniversary of my dear brother's death."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Mysterious Phenomena of Cataplexy—The Celebrated Case of the Fakir of Lahore.

Letter in the New York Tribune: Dr. W. B. Carpenter says in his "Physiology": "It is quite certain that an apparent cessation of all the vital functions may take place without that entire loss of vitality which would leave the organism in the condition of a dead body, liable to be speedily disintegrated by the operation of chemical and physical agencies." It is also apparently a fact that such "apparent cessation of all the vital functions" may continue for an indefinite period when the right conditions exist. The best known illustration of this is the case of the fakir of Lahore, who was buried for six weeks, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, as attested by Sir Claude Wade, the British resident at the court of Loodhiana, in 1837. In this thoroughly authenticated case—which, however, is but one of a class of similar facts known to Anglo-Indians and travelers—the fakir was first put into a linen bag, the bag was placed in a wooden box, fastened with a padlock, the wooden box was deposited in a cell in the middle of a large brick vault, every aperture of which but one was bricked up, while the remaining door was built up with mud above the lock, and fastened with the rajah's seal. As a final precaution a company of soldiers was detailed to guard the vault day and night, four sentries constantly patrolling its four sides during the whole period. When at the expiration of six weeks the vault and the box was successively opened Sir Claude Wade, who with Runjeet Singh had entered the building and taken their places close to the body so as to see everything, says this is what appeared before them: "The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. Accordingly I did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed, as it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, a heat at the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

"The servant then recommended bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjeet Singh taking his right, and I his left leg to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch thick, on the top of the head, a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his ears and nostrils, the cotton with which they were stopped; and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed the eye lids with ghee, or clarified butter for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of his head his body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs became dilated and recovered their natural color, when the fakir, recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible: 'Do you believe me now?' Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the fakir with a pearl necklace and superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of muslin and silk, and shawls forming what is called a khalat, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction. From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed, and in another half hour the fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed."

It was the woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—Leisure Hours.

## LOVE FOR SALE.

A little innocent, with eyes  
The color of the summer sky,  
And clear and limpid as a well  
Of water in a moss-lined cell.

Boldly crept upon my knee,  
Prattling with childish glee,  
And though we never had met before,  
It hugged and kissed me 'er and 'er.

I'll have to change my creed, I thought  
"That love is always sold or bought,"  
For children's love is freely given,  
And pure as air—the gift of Heaven.

The kissing and the prattling ceased,  
While solemnly the urchin gazed,  
And spoke in hushing murmurs low,  
"Fo' ev' cuts I will lub do mo'."

## THE MEEK FAMILY.

I don't know what I had done to merit the spite of fortune, which led me to No. 132 Peckover street in search of lodgings.

Were the apartments dingy? Decidedly so. The paper was of a very trying pattern—in two drabs; the carpet rather more trying in yellows and browns, with this advantage, that its pattern was almost worn threadbare and pleasantly effaced. The yellow drapery was of similar hue to the paper, and muslin curtains, drawn partially across, had become reduced by dust and smoke to the same subdued color.

There were one or two striking portraits (family ones probably) on the walls, and a yet more striking fire-stove ornament in the grate. I forget further details.

The landlady was elderly and limp, with a sort of washed-out and plaintive aspect, and a tendency to sigh and fold her hands. She was very attentive, however and anxious to show her "first floor" to the best advantage.

"The curtains will wash?" said I, looking around.

"Dear, yes, sir, surely! We was lettin' 'em hang to save the others, which the sun fades 'em so, being the worst of stuffs and such like. Like all earthly things, as fades mostly, don't they air?"

The landlady sighed gently and folded her hands again. She wore black worsted mittens.

"I hope," I said, in my polite way, "you don't mind my naming it—but, of course—your—ahem—the—the bed—is free, you know—from any little annoyances?"

I had had my experience—preceding those three years of paradise and Mrs. Chick, and I was nervous, partly from dread of the indignation I had before aroused in the housekeeping breast by the above delicate question and partly from the recollection of results that had followed on the assurance of landladies of another class that their knowledge of natural history did not extend to the species alluded to, and that they were at fault to comprehend my meaning.

Mrs. Maudle (that was her name) adopted neither of these extremes; she only shook her head pensively and said: "To my knowledge there ain't a living flea in this house." (I didn't mean fleas, though) "but you know, sir, we live in a vale of tears, and in course there will be such trials for all at times. If I am so tried, I hope to bear it meekly."

And I think Mrs. Maudle shed a tear. "I am very glad to hear it," said I cheerfully, "now about terms, if I arrange to come."

"Oh, don't speak of terms, sir; I'm sure what you've been in the habit of paying will suit us, or less, maybe, as it's more for the keepin' of the rooms aired, bein' as the house is too big for us, and the protection of havin' a gent like yourself, under our roof, Maudle bein' low in his nerves of late years and myself haven't that sperrit as some have, which, I'm sure, sir, anything we can do to make you comfortable and feel at home, as there's no place like it—"

"Ah! thank you—thank you." The light—when the windows were cleaned—would suit my work, the exchequer was somewhat low, time was an object, and, taking all in all, I closed with my obliging landlady's terms, which gave her much pensive satisfaction.

"And if you'll be pleased to name your wishes, sir, in all respects," said Mrs. Maudle with a faint sigh in conclusion, "we hope to do our humble best to meet 'em."

"You're very good," said I; "I don't think you'll find me exacting; I confess to a few weaknesses. I dislike damp salt and smoky potatoes. I object to a hot dinner on a cold plate, and I'm partial to clean linen. That's about all, I think."

Mrs. Maudle readily acquiesced in these modest requirements, observing that "a hangel couldn't want less," and thereupon we parted.

In due time myself and my few belongings were conveyed in a cab to 132 Peckover street. I had dined, and beyond a cup of coffee wanted nothing. Mrs. Maudle brought me the coffee herself.

"I'm sure, sir, I hope it's as you like," said she, meekly; "but, if not, you'll kindly name it. And Sophonisba Ann will bring you your water at any hour

you'll mention in the mornin', sir. Sophonisba Ann mostly waits on Lodgers, sir (that's my daughter), and I'm sure always willin', though that timid and soft-hearted—but there! don't mind me a sayin', as a mother, perhaps more than I ought respectin' my own."

I said I was much obliged to her and her daughter for their kind intentions and wished her good night. She sighed audibly, and held the door handle for another minute, then, with an air of resignation, retired.

Morning brought breakfast and Sophonisba Ann. This young person was, if possible, meeker and more depressed than her parent. She carried her head a little on one side and sniffed with every breath as if from chronic influenza. Her complexion was pale, not to say pasty, and her hair and eyebrows whitey brown. Sophonisba Ann's figure was remarkable for depression where fullness might be expected and a curious bulging tendency wherever the opposite effect was usual. Her attire was chiefly notable for hooks and eyes—with a difference of opinion that materially hindered friendship, and refractory hair-pins, which I found had a way of dropping out into all sorts of odd places. I found one, one day, at the bottom of my jug of porter, at dinner!

This interesting young person contrived to make a surprising clatter with the breakfast ware, upset a chair and threw down a pile of my books before making her exit. I attributed this to the timidity which her mother had assured me was counterbalanced by so many virtues, and could not in reason, complain; but when, in removing the breakfast things, the same pile of books underwent precisely the same fate, and gave me such a start that I nearly cut off a finger in mending a pen, I could not help saying, rather brusquely, "For heaven's sake, my good girl, be careful what you do next," which produced quite an attack of sniffling and a hasty retreat on the part of the unlucky maiden.

A little later in the day, my landlady knocked timidly at my door.

"Come in!" said I.

She came in fidgeting her hands and looking up at the ceiling.

"I'm sure, sir, you'll excuse it, though a liberty, but as I'm a mother, which it's nothing after all, and I've no call to worry, I'm certain, but it's my daughter, sir, a takin' on so after you spoke to her this mornin', and if you'd be so very kind, seein' as Sophonisba Ann is so tender-hearted—"

"What is it about?" I said, as the tearful lady paused to take breath. "I don't understand."

"Oh! and I'm sure you didn't mean for to hurt her feelin's, sir, and she owns it she's said as much in that kitchen down below to me. 'His way seemed harsh,' she says, 'but his heart's in the right place,' she says; 'I'm certain sure of it,' she says, and she's been a cryin' her eyes out, which Sophonisba Ann is rather stercial at times, sir. I tell her I'm sure you don't mean nothing, and likely it won't so occur again."

"Bless me?" said I, "this is very foolish; of course I didn't mean to hurt your daughter's feelings, ma'am; pray tell her so; I'll remember to speak less abruptly since you've named it."

"Oh! sir, you're the most feelin' gent as ever I did know, I'm sure, and I don't know whatever my gur'll say—and the last gent we had so different—so violent in his language; not to speak of banging the door. O dear! what it is to have a sperrit, which is what me and mine never had, and so the world tramples on us," said Mrs. Maudle.

"I hope not," said I. "You should take a more cheerful view of life, Mrs. Maudle."

I was very busy, and wished she would go, but she didn't.

"Well, sir," she observed with a sigh, "I always was one of the downhearted ones; and Maudle's nerves that low! I never shall forget when he asked me to have him—that's seven-and-twenty-year ago—'Mariar,' he says to me (that's my name)—'but there, sir, don't mind me, which as a wife I hope I have a wife's feelin's,' and Mrs. Maudle shed tears."

I did mind her very much, and devoutly wished her at the North Pole, as she stood in the doorway wiping her eyes with her apron, and evidently awaiting my sympathy.

"I'm sure Mr. Maudle's choice does him credit," I said desperately, "he couldn't do better than take a good wife to sooth the path of life for him; wasn't that your door-bell?"

"Sophonisba Ann will answer the door sir, which I think you was mistaken, and it didn't ring," said Mrs. Maudle. "I am sure I never did meet with a gentleman so thoughtful and feelin'; a real friend, as one may say, already, and I'm only thankful—"

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to shut that door, Mrs. Maudle," I gasped. "I'm subject to ear-ache, and the draught"—I hope I shall be forgiven for the fibs that woman caused me to invent. She slowly withdrew, murmuring motherly compassion, and faintly suggested pepper plaster and other mild remedies for ear-ache, while I took up my pen and tried to collect my scattered ideas.

I had not yet seen Mr. Maudle, the state of whose "nerves" kept him mostly confined to an armchair in the kitchen, but from occasional sounds of melody, something like feebly rendered choruses of a jovial nature, in which a slight confusion of consonants was perceptible, I concluded that even Mr. M. had intervals of comparative cheerfulness. Moreover, I discovered that there was a son of the house—a tall youth, with whitey-brown hair and skin, and a stoop in his shoulders—whose avocation seemed to be near at hand, by his punctual return to meals at stated hours in

the day. With this young man I was fated, alas! too soon to become acquainted.

One evening, a little before my dinner, Mrs. Maudle waited on me with an air of meek mystery, to ask if her son might "step up by-and-by" and speak to me, if so be that I had no objections.

His name, his mother told me, was Cincinnatus; he was rather low-spirited, and had, in fact, something on his mind.

"Dear me!" I said, "poor fellow! any trouble? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir—leastwise, nothing wrong. Cin's as innocent as the babe unborn, as to evil ways, sir; no, its the mind, that's where it is," (mysteriously) "he's got a soarin' mind, sir, and the world's too little for him."

"Indeed?" said I, mentally regretting that the young gentleman had selected me as the confidant of his mental trials; but, alas! I little guessed what was to come. Scarcely was the cloth removed when a modest rap announced my new acquaintance, and Cincinnatus entered, bearing a huge brown paper parcel, which he deposited with a jerk on the table, violently shaking back a long wisp of hair which kept falling rebelliously into his eyes, and sinking immediately into the first chair near, with an air of profound dejection.

This young man had a large nose of the solid Roman type, very red eyelids, and a sonorous voice with a twang in it. He told me he was in an attorney's office, but that the work was very distasteful to him, and he had thought of giving it up and turning author.

He had begun several works of importance, one of which (his "chef d'oeuvre," he called it,) he had brought up with him.

"Blank verse mostly, sir," he exclaimed; "in ten books, revealing the mysteries of a human soul to the moon, who is supposed to be listening—poetical license, of course—you understand. The first three books—"

"Isn't it a risk," interrupted I, shrinking from the prospect of being pressed into the same service as the moon, and resolved to be as practical as possible; "isn't it a risk to give up steady work for an uncertainty like literature?"

"Well, sir, mother talks like that, and she's right—and you're right, in one point of view," said the youth, meekly; "but when you've a soul, and when your soul mounts beyond the office stool, where are you then?"

He waved his hand descriptively, as it were, of an aerial flight; his nails were inky and very long.

"Well, I don't know," said I, "but hadn't you better—?"

But he had risen, and hurriedly commenced undoing the brown paper, withdrawing from it about fifty sheets of foolscap, well written over.

"Listen!" he cried oracularly, and slowly recited as follows:

Hail! cold, unfeeling orb, tho' thy bright ray  
Mocks the absorbing madness of my soul!  
Soon, soon thy last quarter will draw nigh;  
But sooner still for me the funeral bell shall toll.

"That's the opening lines," said he; "the next—"

"My friend," I said, "I am afraid you will find the public hard to satisfy; you must look for disappointment."

"That's all I look for, sir," he interrupted, "that and an early grave," he added, with a certain air of satisfaction.

"And as mother and father aren't as well off as they were, I daresay there won't even be a recordin' marble to tell the world that Cincinnatus Maudle lies below—but that's of no consequence."

He sighed.

"Aren't you a little out of health?" I asked at this point.

"Oh, yes, sir," he smiled. "I'm journeying to the tomb. I've no sort of a doubt about it myself, but the cold world will pass heedless by and think nothing of it. The world's so very sublimary! Don't you find it so, sir?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is that," I said, never having had cause to doubt it as a fact. "Yes, I suppose it is. But now let me advise you as a friend."

He looked up softly.

"I knew you would," he cried; "that's just it, you will assist me, and I'll step up of evenings and we'll go through it together gradual like. Yes I felt sure you'd be the friend to do it; when mother said, 'Cin, that's our first floor going out,' I felt as if I could open my heart to you like a brother; I did indeed, sir."

"Look here," I said, when he paused and stooped back the excited wisp of whitey-brown hair, with joyful vehemence; "Look here, I'll let you know when to bring it up. The fact is, I'm awfully busy just now; I haven't a minute to spare for study or the delights of the muse."

I smiled grimly as I almost pushed him out of the door, bearing his precious brown paper parcel, and overwhelming me with undeserved thanks. Inwardly I resolved never to have five minutes' leisure to listen to those "revelations to the moon" which would henceforth haunt my waking and sleeping hours even should the meek Cincinnatus sink into his early grave the sooner for lack of brotherly sympathy.

Power About It.  
The Chamberlain was being  
lines of Sophonisba Ann at Washington by  
tinted at.

Now it happened that I was powerfully attracted in making a series of sketches for a comic journal, and Sophonisba Ann, as the now stood, was the very model I wanted for one of them. The opportunity was too good to be lost. I seized paper and pencil.

"One moment, my good girl!" I cried. "Stay as you are; oblige me by not moving."

Of course she did not stay "as she was," but nearly enough so to enable me to throw on paper the outline which had caught my fancy.

"Thanks—that will do," I said as blandly as I could.

She simpered and actually forgot to snifle.

"La, sir! whatever could you take me like this for?" she cried at last. If I'd only been in my afternoon frock, at least, and done my hair up a bit tidy—if you had told me; but la! now."

"Don't name it," I said; "I'd rather not, in fact. I wanted you just as you are."

The next evening Mrs. Maudle came up a smiling—yes, actually smiling!—with a cheerful serenity, if not a little excitement in her demeanor, as she placed before me a photographic likeness of Sophonisba Ann.

"Which Maudle and me, sir, couldn't hear of your puttin' up with such a sketch like, all of a hurry; and bein' as our girl wasn't tidied up, as she'd wished, in course, so Sophonisba Ann's been and had this took at Mr. Daubley's round the corner, if you'll accept it; and I'm sure a good hearted, well-disposed girl is my girl, though I say it, and not took up with follies like some, and that steady, almost too steady for her station in life, as her father tells her; and I'm sure both her father and me—but there, sir, when you're a parent you'll know what a parent's feelin's are."

All this was said in one breath, without any pause whatever. I sat bewildered, wondering if it would be unpardonably rude to reject the offer of a lady's portrait, and what I could say in excuse.

"I'm afraid," I began, "you're very kind—the fact is—I think I didn't make myself quite understood."

"Oh, yes, sir, you did. Pray don't name it. You was all a gentleman should be; and Maudle and me are proud"—here Mrs. Maudle, without proceeding further, conveyed herself down stairs in a tremulous condition between tears and smiles that fairly stunned me. What could the stupid people think I wanted with their daughter's likeness? I stuck it on the mantelpiece (it was not a very flattering photograph), resolving to take no more notice of the thing; but next time Miss Maudle came up I observed she wore a flaming red ribbon in her hair and an assertive brooch in the front of her dress. She stole furtive glances at the mantelpiece, half shy, half smirking. I caught her eye by chance, when, overcoming her maidenly modesty, with a preliminary snifle, she said, sweetly: "Oh, if you please, sir, about walkin' out on Sundays after chapel; for mother's quite agreeable, bein' as you're such a gentleman and—"

"What do you mean?" I said, sharply enough, and quite forgetting the "tender heartedness" of Sophonisba Ann in the excess of my bewilderment; but, instead of answering me, that young person flew to the window, crying: "If there isn't that man—a crossing the street again. Oh! whatever'll father do? But Cin is at the door, and you'll protect poor father, I know," and she rushed downstairs without further explanation.

Another minute and rapid and it must be added, stumbling footsteps began ascending the stairs, accompanied by the cries of Sophonisba Ann and the fainter sobs of her mother in the rear, and Mr. Maudle entered, supported by his son and closely followed by a rough and ready-looking person with a paper in his hand.

I stared.

Mr. Maudle waved his hand.

"I—I—My dear friend—sir—excuse—abrupt visits," he cried, in a hazy sort of voice. "F—friends may—waive sheremony."

Here Mr. Maudle swerved suddenly, but Cincinnatus propped him up again.

"And I—I believe I'm correct saving a f—friend, in need's a friend indeed." (This very rapidly spoken.) Under these shirumstances, I—I'm bound to forego a parent's feelings—"

"Yes, Maudle, that's it," cried Mrs. M., from behind the apron she held to her eyes; "we know what you'd say—what we'd both say, and feel likewise—and thank our stars as sent you, sir, to our aid, which I'm sure we can never repay, as it's 14£ 13s. 6d."

"£14 17s. 9d.," interrupted the rough and ready-looking person, with a hoarse cough.

"Yes, take my child, and bless you!" cried Maudle, extending his arms like the "heavy father," in a play—that his claim satisfied and a helpless, aged parent saved from—ruin and—distress!"

Here Mr. Maudle broke off, weeping.

"Happy day!" said Cincinnatus, "I said you were like a brother when first I saw you, and I'll put it all in my great work, that an 'ollow-hearted world may read, and be ashamed of not doing likewise!" with which rather ambiguous speech Cincinnatus again dutifully propped up his swaying parent, whose emotions were too much for him.

"May you both—be—happy!" murmured Mr. Maudle.

"O la, father!" cried Sophonisba Ann, hysterically.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

And when she was married, she gave them Castoria,

gent, he says—leastwise

to know exactly what he's sayin'—

his time—he says as you're a goin' to marry his daughter and pay up square, but I ain't goin' to be gammoned no more, so if so be, sir, of course I have your word as well as his!"

I waited for no more. "Gracious alive!" I exclaimed "are you all idots or lunatics, or what? Grant me my senses to get clear of this! Here, take the rent—take a week—take a month over for the notice—only let me be gone."

And flinging the money on the table, I rushed to collect my traps, thrusting the things into bag and portmanteau as if for life or death, and never pausing till I strode forth—minus two pairs of boots, an umbrella and cigar case, left behind in the hurry—in search of the first friendly cab which should bear me far from the region of Peckover street to any destination under the sun, rather than to sign me in future to the tender mercies of a "Meek Family."—Home Chimes.

## A Letter Hard to Read.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A good story is told of a well known young Pittsburger is going the rounds. A few days ago the young man went to Cleveland. He fell in with boon companions. "had time," spent all his money, and when he began to sober up found himself in jail. He could not be released until his fine was paid. He therefore sent a letter to a friend in this city, requesting a loan to help him out of his trouble. He is about the poorest penman in Allegheny County, and it happened that the man to whom the letter was addressed could read little of it except the signature.

That was plain and so was the statement, "I'm in jail," but these were the only parts of the document that were legible. So he took the letter around among his friends, some of whom were experts in deciphering bad writing, until he found a man who could read the biggest part of it.

But the letter had passed through fifty or sixty hands before it reached a man who could decipher it. As one of the most earnest appeals it contained was the sentence: "Don't for the world tell this to a living soul." The chagrin of the young man can be imagined when he got back from Cleveland and found that every one of his acquaintances knew about his adventure. He says he will either learn to write, or else employ an amanuensis hereafter.

## An Interesting Suggestion.

New York Herald.

An aeronaut now in this city makes an interesting suggestion. "Has anybody," he says, "ever used the balloon in the exploration of Central Africa, or proved that it would not be serviceable? Look at Stanley, struggling for years amid forests, swamps, and savage tribes, yet unable to make his way into the interior, but would it not be possible for a skillful aeronaut to take him in a balloon from the eastern coast of Africa, proceed in the direction of Ujiji, and from there toward the sources of the Nile, surveying the country as he went along? They would sweep across the continent at the rate of 400 or 500 miles a day, so that but a short time would be needed for the long journey, and they would meet with no obstruction from swamps, forests, or savages."

"The balloon would easily carry all the provisions and water required by the party during their trip, and the aeronauts might travel only during the day, descending for rest at night. Years ago Prof. Wise repeatedly made voyages of 1,000 miles in his balloon, and competent sky-flyers might be found to solve the African problem through a voyage in an air ship. It is the only way to do it, and I shall tell Stanley so when he gets back here to lecture." It is to be understood that the aeronaut who made the foregoing remarks is an enthusiast on his favorite subject.

## The Great Australian Desert.

Australian travelers state that the interior of Australia is by no means the desert it has long been supposed to be. Though now unpopulated, it is pronounced capable of supporting a large population. Gold has been found there, and the travelers brought home stories of vast pasture lands, abundant water, and finally of deep blue lakes, at least one of which is of large and as yet unknown extent. A great railroad is to extend across the continent from north to south through the eastern part of the country, once supposed to be a desert. It is predicted that the "desert" will disappear, as that in America has gone.—Chicago Tribune.



Princess Victoria of Prussia.

The engagement of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, oldest son of the Prince of Wales, to his cousin Princess Victoria of Prussia, daughter of Emperor Frederick of Germany, has just been announced. Princess Victoria was born in 1866, and is therefore now twenty-three years old, and is said to be a charming, sympathetic girl, who has always been very fond of England. Few Princesses have been so much talked of as she, owing to her former engagement to the ex-Prince of Bulgaria. It will be remembered that Prince Bismarck was bitterly opposed to this match on account of the offense which the marriage would give to Russia, and the consequences of which would most likely have led to war. A bitter struggle took place between the Prince who was supported by all Germany, and the Emperor, and poor Emperor Frederick's short reign was very much embittered by all this. The engagement was postponed, but not given up, and it was well understood that the marriage was to have taken place this year. Great was therefore the astonishment when in February last Prince Alexander suddenly married an opera singer. There can be little doubt that the Princess Victoria's engagement to Prince Albert Victor is the direct work of the Queen herself, who had always favored Prince Alexander of Bulgaria's suit, and who has thus procured Princess Victoria a compensation for having been jilted.

American hoodlums in Canada will learn with dismay that the imperial government will approve the extradition bill passed by the Canadian parliament, which is retroactive according to the opinion of the attorney general of the dominion. If this opinion holds, our government may ask the surrender of the hoodlums who have fled from this country to Canada, and in that case the Canadian government would very likely feel disposed to give them up as an evidence of good faith in passing the law. There is a good deal of sympathy in Canada for what is known as the "American colony," a number of whom have become identified with the best society there. But as this did not prevent the passage of the law, it will not be powerful enough to protect them in case this government should ask for their surrender.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is expected back in London by the end of next September. He has already been booked for a series of lectures, the first of which is to be delivered in October. He is to receive \$250 a night for lectures delivered in London, and \$400 a night for those delivered in the provinces. Stanley evidently bears a charmed life. He has been reported dead a score of times in as many months, yet notwithstanding this, managers of lecture bureaus are counting on him as the drawing card in the coming season.

Thomas Jefferson once said: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Mr. Jefferson was a discerning man, and evidently knew what he was talking about.

IN PRIMITIVE CLOTHES

NEVER BECAME A LEGISLATOR.

Mr. Ruggles Was Only Getting Some Bait for His Hook but He Really Got Into Trouble - Naked Innocence.

(Special Correspondence.)

Ellison R. Ruggles, attorney at law, was a "crank," in the popular acceptance of the term.

Ellison had been for some forty years a sedate and sensible piscatorial crank when two great misfortunes befell him. He fell in love and into politics at one and the same time.



HE LEFT HIS CLOTHES BEHIND HIM.

He loved Judge Foote's daughter, Irene, aged nineteen, which was scarcely creditable to the sagacity of an angler of forty years standing.

He accepted a nomination for the state assembly, salary \$300, which was a piece of folly only to be exceeded by his unconditional surrender to Cupid.

With his soul full of worship for the beautiful Irene, with his brow full of the furrows of political anxiety, and with his arms full of his own clothes, Mr. Ruggles stood upon the high bank of Clear creek one morning early in June. He was in nature's own uniform, ready to wrestle the many-legged helgramites hid under the stones in the swirling creek below—his favorite bait for bars. Ellison R. Ruggles placed his apparel upon the bank, then, pail in hand, he waded up stream to a rich harvest of helgramite. An hour of labor, then—the sound of feminine voices!

A meteoric flash of red as Ellison sprang toward his canoe at the landing place!

Would he be too late to reach his clothes?

He would. Back to the canoe! He could conceal himself. He did so by lying down behind the boat.

Nearer and nearer came the merry voices! Suddenly the ladies have come upon a large part of a fisherman's wardrobe.

"Oh, girls! There has been a suicide! What shall we do! What shall we do!"

Ellison R. Ruggles held his breath and hugged the hard stones of the landing closer.

"Maybe the poor fellow is not yet drowned and we ought to go down to the landing place and help him," said Irene, with rare presence of mind in this critical moment.

A heavy cold sweat broke out by the quart, all over Ellison R. Ruggles' supine form.

"Oh, no!" screamed a frightened girl, "we had better take the clothes back to the hotel and notify Col. Chester and the others."



DOES IT MEAN SUICIDE.

Half an hour later Col. Chester seated on the veranda of the Newton Falls house was astonished by the sudden appearance of a bevy of excited girls, headed by Miss Irene Foote, who, with pale faces and quivering lips, related some uncorroborated facts about a distressing suicide and exhibited the raiment of the suicide.

Now Col. Chester was Ellison R. Ruggles' opponent in the warm political campaign then on.

Col. Chester recognized that fisherman's outfit.

Very innocently and sympathetically, the Colonel said: "I will go back with

you and see if there is anything in this story of a suicide."

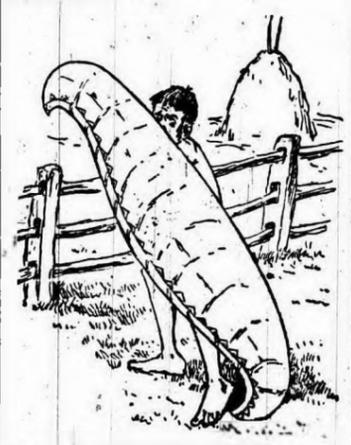
With anxious hearts the party hurried toward the scene. Suddenly the Colonel stopped, gazed fixedly ahead and then sat down upon the grass and roared with laughter. The ladies were shocked.

What had the Colonel seen? "Why, simply a birch bark canoe climbing the fence at a distant field. The 'suicide' was plain as day to the Colonel now. When he saw that canoe scoot across a portion of the meadow toward a hay stack and suddenly crouch down in the high grass, the Colonel hurried forward. The party stopped within hearing distance of the hidden canoe.

And there the Colonel held the party one half hour, while he told about a man he once knew who got over head and heels in debt and feigned suicide. This man took some old clothes to the river bank, let his hat float down the river and then sneaked out of town at night, thus avoiding his creditors.

"It is just possible," wound up the Colonel, "that some such game as this is being played and we may be just in time to discover the rascal. Hadn't we better look around a little?"

The canoe over in the meadow trembled in every fibre.



A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR.

At this moment Irene came walking slowly from the spot where the clothes had been found. Her face was flushed. She handed to Colonel Chester a scrap of paper on which was roughly scribbled:

"Will the officious person who removed those clothes please replace them, so I can go home as becomes a gentleman.

MR. BLANK.

The searchers after suicides returned, quietly and meekly, to Newton Falls, everybody mad save the Colonel.

That night Ellison R. Ruggles was sitting in his private office, trying to imagine some spot in the hecatere of adequate torment to meet the deserts of one Col. Chester, when the gentleman of his thoughts entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Ruggles."

"How are you?"

"I saw you were out canoeing to-day. Didn't you find the dew in that meadow a little light for very good sport?"

And everybody wonders at the coolness that exists between those two gentlemen.

BRANCH OF CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Route to Follow the Great River Valleys—it Would Open Fertile Lands, Timber Tracts and Rich Mines.

(Special Correspondence.)

More than twenty years have now elapsed since the United States came into possession of Alaska, yet it is only lately that we have begun to appreciate its value, and even yet the majority of American readers know little or nothing in regard to the resources and possible economical development of British Columbia.

Alaska's seal and other fur products have paid a good interest on the purchase money, and its salmon fisheries are already of large importance, while the yield of cod and halibut is steadily increasing. The southern part of the Alaskan coast and its adjacent islands contain extensive forests of valuable timber, and upon almost every river that comes down to the sea gold has been discovered. At certain points mines are at present operated upon a great scale and large settlements exist. Alaska possesses several navigable rivers. In the valley of the Liard, and along the little Mackenzie, whose sources are not far distant, the Hudson's Bay Company have had posts for many years, and the Indians of that region are so nearly civilized that all have abandoned to a great extent the ways of savage life, wear civilized garments and profess allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, whose missionaries have long dwelt among them.

There is no physical reason why this district should not be connected by a railway along the eastern base of the mountains with the Canadian Pacific, and one is already projected from Calgary to Edmonton—a long step in that direction. But this is not where the road to Alaska is proposed to be built, thought it would be possible to carry it that way.

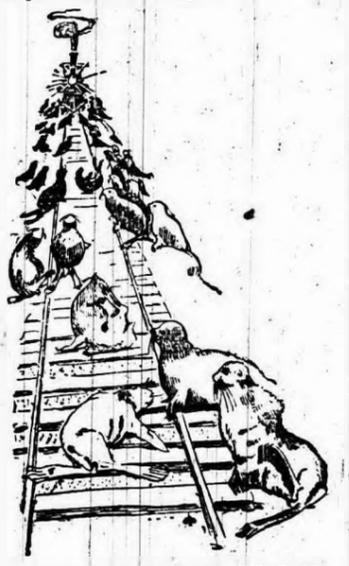
Now the great Columbian river, rising not far north of the United States boundary, in the narrow valley between the

Rockies and the Selkirks, flows turbulently northward until it passes in a sharp loop around the northern extremity of the latter's mighty barrier, and then flows back straight southward between the Selkirks



SEAL HUNTING IN ALASKA.

and the Gulk range and on into Washington territory. About 200 miles north of the boundary the Canadian Pacific railway traverses all three ranges of mountains, twice bridging the Columbia, once east of and again west of the Selkirks. Into the Columbia, about 75 miles north of this railway, where the current sweeps in a mighty, semicircular canon around the head of the range, the Columbia receives a powerful tributary, coming down a broad wooded valley for two hundred miles, or probably more from the north. This is Canoe river, along which lay the old fur traders' trail, over Yellowhead pass, between Prince Rupert's Land and Oregon.



NOT A COW ON THE TRACK, BUT SEALS.

It is along these two great valleys of the Columbia and Canoe rivers, and their continuation northward, that competent engineers have marked upon the map a feasible route for a railway to and into the borders of Alaska; and they assert that, although its cost would be heavy, it would not be beyond the just expenditure of capital, since the resources of the country opened and the development of international trade would, in due time, return a large interest upon the private investment and justify the governmental aid which is sought.

Sauce for Goose Ain't Jest the Juice for Ganders.

Storekeeper (to clerk)—"I must get rid of these oranges in some way. I was deceived in them."

Clerk—"Aren't they sweet?"

Storekeeper—"No; they are as sour as lemons, but we must get rid of them."

Storekeeper, later (to customer)—

"Would you like some oranges, ma'am?"

Customer—"Are they real sweet?"

Storekeeper—"Oh, yes indeed, sweet as sugar."

Customer—"Well, I'll take a dozen, since you say they are sweet. Here's your money—a quarter, you said?"

Storekeeper (taking an examining quarter)—"Madam, I can't take this quarter; it's punched."

Storekeeper (to clerk, after customer has gone)—"That's just the way it is. Storekeepers must always have their eyes open for dishonest people. The audacity of some people is sickening."

But the Males Did Not Reciprocate.

Wife—"Miss Prim sends and receives a great many letters. She must have a good many correspondents."

Husband—"Yes, she always had a predilection for the males."

A Horrible Possibility.

Miss Loudtone—"Shall I sing something for you, Mr. Namby?"

Namby—"I'd rather you wouldn't, Miss Loudtone. This is the anniversary of my dear brother's death."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Mysterious Phenomena of Cat-lepsy—The Celebrated Case of the Fakir of Lahore.

Letter in the New York Tribune: Dr. W. B. Carpenter says in his "Physiology." "It is quite certain that an apparent cessation of all the vital functions may take place without that entire loss of vitality which would leave the organism in the condition of a dead body, liable to be speedily disintegrated by the operation of chemical and physical agencies." It is also apparently a fact that such "apparent cessation of all the vital functions" may continue for an indefinite period when the right conditions exist. The best known illustration of this is the case of the fakir of Lahore, who was buried for six weeks, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, as attested by Sir Claude Wade, the British resident at the court of Loodhiana, in 1837. In this thoroughly authenticated case—which, however, is but one of a class of similar facts known to Anglo-Indians and travelers—the fakir was first put into a linen bag, the bag was placed in a wooden box, fastened with a padlock, the wooden box was deposited in a cell in the middle of a large brick vault, every aperture of which but one was bricked up, while the remaining door was built up with mud above the lock, and fastened with the rajah's seal. As a final precaution a company of soldiers was detailed to guard the vault day and night, four sentries constantly patrolling its four sides during the whole period. When at the expiration of six weeks the vault and the box was successively opened Sir Claude Wade, who with Runjeet Singh had entered the building and taken their places close to the body so as to see everything, says this is what appeared before them: "The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. Accordingly did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed, as it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, a heat at the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

"The servant then recommended bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjeet Singh taking his right, and I his left leg to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch thick, on the top of the head, a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his ears and nostrils, the cotton with which they were stopped; and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed the eye lids with ghee, or clarified butter for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of his head his body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs became dilated and recovered their natural color, when the fakir, recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible: "Do you believe me now?" Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the fakir with a pearl necklace and superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of muslin and silk, and shawis forming what is called a khalat, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction. From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed, and in another half hour the fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed."

It was the woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—Leisure Hours.

## LOVE FOR SALE.

A little innocent, with eyes  
The color of the summer skies,  
And clear and limpid as a well  
Of water in a moss-lined cell,

Boldly crept upon my knee,  
Prattling with childish glee,  
And though we never had met before,  
It hugged and kissed me 'er and o'er.

I'll have to change my creed, I thought  
"That love is always sold or bought,"  
For children's love is freely given,  
And pure as air—the gift of Heaven.

The kissing and the prattling ceased,  
While solemnly the urchin gazed,  
And spoke in hissing murmurs low,  
"Fo' de 'eats I will lub oo mo'."

## THE MEEK FAMILY.

I don't know what I had done to merit the spite of fortune, which led me to No. 132 Peckover street in search of lodgings.

Were the apartments dingy? Decidedly so. The paper was of a very trying pattern—in two drabs; the carpet rather more trying in yellows and browns, with this advantage, that its pattern was almost worn threadbare and pleasantly effaced. The yellow drapery was of similar hue to the paper, and muslin curtains, drawn partially across, had become reduced by dust and smoke to the same subdued color.

There were one or two striking portraits (family ones probably) on the walls, and a yet more striking fire-stove ornament in the grate. I forget further details.

The landlady was elderly and limp, with a sort of washed-out and plaintive aspect, and a tendency to sigh and fold her hands. She was very attentive, however and anxious to show her "first floor" to the best advantage.

"The curtains will wash?" said I, looking around.

"Dear, yes, sir, surely! We was lettin' 'em hang to save the others, which the sun fades 'em so, being the worst of stuffs and such like. Like all earthly things, as fades mostly, don't they sir?"

The landlady sighed gently and folded her hands again. She wore black worsted mittens.

"I hope," I said, in my polite way, "you don't mind my naming it—but, of course—your—ahem—the bed—is free, you know—from any little annoyances?"

I had had my experience—preceding those three years of paradise and Mrs. Chick, and I was nervous, partly from dread of the indignation I had before aroused in the housekeeping breast by the above delicate question and partly from the recollection of results that had followed on the assurance of landladies of another class that their knowledge of natural history did not extend to the species alluded to, and that they were at fault to comprehend my meaning.

Mrs. Maudle (that was her name) adopted neither of these extremes; she only shook her head pensively and said: "To my knowledge there ain't a living flea in this house." (I didn't mean fleas, though) "but you know, sir, we live in a vale of tears, and in course there will be such trials for all at times. If I am so tried, I hope to bear it meekly."

And I think Mrs. Maudle shed a tear. "I am very glad to hear it," said I cheerfully, "now about terms, if I arrange to come."

"Oh, don't speak of terms, sir; I'm sure what you've been in the habit of paying will suit us, or less, maybe, as it's more for the keepin' of the rooms aired, bein' as the house is too big for us, and the protection of havin' a gent like yourself, under our roof, Maudle bein' low in his nerves of late years and myself haven't that spirit as some have, which, I'm sure, sir, anything we can do to make you comfortable and feel at home, as there's no place like it—"

"Ah! thank you—thank you."

The light—when the windows were cleaned—would suit my work, the exchequer was somewhat low, time was an object, and, taking all in all, I closed with my obliging landlady's terms, which gave her much pensive satisfaction.

"And if you'll be pleased to name your wishes, sir, in all respects," said Mrs. Maudle with a faint sigh in conclusion, "we hope to do our humble best to meet 'em."

"You're very good," said I; "I don't think you'll find me exacting; I confess to a few weaknesses. I dislike damp salt and smoky potatoes. I object to a hot dinner on a cold plate, and I'm partial to clean linen. That's about all, I think."

Mrs. Maudle readily acquiesced in these modest requirements, observing that "a hangel couldn't want less," and thereupon we parted.

In due time myself and my few belongings were conveyed in a cab to 132 Peckover street. I had dined and beyond a cup of coffee wanted nothing. Mrs. Maudle brought me the coffee herself.

"I'm sure, sir, I hope it's as you like," said she, meekly; "but, if not, you'll kindly name it. And Sophonisba Ann will bring you your water at any hour

you'll mention in the mornin', sir. Sophonisba Ann mostly waits on Lodgers, sir (that's my daughter), and I'm sure always willin', though that timid and soft-hearted—but there! don't mind me a sayin', as a mother, perhaps more than I ought respectin' my own."

I said I was much obliged to her and her daughter for their kind intentions and wished her good night. She sighed audibly, and held the door handle for another minute, then, with an air of resignation, retired.

Morning brought breakfast and Sophonisba Ann. This young person was, if possible, meeker and more depressed than her parent. She carried her head a little on one side and sniffed with every breath as if from chronic influenza. Her complexion was pale, not to say pasty, and her hair and eyebrows whitey brown. Sophonisba Ann's figure was remarkable for depression where fullness might be expected and a curious bulging tendency wherever the opposite effect was usual. Her attire was chiefly notable for hooks and eyes—with a difference of opinion that materially hindered friendship, and refractory hair-pins, which I found had a way of dropping out into all sorts of odd places. I found one, one day, at the bottom of my jug of porter, at dinner!

This interesting young person contrived to make a surprising clatter with the breakfast ware, upset a chair and threw down a pile of my books before making her exit. I attributed this to the timidity which her mother had assured me was counterbalanced by so many virtues, and could not in reason, complain; but when, in removing the breakfast things, the same pile of books underwent precisely the same fate, and gave me such a start that I nearly cut off a finger in mending a pen, I could not help saying, rather brusquely, "For heaven's sake, my good girl, be careful what you do next," which produced quite an attack of sniffling and a hasty retreat on the part of the unlucky maiden.

A little later in the day, my landlady knocked timidly at my door.

"Come in!" said I.

She came in fumbling her hands and looking up at the ceiling.

"I'm sure, sir, you'll excuse it, though a liberty, but as I'm a mother, which it's nothing after all, and I've no call to worry, I'm certain, but it's my daughter, sir, a takin' on so after you spoke to her this mornin', and if you'd be so very kind, seein' as Sophonisba Ann is so tender-hearted—"

"What is it about?" I said, as the tearful lady paused to take breath. "I don't understand."

"Oh! and I'm sure you didn't mean for to hurt her feelin's, sir, and she owns it she's said as much in that kitchen down below to me. 'His way seemed harsh,' she says, 'but his heart's in the right place,' she says; 'I'm certain sure of it,' she says, and she's been a cryin' her eyes out, which Sophonisba Ann is rather stercial at times, sir. I tell her I'm sure you don't mean nothing, and likely it won't so occur again."

"Bless me?" said I, "this is very foolish; of course I didn't mean to hurt your daughter's feelings, ma'am; pray tell her so; I'll remember to speak less abruptly since you've named it."

"Oh! sir, you're the most feelin' gent as ever I did know, I'm sure, I don't know whatever my girl'll say—and the last gent we had so different—so wicent in his language; not to speak of bangin' the door. O dear! what it is to have a spirit, which is what me and mine never had, and so the world tramples on us," said Mrs. Maudle.

"I hope not," said I. "You should take a more cheerful view of life, Mrs. Maudle."

I was very busy, and wished she would go, but she didn't.

"Well, sir," she observed with a sigh, "I always was one of the downhearted ones; and Maudle's nerves that low! I never shall forget when he asked me to have him—that's seven-and-twenty-year ago—'Mariar,' he says to me (that's my name)—'but there, sir, don't mind me, which as a wife I hope I have a wife's feelin's,'" and Mrs. Maudle shed tears.

I did mind her very much, and devoutly wished her at the North Pole, as she stood in the doorway wiping her eyes with her apron, and evidently awaiting my sympathy.

"I'm sure Mr. Maudle's choice does him credit," I said desperately, "he couldn't do better than take a good wife to sooth the path of life for him; wasn't that your door-bell?"

"Sophonisba Ann will answer the door sir, which I think you was mistaken, and it didn't ring," said Mrs. Maudle. "I am sure I never did meet with a gentleman so thoughtful and feelin'; a real friend, as one may say, already, and I'm only thankful—"

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to shut that door, Mrs. Maudle," I gasped. "I'm subject to ear-ache, and the draught"—I hope I shall be forgiven for the fibe that woman caused me to invent. She slowly withdrew, murmuring motherly compassion, and faintly suggested pepper plasters and other mild remedies for ear-ache, while I took up my pen and tried to collect my scattered ideas.

I had not yet seen Mr. Maudle, the state of whose "nerves" kept him mostly confined to an armchair in the kitchen, but from occasional sounds of melody, something like feebly rendered choruses of a jovial nature, in which a slight confusion of consonants was perceptible. I concluded that even Mr. M. had intervals of comparative cheerfulness. Moreover, I discovered that there was a son of the house—a tall youth, with whitey-brown hair and skin, and a stoop in his shoulders—whose avocation seemed to be near at hand, by his punctual return to meals at stated hours in

the day. With this young man I was fated, alas! too soon to become acquainted.

One evening, a little before my dinner, Mrs. Maudle waited on me with an air of meek mystery, to ask if her son might "stop up by-and-by" and speak to me, if so be that I had no objections.

His name, his mother told me, was Cincinnatus; he was rather low-spirited, and had, in fact, something on his mind.

"Dear me!" I said, "poor fellow! any trouble? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir—leastwise, nothing wrong. Cin's as innocent as the babe unborn, as to evil ways, sir; no, its the mind, that's where it is," (mysteriously) "he's got a soarin' mind, sir, and the world's too little for him."

"Indeed?" said I, mentally regretting that the young gentleman had selected me as the confidant of his mental trials; but, alas! I little guessed what was to come. Scarcely was the cloth removed when a modest rap announced my new acquaintance, and Cincinnatus entered, bearing a huge brown paper parcel, which he deposited with a jerk on the table, violently shaking back a long wisp of hair which kept falling rebelliously into his eyes, and sinking immediately into the first chair near, with an air of profound dejection.

This young man had a large nose of the solid Roman type, very red eyelids, and a sonorous voice with a twang in it. He told me he was in an attorney's office, but that the work was very distasteful to him, and he had thought of giving it up and turning author.

He had begun several works of importance, one of which (his "chef d'oeuvre," he called it,) he had brought up with him.

"Blank verse mostly, sir," he exclaimed; "in ten books, revealing the mysteries of a human soul to the moon, who is supposed to be listening—poetical license, of course—you understand. The first three books—"

"Isn't it a risk," interrupted I, shrinking from the prospect of being pressed into the same service as the moon, and resolved to be as practical as possible; "isn't it a risk to give up steady work for an uncertainty like literature?"

"Well, sir, mother talks like that, and she's right—and you're right, in one point of view," said the youth, meekly; "but when you've a soul, and when your soul mounts beyond the office stool, where are you then?"

He waved his hand descriptively, as it were, of an aerial flight; his nails were inky and very long.

"Well, I don't know," said I, "but hadn't you better—?"

But he had risen, and hurriedly commenced undoing the brown paper, with drawing from it about fifty sheets of foolscap, well written over.

"Listen!" he cried oracularly, and slowly recited as follows:

Hail! cold, unfeeling orb, tho' thy bright ray  
Mocks the absorbing madness of my soul!  
Soon, soon thy last quarter will draw nigh;  
But sooner still for me the funeral bell shall toll.

"That's the opening lines," said he; "the next—"

"My friend," I said, "I am afraid you will find the public hard to satisfy; you must look for disappointment."

"That's all I look for, sir," he interrupted, "that and an early grave," he added, with a certain air of satisfaction.

"And as mother and father aren't as well off as they were, I daresay there won't even be a recordin' marble to toll the world that Cincinnatus Maudle lies below—but that's of no consequence."

He sighed.

"Aren't you a little out of health?" I asked at this point.

"Oh, yes, sir," he smiled. "I'm journeying to the tomb. I've no sort of a doubt about it myself, but the cold world will pass heedless by—and think nothing of it. The world's so very sublimary! Don't you find it so, sir?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is that," I said, never having had cause to doubt it as a fact. "Yes, I suppose it is. But now let me advise you as a friend."

He looked up softly.

"I knew you would," he cried; "that's just it, you will assist me, and I'll step out of evenings and we'll go through it together gradual like. Yes I felt sure you'd be the friend to do it; when mother said, 'Cin, that's our first floor going out.' I felt as if I could open my heart to you like a brother; I did indeed, sir."

"Look here," I said, when he paused and shook back the excited wisp of whitey-brown hair, with joyful vehemence; "Look here, I'll let you know when to bring it up. The fact is, I'm awfully busy just now; I haven't a minute to spare for study or the delights of the muse."

I smiled grimly as I almost pushed him out of the door, bearing his precious brown paper parcel, and overwhelming me with undeserved thanks. Inwardly I resolved never to have five minutes' leisure to listen to those "revelations to the moon" which would henceforth haunt my waking and sleeping hours even should the meek Cincinnatus sink into his early grave the sooner for lack of brotherly sympathy.

The next morning, when I entered my sitting-room, Sophonisba Ann was there, a little belated, I concluded, as she was finishing the operation of dusting, which I never observed to produce much result. Something in the street had caught the lamplight's notice, for she did not observe my entrance, as she stood with her hands on her hips, the duster hanging idly by her side; her mouth open, and vacantly fixed eyes; the refractory hair-pins in open rebellion, and stray wisps and tails of hair protruding where they were off duty; while the hooks and eyes at va-

riance completed the Chamberlain was being lines of Sophonisba Ann at Washington by hinted at.

Now it happened that I was ere a power in making a series of sketches for a comic journal, and Sophonisba Ann, as she now stood, was the very model I wanted for one of them. The opportunity was too good to be lost. I seized paper and pencil.

"One moment, my good girl!" I cried. "Stay as you are; oblige me by not moving."

Of course she did not stay "as she was," but nearly enough so to enable me to throw on paper the outline which had caught my fancy.

"Thanks—that will do," I said as blandly as I could.

She simpered and actually forgot to snifle.

"La, sir! whatever could you take me like this for?" she cried at last. If I'd only been in my afternoon frock, at least, and doped my hair up a bit tidy—if you had told me; but la! now."

"Don't name it," I said; "I'd rather not, in fact. I wanted you just as you are."

The next evening Mrs. Maudle came up a smiling—yes, actually smiling!—with a cheerful serenity, if not a little excitement in her demeanor, as she placed before me a photographic likeness of Sophonisba Ann.

"Which Maudle and me, sir, couldn't bear of your puttin' up with such a sketch like, all of a hurry; and being as our girl wasn't tidied up, as she'd wished, in course, so Sophonisba Ann's been and had this took at Mr. Daubley's round the corner, if you'll accept it; and I'm sure a good hearted, well-disposed girl is my girl, though I say it, and not took up with follies like some, and that steady, almost too steady for her station in life, as her father tells her; and I'm sure both her father and me—but there, sir, when you're a parent you'll know what a parent's feelin's are."

All this was said in one breath, without any pause whatever. I sat bewildered, wondering if it would be unpardonably rude to reject the offer of a lady's portrait, and what I could say in excuse.

"I'm afraid," I began, "you're very kind—the fact is—I think I didn't make myself quite understood."

"Oh, yes, sir, you did. Pray don't name it. You was all a gentleman should be; and Maudle and me are proud"—here Mrs. Maudle, without proceeding further, conveyed herself down stairs in a tremulous condition between tears and smiles that fairly stunned me. What could the stupid people think I wanted with their daughter's likeness? I stuck it on the mantelpiece (it was not a very flattering photograph,) resolving to take no more notice of the thing; but next time Miss Maudle came up I observed she wore a flaming red ribbon in her hair and an assertive brooch in the front of her dress. She stole furtive glances at the mantelpiece, half shy, half simpering. I caught her eye by chance, when, overcoming her maidenly modesty, with a preliminary snuffle, she said, sweetly:

"Oh, if you please, sir, about walkin' out on Sundays after chapel; for mother's quite agreeable, bein' as you're such a gentleman and—"

"What do you mean?" I said, sharply enough, and quite forgetting the "tender heartedness" of Sophonisba Ann in the excess of my bewilderment; but, instead of answering me, that young person flew to the window, crying: "If there isn't that man a-crossing the street again. Oh! whatever'll father do? But Cin is at the door, and you'll protect poor father, I know," and she rushed downstairs without further explanation.

Another minute and rapid and it must be added, stumbling footsteps began ascending the stairs, accompanied by the cries of Sophonisba Ann and the fainter sobs of her mother in the rear, and Mr. Maudle entered, supported by his son and closely followed by a rough and ready-looking person with a paper in his hand.

I stared.

Mr. Maudle waved his hand.

"I—I—My dear friend—sir—'scuse—abrupt visits," he cried, in a hazy sort of voice. "F—friends may—waive alermony."

Here Mr. Maudle swerved suddenly, but Cincinnatus propped him up again.

"And I—I believe I'm correct saving a f—friend in need's a friend indeed." (This very rapidly spoken.) Under these circumstances, I—I'm bound to forego a parent's feelings."

"Yes, Maudle, that's it," cried Mrs. M., from behind the apron she held to her eyes; "we know what you'd say—what we'd both say, and feel likewise—and thank our stars as sent you, sir, to our aid, which I'm sure we can never repay, as it's 14s 12s 6d."

"£14 17s 9d," interrupted the rough and ready-looking person, with a hoarse cough.

"Yes, take my child, and bless you!" cried Maudle, extending his arms like the "heavy father," in a play "and tell this—minion of the law, that—that his claim satisfied and a helpless, aged parent saved from—ruin and—distress!"

Here Mr. Maudle broke off, weeping.

"Happy day!" said Cincinnatus, "I said you were like a brother when first I saw you, and I'll put it all in my great work, that an 'ollow hearted world may read and be ashamed of not doing likewise!" with which, rather ambiguous speech Cincinnatus again dutifully propped up his swaying parent, whose emotions were too much for him.

"May you both—be—happy!" murmured Mr. Maudle.

"O la, father!" cried Sophonisba Ann, hysterically.

## Power About It.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria,

When she was Married, she gave them Castoria,

gent, he says—leastwise

to know exactly what his say.

his time—he says as you're a goin' to

marry his daughter and pay up square,

but I aint goin' to be gammoned no

more, so if so be, sir, of course I have

your word as well as his!"

I waited for no more. "Gracious

alive!" I exclaimed "are you all idots

or lunatics, or what? Grant me my

senses to get clear of this! Here, take

the rent—take a week—take a month

over for the notice—only let me be

gone." And flinging the money on the

table, I rushed to collect my traps,

thrusting the things into bag and port-

mantau as if for life or death, and never

pausing till I strode forth—minus

two pairs of boots, an umbrella and

cigar case, left behind in the hurry—

in search of the first friendly cab which

should bear me far from the region of

Peckover street to any destination under

the sun, rather than do sign me in

future to the tender mercies of a "Meek

Family."—Home Chimes.

## A Letter Hard to Read.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A good story is told of a well known young Pittsburger is going the rounds. A few days ago the young man went to Cleveland. He fell in with boon companions, "had time," spent all his money, and when he began to sober up found himself in jail. He could not be released until his fine was paid. He therefore sent a letter to a friend in this city, requesting a loan to help him out of his trouble. He is about the poorest pennant in Allegheny County, and it happened that the man to whom the letter was addressed could read little of it except the signature. That was plain and so was the statement, "I'm in jail," but these were the only parts of the document that were legible. So he took the letter around among his friends, some of whom were experts in deciphering bad writing, until he found a man who could read the biggest part of it.

But the letter had passed through fifty or sixty hands before it reached a man who could decipher it. As one of the most earnest appeals it contained was the sentence: "Don't for the world tell this to a living soul." The chagrin of the young man can be imagined when he got back from Cleveland and found that every one of his acquaintances knew about his adventure. He says he will either learn to write, or else employ an amanuensis hereafter.

## An Interesting Suggestion.

New York Herald.

An aeronaut now in this city makes an interesting suggestion. "Has anybody," he says, "ever used the balloon in the exploration of Central Africa, or proved that it would not be serviceable? Look at Stanley, struggling for years amid forests, swamps, and



Princess Victoria of Prussia.

The engagement of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, oldest son of the Prince of Wales, to his cousin Princess Victoria of Prussia, daughter of Emperor Frederick of Germany, has just been announced. Princess Victoria was born in 1866, and is therefore now twenty-three years old, and is said to be a charming, sympathetic girl, who has always been very fond of England. Few Princesses have been so much talked of as she, owing to her former engagement to the ex-Prince of Bulgaria. It will be remembered that Prince Bismarck was bitterly opposed to this match on account of the offense which the marriage would give to Russia, and the consequences of which would most likely have led to war. A bitter struggle took place between the Prince who was supported by all Germany, and the Empress, and poor Emperor Frederick's short reign was very much embittered by all this. The engagement was postponed, but not given up, and it was well understood that the marriage was to have taken place this year. Great was therefore the astonishment when in February last Prince Alexander suddenly married an opera singer. There can be little doubt that the Princess Victoria's engagement to Prince Albert Victor is the direct work of the Queen herself, who had always favored Prince Alexander of Bulgaria's suit, and who has thus procured Princess Victoria a compensation for having been jilted.

American boodlers in Canada will learn with dismay that the imperial government will approve the extradition bill passed by the Canadian parliament, which is retroactive according to the opinion of the attorney general of the dominion. If this opinion holds, our government may ask the surrender of the boodlers who have fled from this country to Canada, and in that case the Canadian government would very likely feel disposed to give them up as an evidence of good faith in passing the law. There is a good deal of sympathy in Canada for what is known as the "American colony," a number of whom have become identified with the best society there. But as this did not prevent the passage of the law, it will not be powerful enough to protect them in case this government should ask for their surrender.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is expected back in London by the end of next September. He has already been booked for a series of lectures, the first of which is to be delivered in October. He is to receive \$250 a night for lectures delivered in London, and \$400 a night, for those delivered in the provinces. Stanley evidently bears a charmed life. He has been reported dead a score of times in as many months, yet notwithstanding this, managers of lecture bureaus are counting on him as the drawing card in the coming season.

Thomas Jefferson once said: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Mr. Jefferson was a discerning man, and evidently knew what he was talking about.

IN PRIMITIVE CLOTHES

NEVER BECAME A LEGISLATOR.

Mr. Ruggles Was Only Getting Some Bait for His Hook but He Really Got Into Trouble - Naked Innocence.

[Special Correspondence.]  
Ellison R. Ruggles, attorney at law, was a "crank," in the popular acceptance of the term.  
Ellison had been for some forty years a sedate and sensible piscatorial crank when two great misfortunes befell him. He fell in love and into politics at one and the same time.



HE LEFT HIS CLOTHES BEHIND HIM.  
He loved Judge Foote's daughter, Irene, aged nineteen, which was scarcely creditable to the sagacity of an angler of forty years standing.

He accepted a nomination for the state assembly, salary \$3000, which was a piece of folly only to be exceeded by his unconditional surrender to Cupid.

With his soul full of worship for the beautiful Irene, with his brow full of the furrows of political anxiety, and with his arms full of his own clothes, Mr. Ruggles stood upon the high bank of Clear creek one morning early in June. He was in nature's own uniform, ready to wrestle the many-legged helgramites hid under the stones in the swirling creek below—his favorite bait for bars. Ellison R. Ruggles placed his apparel upon the bank, then, pail in hand, he waded up stream to a rich harvest of helgramite. An hour of labor, then—the sound of feminine voices! A meteoric flash of red as Ellison sprang toward his canoe at the landing place!

Would he be too late to reach his clothes?  
He would.

Back to the canoe! He could conceal himself. He did so by lying down behind the boat.

Nearer and nearer came the merry voices! Suddenly the ladies have come upon a large part of a fisherman's wardrobe.

"Oh, girls! There has been a suicide! What shall we do! What shall we do!"

Ellison R. Ruggles held his breath and hugged the hard stones of the landing closer.

"Maybe the poor fellow is not yet drowned and we ought to go down to the landing place and help him," said Irene, with rare presence of mind in this critical moment.

A heavy cold sweat broke out by the quart, all over Ellison R. Ruggles' supine form.

"Oh, no!" screamed a frightened girl, "we had better take the clothes back to the hotel and notify Col. Chester and the others."



DOES IT MEAN SUICIDE?  
Half an hour later Col. Chester seated on the veranda of the Newton Falls house was astonished by the sudden appearance of a bevy of excited girls, headed by Miss Irene Foote, who, with pale faces and quivering lips, related some uncorroborated facts about a distressing suicide and exhibited the garment of the suicide.

Now Col. Chester was Ellison R. Ruggles' opponent in the warm political campaign then on.  
Col. Chester recognized that fisherman's outfit.

Very innocently and sympathetically, the Colonel said: "I will go back with

you and see if there is anything in this story of a suicide."

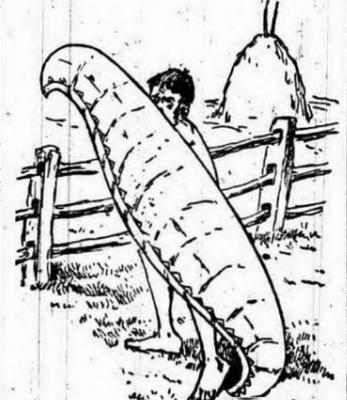
With anxious hearts the party hurried toward the scene. Suddenly the Colonel stopped, gazed fixedly ahead and then sat down upon the grass and roared with laughter. The ladies were shocked.

What had the Colonel seen? "Why, simply a birch bark canoe climbing the fence at a distant field. The 'suicide' was plain as day to the Colonel now. When he saw that canoe scoot across a portion of the meadow toward a hay stack and suddenly crouch down in the high grass, the Colonel hurried forward. The party stopped within hearing distance of the hidden canoe.

And there the Colonel held the party one half hour, while he told about a man he once knew who got over head and heels in debt and feigned suicide. This man took some old clothes to the river bank, let his hat float down the river and then sneaked out of town at night, thus avoiding his creditors.

"It is just possible," wound up the Colonel, "that some such game as this is being played and we may be just in time to discover the rascal. Hadn't we better look around a little?"

The canoe over in the meadow trembled in every fibre.



A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR.

At this moment Irene came walking slowly from the spot where the clothes had been found. Her face was flushed. She handed to Colonel Chester a scrap of paper on which was roughly scribbled:

"Will the officious person who removed those clothes please replace them, so I can go home as becomes a gentleman."

MR. BLANK.

The searchers after suicides returned, quietly and meekly, to Newton Falls, everybody mad save the Colonel.

That night Ellison R. Ruggles was sitting in his private office, trying to imagine some spot in the hereafter of adequate torment to meet the deserts of one Col. Chester, when the gentleman of his thoughts entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Ruggles."

"How are you?"

"I saw you were out canoeing to-day. Didn't you find the dew in that meadow a little light for very good sport?"

And everybody wonders at the coolness that exists between those two gentlemen.

BRANCH OF CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Route to Follow the Great River Valleys—it Would Open Fertile Lands, Timber Tracts and Rich Mines.

[Special Correspondence.]

More than twenty years have now elapsed since the United States came into possession of Alaska, yet it is only lately that we have begun to appreciate its value, and even yet the majority of American readers know little or nothing in regard to the resources and possible economical development of British Columbia.

Alaska's seal and other fur products have paid a good interest on the purchase money, and its salmon fisheries are already of large importance, while the yield of cod and halibut is steadily increasing. The southern part of the Alaskan coast and its adjacent islands contain extensive forests of valuable timber, and upon almost every river that comes down to the sea gold has been discovered. At certain points mines are at present operated upon a great scale and large settlements exist. Alaska possesses several navigable rivers. In the valley of the Liard, and along the little Mackenzie, whose sources are not far distant, the Hudson's Bay Company have had posts for many years, and the Indians of that region are so nearly civilized that all have abandoned to a great extent the ways of savage life, wear civilized garments and profess allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, whose missionaries have long dwelt among them.

There is no physical reason why this district should not be connected by a railway along the eastern base of the mountains with the Canadian Pacific, and one is already projected from Calgary to Edmonton—a long step in that direction. But this is not where the road to Alaska is proposed to be built, though it would be possible to carry it that way.

Now the great Columbian river, rising not far north of the United States boundary, in the narrow valley between the

Rockies and the Selkirks, flows turbulently northward until it passes in a sharp loop around the northern extremity of the latter's mighty barrier, and then flows back straight southward between the Selkirks



SEAL HUNTING IN ALASKA.

and the Golk range and on into Washington territory. About 200 miles north of the boundary the Canadian Pacific railway traverses all three ranges of mountains, twice bridging the Columbia, once east of and again west of the Selkirks. Into the Columbia, about 75 miles north of this railway, where the current sweeps in a mighty, semicircular canon around the head of the range, the Columbia receives a powerful tributary, coming down a broad wooded valley for two hundred miles, or probably more from the north. This is Canoe river, along which lay the old fur traders' trail, over Yellowhead pass, between Prince Rupert's Land and Oregon.



NOT A COW ON THE TRACK, BUT SEALS.

It is along these two great valleys of the Columbia and Canoe rivers, and their continuation northward, that competent engineers have marked upon the map a feasible route for a railway to and into the borders of Alaska; and they assert that, although its cost would be heavy, it would not be beyond the just expenditure of capital, since the resources of the country opened and the development of international trade would, in due time, return a large interest upon the private investment and justify the governmental aid which is sought.

Sauce for Goose Ain't Jest the Juice for Ganders.

Storekeeper (to clerk)—"I must get rid of these oranges in some way. I was deceived in them."

Clerk—"Aren't they sweet?"

Storekeeper—"No; they are as sour as lemons, but we must get rid of them."

Storekeeper, later (to customer)—

"Would you like some oranges, ma'am?"

Customer—"Are they real sweet?"

Storekeeper—"Oh, yes indeed, sweet as sugar."

Customer—"Well, I'll take a dozen, since you say they are sweet. Here's your money—a quarter, you said?"

Storekeeper (taking an examining quarter)—"Madam, I can't take this quarter; it's punched."

Storekeeper (to clerk, after customer has gone)—"That's just the way it is. Storekeepers must always have their eyes open for dishonest people. The audacity of some people is sickening."

But the Male Did Not Reciprocate.

Wife—"Miss Trim sends and receives a great many letters. She must have a good many correspondents."

Husband—"Yes, she always had a predilection for the males."

A Horrible Possibility.

Miss Loudstone—"Shall I sing something for you, Mr. Namby?"

Namby—"I'd rather you wouldn't, Miss Loudstone. This is the anniversary of my dear brother's death."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Mysterious Phenomena of Catalepsy--The Celebrated Case of the Fakir of Lahore.

Letter in the New York Tribune: Dr. W. B. Carpenter says in his "Physiology." "It is quite certain that an apparent cessation of all the vital functions may take place without that entire loss of vitality which would leave the organism in the condition of a dead body, liable to be speedily disintegrated by the operation of chemical and physical agencies." It is also apparently a fact that such "apparent cessation of all the vital functions" may continue for an indefinite period when the right conditions exist. The best known illustration of this is the case of the fakir of Lahore, who was buried for six weeks, at the instance of Runjeet Singh, as attested by Sir Claude Wade, the British resident at the court of Loodhiana, in 1837. In this thoroughly authenticated case—which, however, is but one of a class of similar facts known to Anglo-Indians and travelers—the fakir was first put into a linen bag, the bag was placed in a wooden box, fastened with a padlock, the wooden box was deposited in a cell in the middle of a large brick vault, every aperture of which but one was bricked up, while the remaining door was built up with mud above the lock, and fastened with the rajah's seal. As a final precaution a company of soldiers was detailed to guard the vault day and night, four sentries constantly patrolling its four sides during the whole period. When at the expiration of six weeks the vault and the box was successively opened Sir Claude Wade, who with Runjeet Singh had entered the building and taken their places close to the body so as to see everything, says this is what appeared before them: "The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure, but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed, as it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full, the head reclining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples, or the arm. There was, however, a heat at the region of the brain, which no other part of the body exhibited.

"The servant then recommended bathing him with hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjeet Singh taking his right, and I his left leg to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch thick, on the top of the head, a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his ears and nostrils, the cotton with which they were stopped; and after great exertion opened his mouth by inserting the point of a knife between his teeth, and while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew the tongue forward with his right, in the course of which the tongue flew back several times to its curved position upward, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet. He then rubbed the eye lids with ghee, or clarified butter for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of his head his body was violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs became dilated and recovered their natural color, when the fakir, recognizing Runjeet Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible: 'Do you believe me now?' Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the fakir with a pearl necklace and superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of muslin and silk, and shawls forming what is called a khalat, such as is usually conferred by the princes of India on persons of distinction. From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed, and in another half hour the fakir talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the exhibition we had witnessed."

It was the woman who saw the first snake, but since then the men have attended to that sort of thing.—Liaison Hours.



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

**Societies.**

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

**Plymouth Rock Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M.**—Friday evening on or before the full moon. P. C. Whitbeck, W. M., J. O. Eddy, Secretary.

**E. of L. L. P. M. Assembly, No. 5585.**—Meets every other Friday evening, from April 1 to Oct. 1, at 7:30; from Oct. 1 to April 1 at 7:00, at E. of L. hall. C. G. Curran, Jr., R. S.

**Tonquin Lodge I. O. O. F., No. 32.**—Meets every Monday evening, at their hall at 7:30 o'clock a. m. F. B. Adams, N. G.; Chas. H. Bennett, Sec. Sec.

**Grange, No. 380.**—Meets every second Thursday afternoon and evening, alternately, at their hall, in the Hedden block, John Root, Master.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

**L. F. HATCH, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
Office over Boylan's drug store, room formerly occupied by Dr. Pelham. Residence, second door north of Marble works, where night calls will be answered. 2317

**J. F. BROWN,**  
**ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.**  
Office over Postoffice. 22-29 Plymouth, Mich.

**WHAT THEY SAY.**

Ice Cream Soda at Chaffee & Hunter's. Highest price paid for butter and eggs, at Gale's.

Leave your laundering at Dohmstreich Bros. with F. A. Shafer.

—A Miss Peole of Clinton, Iowa, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Nellie Berdan.

—An evening of song at the M. E. church, next Sunday evening. Good singers expected to take part in solos, duets, quartettes, etc.

A large attendance and an enjoyable time was had at the M. E. church social at the residence of Mr. T. C. Sherwood, Wednesday evening last.

**Sports and Pastimes.**

—Plymouth horsemen are jealous of Frank Smith's success with his horse and have challenged him to another race at Plymouth in the near future. Frank has accepted and deposited his money. Northville will not take a back seat yet.—Record. No. Plymouth horsemen are not jealous. They want that \$50 of Smith's and they are going to have it. What was the matter with Smith's horse last Saturday?

Catarth curad, health and breath secured by Shiloh's Catarth Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.—Chaffee & Hunter.

**Cherry Hill.**

Wheat harvest is about over and now for the huckleberry marsh.

Miss Lottie Lewis has engaged to teach the Truesdell school the fall term.

Frank Goodell will conduct a grade school near Wyandotte the coming fall and winter.

A stone arch bridge has been completed on the flats near H. J. Lewis. It is a credit to the town and its like should be duplicated whenever a new bridge is needed. Although a little expensive they will no doubt be the cheapest bridge in the end. This one cost about \$400.

**Clarenceville.**

Mrs. Wm. Heise and her son Albert have returned home from their visit in New York.

A grandson of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson of Detroit is making his grandparents a visit this week.

Married at the residence of the bride's parents, of Farmington on Wednesday of last week, at 3 o'clock, Miss Mate A. Wixom to C. W. Botsford. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. D. Ling in the presence of a few immediate relatives and friends of bride and groom. There were many presents both useful and ornamental. Mr. and Mrs. Botsford left the same evening for a trip up the lakes, and on their return will reside at Mr. Botsford's pleasant home near this village, where they will be pleased to receive their many friends, especially the little ones.

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.—Chaffee & Hunter.

**Found.**

A shawl on the road between I. W. Kimmel's and Lorenzo Brunson's. Owner may regain same by identifying, at I. W. Kimmel's.

**Very Cheerful.**

Winks—Has your wife a cheerful disposition?  
Minks—Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached. Philadelphia Record.

**Elocutionary Contest.**

The temperance elocutionary contest in the Methodist church, on Friday evening, July 12, proved a most enjoyable affair. The church was comfortably filled, and the program all that was expected. The contestants were eight in number, seven girls and only one boy. They declaimed their pieces in the order given, though their names did not appear on the program for obvious reasons. Nellie Kennedy, Paul Voorhies, Lena Paddock, Maud Millsbaugh, Fannie Spicer, Edna Cable, Nellie Bird and Lottie Andrews. High praise can be given to them all for their effort in voice, manner, memory and effect. Lena Paddock, by unanimous consent, carried off the chief honors and the silver medal, though she had a close second in Edna Cable, while Nellie Burch would have made a good third, if there had been more than one gift.

Miss Nettie Pelham was master of ceremonies and gracefully presided. Mrs. Myra Shaw of Livonia, Mr. Whitbeck of Newburg and Prof. O. Palmer of Northville were the judges.

The concert part was all it should have been, rich and promptly appreciated. Below is the program:

- Prayer—Rev. Geo. H. Wallace.
- Music—Messrs. Geo. Hall, F. F. Bennett, E. Hough and B. Bennett.
- Recitations.
1. "Our Country's Cruel Tyrant." Solo..... Miss May Bennett.
  2. "Patriotic Prohibition." Recitations.
  3. "What Shall We Do With the Saloon?" 4. "The English Sparrow Must Go." Music..... By "The Boys."
  5. "Prohibition the Hope of Our Country." Recitations.
  6. "How to Curtail the Liquor Traffic." Music..... "The Farmer and his Girls."
  7. "Anti-Poverty." 8. "Prohibition Battle Call." Music..... By "The Boys."
- Report of judges and awarding of medal.
- Music—Messrs. Geo. Hall, F. F. Bennett, E. Hough and B. Bennett.
- Benediction—Rev. J. M. Shank.

**Resolutions.**

Die.—At her home in Plymouth township, July 9, Mrs. Ashley Harlow.

Whereas, death has again entered our grange and taken another dearly beloved sister, therefore:

Resolved, That Plymouth Grange has sustained a great loss, and while we regret to part with one whose worth we appreciate, we realize that the hand of affliction rests most heavily upon the bereaved husband.

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Harlow this grange has lost a worthy member, the husband a devoted wife, and the community a worthy and useful member. We mourn with those who mourn.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for sixty days and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the grange records.

Committee { Mrs. L. A. DEAN.  
Mrs. HENRY HURD.  
Mrs. C. B. PACKARD.

PLYMOUTH, JULY 11.

**Obituary.**

Thomas Smitherman an old and much respected resident of Livonia passed from this earth Wednesday evening, July 10th, and was buried on Friday morning following, in the Union church burying ground. Rev. Geo. H. Wallace conducted the services, and Mr. Frederick Bennett the musical selections. Service was held in the Union church, which was filled by relatives and friends.

Mr. Smitherman was an Englishman, born in Berlin, Kent county, seventy-one years ago. He was married in '39 or '40, came to America in 1853, and has always lived in Livonia.

He was always a very genial and pleasant man in all his relations with others and the whole community around him speak in commending terms of his life and character. He was the father of nine children, of whom five are living, all of them well and worthily known among us.

**Romance and Reality.**

"It is easy for married couples to quarrel and bring themselves to the point of a divorce," said a well-know New Yorker recently. "After I had been married three months, I came sadly home one night to tell my wife that business would keep me away from her the next 24 hours. She was girlish, and by way of reply she gave herself a little hug, with a little wriggle of her body thrown in, and expressed her feelings in an exclamation of unmistakable joy. Deeply pained, I said to her that I never supposed she desired my absence enough to gurgle with joy at the mere proposal of it. Many a man would have gone off angry or darkly suspicious. Instead, I questioned her. 'Why, you goose,' said she, 'when you were going away one thing popped into my head to the exclusion of everything else. That was, how he's going away and I can eat some raw onions with salt and vinegar. That was all. I have been dying for raw onions ever since our wedding.'"—New York Sun.

**Scepticism and Infidelity.**

A little boy, the idol of his father, lay dying. The parent knelt beside him in anguish of mind and heart, realizing that very soon his boy must be taken from him. The child, taught by a faithful mother, and an equally faithful Sabbath school teacher, was a Christian, loved his saviour Jesus, and strong in faith in heaven and home had no fears of death but hopefully awaited it. The father was a sceptic, an infidel, one to whom the name and cause of Christ were not pleasant things, and forbidden in his presence. Suddenly in trying to comfort his father, the little one asked, "Oh, Father, what aileth thee at Christ?" The simple thought, yet so full of meaning, reached the conscience of the father, led him to a right conception of Christ, the tender and loving leader and teacher of men, and he became a faithful and devoted Christian.

Yes, the question is a pertinent one, which many around us may well ask themselves, and give an honest answer if they can. "What aileth thee at Christ?" What objection can you have to Him, or to his teachings? He never did thee any harm, and every blessing thou enjoyest, comes from his law and gospel." You may object to His followers, to their oft mistaken notions concerning their master, to their misinterpretation of his actions and his language, and to the controversies and enmities of which they may have been the cause, but you surely can have no cause of quarrel with the Master himself. Read his life, study his teachings, and see how pure, how innocent, how encouraging, how helpful, how saving they all were. God sent Him "to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of prison doors to them that are bound," "to give unto them that mourn beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Yet in spite of all this there are many that hate Him—many who care not for Him or His gospel—many who ignore His claims, and by violations of days and duties, are constantly doing him dishonor. Strange as it may seem, some of this class are found in the farming community, utterly careless, indifferent and despising. As a rule, we have always found everywhere, the farmers to be a God-fearing and Sabbath-keeping class of the community, but we sometimes find some badly demoralized and sadly demoralized in regard to scepticism, spiritualism, and open infidelity. Why this is so we are unable to say, but it is something unusual and unnatural, most worthy persons some of them are, hence the more to be lamented that they are misled by human and selfish teachers and publications.

As above said, they might object to the class of Christian teachers or preachers they may have been brought into contact with, and selfish denominational doctrines as formerly taught, but if they will study the life, character and death of Christ, they could not have any objection to Him or His gospel, but on the other hand would be believers and Christians.

We can be assured it is an improper interpretation and understanding of scripture on the one hand, or an ignorant and contemptible prejudice on the other, that makes us an enemy of Christ and his Gospel. The knowledge of them both, and their teaching and spirit, would make us all Christians, kindly brethren in spite of minor differences of opinion, the children of God and the heirs of eternal life. G. H. W.

PLYMOUTH, July 13, 1889.

**Alden's Manifest Cyclopaedia.**

The splendid speed of about one volume a month marks the progress of Alden's great popular cyclopaedia, the Manifest. The sixteenth volume, now ready, extends from Galvanized Iron to Gog and Magog. This odd beginning and ending illustrates the magnificent scope of the work, taking in as it does the very latest discoveries of science and the remotest traditions of antiquity, and all between, including an unabridged dictionary of language as well as a cyclopaedia of universal language. The small handy volumes contrasting so remarkably with the usual unwieldy quarto or octavo of other cyclopaedias, the large handsome type, the numerous illustrations, the excellent printing and the next strong binding, are features which every one can appreciate; and not less will the majority of readers the wonderfully low price; 80 cents a volume for cloth binding, or 75 cents for half morocco; or if ordered immediately, the publisher offers the sixteen volumes now ready for the reduced price of \$8 for cloth binding, or \$10.40 for half morocco. At these prices it is sent prepaid by mail or express, or may be ordered through booksellers or agents. A sample volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

**Their Business Booming.**

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Chaffee & Hunter's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

**Schild's Stable Boot. Bicycles!**



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I have opened a Harness Shop in Plymouth. I have come to stay and make my home among you. I intend to carry a full line of only First-Class Goods, and sell at Live and Let Live Prices. One Price to All. Come and examine my goods before buying and be convinced. Repairing done on short notice.

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I have the agency for the "EAGLE," the "COLUMBIA" and several other makes of bicycles. Anyone intending buying a wheel can SAVE MONEY by consulting me.

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**Old Stoves Made New**

Have your Stove Fittings Newly Nickel Plated. All kinds of Nickel Plating done in the best manner and at reasonable prices.

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**Save the Cents,**

And the Dollars will save themselves. The best way to follow the excellent advice is to Commence Trading with

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**THE FINEST STOCK, THE LARGEST CHOICE, THE TRUEST VALUE,**

**PARLOR and BED-ROOM SUITS,**

Patent Rockers, Reed Rockers, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Bureaus, Tables of Every Description, Commodes, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Window Shades, Chairs of All Kinds, Pillow Feathers, Etc.

We also carry a Large Stock of

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And a Full Line of Burial Goods, which are Second to None. Prices Reasonable. We aim to be Prompt, Considerate and Reliable.

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A Large Variety of Good Honest Goods.  
**E. J. Bradner, Plymouth.**

This is the most tightly fenced ever made from wire. It will not break in cold weather or sag in hot, as all twisted wire will do. It contains 16 feet to the pound and is put on Reels same as barbed wire. It makes more fence to the pound than any other wire fencing ever made. If you don't want your stock torn to pieces and ruined, buy this fencing. Ask your hardware merchant to show you Preston's Braided Barbless Fence Wire. Made of No. 13 spring steel galvanized wire.

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### The Check to Prohibition

Massachusetts is added to the large number of states that have pronounced at the ballot-box against prohibition. The old commonwealth speaks by no uncertain majority. New Hampshire had previously declared against the amendment. Pennsylvania will be the next to follow. Nebraska will not vote for a year yet. It is altogether probable that Rhode Island will reconsider the vote whereby it adopted the amendment.

There must be some explanation for the recession of the prohibition wave other than the popular belief that prohibition fails to prohibit, and the general sentiment that sham reform involving hypocrisy, merchantable espionage, and tempting to indulgence sought to be repressed is of itself, an evil. The propagation of the sentiment of temperance in the use of intoxicants does not fail. It makes substantial progress, to which earnest and conscientious prohibitionists have materially contributed. The explanation of repeated recent failure to secure popular indorsement at the ballot-box of the plan of the prohibitionists will be found, probably, in the fact that a practical people mindful of individual rights and the hopefulness of accomplishing reforms in men's habits by drastic statutes are content with the improvements made by most of the states in the laws regulatory of dram-shops. Local option obtains extensively, high license is general, municipal regulation is stricter and more direct. This much having been achieved, there is an unwillingness to go any further, especially when to go further may mean to fare worse. The sturdy common sense of the country is content.

Prohibitionists have not achieved the utmost of their desire even in prohibition states. The liquor law in Iowa is in effect no more than a local-option law. But while falling of their ulterior program the prohibitionists have accomplished useful work in advancing dram-shop legislation to its present stage.—Chicago Times.

### Building a House in Samoa.

From a profusely illustrated series in the May Century, we quote the following: "The negotiations between the skilled and wily carpenter, and the prospective Samoan house owner would amuse, but hardly meet the approval of the business man of to-day. Under the propitiating influences of Kava, the necessary presents are produced to induce the carpenter to undertake the construction of a house. It is begun at once, without any terms of agreement, and the work advances until the carpenter thinks more presents necessary, and he ceases work. Additional gifts being made, the carpenter continues the construction until he deems it necessary to demand another contribution, when he again stops work. If the contribution is not forthcoming, labor is suspended on the incompleting house, never to be undertaken for completion by another of the craft; and forever afterwards it remains unfinished and a public reproach to the good name of the unfortunate owner, who, at the time of its beginning, not knowing what may be the ideas of the carpenter as to the cost of its construction, must either call upon the community for aid, which is generally freely extended, or suffer the humiliation of this unfinished monument."

### Speed of Railroad Trains.

The speed of railroad trains is restricted within three theoretical limits. (1) A physical limit of eighty miles an hour, beyond which it is found impossible for a train to hold the track. (2) An operating limit of sixty miles an hour, which practical experience has found trains cannot run without much damage to life. (3) A commercial limit of thirty miles per hour, at which, all things considered, it is found most economical to run a train.—Prof. Hadley.

### Keep Cool and Live Long.

A calm, cool temperament is doubtless an aid to a long life. It is the people who are easiest troubled and oftenest excited who wear out first. Bulwer, in one of his novels, makes the cynical remark that two things are essential to the greatest longevity—a good digestion and a bad heart. This has been applied often to old men who were not sympathetic in their temperament. It does not follow, however, that because men are imperturbable in manners they are heartless—much less than they have bad hearts. Men may be actively wicked as well as apparently indifferent on the subject of righteousness. When a man lives to a great age the presumption is that he has taken good care of himself. Some are more scrupulous to do this than others, and some find the task much easier than do the most of their fellows.—Boston Herald.

### Wonders of the Heavens.

The elder Struve made the movement of the sun through space to be about five miles a second, but on the supposition of the brightest stars being between two and three times nearer to us than they seem really to be. We can now see that the actual speed of the solar system can scarcely fall short of twelve or exceed twenty miles a second, says the Cotemporary Record. By a moderate estimate, then, our position in space is changing to the extent of 500,000,000 miles annually, and a collision between our sun and the nearest fixed star would be inevitable (were our course directed in a straight line toward it) after the lapse of 50,000 years!

The old problem of "how the heavens move," successfully attacked in the solar system, has retreated to a stronghold among the stars, from which it will be difficult to dislodge it. In the stupendous mechanism of the sidereal universe the acting forces can only betray themselves to us by the varying time configurations of its parts. But as yet our knowledge of stellar movements is miserably scanty. They are apparently so minute as to become perceptible, in general, only through observations of great precision extending over a number of years. Even the quickest moving star would spend 275 years in crossing an arc of the heavens equal to the disk of the full moon. Yet all the time (owing to the inconceivable distances of the object in motion) these almost evanescent displacements represent velocity in many cases so enormous as to baffle every attempt to account for them.

"Runaway stars" are no longer of extreme rarity. One is the Great Bear, known as "Groombridge 183," invisible to the naked eye, but sweeping over at least 200 miles each second, long led the van of stellar speed. Prof. Prichard's photographic determination of the parallax of Cassiopeia shows, however, that inconspicuous object not only be a sun about forty times as luminous as our own, but to be traveling at the prodigious rate of 100 miles—while Dr. Elkin's result for Arcturus gives it a velocity of little less than 400 miles a second!

The "express" star of the southern hemisphere, so far, is one of the fourth magnitude situated in Toucan. Its speed of about 200 miles a second may, however, soon turn out to be surpassed by some of the rapidly moving stars picked out for measurement at the Cape. Among them are some pairs "drifting" together, and presumed, therefore, to be connected by a special bond, and to lie at nearly the same distance from ourselves. This presumption will now be brought to the test.

### The Biggest Shad.

"Two heern that a Hudson fisherman caught a shad that weighed nigh onto nine pounds and gave it to the mayor of the town," said a Kingston Point fisherman to a reporter. "I've bin tole that the papers there claim that it was the biggest shad ever ketched in the Hudson River," continued the fisherman. "That is a mistake. I ketched the biggest shad onct. I will tell you how it was. You may think it's kind o' queer like, but I have bin fishin' for shad more than ten years, an' I daren't look in their eyes when I take them out the water. If I do, then I lose the fish. Have to throw them right back in the water. I don't know how it is, but when a shad that is being hauled into the boat looks me in the eyes I will. I can't stan' their appealin' look. It seems as if I kin read in their expreshun. 'For God's sake, fisherman, spare my life,' an' when that occurs their lives is spared. I suppose the last two years I fished I lost more'n a hundred dollars' worth of shad by lookin' in their eyes. Now about the big shad I ketched. One day my boy an' me was pullin' in our net. Of course I had my back turned to the net, so I couldn't see the shad's eyes. When the net was up so far that the fish could be seen, my boy hollers out: 'Oh! dad, there is a shad in the net as big as a big sturgeon.' Like a fool I turned, and that shad's eyes met mine. Salt Peter, though! wasn't it a wallop. I'll bet it weighed over sixteen pounds. Its scales were as big as silver half dollars. My heart was touched by its appealin' look, an' I threw it in the river again. But you kin bet that I ketched the biggest shad ever taken from the Hudson River."—Exchange.

### A Nervous Man Indeed.

Dr. Von Bulow is a very nervous man, as every one knows and as most artists are. At the recent performance it was noticed that he left the stage in the middle of a piece, and returned with a stalwart mechanic who moved the piano some distance to the left; and that he then sat down and finished his performance. I have learned since what the difficulty was: The day was warm and the theatre warmer, and the lady who sat directly in the range of his vision was fanning herself vigorously—against time! He said that if she had only kept time with the music, he could have stood it, but her false beat nearly drove him frantic. I only wonder that he didn't ask her to stop, instead of putting himself to the inconvenience of having the piano moved.

### Two Worms.

According to the declaration of the prohibition party of Maryland cider is more injurious than whisky or brandy. We hardly think it. We rather think that the worm of the still is more aggressive and dangerous than the worm of the apple.—Detroit Tribune.

### SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Huge plates of glass are now cut by electricity. John Chamberlin, the famous Washington caterer, is extremely fond of Welsh rarebit. He always eats one before going to bed. Here is the latest tory joke: "Why can't Mr. Gladstone have his life insured? Because no man living can make out his policy."

The late Aron White, of Connecticut, got together five tons of pennies during his life time, and probably died happy in the thought.

A fanged turtle was picked up near Kingston, N. Y., recently that had the following inscription on its back: "Whittaker, Aug. 10, 1871."

The proprietor of the Berlin Volks-Zeitung has received permission from the government to resume the publication of his paper.

Bob Ingersoll says he believes in liberal fees to waiters and lawyers, but he never pays a hotel bill nor buys a railroad ticket without kicking.

A Chicago negro put in an hour in a cold storage room to see if it was what it claimed to be. His frozen nose and ears are proofs that it was.

The idea that fish food was brain food had a run of ten years before anyone asked why Esquimaux, who eat the most fish, had no mental smartness.

Paul du Chailou is traveling in Africa for pleasure. It would have been cheaper for him to have lost himself in a Louisiana swamp for a year, but he is a man of hobbies.

John Bright's fine collection of pipes is to be preserved. Tobacco lovers may justly say of the eminent statesman that he smoked nearly all his life and died without a cancer.

One of the punishments in the public schools of Pittsburg for trifling offenses is to make the victim write 4,000 words. Not one of them is "d—n," although he thinks only of that one.

The female graduates of Cornell beat the males sixty per cent, but when it comes to pulling an oar or throwing a ball, the apparent superiority of the female student vanishes into thin air.

Every now and then there is a wail that Americans live too fast and die too early, but statistics keep right on proving that we are as healthy and live as long as the men of any nation on earth.

"If Bismarck lives five years longer free press and free speech will be unknown in Germany," was the paragraph which sent a German editor to prison. The climax was nearer than he thought.

A circular saw in a mill in Indiana cut Charles Wadsworth in two so quick the other day that he spoke several words before he realized what had occurred. Then he ceased his remarks, of course.

Including policemen, postoffice officials, marketmen and women, care-takers, hospital nurses, and newspaper writers and printers, it is estimated that fully 100,000 of the inhabitants of London are night workers.

A gentleman in Columbus, Ga., has a razor which has been in constant use 104 years. It bears a close resemblance to a broad axe, but does good service yet, and may cut many a whisker before it is finally laid away among the relics of bygone days.

Says an Exchange: "Twenty years hence no hunter will be able to discover a wild elephant in any portion of the globe." But do not be too extravagant in your joy, my dear friend; the elephant which most people go to see with such disastrous results is of domestic vintage. Nothing wild about him—except the men who see him.

Dr. Edward Schoenfeld of the University of Bonn, upon whom the American National Academy of Science has conferred the honor of the Watson gold medal, gained the honor by completing the great star catalogue, begun last century by Argelander and which number about three hundred thousand stars in the Northern hemisphere and nearly one hundred and fifty thousand in the Southern.

A novel branch of learning has been introduced into the higher grades of the public schools of New Haven. It consists of a bulletin board, upon which are pasted each day clippings of important home and foreign news taken from the newspapers. Special attention is given to matters brought up in connection with the study of history or geography. The pupils take a great interest in the "bulletin" and vie with one another in bringing the greatest number of items which are suitable to be pasted.

Some time ago Mrs. Langtry engaged a chef at a salary of \$15 a day to take entire charge and provide everything for her kitchen. The chef, a Frenchman by the name of Broche, soon found out that, owing to the luxurious tastes of his mistress, the sum allowed him was entirely inadequate for the contract. He brought in a bill for extra marketing, amounting to \$25, which Mrs. Langtry refused to pay. He has now brought suit against her in the New York courts.

A farmer of Terrell county, Georgia, went out the other night to wash a fine Jersey cow in kerosene to cure her of the itch. He had just got her well saturated when a clumsy little negro who was holding the light accidentally set fire to her. The cow started off through the darkness thirty feet at a jump. She was finally captured and taken home, and has entirely recovered from the burning she received. The farmer omitted to state whether she was cured of the itch or not.

The "pigs" in pigs in clover are the ordinary marbles with which the festive small boy doth disport himself in the springtime, and thereby hangs a tale. There are nearly 30,000 of these puzzles manufactured daily, and as there are four pigs for each one, 115,000 marbles are used daily in making up the pig driving outfit. This phenomenal demand for little jokers consequent upon the advent of the new puzzle has caused the dealers in marbles to become avaricious, and the price has doubled already and is still rising, and efforts are being made to "corner" the market.

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—AND—

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Lights to last day or night at

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IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED  
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Several building lots for sale, at a low price. Splendid location; the very best natural drainage, and within five minutes' walk of our factories which are bound to make these lots double in value in less than three years. Call on or address, L. Hillmer, Plymouth, Mich.

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Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND  
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OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS  
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DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.—Time Table, Taking Effect June 16, 1893.

WEST.		STATIONS.		EAST.		
8:50 a.m.	1:25 p.m.	5:15	Detroit	11:40	5:00	
7:53 10:50	...	6:07	Plymouth	10:50	4:12	
8:52 11:55	...	7:08	Howell	9:53	3:18	
9:54 1:14	...	8:14	Trowbridge	8:55	2:18	
10:00	1:30	8:40	Lansing	8:50	2:10	
10:25	2:05	4:10	8:47	Odessa	8:25	1:47
11:07	...	4:40	2:25	L. Odessa	7:49	1:08
12:10	...	5:35	10:25	G. Rapids	6:50	12:10
10:48	2:30	9:17	Portland	7:48	1:17	
11:15	3:00	9:45	Ionia	7:20	12:49	
11:30	3:10	9:55	Ionia	6:55	12:10	
12:10	4:02	10:50	Greenview	6:13	1:18	
12:50	4:50	11:35	Howell	5:20	12:10	
8:10	3:15	...	Ionia	...	11:00	
8:52	4:02	...	Sherridan	...	10:15	
9:05	4:18	...	Stanton	...	10:01	
9:45	4:58	...	Edmore	...	9:4	
10:05	5:04	...	Stanton	...	9:11	
11:05	6:05	...	B. Rapids	...	8:15	

### CONNECTIONS.

Detroit with railroads diverging. Plymouth with Flint & Pere Marquette R. R. South Lyon, with Toledo, Ann Arbor and Grand Trunk Railway. Chicago, with Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. Lansing, with Michigan Central R. R. Ionia, with Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee R. R., and Stanton Branch. Howard City, with Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R. Edmore, with Chicago, Baginaw & Canada R. R. Big Rapids, with Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. Grand Rapids, with Chicago & West Michigan; Grand Rapids Div. Michigan Central; Kalamazoo Div. Lake Shore & Michigan Southern.

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25 BILIOUS NERVOUS DISORDERS  
Such as Sick Headache, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Malaria, Chills & Fever—all kinds, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Lost Appetite, Wind on Stomach, and Bowels, Pains in Back, Foul Breath, etc.  
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