

COXEY ON THE MARCH

STARTS FROM MASSILLON, OHIO,
WITH ABOUT 150 MEN.The Grande Armee Against the National Capital
Began Under Disconcerting Circumstances—Crowds of Spectators Line the
Roads—Scenes in Camp at Canton.

"Commonwealth" Sets Forth.

Coxey's army of the commonwealth left Massillon, Ohio, Sunday forenoon, and by night had covered the first eight miles of the long heralded march to Washington. A Canton, Ohio, dispatch says that the column passed through the public square of the city of its birth there were just 122 people on foot, in wagons, or horseback. The national colors were carried at the head of the column by Sam Johnson, a Massillon negro. Carl Browne came next, mounted on a splendid white horse weighing nearly 2,000 pounds. He wore high top boots, corduroy trousers, a buckskin jacket, a fur overcoat, and a big sombrero. Doc Kirkland, of Pittsburgh, was close behind with two aids. Then came Coxey in his phaeton, with a spirited team. Mrs. Coxey, her little son, Legal Tender, and her sister, Miss Jones, drove with them to the first speaker's platform, where having a stop. A light runner, having a speaker's platform, was next. It is to accommodate Carl Browne and his panoramas illustrating his harangue against the national banking system as the monster of the age.

Carl Browne, the well known, headed the section of footmen. He is the man who made such an incendiary speech in Massillon that he was not allowed to speak the second time. People in the crowd the first time he spoke thought he was faking, the Chicago anarchist, and so on. He replied: "I am the great unknown and must remain so." He is handsome, commanding and well dressed, and maintains good discipline. Seventy-four footmen followed.

A covered wagon accompanied the band of fourteen men. Two wagons accompanied the tents and a commissary, and an ordinary farm wagon loaded with horse feed brought up the rear.

The first stop was made at Reed, Ohio, and here, according to the scriptural idea which Browne introduced wherever possible, there was a feast of loaves and fishes—rye bread, canned salmon, and elled sardines. After an hour's rest the order to fall in was given. There were some recruits by this time—a dozen more horsemen—and probably 150 marched through the city and to Camp Lexington, just outside the city, where the night was spent. Marshal Browne says that the name of the marchers and occupation of every member is enrolled, together with a satisfactory reason for enlisting. The list was not open to public gaze, but Browne indignantly denies that there is a single tramp in the company. He says that others will join in camp all along the route.

Coxey is elated with the start and says a grand success is now assured. Before leaving Camp Concord at Massillon, a meeting was held. Carl Browne delivered his idea of a sermon. He read from the scriptures, selecting several passages from Revelation. He took the ground that all the prophecies had been fulfilled. He explained the passage of the beast with seven heads and ten horns. New York, he said, was the beast, the seven heads were the corporations, and the ten horns were grasping, grasping monopolies as the Standard Oil trust, the railroad trusts, and the land trusts.

Purpose of the March.

J. S. Coxey's "army" of unemployed was organized to march to Washington in the person of the president. Congress, Mr. Coxey associated with him as assistant Carl Browne, of California. The work of organization was begun months ago. Labor unions, farmers' alliances and similar organizations were invited to join in it. All organizations were advised to procure a wagon, if possible, to carry camp utensils. Appeals to Populists and various societies throughout the country were mailed at intervals for several months.

The itinerary of the trip is an interesting one. It has been so arranged that day meetings can be held in leading cities where labor troubles are abundant. It is from these centers Mr. Coxey expects to secure the greatest number of recruits. He expects that the Congressmen will be so intimidated by the march that they will call upon their Representatives to come out. They will be petitioned to lead the army during its stay.

An inspection of Coxey's headquarters before the march began disclosed, in readiness for the march, a round

tent sixty feet in diameter, used by a circus last year, two smaller tents, 24 by 40 feet in size, a commissary wagon of six or eight tons capacity, an ambulance wagon, with medical and surgical appliances and numerous smaller articles for the accommodation of the army. The big circus tent is to be used for sleeping quarters at night, and for the meetings en route, when the weather is too inclement for the open air.

Congress will be demanded to pass two bills. One provides for the issuing of \$500,000,000 in legal tender notes, to be expended by the Secretary of War at the rate of \$20,000,000 a month in constructing roads in the various States. Common labor is to be paid \$1.50 a day for eight hours' work. Another bill is to provide that any State or municipality down to a village desiring to make public improvements may deposit with the Secretary of the Treasury non-interest bearing bonds not exceeding one-half the assessed valuation of its property upon which the Secretary of the Treasury shall issue legal tender at 98 per cent of their face value. Jerry Simpson will be asked to introduce these bills.

FATAL TO THE FRUITS.

Country Visited by Freezing Cold—Drop of Fifty Degrees.

According to the press dispatches the recent cold snap has been fatal to the fruits. Throughout Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Michigan the temperature has been unusually low for this season.

At Anna, Ill., the thermometer fell to about 20 degrees. The frost did great damage to fruit and vegetables throughout the section. The buds of the pears, cherries and early apples are thought to be killed. Strawberries are injured some, and there will be no peach crop whatever, this freeze having finished the ruin which the January cold snap began.

At Cairo, Ill.—The temperature here has fallen several degrees below freezing. The damage to fruit growers and gardeners in this vicinity will reach many thousands of dollars.

At Macomb, Ill.—In two days there has been a drop in the temperature of from fifteen to eighteen degrees. Peaches, pears and plums are ruined. The cold wave has reached various sections of Michigan report the temperature at far below the freezing point everywhere. The thermometer registers 10 degrees at Sault Ste. Marie, 12 at Alpena, 16 at Grand Haven and 20 at Detroit. The cold wave from Michigan is accompanied by northwest winds and light snow in some portions. Fruit-growers will suffer almost universally.

St. Louis, Mo.—The freezing weather that now prevails throughout this section of the country is unprecedented for the month of March, and is causing consternation among fruit and vegetable growers, who will be heavy losers therefrom. Ice an inch thick formed in this city, and as far south as San Angelo, Tex., it was a quarter of an inch thick.

Muncie, Ind.—The temperature has dropped thirty degrees, and Muncie was visited by one of the severest blizzards of the season. One grower says that all the fruit in this section of the country has been killed, which will be a loss of thousands of dollars to farmers.

Wabash, Ind.—It is believed the fruit is all killed. Wheat which had grown rank is also injured.

Valparaiso, Ind.—Wheat is thought to have been killed.

Burlington, Ia.—Easter Sunday will be memorable as the coldest in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The mercury was near zero. Many flowers which had been in bloom were killed. Fruit buds suffered severely.

Buffalo, Wyo.—Last week's blizzard, continuing seventy hours, has never been approached in severity by any other storm in this locality. Traffic is almost entirely stopped. The city is cut off by wire with the outside world has only just been restored. Snow is drifted from ten to twenty feet deep in every direction. The loss of stock is terrible.

St. Paul, Minn.—The temperature reached the vicinity of six degrees below zero, which was the lowest record for the month.

DENOUNCE BRECKINRIDGE.

Social Party League of New York Wants Congress to Expel Him.

The fourth annual business meeting and election of officers of the National Christian League for the Protection of Social Purity was held in New York at the headquarters of the league, 33 East 22d street. One cause of the long continuance of the meeting was the animosity directed against Congressman Breckinridge, in which the ladies became involved. They finally decided to send a memorial to Congress protesting against allowing Congressman Breckinridge to retain his seat. They also decided to send communication to Mrs. Breckinridge calling upon her in the name of womanhood to renounce her husband and to refuse to live with him longer. In addition to this they voted to call upon the presbytery with which Col. Breckinridge is connected, asking to have the Congressman expelled. These actions were taken upon the motion of Mrs. Clarke Bell, President of the Woman's Health Protective Association.

Overflow of News.

Two children were killed by the caving in of a dugout home at End, O. T.

MRS. JOHN JOHNSON and her son were killed by lightning at Lawrenceville, Ga.

GEORGE DRAPER, President of the Cincinnati Common Council, is violently insane.

JOSEPH LEUVENMARK, champion high diver of the world, died at San Francisco.

TELEGRAPHERS had their inning before the conference to settle Union Pacific labor troubles. Engineers will follow.

Mrs. CORNELIA A. SPINDLER, a widow at Defiance, Ohio, has sued Bruce M. Alshous for \$5,000 for breach of promise.

EASTERN roads have announced a rate of a cent a mile for the Grand Army encampment in Pittsburgh in September.

HENRY McDONALD, in jail at Chattanooga, Tenn., for obtaining money under false pretenses, sought to kill himself by using his head as a battering ram against the brick walls of the jail.

GIVE UP IN DESPAIR.

POSTOFFICE DETECTIVES ABANDON SOUTH BEND.

Mail Robberies Continue Unabated in Spite of the Efforts of Postal Inspectors to Find the Thieves—Postage Paid to Amount to \$10,000.

Pliers Their Mail.

Mysterious mail robberies, inscrutable thieves, and hundreds of angry correspondents whose money has gone astray, have lately been making life miserable for certain vendors of patent medicines and cosmetics at South Bend, Ind. More than \$10,000 is said to have disappeared in some mysterious way from the letters sent to South Bend, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the postoffice inspectors, the leak has not been discovered. Federal detectives have prowled around the postoffice in the Indiana town and have sent decoy letters through the mails. The thief or thieves declined to handle the decoys, and this scheme of catching the pilferers failed.

The sudden disappearance of the inspectors caused a ferment among the sufferers. When they learned that the detectives had given up the job in disgust the medicine men threw up their hands and wondered whether they would have to go out of business—complexions were being ruined irrevocably and there was no possibility of suing for damages. But the hardest loss is said to have fallen on the Indiana Traveling Men's Association, which has its headquarters at South Bend. Secretary E. H. Russell reports the loss of 1,000 letters, each containing \$2 or more. Angry members claim they cannot be held responsible for the continuous theft of their dues and the association has suffered severely. Still the pilfering goes on. It reached its height when the inspectors had just warned to their work.

Audacity of the Robberies.

However worked, the scheme of the thieves is one of the most audacious in the history of postal robberies. Every employe in the South Bend postoffice has been watched and tested. Over the entire case an impenetrable shroud of secrecy has been flung by the postoffice departments. Though complaints were filed in Washington months ago and inspectors had been sent down to South Bend, nothing else was apparently done. Letters are still being pilfered and robbed of the currency they contain. Money orders never reach their destination and are evidently torn up by the thieves, as the presenters would be instantly detected.

South Bend is the home of the patent medicine man and the fair but elderly vendor of cosmetics. The latter is usually the wife of the former. Chief of Police Rose claims that there are 175 patent medicine and cosmetic factories in South Bend. The mail still contains letters from the factories containing remittances being forwarded from every State in the Union and from Canada.

Where the letters have been diverted from their intended destination, a part of the mystery surrounding the thefts. Four postoffice inspectors have failed to discover at what point the letters drop out of sight.

Traveling Men Robbed.

It was not until late in the fall of 1893 that the Indiana Traveling Men's Association began to miss the dues sent in by members. Dues for September failed to reach the secretary's hands, but he did not notice it until the next month's payment fell due. Then he notified the delinquent members and in reply received a bushel of letters from Indiana members who declared they had sent in their September dues. Secretary Russell wrote to Washington and was referred to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. Three weeks ago he went to Washington and presented the investigation. Two inspectors had already been sent to South Bend, but their mission had soon become known and they had to return to Cincinnati.

Shortly after Mr. Russell's visit to Cincinnati Chief Inspector Salmon, of the Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky division, went to South Bend and looked over the ground. Soon afterward inspectors Fletcher and Holden established themselves in South Bend. Fletcher had 200 decoy letters sent to himself under the name of Wilson, but not one of them was touched. It was said more letters, however, were stolen while the detectives were at work than ever before.

SENATOR COLQUITT DEAD.

Georgia Statesman Passed Away Surrounded by Family and Friends.

United States Senator Alfred Holt Colquitt, of Georgia, died at his residence in Washington Monday. Around the bedside when he passed away were Senator Gordon of Georgia, Mrs. Jones, Senator Colquitt's private secretary, his nephew, Mr. Bunn; his son, Mrs. Colquitt, three unmarried daughters, and his daughter, Mrs. Marshall, of Chicago. Senator Colquitt was stricken with paralysis in July, 1892, and from that time forward was unable to walk around without assistance.

Minor Mention.

THE New England maple sugar crop was a failure.

A BANDIT'S cave was discovered near Winfield, Kan.

FRANK SNELL perished in the blizzard at Groton, S. D.

W. H. DORRIS was shot at New York by a masked burglar.

THREE deaths from cholera have occurred at Constantinople.

By an explosion of a paraffine lamp in a London dwelling-house, five persons were burned to death.

ABRONAUT WILSON fell from his balloon, a distance of 1,000 feet, at Cannes, plunging in the sea, and was instantly killed.

MRS. CALVIN BRADY, wife of a young farmer at Ringoes, N. J., deserted her husband and baby to elope with a negro.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is credited with being heartily in favor of the move to reduce military burdens in European countries.

FLURRY IN WHEAT.

PRICE GOES UP THREE CENTS A BUSHEL IN CHICAGO.

Starting Crop Damage Talk and a Harder Freeze Coming Create a Panic Among Buyers—Enormous Business and Great Excitement on the Floor.

Mad Scramble in the Pit.

There was a waking up of the wheat trade the first hour Wednesday morning, says a dispatch from Chicago. On fear of still colder weather over the wheat belt the May price started to go up, gained 1c in the first half hour, when all offerings ceased, and shorts got excited and bid prices up 2c further in a few minutes. May from 58 1/2 @59 1/2 Tuesday night went to 61 1/2. Corn for May was up 1c to 37 1/2 @37 1/2 the first hour. Oats gained 1c to 31 1/2. Pork gained 10c in sympathy. Receipts for the day were very light at 24 cars wheat, 95 corn, 118 oats. Hogs were posted at 25,000.

After months of weary waiting on the bull side of wheat and after decline and depression such as never before recorded in the trade, there was a great upheaval in the market and a jump of 3c in the speculative price in less than an hour. The great pit, which has been afflicted by that "tired feeling" for weeks and months, at once became the scene of great excitement. May wheat, which closed 58 1/2 @59 1/2 Tuesday night, started at 59 1/2, and in

a few minutes moved up to 59c, with no indication of the panic which followed. The Signal Service Agent put the touches on the weather map, the chart showed mild weather only in certain localities, while the Northwest, Iowa, Kansas, and other great States of the wheat belt had freezing weather. This was not all. The prediction was for a more severe freeze than on Monday over the whole wheat belt. This was alarming. At the same hour every house on the floor with country connections had dispatches telling of wheat already killed by the cold wave of Sunday and Monday. Tuesday the trade was bullish on the theory that once the market got by the stop-order point the loss was on the house. Big houses had all their brokers buying like fury. It was a wild scene and a great, bounding, bull market, with losses for shorts, big and little, right and left. The May price started 58c, went to 59c gradually, went to 60c with shorts climbing over each other to get wheat sold 1c lower; went from 60c to 61c with commission houses buying on a tremendous scale to save their customers and themselves; and the price went up to 61 1/2, and the price to 61 1/2, or 3c over the close on Tuesday. July sold 60c and up to 60c. Partridge brokers sold wheat on the big advance, and the May price went back to 60c. On a second flurry before midday the May sold 61 1/2 and the price went up to 62c, and the market became steady at 60 1/2, 2c over Tuesday night. The light cars, 168 Minneapolis and Duluth, against 360 a year ago, added to the force of the buying.

Millions of Bushels Handled.

Hundreds of brokers and speculators were wildly clapping the air and screaming for wheat, says the dispatch. They bid the market up on themselves furiously, and in less than five minutes the price was 61c, and July was 61c. From 61c to 62c everybody wanted to buy wheat, and nobody had any for sale. The mountains of supply were suddenly exhausted. The bears were thrown into a hopeless panic by their inability to get wheat. Nothing so frightens a speculator as to discover that he can neither buy nor sell, and when thoroughly panic-stricken nobody can skip fractions in his bids like a trapped short seller. At such periods he wants the property and price cuts no figure.

Telegraphic Clanks.

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THE Populists of North Dakota will hold a State Convention in June at Jamestown.

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CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

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BLAND BILL VETOED.

PRESIDENT DECLINES TO INCREASE THE MEASURE.

Bill Is Returned to the House Without His Approval—Seigniorage Might Be Colored on an Issue of Low Interest Bearing Bonds.

Would Rob Us of Our Gold.

President Cleveland has vetoed the Bland bill. Long before the House was called to order Thursday morning the news had spread over the floor that the seigniorage bill had been vetoed, and later, according to a Washington dispatch, when the positive announcement was made it caused little excitement. The President's objections to the bill, in brief, are that the bill is loosely drawn and would rob us of our gold. He says he believes the coinage of the bullion seigniorage might be safely and advantageously done provided authority were given the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds at a low rate of interest. He expresses a hope for a comprehensive adjustment of our monetary affairs in a short time in a way to accord to silver its proper place in our currency.

In his veto message the President says: "My strong desire to avoid disagreement with those in both houses of Congress who have supported this bill would lead me to approve it if I could believe that the public good would not be thereby endangered, and that such action on my part would be a proper discharge of official duty."

Inasmuch, however, as I am unable to satisfy myself that the proposed legislation is either wise or opportune, my conception of the obligations and responsibilities attached to the great office I hold forbids the indulgence of my personal desire and inexorably confines me to that course which is dictated by my reason and judgment and pointed out by a sincere purpose to protect and promote the general interests of our people."

The financial disturbance which swept over the country during the last year was unparalleled in its severity and disastrous consequences. There seemed to be almost an entire displacement of faith in our financial ability and a loss of confidence in our fiscal policy. Among those who attempted to assign causes for our distress it was very generally conceded that the operation of a provision of law then in force which required the Government to purchase monthly a large amount of silver bullion, and to make its payment therefor was either entirely or to a large extent responsible for our condition.

This led to the repeal, on Nov. 1, 1893, of this statutory provision. We had, however, fallen so low in the depths of depression and adversity, and our condition had so completely gained control in financial circles that our rapid recuperation could not be reasonably expected. Our recovery has nevertheless steadily progressed, and the measures in our hands have elapsed since the repeal of the mischievous silver purchase requirement a wholesome improvement is unmistakably apparent. Confidence in our ability to carry out our policy is being restored, and faith in our disposition to adhere to sound financial methods is so far restored as to produce the most encouraging results, both at home and abroad.

The wheels of domestic industry have been clearly set in motion, and the tide of foreign investment has again started in our direction. Our recovery being so well under way nothing should be done to retard our progress, nor should we forget that a relapse at this time would almost surely reduce us to a lower stage of financial distress than that from which we are now emerging.

I believe that if the bill under consideration should become a law it would be regarded as a retrogression from the financial situation we have reached, and that the repeal of the provision forcing silver bullion purchases; that it would weaken if it did not destroy returning faith and confidence in our monetary policy, and that as a consequence our progress to renewed business health would be unfortunately retarded, and that our recovery would be seriously threatened.

Ill-Advised and Dangerous.

I am convinced that this scheme is ill-advised and dangerous. As an ultimate result of its operation, treasury notes which are legal tender for all debts, public and private, and which are redeemable in gold or silver, at the option of the holder, will be replaced by silver certificates and receipts, which will have none of these qualities. In anticipation of this result, and as an immediate effect, the exchange market, and naturally the stock market, will be seriously affected. The fact that gold can be realized upon them, and the further fact that their redemption has been delayed when they reach the Treasury, must tend to their withdrawal from general circulation, to be immediately presented for gold redemption or to be hoarded for presentation at a more convenient season. The sequel of both operations will be a large addition to the silver currency in our circulation and a corresponding reduction of gold in the Treasury.

The argument has been made that these things will not occur at once, because a certain time must elapse before the coinage of anything but the seigniorage can be entered upon. If the physical effects of the execution of the bill are not to be retarded until far in the future this may furnish a strong reason why it should not be passed so much in advance, but the postponement of its actual operation cannot prevent the fear and loss of confidence and nervous prostration which would immediately follow its passage and bring about its worst consequences.

Overflow of News.

PROF. JONES, of Portage la Prairie, was frozen to death in a snow storm.

DR. O'KELLY, of Detroit, has been summoned to Paris to testify in the Parnell land contest.

GEORGE MILLER, a New York saloon-keeper, is under arrest charged with poisoning his wife.

FINN wiped out the village of Money Point, Va., causing a loss of \$300,000. Only six houses are left.

By the explosion of a paraffine lamp, in a London dwelling-house five persons were burned to death.

MILT JOHNSON was murdered at Joliet on the Chicago canal. He is the tenth victim in two weeks.

LILLIAN WILLIS killed her father at Homestead, Pa., in defense of her mother, and was acquitted by a jury.

R. C. BRICKER has been appointed Chief Justice of the Alabama Supreme Court, vice Stone, deceased.

REV. JAMES G. RYAN, a pioneer Catholic priest, of Nebraska, died very suddenly at his residence in Omaha.

1880. 1894.

FOURTEEN YEARS' TRADE.

Has given us the knowledge of the requirements of the people of this section of the State, and we are prepared as never before to show you the most complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever exhibited in Northern Michigan, at prices which we know will be satisfactory.

Our Spring and Summer Styles

OF DRY GOODS

Will be on hand in advance of the season, giving ample opportunity for careful selection.

Our Grocery Department,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Stoves and Ranges,

Crockery and Glassware,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.,

Will be filled with Purest and Best Goods.

HAY, OATS AND FEED, WOOD, COAL AND LUMBER,

EVERYTHING IN LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

AT THE PIONEER STORE

OF SALLING, HANSON & CO.,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. S. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. John Irwin, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

DANISH EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH—Rev. A. Hennrich, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m., and every Thursday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2 p.m.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Willis, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 6:30 p.m. Sunday school at 2 p.m.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Father H. Weber. Regular services the last Sunday in each month.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 256, F. & A. M. Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon.

MARVIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R. Meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. W. WOODBURN, Post Com.

A. TAYLOR, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 164, meets on the 2d and 4th Saturdays at 9 o'clock in the afternoon. ISABEL JONES, President.

REBECCA WIGG, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 120. Meets every third Tuesday in each month.

A. TAYLOR, Sec.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137. Meets every Tuesday evening.

W. BLANCHARD, Sec.

GRAYLING ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 118. Meets alternate Friday evenings.

W. MCULLOUGH, C. P.

R. G. TAYLOR, Secretary.

CRAWFORD TENT, No. O. T. M., No. 102. Meets every Saturday evening.

T. NOZAN, R. E.

G. S. DYER, Com. C.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, No. 83, meets Monday evening on or before the full of the moon.

MARY L. STALEY, W. M.

ADA M. GHOULOFF, Sec.

PORTAGE LODGE, K. of P., No. 141. Meets first and third Wednesday of each month.

J. HARTWICK, K. of R

O. PALMER, Publisher.
ORATLING, MICHIGAN.

HAM sandwiches for railway lunch counters are now made by machinery. The great unsatisfied want now is a machine that will crush them.

No men have so little leisure or so little enjoyment as those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Persons of this description have been known to kill themselves in order to kill time.

A court in Cincinnati has decided that if a man blows out the gas his heirs are in the same condition—cannot recover. Unfortunately, the people to whom this is of most interest scarcely hear of it. They don't read the newspapers.

The Interior: Mr. Stead has signified his departure by leaving for publication a guide-book to the brothels and other places of evil resort in Chicago. It is filled with the pious nastiness and abuse of the church and of respectable people out of which he manufactures his sensations. The very worst that can be said of Chicago is that such a man made his way into church circles and attracted public attention.

WHAT are we to think of the apparent extraordinary apathy manifested by the British Government toward its interests in Rio? The other day the Admiral of the British fleet refused succor to a British merchantman, whose captain accordingly found relief under the stars and stripes. More recently the masters of all the British steamships in the harbor joined in a cable message to a member of Parliament representing that "our navy refuses assistance in landing our sick and supplying water," and that the American navy was acting instead. England has not been used to neglect her merchant marine—quite the contrary—nor, from her breach of the treaty of Amiens downward, to stand upon nice questions of international comity when her ocean interests were involved. Has a blight fallen upon the foreign office?

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO is working himself into an unnecessary perspiration over the escape of Admiral da Gama. He is acting foolishly. What he should do is to grant the rebel leader a full pardon and invite him back to Brazil. Nothing so destroys the prestige of a would-be revolutionary as to strip him of the halo of martyrdom. Da Gama proscribed and outlawed, proclaiming his woes and the woes of Brazil in Portugal and throughout Europe generally, is an object of more or less interest, and of more or less danger to the republic. Da Gama pardoned and pursuing the peaceful vocation of running a ferryboat at Rio de Janeiro, for instance, is not a romantic subject at all. He would be absolutely innocuous. President Peixoto should hunt up the case of the United States and the late Jefferson Davis, and when found make a note of it.

CURIOUSLY enough the first person of consequence who expressed the opinion that the Premier of England ought to be a member of the House of Commons was the great Duke of Wellington. On the overthrow of the Melbourne Ministry in 1841, acting on the advice of the outgoing Minister, the young Queen sent for Wellington and asked him to form a Cabinet. The Iron Duke declined the task, told the Queen that the Premier should be a member of the popular assembly, and advised her to send for Sir Robert Peel. Peel was then counted one of her enemies by Victoria. She wept a day over the matter, then Peel was summoned and became Premier. The precedent established then of taking the Premier from the House of Commons has been frequently disregarded, however, as in the case of Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, and also in the case of Lord Beaconsfield's last administration.

SOME miscreants, who had gotten into the Yellowstone Park, have chased and exterminated the last of the herd of buffalo which had been preserved within its precincts by the United States Government at such trouble and expense. Unless there be some still left north of our Canadian border, this interesting bovine animal is now wholly extinct. The millions that populated our Western prairies are gone. The white man found the quadruped easier to kill and eat than the Indian, and it has disappeared even in advance of the disappearance of the red man. Here and there some domesticated buffalo are preserved, which may perpetuate in captivity a race which exists no longer in a wild and natural condition, but these are all of the bison Americanus that now survive. The Indian no longer feeds on buffalo hump. He lives on a reservation, and his government agent brings him at such and such intervals so many cattle to slaughter and eat without the trouble of hunting them. He has abandoned the chase and betakes himself to civilized roast beef and fried chicken. The diet of the wigwam changes the habits and manners of the aboriginal people.

"BITT" ELLISON, the cowardly New York bully, wants to get out of Sing Sing, and petitions for his pardon are being circulated in the clubs. "Bitt" evidently has a press agent at work in his behalf also. One New York paper declares that "to a man of his

birth and early associations the passing inside the walls of Sing Sing and his incarceration there for a month would be as severe a punishment as would ten years' imprisonment to an ordinary criminal." This sort of dollar-a-line slobber is not likely, however, to cause Governor Flower to forget that "Bitt" assaulted and beat nearly to death a feeble old man; that he had frequently been mixed up in similar affairs before, and that his "birth and early associations" did not prevent him from acting like a brute and a blackguard toward a woman whom he professed to love. No; "Bitt" should remain in Sing Sing—that is, if the "ordinary criminals" don't object to associating with him. In that case it might be well to electrocute him. But in any event he ought not to be turned loose on society again.

The Brazilian revolution was one of the best conducted on sanitary grounds that we ever heard of. It possessed prophylactic qualities of a high order. Almost as many people are killed by falling down stairs in Chicago as lost their lives in the "battles" in Rio harbor. There was a great deal of wild shooting of guns—and mouths—but most of the fatalities were caused by accidents. Surrender is the outcome of Admiral Benham's stand with regard to the attempt of Da Gama to institute a blockade. Up to the time when the American sailor denied the right of the insurgent to designate the unloading place for two American merchantmen, there had been no interference with what was practically a blockade. Hundreds of ships lay out in the harbor unable to discharge cargo. But when Benham notified the rebel that he must not hinder American ships all the merchant fleet loosed and moved to the piers. The episode marked the end of the rebellion, for Da Gama's only hope of success lay in his ability to destroy commerce with Rio. His downfall will be unregretted, for the opinion is strong that he was a disguised royalist working for the restoration of the old empire.

RELIGIOUS controversy is, after all, the bitterest and most wrath-provoking of all forms of argument. At a Vanceburg, Ky., prayer meeting the other night Deacon Lawhern was powerfully uplifted and prayed with great strength and eloquence. After the services he was congratulated upon his effort by Deacon Dills, who, however, ventured to call his attention to what he deemed a flavor of heresy in a certain part of the prayer. Deacon Lawhern repelled the insinuation; Deacon Dills reiterated his assertion; Deacon Lawhern felt it his duty to say that Deacon Dills was a falsifier; Deacon Dills retorted that Deacon Lawhern was another; Deacon Lawhern seized a stone and hit Deacon Dills in the neck; Deacon Dills clinched with Deacon Lawhern and bit his thumb off; Deacon Lawhern drew a slingshot and caved in Deacon Dills' head and would have dispatched him to his heavenly home altogether if the pastor had not interfered. The whole affair was most unfortunate, and as it turns out, utterly useless, because at last accounts Deacon Lawhern still maintains his orthodoxy, while Deacon Dills still proclaims him to be a heretic. There is no more use disputing about doctrine than there is in disputing about tastes.

The recent death of John T. Ford is a striking reminder that this country is not so far away, after all, from the time when the curtain closed on the great tragedies of the war. Ford was a successful theatrical manager at Baltimore and Washington previous to the war and while it was in progress. Since its close he has continued in the same business, and he was a very wealthy man at the close of his career. Many of the noted actors of the last forty or fifty years acquired distinction under his management, some beginning the practice of their profession under his direction and tutelage. Among them were John S. Clark, John T. Raymond, Stuart Robson, John W. Albaugh, George C. Boniface, Robert Emmet Graham, Oliver D. Byron, C. B. Bishop, Mary Anderson, Maggie Mitchell, Maudie Palmer, and the Chapman sisters. John Wilkes Booth was a member of his Baltimore company, and Edwin Forrest, W. J. Florence, all the Booths, Joe Jefferson, Macready, and other stars often performed on his stage. He was the owner of Ford's Theater in Washington, where the assassination of Abraham Lincoln occurred. The theater never opened again as such. Ford was arrested for complicity in the crime, but was soon discharged.

Some years ago several wealthy men of Memphis, Tenn., built a steamboat, and named it after one of their best citizens, Charles B. Church. But in painting the name on the paddle-box, as they wanted the letters large, they put simply the initials, so that the name read "C. B. Church."

When the colored people first caught sight of the boat they puzzled themselves not a little over this name. Such of them as could read reasoned about the matter at great length.

"What kind ob church am dat C. B. Church?" they queried. "What does de C. B. stan' for?" Dat's what we want to know.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANERS.

Grand Rapids Officers Have a Sensational Night—Fruit-Growers Will Probably Suffer Great Losses—Litchfield Has a Disastrous Blaze—Mrs. Holliday Wins.

Nearly a Murder.
At Grand Rapids Deputy Sheriff Harman Cowan and Attorney Buchanan went to the store of George W. Wright, who is a well-known paper-hanger, refused to give it up. A dispute arose and Wright passed a revolver to his wife. The officer grabbed her hand, and at the same time Wright struck him. Letting go of the woman, the officer grabbed her husband and they fell, with the officer on top. Suddenly Wright made a vicious jab with a knife he held in his hand and struck the officer directly over the heart. The blade passed through the clothing and lodged in the bone. Thinking he was dangerously wounded, the officer jumped up and rushed across the street to a doctor's office. His wound was dressed and he telephoned to the jail for help. Two officers answered, and they broke in the locked door of the store. As they entered the woman shot twice at them and one ball passed through Officer Cowan's coat. The couple were arrested upon a charge of murderous assault.

Disastrous to Michigan Growers.
Advises from various sections of the State report that the temperature during the cold snap was far below the freezing point everywhere. The cold wave was accompanied by northwest winds and light snows in some portions and in the fruit-belt will prove a calamity to all fruit-growers in this region, as the continued warm weather, so early had started the buds of early peaches, grapes and blackberries. Many thousands of trees were just ready to blossom, but every bud is black and dead. New strawberries were starting green, but are frozen. Even the early planted sheltered fields they are killed. Many farmers had put mortgages on their farms to live through the unusually hard times, depending upon the returns from early fruit to pay them off. This is without a doubt the worst calamity that has befallen the growers in the fruit-belt since the peach yellow scourge of 1876 and 1877, when a prosperous district was devastated of its main resources and land values dropped from 75 to 90 per cent.

Ten Stores Burned.
A row of wooden buildings burned in the very heart of the village of Litchfield, where are an entrance. There is no insurance on the buildings. Ten business places were burned. The losses are as follows: C. H. Estes, local paper, \$400; R. Riblett & Co., notions, \$700; W. A. Sherwood, jeweler, \$500; S. Fowler, boots and shoes, \$200; goods remained on shelves, business places, considerable loss; buildings owned by A. J. Lovejoy and the heirs of Warner J. Lovejoy, \$5,000. The only losses insured are: S. Riblett & Co., \$300; W. A. Sherwood, \$200.

Granted a Divorce and \$20,000 Alimony.
At Ann Arbor Mrs. Susie A. Holliday was granted a divorce from her husband, Louis W. Holliday, and was allowed \$20,000 alimony and \$250 solicitor's fees. The couple were married in 1887, while Holliday was attending college, he being of a wealthy Chicago family. They afterward removed to Detroit, where his escapades and threats to shoot his wife caused him considerable notoriety. Holliday now lives in Chicago and did not contest the divorce, except as to alimony.

Gilmer Must Stand Trial.
Last summer David Gilmer, who lives near Atlanta, shot Charles Burton while Charlie was in the act of stealing David's potatoes. Charlie died. As Charlie was a worthless sort of a fellow and farmers had been bothered a good deal with potato thieves, the county authorities let Gilmer go. But the Circuit Judge had him arrested again. He will be tried, if a jury can be obtained.

Lawbreakers Sentenced.
In the Circuit court at Lansing Judge Peterson pronounced sentences upon three persons convicted of violations of the criminal law. Lou Oliver, convicted of burglary, was sent to Jackson for ten years; Charles Wagner, for a like offense, was given six years; and Jefferson Mollott, a colored man convicted of stealing a cow, was sentenced to serve a term of four years.

Fatal Buzz-Saw Accident.
Irvine F. A. Whitmore, Lake farm, met with a fearful accident by the breaking of a buzz saw which he was helping to run. The teeth on one side of his mouth were knocked out and his arm nearly cut off. He had lost his hand on the same arm in a former accident years ago.

Record of the Week.
A NEGRO woman asked the conductor to take charge of a child who had gone aboard of the train. The "child" was 40 years old.

An officer has been sent from Bay City to Los Angeles, where Charles W. Newling, the defunct bank book-keeper, has been located.

TEN NEGRO men on a Merchant street, Port Huron, owned by Robert Walsh, were nearly entirely destroyed by fire. Loss about \$800.

JACK GARRISON, of Central Lake, is charged with selling liquor without a license. It is not alleged that he kept a saloon, but that he retailed bottles on the street.

JAMES STILLWELL, of Bad Axe, has been granted a franchise by the council of that place to put in a telephone system, and one of the new automatic systems will be used.

A TREMENDOUS cloudburst struck Bear Lake Saturday afternoon. The village is situated on the northern slope of a large hill, and down this hill the water began to rush at a terrific rate, soon rising to a depth of three feet in the streets. Immediately after a clap of thunder a great sheet of water descended. It burst in windows and flooded houses, and mud and water being four feet deep. No lives were lost, but the town was the most desolate-looking place imaginable. Trees, sidewalks, and fences were destroyed, and the first floor of every house was a place of mud and mire.

NELSON BREWER, hotel-keeper, of Leapeer, is dead.

ANN ARBOR Republicans nominated Dr. C. G. Darling for Mayor.

THE German Presbyterians of Warren will build a \$10,000 church.

WITH one or two exceptions all the Muskegon factories are running.

SHERIFF DAVID WALKERHAW, of Marshall, has been deprived of his pension.

HOLLY has lost one of its saloons, and will try to peg along with only three.

MR. CLEMENS Democrats nominated A. T. Donaldson in place of the present incumbent.

THERE are now thirty members of the altitud community at Gibsonville, Genesee County.

THE Government fish wardens have planted 8,000 whitefish in Lake Michigan, near St. Joseph.

THE dry goods house of C. W. Stone in Ionia has been closed on a chattel mortgage by Strong, Leo & Co., of Detroit.

A HAMLIN man cut his initials on a turtle's back ten years ago. That turtle has been found three times since the other day.

IT is believed that the House will appropriate \$150,000 for Hay Lake channel and \$300,000 for St. Mary's River.

DIPHTHERIA of the worst form is raging in the township of Buel, Sanilac County, but so far only one death is reported.

BELLEVIEW physicians report a great deal of sickness in the surrounding country, measles being the most prevalent.

THERE are 528 fraternity men in the State University. They live in houses by themselves and go through a lot of flummery.

THE Adventists and Episcopalians are very thick at Bedford. An advertisement preached at the Episcopal Church the other day.

THE Congregational Society of Lake Odessa, with Rev. J. W. Arney as pastor, has just ended a big revival. About 100 were converted.

COREY LAMBERT, an Edwardsburg farmer, was fined \$25 for cruelty to animals. He left his horses for several days without food or water.

MRS. UNSULA BURPEE, of Owosso, is accused of pouring boiling water into a seated school boy, then putting him out in the cold to starve.

GEORGE GETTY and George Smith, of Shelby, were fooling with a self-cocking revolver. Getty was shot in the abdomen and may not recover.

THE creamery at Yale, St. Clair County, which was built a year ago at a cost of \$5,000, has been sold to David Newland, of Greenwood Township, for \$450.

FINE strings of black bass are being taken from Thornapple Lake. The other day two young men in a few hours caught a string weighing over 100 pounds.

ALL of the teachers in the Imlay City schools, with one exception, have been re-engaged; the salary of the superintendent, Geo. H. Brandt, has been increased.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS threw himself in front of the Erie Express at Scott's. His body was frightfully mangled. It is a clear case of suicide, but no cause is known.

PEACH buds were reported killed at Milford. To prove it wasn't so an old farmer took a twig, put it in water, and has been rewarded with an abundance of blossoms.

A NEW town is elbowing itself into existence. It is situated on Elbow Lake, near Gladwin, and is to be known as Elbowtown. It is on an elbow of the Michigan Central.

GILT-EDGE society at Tecumseh is horrified by one of the leading ladies having confessed to shoplifting and "coughed up" \$500 to compromise with the dry-goods merchants.

THE hotel, hardware store, barber shop, Macabee hall and several other stores were burned in Burlington, Calhoun County. The town was without fire protection. The loss is about \$10,000.

A CLIO youth who wanted to see the world clandestinely put on a false face when he left for Chicago. The officers pulled him at Durand, thinking he was a burglar bold, and now he's home again.

THERE is war in the United Brethren Church at Waldron. A radical brother tried to prevent F. B. Smith, a liberalist, from entering the sanctuary. A fight with fists ensued, and Smith was badly used.

JAMES KELLEY, who was wanted at Gaylord for embezzlement and escaped from his captors at Bay City, went to Saginaw, Ont., and was found crossing the river and Port Huron officers nabbed him again.

MRS. HATTIE HEINEY, of Kalamazoo, attempted to commit suicide with laudanum. She had separated from her husband and was in such dire poverty that she sold her clothes to buy food, being too proud to ask for charity.

FRANK FARR, an old bachelor of Maple Ridge, Arenac County, had \$93 in an old stocking and hid in the cellar. He hasn't got it now, though, as some one unknown broke into his house while he was asleep and appropriated the \$93, stocking and all.

GEORGE W. JONES, of Otsego Lake, postmaster, was taken to Bay City to answer to the charge of alleged embezzlement of \$1,000 of Government money. Jones waived examination and was held in \$1,000 to appear before the Grand Jury. The charge is that he had stolen the money of Gaylord and Chas. S. Brink of Otsego Lake, were Jones' bondsmen as postmaster, and they have settled with the Government. The latter became Jones' bondsmen for his appearance before the Grand Jury. Jones promises to make good the money he has embezzled. The discrepancy was discovered by the postoffice inspector on March 7.

IP Athlone, Monroe County, doesn't hustle it will be without a postoffice soon. The place now occupied by the postoffice has been sold, and the postmaster has moved to Ypsilanti. And no one seems anxious for the job.

"BUD" JACKSON, the 17-year-old Kalamazoo negro bootblack, is under quarantine in East Ransom street, near Walbridge, with smallpox. Special guards watch the house and also that of a neighbor who visited his home before the disease was discovered. He came from Chicago recently. Great precautions are being taken to prevent its spread.

A GLADSTONE young man is looking up the law as to implied contracts. At a dance he told a young lady he believed that she was married to the biggest fool on earth if he would only ask her. "Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden," was the way she accepted him.

WHEN it comes to thieving, Sanilac County can keep up her end with the best of them, and Buel seems to be the banner township. One night recently thieves broke into the M. E. church and stole a large quantity of property that had been used in connection with a church social. But it is expected that they will reform, as they also stole the bible off the pulpit.



LORD ROSEBERY, THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Anecdotes and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Master Content.
It is a lovely day in spring, and happy children flowers bring their parents to delight. Among them is a little lad, who, with the other children, had a message to bring.

With it he to his mother ran, and straightway like a little man, he proceeds to display.

"For you I've gathered, mother dear, the loveliest flowers I have here—I wish 'twere always May!"

When summer came it was just the same, his one day to his mother came. Bacter as any drummer.

"A pleasant time I've had to-day, tumbling in the yellow hay—I wish 'twere always summer."

In autumn came the golden fruit, hanging among the leaves so cute. It tempted passer-by.

"If only we had always this, it really would not come amiss," was Harold's daily cry.

Then he enjoyed the winter's sport, for said he at that one snow court. The oft repeated thought—

"How pleasant could we always sleigh, and with the downy snowballs play, which winter now has brought."

What think you, my dear little friends, to what this little story tends. But that he was content.

Was never heard of the cold complaint, or others for the heat to blame, however warm things went—Sophia M. Hansen.

Strategy in Snowville.
I.
Gen. Tom Jones—Look out, fellows! If the enemy tries to scale the walls, get ready to work the machine gun!

II.
The captain of artillery worked the machine gun, and the invading enemy had a wet time of it.

Girls' Correspondence.
Here is a good suggestion for the girls. It relates to an ingenious scheme devised by a class of young ladies at school together a few years ago. One of them, an English girl, thus explains it:

"There were nine of us in the class, and we were all promising to write to each other continually, but in our hearts we knew that such a correspondence could never be kept up. Finally one of the girls suggested a circular letter, and the idea pleased us all."

"At the expiration of one month from the time we parted the first girl wrote a letter telling what she had been doing and everything about herself which would be likely to interest the others. This letter was sent to the second girl, who, after reading it, wrote her own letter, and sent the two to the third."

"The third, fourth, fifth, and all the others in turn added their letters, until the ninth on the list sent them all to the first. Then the circulating letters fairly under way."

"Now, of course, the envelope always contains nine letters, and each girl, when it comes to her, takes out her own letter, writes a new one telling what she has been doing in the meantime, and starts it on its travels again."

"You can have no idea how interesting it is to receive the letters, and how anxiously we all await their arrival when our turn comes. We have kept it up for nearly four years, and

each time the letters come round the pleasure of reading what all the girls have to say seems to increase."

Teacher—When I was your age I knew a great deal more than you do. Boy—You probably had a much smarter teacher.—Hullo.

A Boy's Composition on Breathing.
Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonic acid got in that there hole and killed nearly every one after morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeezes the diaphragm. Girls can't boller or run like boys, because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I'd rather be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diaphragm.—Washington Star.

"Let There Be Kittens."
Jenny and Ned were discussing the beauties of Tabby's new kittens.

"Now, Ned, why are they all born together? Why aren't some older than the others, like you and me, you know?" asked Jenny.

"Well, it's easier for the Lord to make a lot at once."

"Well, how does He do it?" "Oh, He takes dust and covers it with fur and—"

"But He don't make babies like that."

"Well, babies aren't kittens, are they? The Lord takes more pains with a baby. He only makes one at a time, but when He wants kittens He just says 'Let there be kittens!' and there are kittens."—Exchange.

The Three Selves.
"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three selves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so. I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I do not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma, there was no need for me to mention it at all. Then put a bridle on your tongue. If we can't speak well, speak not at all."

Bobby Goes to School.
"Come, now, Bobby," says mamma, at the breakfast table, "it's time you were off. Bobby leans back in his chair and eyes the front windows gloomily."

"Can I have some more griddle-cakes?"

"No, Bobby. I can't allow you to be greedy, and you've had eight or nine."

"Can I have some plum-jam, then?" "No. There is none on the table. 'Did sis get my new copy-book?'"

"Yes, and it's with your other books on the window sill. Come, hurry up! I suppose you are trying to be late, aren't you?"

"No, mom, I'm not; for pop said he'd work me if I was late again this week. Now, I'll just run out in the yard and see if any mushrooms have come up in the night."

"Bobby! Bobby! Come back here! You know very well mushrooms don't grow at this time of year."

"Well, they might, it's so warm. Anyway, I must go upstairs and see if that chameleon has changed his skin. He is absent about five minutes, and comes down the basement stairs with what novelists usually describe as a 'nervous tread.'"

"Come! come!" says mamma, exasperated. "How can you dawdle so? Here it is ten minutes to 9! The other boys have all gone past. Now be off, I tell you."

"All right, mummy; but where's my cap?"—Judge.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Discord in Jacob's Family.
The lesson for Sunday, April 8, may be found in Gen. 37: 1-11.

INTRODUCTION.
Joseph: A new name in the record of the race, and a new beginning for Jews, Goikie, in his "Hours with the Bible," has well said: "The return of Jacob to Canaan was the first great step toward the formation of a Hebrew people. Hitherto there had been only individuals of the race, but with the family of Jacob there came into existence the heads of the future tribes of Israel. The formal and solemn acceptance of the traditional faith of Abraham by these at Bethel, determined henceforth the history of Israel as identified with the perpetuation and spread among mankind the great doctrine of the unity of God and of the high standard of life which was known as 'the way of Jehovah.' And now in a strange way this people is to be carried down to Egypt, there to work out the divine behest—Joseph is, unwittingly, to be the John the Baptist or forerunner of this great movement. For five weeks now we will deal with his wonderful life."

POINTS IN THE LESSON.
"And Jacob dwelt in the land where in his father was a stranger. The language never again appears. Literally, Jacob took his seat in the land where his father tarried as a sojourner. He established himself in Canaan; he made it his home. In other words, Jacob dwelt as a citizen where his father dwelt as a transient—a transient, at least, in the estimation of those around about."

"These are the generations of Jacob" is a little oblique. One would naturally expect to have the names of Jacob's sons follow. Instead we have the narrative of the events of his life. This is really what is meant. Pool gives it, "the events or occurrences which happened to Jacob and his issue." And he instances the story of Neph in Gen. 6: 9 ("generations"), also of Moses and Aaron at Numbers 3: 1. Moses here turns from the account of Jacob's posterity to that of the chosen family. The lexicon gives for a rendition of the word here translated "generations," family-history.

And Joseph brought unto his father their evil report, stating the evil report of them (see Revelation for even more literally, the rumor of their badness. It was probably current in the places which they frequented and Joseph did not act the part of a mere tattler or tale-bearer, but rather of a repeater of what was the common talk among the people. Possibly, too, he may have been dispatched with the special errand to bring his father tidings. The Douay says he accused his brothers of a "most wicked crime."

The "evil report" is variously translated. The lexicon gives, as the most obvious meaning, coat of extremities, i. e., along garment reaching to the hands and feet. It is the identical phrase rendered at 2 Sam. 13: 18, "a garment of divers colors," and is there alluded to as worn by David as a sign of her being a young unmarried daughter of the court. Manifestly it indicated favor and esteem. The margin of the Revision says, "a long garment with sleeves."

"Let them speak peaceably unto him," is, literally, they were not able to say peace (shalom) unto him. Peace was the salutation of friends.

HINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
We have in Joseph's life a powerful lesson of God's providence. Joseph is the man of destiny. Who would have dreamed that a young man, a slave, a captive boy into a pit would have worked out such mighty results. But here again man's extremity is God's opportunity; or rather man's straits are God's enlargements. Look back over your own lives. Has there not been many a Joseph experience there? Re-count them.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps in the sea And rides above the storm."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err And catch his father's will; God is his own interpreter; And he will make it plain."

The lesson which the International Committee have particularly chosen to emphasize in this portion of Joseph's life is that of conflict, the warring of opposite nature, set upon and here then some suggestions as to how to conduct oneself in this life so as to win the best conquest. There is a way of living which, while it necessarily means conflict with the world, signifies alliance with God and assured triumph in the end—God's providence and the Christian warrior. Peloubet suggestively names the case of Dr. Parkhurst in New York as a noteworthy instance of the warfare that must arise when private integrity takes its stand against public iniquity. So always, as Dr. A. J. Gordon intimates, the plume line throws all other lines into open distortion. And yet "if God be for us, who is he that is against us?"

Unity of sentiment and the spirit of mutual forbearance should be cultivated in order to avoid a schism. There is no better way to produce this than to have it said, and truly, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," or in other words, "submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." This is understood to be the motive of the story of Joseph, which some have quite naturally supposed might possibly engender the belligerent spirit. On the contrary, as we ourselves know from some slight experience, the opposite is the result. See Mr. Deane's "The Bible and the Military Drill not to set them to fighting, but to keep them from fighting." Obedience to authority ought certainly to make for peace, and it does. The trouble with Joseph and his brethren was that they had "broken ranks," and did not know how to stand up for their faith. Of course he took her as she meant and went on to explain that there were other and better ways of defending the cause than by mere bodily exercises which profited little. Some Christians seem never to have had this wholesome lesson. Stand firm in the Lord, be strong with him and in him. "There break he the arrows of the bow, the shield, and the sword, and the battle." Where? There the place of self-surrender is known—the place of self-surre

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily the publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

There are some exceptions, but as a rule, when you have anything to say, it is best to say it silently.

Boss McKane stoutly proclaims his innocence, but neglects to furnish the ground plans and specifications thereof.

The wearer of a disreputable-looking pair of patent leather shoes remarked that they were all right originally, but the patent had expired on them.

We can all take courage from the words of George Eliot, who wrote: "The darkest night that ever fell upon the earth never hid the light, never put out the stars. It only made the stars more keenly, kindly glancing, as if in protest against the darkness."

Indiana burglars are using chloroform in the prosecution of their chief employment. If they are experts in the administration of anesthetics, this is well enough, and, in any event, the general public would prefer chloroform to axes and revolvers, as employed in this special branch of industry.

The dread of whipping having been found to be very salutary as a deterrent in the commission of garroting and certain other crimes, a measure now before the New South Wales Legislature proposes to give the courts discretionary power to order whipping in addition to imprisonment for burglary, robbery, wounding with intent to do bodily harm, resisting arrest, picking pockets and working confidence games.

Some idea of the immense cost of maintaining the great armies of Europe may be had from a reported invention in Germany. A tailor has invented a black cartridge that costs three pennings, while the one in use costs nearly three times as much. The substitute will save the empire seven million marks a year in the cost of military maneuvers. As a pennies is about one-fifth of a cent, it must require a good deal of banging to keep the German army in fighting trim.

Nothing more has been heard up to date from John Bull's astonishing assumption that Uncle Sam ought to apologize to him for taking care of the British sailors for whom the Union Jack had no protection. Since the suggestion of the "Pall Mall" that Admiral Benham should be hanged as a pirate for simply attending to his own affairs in the harbor of Rio, nothing more refreshingly impudent has been heard. But John Bull is full of these delicate little surprises. They lend a certain piquancy to his character.

There is encouragement in the fact that the Parisian anarchists have lately been more successful in blowing themselves up than in killing other people. In every recent case of bomb-throwing the engineer has been hoist with his own petard. The bomb-thrower, seeking to assassinate innocent women and children, has succeeded only in filling his own system with horseshoe nails, slugs and broken glass, while his intended victims have escaped unhurt or with trifling injuries. It is to be hoped that the good work will go on. Nothing can be more gratifying and useful than the spectacle of an anarchist blowing himself up.

As everyone expected, the Coroner's jury in the case of the woman killed by the Cornell sophomores has returned a verdict that she came to her death at the hands of persons known. The jurors were of course servile tradesmen of the town of Ithaca, who were willing to gloss over murder rather than lose the patronage of the students. It would be a righteous retribution if some of the scoundrels were themselves to suffer from the homicidal effervescence of the young gentlemen whom they have saved from the criminal dock. It is not necessary to say anything of the Faculty of the college, the members of which have done their part toward defeating justice. The whole crowd—doctors of divinity and all—are beneath contempt.

In Canada perhaps ten thousand women wear trousers during the winter—of course with the skirt. In this country the popularity of the masculine garment is growing with remarkable rapidity. The trousers are now, and have been for years, in use for horseback riding. The fencing costumes, also, trousers, are worn without the skirt, and in the gymnastics of the fashionable boarding schools for young ladies trousers are worn exclusively and with excellent effect and comfort. In Europe, for the past two years, Turkish trousers are worn by fashionable women for climbing the mountains. The same are worn in the Scotch Highlands by English women. The bathing dress shows marked signs of following the general movement; at the French resorts the most fashionable ladies appear with the close-fitting bathing-suits, with knee-trousers, leaving the skirt off entirely.

MOBILE REGISTER: "The Southern people are too 'handy' with their pistols. We must eliminate the 'personal difficulty' feature as we have eliminated the duel. A few decades

ago we ourselves would have said that the duel was an institution and would so remain in the South; but it has disappeared—has been ridiculed out of existence. And now the "personal difficulty" has got to go also, and go it will very rapidly when once public opinion has set its face firmly against it. Already it has been banished from the centers of population in the South, and lingers in out-of-the-way places only. The formation of good-order leagues in such places would be almost instantaneously effective in putting a stop to it there also. Let the Southern people remove the reproach. When they have done so they can invite immigration and have the invitation accepted; but not before.

There is one field in which the trolley system will meet with no opposition. That is in the construction of roads through country districts where some sort of transportation better than wagons and not so expensive as a regular railroad is needed. Such a road is to be built from Cleveland to Akron, a distance of thirty-five miles. It will connect half a dozen villages, and will transport both passengers and freight. The advantages of the electric road for this class of work are many. The trolley road will admit of grades impossible to the steam railroad. The cost of construction is one to ten in its favor. No skilled trainmen are needed, and the equipment, being simpler and lighter, is far less expensive, while the maintenance of the roadbed is practically nothing. The power plant is really the heaviest item of expense, and with that once installed the road must do a very poor business if it does not make money. The trolley will find its ultimate field of usefulness in the rural districts, where it will furnish cheap and rapid transit, and have few opportunities of killing people.

A GENTLEMAN of musical tastes and patriotic instincts writes to a New York paper to ask why the States of the Union should not have State songs. "Yankee Doodle," he says, "goes as a national air, but there is no reason why each State should not have its individual tune." The New York gentleman is mistaken; he is off the key, so to speak. In the first place, "Yankee Doodle" is not recognized as the national air. Some patriotic assemblages sing or attempt to sing—"America," a song with a tune stolen (immediately) from "God Save the King," others "The Star-Spangled Banner," others still attempt "Hail, Columbia," and in the Northwest "The Red, White and Blue" is the favorite. "Yankee Doodle" isn't sung at all except by children. But the trouble with all these songs is that no one seems to know all the words, and few know the entire tunes. That is the humiliating fact. The average Fourth of July crowd will tackle "The Star-Spangled Banner" with patriotic fervor, but by the time "the rocket's red glare" is reached three-fourths of the singers will be silent and the remainder will be trying to hum the air without singing the words. State songs would only make a bad matter worse. We don't know our patriotic songs, and we don't seem to care to learn them.

The strange case of ex-State Treasurer Hemingway of Mississippi, who has now been four years in the penitentiary upon the charge of embezzling several hundred thousand dollars, is a genuine romance of crime. It was proved on his trial that he was treasurer, that when his term expired the vaults were empty, and that no one but himself had access to the vaults or knew the combination. In the face of such evidence he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary by a judge that was his personal friend, though not a cent of the money could be traced to him. He had made no increase in his expenditures; had not speculated, and had no bad habits. Moreover, he gave every dollar he possessed to help make good the loss. All the time he has protested his innocence, and now after four of the five years of his imprisonment have expired the truth is out and it shows that jury, judge, and public opinion were wrong. He had testified on the trial that he alone had access to the vaults and knew the combinations of the safes, but he did not know that thieves had stolen that knowledge from him and were robbing him. The grand and petty juries and the court, as well as prominent citizens all over the State, have asked the Governor to pardon him and he soon will be free. The most that can be charged against him is carelessness, but it was carelessness that came near being criminal.

Color Cure for Insanity. In the hospital for the insane at Alessandria, Italy, two special rooms have been arranged, one fitted up with windows of red glass and red paint on the walls, the other in blue throughout. A violent patient is first taken to the "blue room" and left to see what effect that color will have on his nerves. One maniac was cured in less than an hour; another, raving and furious, was at perfect peace after passing a day in the calming shades of his cerulean surroundings. The "red room" is used for the commonest forms of dementia, especially melancholy and refusal to take food. The first patient was one who had fasted seven days. After only a three hours' stay in the red room he became quite cheerful and asked for food.—St. Louis Republic.

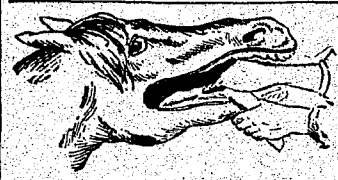
Oilcloth. Oilcloth cannot be saved from cracking when exposed to the sun. Any desired color in ground paint mixed with boiled linseed-oil will renew the surface when worn or cracked.

OUR RURAL READERS.

SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL INTEREST THEM.

How Medicine May Be Administered to Horses.—A Productive White Gooseberry.—Improving a Kitchen Sink.—How to Grow Sugar Beets.

To Give Horses Pills. There are comparatively few farmers and a good many so-called horse-men, who are familiar with dealing properly with sick horses, and in not a few cases more injury is done the animal in consequence of thrashing about when giving medicine than can be counteracted by its healing powers. There are certain liquid medicines that must be given in that condition, and the one administering the



GIVING A HORSE MEDICINE.

dose must use his best judgment in handling the animal. Tie their heads up as high as possible, put up boards to prevent being struck by the four feet, pour the mixture from a bottle, and hold the head high until the horse is obliged to swallow. The easiest method when the medicine is to be given as a paste, which is often the case, is to take the decided distaste which the horse has for the drug, refusing to eat it with the food. Is it mix the drug with bran, making a sticky mass that can be rolled into a ball. This can be more easily handled by putting around it, or rolling it in, a small piece of tissue paper. This keeps the material from the horse's tongue, and is soon dissolved when it reaches the stomach. In administering the ball it should be held between the fingers of the right hand, the first and fourth fingers being placed together under the ball, and the second and third fingers placed on the upper side of the ball. In this manner the right hand is made to take up as little room as possible, to render it easy to insert in the mouth. The person administering should take hold of the horse's tongue, with the left hand, draw it gently from the mouth, placing it on that part of the lower jaw that is bare of teeth. It is a good precaution to place the tongue between the molar teeth to prevent the horse closing his mouth and biting the arm. The right hand holding the ball as explained, is now inserted in the horse's mouth, as shown in the accompanying cut, and the ball deposited at the root of the tongue. The right hand is then withdrawn, the tongue released, and a small handful of hay offered to the horse at once, the head being still held up. In the movement made to eat the hay he swallows the ball, and its course down the gullet may be seen by watching the side of the neck.

The Chautauqua Gooseberry. The white gooseberry, Chautauqua was found several years ago growing in the shade of some plum trees. The unusual size of the berries, robust habit of bush and wonderful beauty at once attracted the attention of its finder. The late Charles Downing pronounced it a seedling of a variety of the English type. A few plants were obtained and planted on a warm gravelly loam, in the shade of an apple tree and peach orchard. A few canes were sent to the experiment station for testing. While the orchard remained the plants were perfectly healthy and bore large crops each year. After a few years the trees were removed and the canes



THE CHAUTAUQUA GOOSEBERRY.

then began to mildew. The mildewing of the plants discouraged their propagation. In the meantime the plants at the experiment station had been thriving and their propagation was strongly recommended in spite of the tendency to mildew. All varieties of the English type of gooseberries mildew more or less, but this defect may mostly be overcome by spraying with sulphate of potassium. The canes of this variety are vigorous, stiff, and upright, and having the usual number of thorns. It should not be planted closer than six feet. The illustration gives a fair illustration of the productiveness of the plant.

Wood Ashes as a Fertilizer.

As wood is now much less used as fuel than it formerly was, the home supply of ashes as a fertilizer is greatly deficient. It is a fact, too, that the ashes are needed now as they were not in the times when large forests had recently been cleared off and the branches piled into brush heaps and burned. In many places forests were cut down and the trees were cut into logs piled in heaps and burned. The result was that these ashes were gathered and saved, but large quantities were mixed by rains with the soil. Yet, within a few years after such large supplies of potash, the wood ashes made by winter fires were carefully saved and applied to crops with the best results. If that was true in the early days, how much more helpful will they not be likely to prove now? Now that fruit growing is largely superseding other kinds of farming, the demand for potash for the soil is greater than it ever was before.

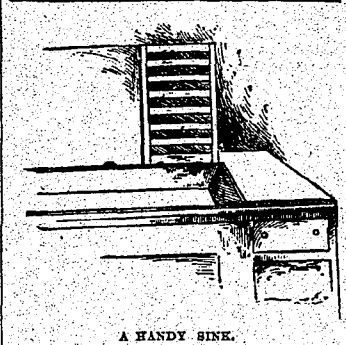
How to Grow Sugar Beets.

The soil should be a light loam, preferably containing some lime. The land should be well drained. The beet gets the greater part of its food from the soil at a depth of 5 to 12 inches, hence freedom from excess of water is necessary. Plow in the fall

As soon as the soil can be properly worked in the spring it should be plowed again, this time to a depth of 12 inches. Allow to lie until about one week before the time of seeding. Then plow once more to the depth of 4 or 5 inches and work the soil up into a fine and light condition. After allowing the land to lie five to seven days plant the seed. No manure should be applied unless in the shape of well-rotted compost put on in the fall. The rows should be 18 inches apart, in very rich soil, less in poor soil, more. The conditions should be such that the beets cannot attain a greater weight than 2 pounds each. Seed should be planted 1 to 2 inches deep, and about 20 pounds per acre. Plant in April. Cultivate as soon as the plant shows in the row. When the beets have put out four leaves, thin them out so as to leave the plant standing about 4 to 6 inches apart in the row. The weeds should be kept down and the soil well stirred. A beet that grows up out of the soil is worthless for sugar; they must not weigh over 2 pounds each and must be smooth and tapering in shape.—Farm and Home.

Sorting the Apples. A very little rot in a barrel of apples will in early spring soon affect the whole lot. The rot furnishes just the conditions in which injurious bacteria do the greatest harm. Taking up each apple and carefully wiping it with a dry cloth will do much to keep them in good condition, but they should at this season be wrapped in fine paper after wiping so as to exclude the air. After this is done place the apples in the coolest place in the cellar, and, if possible, in a room where there is very little ventilation. All have noticed how rapidly apples rot after the cellar windows are opened in spring. It is necessary for health that cellars under living rooms should be kept well ventilated. This makes another reason for keeping them in fruit cellars apart from dwellings where there need be no windows opened to allow currents of out-door air to draw through.

Improving a Kitchen Sink. The ordinary sink has insufficient shelf room, so that for washing dishes recourse is frequently had to a table



A HANDY SINK.

moved up to one end, on which to place dishes when they are washed. The illustration shows two separate covers hinged to the farther side of the sink, which may be let down to rest upon its front edge, the part with slats forming a dish drainer that will be appreciated every time the dishes are washed, and the other forming a solid cover which virtually converts the sink into a table when there is need of more table room. Any one at all handy with tools should be able to attach these conveniences to the kitchen sink at small expense of money, time, or labor.

Farm Notes. A HORSEMAN claims that feeding an idle horse much corn in winter is as hard on them as overworking them in summer.

No MATTER what the harvest may be, if the farm is poorer than it was before it has been cultivated at a loss. The very principle of a successful agriculture is the maintenance of the soil.

The kerosene emulsion will be found to be the best friend of the farmer when insects appear. Do not be afraid to use it liberally. It is cheap, and is also quickly and easily applied.

The weights of the corn and cobs and that of the fodder grown at the same time differ but little. A crop of fifty bushels of shelled corn (with the cobs) will weigh about 3,800 pounds, and the weight of the fodder will be about the same.

VARIETY in the garden should be the rule. The seed catalogues contain many vegetables that are never grown, simply because they are not in general use, yet a year's trial with some of the novelties would establish them as regular crops afterward.

WORKNOT land requires at least two or three years for restoration, and it will cost something to bring it back to fertility. When land has been cropped for years, until it is no longer capable of producing a crop, the plant food cannot be replaced in a single season.

THERE is nothing better than corn fodder, considering its cost, but sorghum is sweeter, and serves well as a change. It may be seeded down in drills, using a bushel of seed per acre. Cattle are very partial to it, and consume the whole stock when it has been cut before becoming too dry.

THERE is no nuisance on the farm worse than a muddy barnyard. It is not possible to give stock any proper care when one must wade knee deep in mud to do it, nor are cattle well fed when they are standing in such filth. Stock keeping will always be unprofitable in such conditions.

MANY NEW BODICES.

GREAT VARIETY OF STYLES ARE PRESENTED.

Spring and Summer Designs Display Various Modes of Shoulder Ornamentation.—Bows of Lace Alternate with Bows of Ribbon—Exquisite Effects Obtained.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

New York correspondents.



GREAT variety is found in bodices nowadays because the spring and summer styles display a new sort of ornamentation at the shoulders as did those of the past winter, and the summer fabrics are more numerous, and varied than the heavier ones. Now and then a new costume is seen like that in the small picture at the head of the column, wherein the current craze for shoulder elaboration is only faintly echoed by the simplest of epaulettes of the dress goods, edged by a narrow strip of velvet. But in general it seems as if the more fancy bodices a woman has the more she wants. Silk waists that originally came in as a welcome economy, making any skirt available, have developed into an insidious extravagance. They are all called silk waists, but they are made of all sorts of silken weaves, and now and again of delicate cashmeres. A description of some of the novelties offered in this alluring line for the destruction of the seriously minded, is enough to corrupt the most severe and unworshipful.

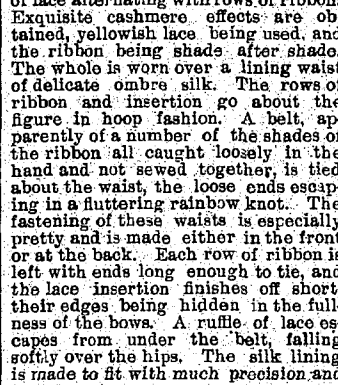
Many silk bodices which fit with tailor-like precision are covered with according to the fashion of the season, and arranged loosely with serpentine effect in front and back. The sleeves both of the silk and the chiffon are very full. There is a fancy for covering any shade of silk with black chiffon, and for use in this way a chiffon comes so cunningly edged with a heavy thread that it seems to be pleated. This sort of thing lasts better than the pleating, but it lacks the possibilities the pleating gives in light and shade. How much prettier is the morning blouse in the first large picture. Here the material is red China



A BLOUSE OF HORIZONTAL SECTIONS.

silk, trimmed with black lace insertion laid over straw-colored satin ribbon. The garment is not fitted, and the back is gathered several times at the waist and once at the neck. The front is also loose, and is trimmed with three horizontal bands of ribbon and lace, and is then arranged in narrow pleats. The neck is finished by a plain band covered with a triple boxpleated ruche made of straw-colored crepe. The sleeves have full puffs, an accordion-pleated epaulette garnished with two bands of insertion, and a tight cuff also trimmed with lace. The bottom of the garment is very wide, and is simply finished by a narrow hem, while a straw-colored ribbon belt comes around the waist and ties at the left side.

Delicate waists are all insertion, bows of lace alternating with rows of ribbon. Exquisite cashmere effects are obtained, yellowish lace being used, and the ribbon being shaded after shade. The whole is worn over a lining waist of delicate ombre silk. The rows of ribbon and insertion go about the figure in hoop fashion. A belt, apparently of a number of the shades of the ribbon all caught loosely in the hand and not sewed together, is tied about the waist, the loose ends escaping in a fluttering rainbow knot. The fastenings of these waists is especially pretty and is made either in the front or at the back. Each row of ribbon is left with ends long enough to tie, and the lace insertion finishes off short, their edges being hidden in the fullness of the bows. A ruffle of lace escapes from under the belt, falling softly over the hips. The silk lining is made to fit with much precision and



IN UP AND DOWN STRIPES.

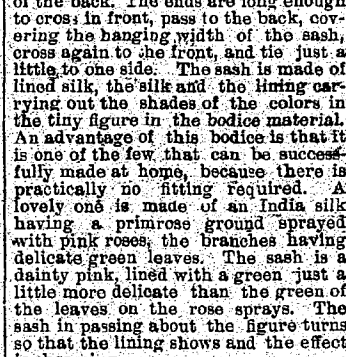
fastens in front if the outer bodice fastens in the back, and vice versa. The outer bodice is made to fit by careful varying of the lengths of the insertion hoops. The little bodice can be ranged at home with some care, and it is quite the newest and prettiest thing, having an added advantage that its cashmere combination of colors makes it go with everything. It can be further harmonized with the rest of the costume by a change of the silk lining bodice, but this rainbow toilet is especially lovely worn over an ombre chiffon skirt.

Plain silk bodices are less popular than a little while ago, because plaids are not becoming to all figures. When seen now the plaids are most carefully arranged, so that the lines may adjust themselves becomingly to the form. The only new thing in plaids for waists is a material that rivals upholstery for heaviness, and that is brightened by an outlining of gold threads. These are combined with lace. Plaids are still seen in trimmings, and the third illustration depicts a pretty use of it. Green and old rose striped changeable silk is the fabric, and light-green velvet and coral lace are the trimming. The green skirt is finished simply with a velvet puff around the bottom. The bodice hooks in front and has a slight décolleté. The fichu is made of a folded plaid silk in the shades of the dress, and fastens in the center with a soft knot. On either side are long velvet revers ending in a point at the waist, and bordered with fancy gold piques in addition to the graduated frill of lace that forms the epaulettes over the shoulders. The velvet revers form a round collar in the back. The sleeves have two puffs, and the bottom of the bodice is finished with a narrow strip of plaid. The prettiest invention yet offered in the way of a silk waist is one fitting in pleats that run into a cord just below the bust line, front and back. To this cord is attached the edge of a sash wide enough to fall well below the waist line. The sash is arranged with the middle of its length in the center

of the back. The ends are long enough to cross in front, pass to the back, covering the hanging width of the sash, cross again to the front, and tie just a little to one side. The sash is made of lined silk, the silk and the lining carrying out the shades of the colors in the tiny figure in the bodice material. An advantage of this bodice is that it is one of the few that can be successfully made at home, because there is practically no fitting required. A lovely one is made of an India silk having a primrose ground sprayed with pink roses, the branches having delicate green leaves. The sash is a dainty pink, lined with a green, just a little more delicate than the green of the leaves on the rose sprays. The sash in passing about the figure turns so that the lining shows and the effect is charming.

Equally as much thought and skill is put into spring bodices made of cloth and by the use of silks and velvets in trimming they are made in some instances quite as showy as the silken one. What could be more dressy and tasteful than the model of the fourth picture? It is in this beige-colored woolen suit, which would suit the same shade of watered silk. The basque is joined to the bodice at the waist and is laid in box-pleats behind and bordered with silk. In front there is a gathered plastron of silk which hooks over and the sides turn back in large revers. The draped epaulettes are made of silk, and there is a belt of the same with a large bow at the left side.

The Etons will not down, and why should they? although they were so generally worn last summer as to become a uniform. They are going to be as plentiful as the coming season, and vary them as best you can, they remain Etons after all. Two views of a bodice are shown in the last picture, which



A SIMPLE ETON SHAPE.

recall the Eton style. It is of light gray check cheviot and is worn with a plain, untrimmed, gold and silver pocket bodice fitted front and back and is finished with a serpentine basque that stops at the side seams. Around the neck come wide revers and a collar of the same stuff, while the vest, which buttons in front, is made of fancy duck suit and is quite high at the neck. The opening may be fitted in with lace draped with stick pins, or with a gentlemanly shirt front and four-in-hand tie.

The lapels at the throat of all jacket effects to which we have become accustomed, and of which we are perhaps, become a little tired, are now caught into flaring folds and drawn together under a cross piece at the throat, making a modification of the popular bow effect and a variation on their own monogony. Women are discovering that men's suitings come in handsome fabric and design, that they are twice as wide as women's goods, don't cost a bit more and wear twice as long. As a result, madam goes out arrayed in a gown to match her husband's, or Little Donnelly gives young Chappy unintended encouragement by appearing in public with him in a gown of the same piece with his rig.

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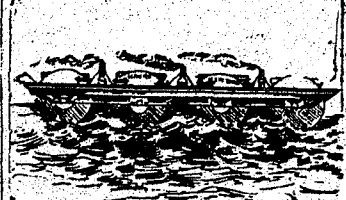
Selling Liquor from a Prison Cell. During the progress of a religious revival at Norton, Kan., lately, John Stone was arrested and sent to jail for selling liquor illegally. Stone's cell was in the rear of the building, and the window was screened from public view by a grate crib. He had not been there long before it was found he was selling liquor from this window to a thirsty and impatient crowd. When Stone was asked how he got hold of his supply of liquor he stated that his good wife had an eye for business, and each visit from her brought to him, for retail purposes, from one to three bottles, which she secreted in her pocket or under her skirts. Stone was reluctant about giving up the trade, for, he said, he was doing fairly well, was paying no rent and receiving his board free from the town.

ALMA-TADEMA is said to ask more comedians and to tell more funny stories than any other diner-out in London.

A NEW OCEAN SHIP.

A Peculiar Kind of Craft Proposed by a French Engineer.

The latest scheme of ocean transportation is that of M. Bazin, a noted French engineer. He proposes to build an Atlantic liner on eight rollers, with the view of securing speed much higher than any thus far attained, arguing that the wheels or rollers on which the vessel is to rest will so greatly diminish the resistance offered by the waves that thirty knots an hour will be easily within the bounds of possibility, and will



ROLLING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

enable the passage from Southampton or Liverpool to New York to be made in four days. The rollers are to enter the water to a depth of about twenty-six feet, and revolve within a platform placed about twenty-four feet above the water, so that there will be a rolling instead of a gliding body, as is the case in ordinary ships. The rollers presumably are to be worked by engines to secure propulsion. M. Bazin claims to have settled by experiment that the stability of the roller type of vessel is at least as great as that of the ordinary type, and believes that the construction of his design of ship will be much less costly than that of the usual description. According to French reports, it is proposed to put M. Bazin's plans to a practical test by constructing a vessel about 400 feet long and of about ninety foot beam, with rollers seventy-five feet in diameter and thirty-five feet wide. The latter are to make twenty-two revolutions per minute.

TO KEEP ICE IN A SICK-ROOM.

Here is a Very Simple but Little Known Method.

A very simple but little known method of keeping ice, says the Youths' Companion, is to draw a piece of thick flannel tightly over some deep vessel, like a bowl, for instance, and fasten it there. The ice



WAY TO KEEP ICE.

is placed on top of this drumhead and covered loosely by another piece of flannel. In this condition the ice keeps cold and even freezes to the flannel. Thus a small piece of ice can be kept near the patient all night, so as to avert many weary marches up and down stairs to the refrigerator. To break the ice a sharp needle or hat pin is the best thing. Force it in and you will be astonished to see how easily it will divide the ice.

LAFAYETTE'S BLUNDER.

Amusing Mistake Caused by His Lack of Acquaintance with English.

When Lafayette, in 1824, made his memorable tour through the United States, many amusing incidents occurred. Lafayette spoke but little English, and understood less. He had retained a few phrases, such as "Thanks!" "My dear friend," "Great country!" "Happy man!" "Ah, I remember!" And, though he usually uttered these in an effective manner, they were sometimes ludicrously misapplied. At Halifax the cortege was met by General Daniel, who had stationed a company of soldiers by the roadside, flanked by the ladies who had assembled to do honor to the guest of the State. It had been arranged that the ladies should wave their handkerchiefs as soon as Lafayette came in sight, and when Daniel exclaimed, "Welcome, Lafayette!" the whole company was to repeat the words after him. Unluckily, the ladies misunderstood the programme and waited too long, only to be reminded of their duty by a stentorian command of "Firt! ladies, firt! I say!" from the general, as he walked down the line to meet the marquis. Equally misunderstanding their part, the soldiers, instead of shouting "Welcome Lafayette!" in unison at the close of the general's speech, repeated the sentence one by one in varying tones down the line. General Daniel, frantic at this burlesque of his order, vainly attempted to correct it; but as he unfortunately stammered when he was excited, his "Say it all to-to-gether!" could not overtake the running fire of "Welcome Lafayette!" which continued all along the line. "Great country! great country!" replied Lafayette, turning to General Polk, who was vainly trying not to smile. Recognizing an old acquaintance, Lafayette greeted him with great effusion: "Ah, my dear friend, so glad to see you once more! Hope you have prospered and had good fortune these years!" "Yes, General, yes; but I have had the great misfortune to lose my wife since I saw you." Catching the word "wife," Lafayette guessed at the idea of a recent marriage, and, patting his old friend affectionately on the shoulder, he exclaimed: "Happy man! happy man!"

Famous Women of Lowly Origin.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice. Adelaide Nelson began life as a child's nurse. Miss Braddon, the novelist, was a utility waitress in the provinces. Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people. Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson, of small means, but the old story of a face being a fortune proved true in her case.

Evident. A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Cleveland's veto message will make one of the most effective campaign documents of the year.

The fruit crop has received its annual killing for 1894, and will now proceed more luxuriously than ever.

The easiest thing to see in politics at the present time, is the foregone certainty that the next President will be a republican.

Mr. Cleveland probably picked out a nice place in the Dismal swamp for the democratic party's sojourn after March 4th, 1897.—*Toledo Blade*.

The deficit created by the Wilson bill will not be only in the Treasury. It will cause a deficit in every workman's pocket.

The laboring man's capital, his muscle, has been as effectually paralyzed by the shadow of free trade as has the rich man's capital.—*Clipper*.

The cold snap of the last few days is to be classed with the Pollard-Breck bridge case as an instance of winter lingering in the lap of spring.—*Globe-Democrat*.

The brains of this country are in the republican party. If you don't believe it, compare the present democratic Congress with its republican predecessors.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The democratic method of lessening pension appropriations is illustrated by the statement that in the last three weeks 2,000 notices of pension reductions have been sent out.

If the Senate would cast out all tariff bills, it would soon be demonstrated that there is employment enough in the country and money enough to pay the employed labor.

Secretary Hoke Smith says he is a better Cleveland man to-day than he ever was. Has the administration at last been forced to get out testimonials as to its "before and after taking" effects?—*Philadelphia Press*.

Breakridge ought by all means to be turned out of Congress and out of the Presbyterian Church; but no one can impeach his title to good standing in the democratic party.—*Champaign Gazette*.

The simple truth about the currency problem is that the people are satisfied with the present situation and do not want the circulating medium further tinkered with in any way for any purpose.—*Globe-Democrat*.

Gov. McKinley's recent speech at Minneapolis is being published by all of the prominent republican newspapers in the country, on account of the clear and forcible way in which it shows what a miserable mistake was made when the democratic party was restored to power.—*Globe-Democrat*.

An Alpena democrat, while addressing an audience this week, called attention to the fact of the bounteous crops, and deplored the fact that in spite of peace and plenty, hundreds of thousands of citizens were actually starving. In concluding, he said: "The Creator has provided liberally for the people, but it looks as though Grover Cleveland and the present Congress were too much for the Almighty."—*Alpena Pioneer*.

The Detroit Free Press says the utter rout of the democracy in Michigan and other places, last Monday, was on account of the personal fitness of the candidates of the republican party. We never knew a fit democratic candidate, but it seems that the democracy of Michigan, from the way they voted, are better judges than the republicans of this county.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

We clip the following extract from the Detroit Tribune of Tuesday: "Michigan democracy suffered an overwhelming defeat in the municipal and township elections held throughout the state, yesterday. Nearly every city in the state reports the success of the republican ticket, with here and there a democrat whose popularity pulled him through. Pontiac, Niles, Ionia and Jackson, all democratic strongholds, have joined the republican column by decisive majorities. The nation will read the returns from Michigan today with satisfaction. We are right in line." It will have to except Crawford county, which has put itself in full accord with the democratic party. The Wilson bill and its adherents from the slums of N. Y. City, Gravesend and Troy, New York,

On Tether Side the Fence.

You bet, I'm feeling pretty good, on a cold like this.

I'm tickled 'cause at last I've got a little good horse sense.

I was a champion in other words, I was a democrat.

Till one day I set to myself.

By jinks, where am I at?

We'd talked and harped without a cause.

"Bout everything in range.

Without a reason, yet we felt

We ought to have a change.

By gum, we got it like a storm.

That nothing seemed to check;

We got the change—but darn it all—

We got it in the neck.

Banks went to bustin' everywhere.

And fact's stood stock still;

It seemed like the whole country was

About to make its will.

Men by the thousand out of work,

And children wantin' bread;

Seemed time to get some other kind

Of politics in my head.

When Congress met it didn't do

A darned thing but convene;

The great G. Cleveland's chief concern

Was flirting with the queen.

A drummer told me, honor bright,

Trade was so dead and blue—

On promissory notes he heard

The interest falling due.

See I, this settles it for me,

And quicker'n you'd say so!

I hopped and burned the clothes I wore

When I was a democrat.

You bet, I'm feeling pretty good,

On Fother side the fence.

From this time on I'll try to use

A little good horse sense.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Democratic Candor.

At the State encampment of the

Grand Army, at Owosso, Gen. A. J.

Shakespeare, the veteran editor of the

Kalamazoo democratic *Gazette*, paid

his respects to Grover Cleveland and

Pension Commissioner Lochren in

language neither hesitating nor ambiguous.

In his opening remarks he says:

"One year has now passed since Mr.

Cleveland became president; nearly

four months since he formulated the

statement that 'thousands of neighbors

have their well-known fraudulent

pensioners,' and has offered no

proof to substantiate the charge. If

he can not and does not furnish the

proof of the terrible statement, terrible

because of the honorable office he fills,

then all honest men must turn from

him with contempt and scorn, as one

unworthy of belief and one who must

go down in history as the monumental

liar of the nineteenth century."

When the General reached the com-

missioner of pensions, he asked:

"Now, fellow citizens, are the veter-

ans of the last war to suffer more

from the acts of their once honorable

comrade (Lochren) than they did from

the ex-rebel Secretary of the Interior,

eight years ago? I venture the asser-

tion that there is not an ex-rebel

soldier now living that would show

the gleeful and malicious joy at the discovery

of some petty fraud in the pension

bureau that this ex-Union soldier

shows when he finds some that are

over-rated."

And now the man whom this monu-

mental accident and fraud appointed

pension commissioner, who was to be

the eagle eye to ferret out frauds, dis-

covered out of the "thousands of well-

known pension frauds," that one man

in Michigan with his arm off above the

elbow and a running wound in another

part of his body was drawing \$22 per

month more than this man Lochren

on an ex-parte examination of the files

thought he ought to have and which

had been granted to him on a full

examination.

Of pensions now granted, the follow-

ing statement is made:

The total number of pensions on the

roll according to Lochren, June 30,

1893, was 949,171. The impression

from nearly all the public utterances

of this administration is that every

one of this administration is that

every one of them are the survivors

of the late war. But the facts are

nearly 225,000 are widows and

survivors of others. Many of them

are ex-rebels who enlisted in the Mex-

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30, '94.

If Mr. Cleveland can enjoy the pre-

dicament into which his disposition

of the Bland coinage bill has thrown

the democrats in Congress, he must be

a peculiarly constituted individual.

In their present demoralization, many

democrats are saying things which they

will regret when they have had time

for their cooler second thoughts, and

cool-headed republicans will wait to

see what the nature of those second

thoughts will be before counting upon

the utter disruption of the democratic

party. The democrats are not worse

divided upon the silver question than

they have been upon other National

questions. Every National platform

the party has had for many years has

been so constructed that it could be

interpreted to mean whatever was de-

sired by any of the numerous factions

of the party. When the democratic

party was out of power, it never had

any difficulty in uniting upon one

thing—an attempt to get into power.

And the chances are that they will

make a desperate attempt, notwith-

standing their differences of opinion,

to unite for the purpose of retaining

the power they have. Senator Bruce

recently declared that he was a dem-
ocrat for the same reason he has red
hair—he can't help it. It's the same
with the average democrat.

The cheekiest American ever born

is in it with Mr. Theophilus Davies,

guardian of the young woman who

calls herself Princess Kaiulani, heir to

the Hawaiian throne. Mr. Davies is

again in Washington, he says for the

purpose of demanding the intentions

of the administration towards Hawaii.

It will be remembered that he brought

his ward to Washington early in

the present administration and that

by means of judicial "tuff" from the

alleged Princess to Mrs. C. he was en-

abled to get the ear of Mr. Cleveland.

It is generally believed that the mis-

representations of this man Davies

were largely responsible for the ridi-

culous policy afterwards adopted towards

Hawaii by Mr. Cleveland. After the

misleading failure of that policy and

the mortification it has caused the

administration, one would suppose

that Washington would be about the

last place that Davies would wish to

be, but here he is as big as life and as

full of misrepresentations as ever.

After much persistency, Davies suc-

ceeded in getting a short interview

with Secretary Gresham, but he has

not yet succeeded in getting beyond

the private secretary's office at the

White House. Davies is not a native

of Hawaii, but is one of the English-

men who have grown rich through the

ownership of sugar plantations there

and the manipulations of commercial

interests. He is a man of great energy

and has no shadow of a right to recognition by this govern-

ment.

Mr. Cleveland has given the cuckoo

from the states which are to hold

democratic conventions this year. A

gigantic task, in demanding of them

that his administration shall be en-

dorsed by those conventions. In some

of the states—Alabama and Missouri,

for instance—this will be somewhat

difficult, as the democratic Senators

from those states are openly opposed

to the administration and will use

their power to prevent the adoption

of such a resolution. In Missouri,

the administration men have already

decided to do what the Cleveland men

so bitterly abused Senator Hill for

doing in New York in 1892—hold a

snap convention on May 15th. Rep-

ublicans feel a deep interest in this

fight, as they regard Missouri as right-

fully belonging in the republican col-

umn, anyway, and the split that may

result will help along the good cause.

Rumors to the effect that the dem-
ocratic break-up which is now threat-

ened will include the retirement of two

or more members of the Cabinet are

being discussed in inner democratic

circles with much freedom, but it is

extremely doubtful whether any mem-

ber of the Cabinet will willingly retire,

and it is not believed that Mr. Cleve-

land has asked any of them to get out

he much prefers that they should

stay in for the present at least.

A democrat who will desert his party

at this juncture is not worthy of the

name. If there ever was a time when

democrats should stand together in re-

sisting the encroachment of aggregated

capital, it is now. Let us uphold our

leaders at Washington and the victory

of 1892 will bear rich and lasting fruit.

—*Grayling Democrat*. Ob, yes, fruits

that will be gathered and enjoyed by

the republican party. The fact of the

matter is that "our leaders"—such as

they are—have deserted us, have

damned the party almost past redem-

tion. "Uphold our leaders," indeed.

The democrat who can do so must be

as vacillating as the winds, or possess

the shifting qualities of the sands, so

often would he be called upon to

change his ideas in order to keep in

touch with "our leaders at Washing-

ton." The democrat who advocates

pure Jeffersonian democracy will be,

instead of "upholding our leaders,"

denouncing them in the strongest

terms possible. The democrat, and

we meet but few of them, who "up-

hold our leaders" in their present

dilly-dallying, do nothing, un-dem-
ocratic policy, is the one rather who is

recreant to his trust.—*West Branch*
Democrat. How pleasant it is to see

our democratic brothers dwell together

in unity.—*Cheboygan Tribune*.



The Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

THREE MONTHS, or even a shorter period, will suffice to convince you that "The Great Daily of Michigan" is so interesting and valuable that so long as you may live you will continue a subscriber, and would no more think of stopping than you would of cancelling your subscription to your home paper. It is complete and accurate in every department of news, giving also much special matter for men, women and children. Think of the testimonial of 60,000 homes which now receive and welcome The Evening News.

2 cents per Copy. . . \$1.25 FOR 3 MONTHS BY MAIL. . . 10 cents a Week.

Agents in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

67 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

BURNT OUT, BUT STILL IN THE RING!

GENTS, now is your time to GET YOUR SPRING & SUMMER SUITINGS!

I have a full line of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS

Which I am making up in the best style, I employ First Class hands, and therefore do first-class work. I do not rush my work, but take time to do it, so as to satisfy my customers.

The citizens of Grayling and vicinity, are requested to call at my rooms in the rear of the EXCHANGE BANK, and examine my Stock.

Grayling, Mich. JULIUS KRAMER

The Century.

A noble feature of the April *Century* number is a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," which is likely to attract the same sort of attention and interest as were awakened by "The Gates Ajar." The fiction in the number includes also the third part of "Cicero d'Alene," Mrs. Fontaine's story of Western mining life, and the fifth

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

LOCAL ITEMS.

S. C. Briggs, of Pere Cheney, was town Monday.

L. Jensen and family now reside in Gaylord.

School tablets and supplies at Fournier's drug store.

Miss Lettie Barker was visiting friends in Lewiston, last week.

The best fifty cent Corset in the city, at Claggett & Pringle's.

E. Wyckoff, of Pere Cheney, was in town last Saturday.

If you want any kind of a Bicycle, call at Palmer's warehouse.

Er Bell has quit the Grocery business and gone to work in the mill yard.

See new advertisement of the New Boston Store, in another column.

The W. R. C. of Roscommon, gave a social Tuesday evening last.

For toilet preparations, go to the store of Harry W. Evans.

Miss Grace Braden is assisting her father in the Post Office.

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. Wright's restaurant.

F. L. Barker was in Atlanta, last week.

Blank Camp Orders or Time Checks and receipts for sale at this office.

H. H. Bay made a trip to Atlanta, last week.

For California fruit, all kinds, go to Wright's restaurant.

W. S. Chalker and A. H. Marsh returned from Fife Lake, Friday evening.

Seed of all kinds for sale by S. H. & Co.

Mrs. A. Groueff went to Mt. Clemens, last week, for the benefit of her health.

New Dress and Apron Gingham, only six cents a yard, at Claggett & Pringle's.

Miss Mattie DeWale and Miss Mable Oliver were the guests of the Misses Mantz, at Lewiston, last week.

Do not fail to secure some of the bargains of the great Fire Sale, at the store of S. H. & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jones returned from their southern visit, last Friday morning.

A new stock of Windsor Ties, for Ladies and Children, finest in the city, at Claggett & Pringle's.

An athletic club was organized at Tawas City, last week, with Dr. F. F. Thatcher for president.

Come early and secure the best bargains in Dry Goods, at the store of S. H. & Co.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Troumbley are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Stevens, of Bay City.

For School Supplies, Tablets, Pencils, etc., call at the Drug Store of Harry W. Evans.

Mrs. H. Trumley went to Vanderbilt, last Wednesday, for a visit with her son and daughter.

Claggett & Pringle carry the best and cheapest line of Canned Goods in the city. A trial will convince you.

Mrs. T. A. Carney and two daughters went to Bay City, last week, for a visit with friends and relatives.

Ask to see the famous T. I. C. combination hot water bottles at Fournier's drug store.

Cotton for Sheeting at 4 and 4 1-2 cents per yard, at the store of S. H. & Co.

J. K. Merz is measuring calico and other goods, behind the counters of S. H. & Co.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

The scheme in South Branch to have the old officers held over was nipped in the bud.—Ros. News.

The New Boston Store will sell goods at lower prices than purchasers ever expected to get them.

Miss Edith McKenzie, of Grayling, was the guest of Miss Edith Ward, the fore part of the week.—Ros. News.

"Hello, thar!" Stop and see the new Spring styles of Boots and Shoes at the shoe store of J. M. Jones.

Miss Nettie Robinson gave a very pleasant party, last Thursday evening, to a number of her school-mates.

Go and see the new stock of Boys' Knee Pants, at the store of S. H. & Co.

Geo. H. Bonnell, of Grayling, was doing business in the village this week.—Ros. News.

Ladies looking for Dress and Evening Brads, will find a new stock at Claggett & Pringle's.

Harry Evans, of Grayling, came down and took in the opera, Tuesday evening.—Ros. News.

Barbed Wire and Poultry Netting always on hand, at the store of S. H. & Co.

Miss Cassie Bates will commence a term of school, next Monday, in the Richardson district, South Branch township.

Claggett & Pringle offer their entire stock of hats and caps at one third off the regular price to close them out. Please don't forget this.

Rev. Irwin, Presbyterian minister of Grayling, was in the village, Tuesday, the guest of Miss Lillian Snively.—Ros. News.

Phosphate, Potato Grower and Land Plaster is just what you need for good crops. You can get it at lowest market price, of S. H. & Co.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church will hold their regular meeting at the Parsonage, to-morrow afternoon.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, Bread and Confectionery, go to C. W. Wright's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

The AVALEDGE is indebted to John Staley for a basket of the finest Florida oranges we ever saw. They were grown on the fruit farm of his partner, Mr. Trench.

Adironda is the greatest Nerve remedy on earth; it contains no opiates; 100 full size doses, 50 cents. Sold by Loranger & Fournier.

Henry Trumley is the grandfather of a brand new boy, born to his daughter, Mrs. Dicke, of Vanderbilt, on the 20th inst. Weight seven pounds.

J. M. Jones has the finest line of tanned shoes, not "black and tan," ever brought to Grayling. Call and see them.

MARRIED—At the residence of J. K. Merz, March 31st, 1894, by Rev. John Irwin, Mr. Rasmus Madsen and Miss Thoren Hald; both of Grayling.

Woolen Dress Flannels suitable for skirts and children's Dresses, from 6 to 12 cents per yard, at the store of S. H. & Co.

Mrs. Jackson, wife of Conductor Jackson of the M. C. R. R., returned from a visit with her parents in Canada, last week.

The Ladies are delighted with Claggett & Pringle's new Roller Champion Flour. They try it once and then will use no other.

Mrs. Mary A. Keeler, of Saginaw, has been appointed corresponding secretary of the Woman's Relief Corps, by President Ann M. Farney, of Kalamazoo.

Lewis & Broxholm, of Rochester, N. Y., have the reputation of manufacturing the handsomest and best shoe in the country. J. M. Jones has them for sale. Call and examine.

The finest organ in town, can be seen at the residence of J. C. Hanson. Call and see it. Easy terms to right purchaser.

Why not buy a sheet when you can get the best cotton to make it of for 4 and 4 1-2 cents per yard at the store of S. H. & Co.?

They say that suckers do not bite, but we do not believe it, for the republican suckers of Crawford county swallowed the democratic bait, hook and line at the elections, Monday.

They have them again, this season. What? The best \$2.00 Shoe on earth, for Gents and Ladies. If you don't believe it, call and see them at Claggett & Pringle's.

Mrs. Sadie Emery, eldest daughter of H. T. Shafer, has purchased the W. R. Love farm, in Center Plains township, and H. T. Shafer the cows and young stock.

There is one store in Grayling where you can purchase, for cash, as fine a Ladies' shoe as you can in any city in this country, and that is at J. M. Jones.

The ladies exclaim Oh! Oh! Oh! How pretty and cheap, when they see those new Sterling Satines, at Claggett & Pringle's.

There are no two ways about it, for Lewis & Broxholm, of Rochester, N. Y., make the finest shoes manufactured and they are for sale by J. M. Jones.

I have an elegant line of Trimmed Millinery, for the Spring and Summer seasons. The ladies are cordially invited to call and see the same at Benson's Millinery Parlors, April 6th and 7th.

The special attention of scratching republicans in this county is called to an article lately printed in the Democrat, and the accompanying comments by the West Branch Democrat. It fits them to a t.

Why, Samantha Allen, where did you get those lovely walking shoes. I bought them at Claggett & Pringle's, and they do beat anything I ever had. Goodbye, Samantha. I am going to buy a pair. I didn't care what John says, and she did.

We will furnish the New York Weekly Tribune to our subscribers for 30 cents per year, on payment of their subscription to the AVALEDGE.

Claggett & Pringle exhibit the finest line of Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's shoes in Northern Michigan. It will pay you to drop in at their store and see them. It won't cost you a cent, and only once you do. And if you want to buy.

Opening of the Spring and Summer Millinery, at Benson's, Friday and Saturday, April 6th and 7th.

Sunday School services at the Danish Lutheran church are now conducted in the English language.

Word has been received from the officers of the Soldier's Home that Mrs. J. S. Greco is occupying the room furnished by Grayling W. R. C., but that Mr. Greco, whose mind is failing fast, would have to go into the hospital, and if he did not improve, be sent to the Asylum.

Supervisor Mantz and Henry Bauman, of Lewiston, were pleasant callers while doing business in town yesterday. Have gone to Hillman to plaster up the people there for the county-seat removal.—Atlanta Tribune.

The Election.

Contrary to custom, the first Monday in April was a beautiful day, and a fair vote was polled, an analysis of which shows in this town; 160 republican, 122 democrat and 37 populist votes.

The entire republican ticket was elected, except Supervisor. We give the entire vote in this precinct:

SUPERVISOR: T. P. Manwarding, r, 123; John Leese, d, 162; Charles H. Manwarding, p, 29.

CLERK: G. W. Comer, r, 144; Marco Taylor, d, 120; G. H. Bonnell, p, 61.

TREASURER: Marlin Hanson, r, 185; W. O. Braden, d, 91; W. McCullough, p, 35.

HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER: V. Sorenson, r, 146; R. H. Rasmussen, d, 128; F. M. Amidon, p, 37.

SCHOOL INSPECTOR: Er Bell, r, 122; Wm. Pink, d, 81; Flora M. Marvill, p, 104.

MEMBER OF BOARD OF REVIEW, 1 YEAR: E. H. Wainwright, r, 151; A. Taylor, d, 125; H. M. Green, p, 89.

FOR TWO YEARS: J. K. Merz, r, 151; J. Dwyer, d, 110; T. Nolan, p, 48.

CONSTABLES: Rep., 155; Dem., 122; Pop., 37.

Eleven ballots were thrown out as imperfect.

GROVE TOWNSHIP.

SUPERVISOR: J. M. Francis, CLERK: P. W. Stephan, 16; Hugo Schreiber, 9.

TREASURER: D. Ryckman, 18; J. M. Smith, 9. HIGHWAY COM.: D. Fleming, 18; H. Hartman, 9. JUSTICE: J. Pym, 18; J. M. Smith, 9. JUSTICE, FULL TERM: L. J. Stephan, 17; H. Hartman, 10. BOARD OF REVIEW, 1 YEAR, Hugo Schreiber, 9. 2 YEARS, A. E. Wakeley, 18; J. M. Smith, 9.

CONSTABLES:—G. Kneth, 18; J. W. Hartman, 9; J. Pym, 18; Edwin Harbert, 9. Chas. Ferguson, 18; Con. Webber, 9. S. Wakeley, 18; Jos. Pym, Jr., 9.

FREDERICK TOWNSHIP.

SUPERVISOR:—J. J. Higgins, r, 7 maj. Clerk:—E. Flagg, Jr., r, 1 majority.

TREASURER:—W. T. Lewis, d, 2 maj. High Com.—Nelson Seder, d, 1 maj. Justice:—F. H. Osborne, r, 54 votes.

Board of Review, 1 year—C. Z. Horton, r, 54 votes; Two Years—Wm. Putnam, r, 5 majority.

BEAVER CREEK.—J. E. Annis was elected supervisor; Elias Deck, clerk; H. G. Benedict, treasurer; D. Raymond and Emory Odell, Justices; H. G. Benedict and Chas. Smith, school inspectors and D. Raymond and Julius Perrie, board of review. All reps.

In Blaine township there was but one ticket. J. J. Niederer was elected Supervisor, receiving 17 votes. Fred F. Hoessli was elected Clerk, and Peter Aebi, Treasurer. But 19 votes were polled, of the 28 registered.

SOUTH BRANCH.—Ira H. Richardson was elected Supervisor; Edward T. Waldron, Clerk; and Chester Lellie, treasurer.

MAPLE FOREST.—P. M. Hoyt, democrat, prohibitionist or populist, was elected Supervisor. Balance of officers, as far as heard from, are republicans.

CENTER PLAINS.—The entire democratic ticket, except C. Silsby for Justice, was elected. Apathy and pure easiness on the part of republicans accounts for it.

BALL.—No returns from this township, but suppose it went as it always does, for General Jackson.

List of Letters

Remain in the Post Office at Grayling, for the week ending March 31, '94.

Mrs. Kittle Fountain, J. Clarendon, August.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say 'Advertised.'

W. O. BRADEN, P. M.

Awarded Highest Honor World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A fine Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A New Experience.

No more sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, Bacon's Celery King is a true nerve tonic. If you are suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Constipation, Indigestion, Bacon's Celery King regulates the Liver and restores the health and is in fact the great health restorer. Samples free. Large packages 50c and 25c at L. Fournier's.

James Kelley, who was wanted at Gaylord for embezzlement and escaped from his captors at Bay City, went to Sarnia, Ont. He was fooled into crossing the river, and Port Huron officers nabbed him again.—Albion Pioneer.

A Profitable Investment.

If you are suffering with a cough, cold or any throat or lung difficulty, the only sure way to cure it is to take Otto's Cure. We know that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, a few doses of Otto's Cure will surprise you. Samples free. Large bottles 50c and 25c at L. Fournier's.

Big Excitement in Town.

Over the remarkable cures by the grandest specific of the age, Bacon's Celery King, which acts as a natural laxative, stimulates the digestive organs, regulates the liver and kidneys and is nature's great healer and health restorer.

If you have Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorder, do not delay, but call at L. Fournier's drug store for a trial package. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

Public Notice.

ALL persons are notified that they will be subject to prosecution, if caught spearing any fish in the inland lakes of Crawford county, or being found with a spear in their possession on the lake.

PETER E. JOHNSON,

Deputy Game and Fish Warden.

March 22, '94.

Wanted.

Ladies and gentlemen suffering with throat and lung difficulties: call at our drug store for a bottle of Otto's Cure, which we are distributing free of charge, and we can confidently recommend it as a superior remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. It will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. We will guarantee it to cure you. If your children have croup or whooping cough, it is sure to give instant relief. Don't delay, but get a trial bottle free. Large size 50c and 25c. Sold by L. Fournier.

Dr. John Cole, V. S.

ALL parties desiring to employ the services of a first-class Veterinary Surgeon, call on me at my residence, one door north of Town Hall. Calls promptly attended day or night. Office at residence.

Bro. McKinley, in his great anxiety for office, overstepped the bounds of partisan courtesy and this week published a falsehood concerning his political opponent for treasurer in Livingston. Chas. Haight is as well and favorably known in that township, where he has lived for thirteen years, as anyone in the township, and is a taxpayer and will make a good treasurer.—Osage Co. News.

Reports to the state board of health show rheumatism, influenza, neuralgia, bronchitis and tonsillitis, in the order named, causing most sickness in Michigan, during the week ending March 24th. Scarlet fever is reported at 54 places, diphtheria at 32, measles at 19, typhoid fever at 14, and small-pox at 4 places. Consumption was reported by 30 per cent of the observers making weekly card reports.

County Physician.

NOTICE is hereby given that bids will be received by the Commissioner of the Poor for Crawford county, until April 11, 1894, for professional services and medicines, for all county charges for the ensuing year, reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

is the truthful, starting title of a little book that tells about Nicotina, the wonderful, harmless GUARANTEED tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and save his life from physical or financial ruin, in "No-tobacco," sold by Loranger & Fournier, 100 Full Size Doses, 50 Cts.

For Sale by E. W. Evans.

ADIRONDA TRADE MARK

Wheeler's Heart Cure

AND Nerve

Positively Cures

HEART DISEASE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

Sleeplessness and all derangements of the Nervous System.

UNEXCELLED FOR INFANTS!

A Blessed Balm For Tired Mothers and Restless Babies.

Purely Vegetable. Guaranteed free from OPIATES.

100 Full Size Doses, 50 Cts.

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NEW OFFERINGS FOR SPRING.

OUR NEW OFFERINGS FOR

Spring comprises many new things, and as every article is selected with the utmost care as regards

QUALITY, STYLE AND PRICE.

we feel that we have done ourselves proud in placing our new goods before you for inspection and patronage. This week we have received our new line of

Men's Suits in all the different weaves and styles.

OUR NEW \$10.00 SUITS

are great values. You must see them to appreciate them. Our new line of

CHILDREN'S SUITS,

in all the new Spring Styles, we offer for your inspection. We are showing good bargains in this line and we know we can please the Mothers in their

selections for the little folks.

See US, and you will believe in US!

IKK ROSENTHAL.

Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Cloaks, Etc.

Just in, all the latest designs in Trimming Braids. Braids will be the popular trimming for the coming season.

GRAND RAPIDS And Indiana Railroad

DIRECT ROUTE TO THE SOUTH.

TIME CARD, FEB. 11, 1894.

Leave Mack. City 8:00 p.m. 7:40 a.m.

Arr. Grand Rapids 11:40 a.m. 5:15 p.m. 6:50 a.m.

Kalamazoo 1:20 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 6:38 a.m.

Chicago 9:20 p.m. 7:40 a.m. 5:30 a.m.

Port Wayne 6:15 p.m. 12:15 p.m.

Cincinnati 6:15 p.m.

7:40 a.m. Train daily ex. Sunday with Parlor Car to Grand Rapids, 8:30 p.m. train, Sleeping Car to Grand Rapids, ex. Saturday.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

HAWARDEN CASTLE.

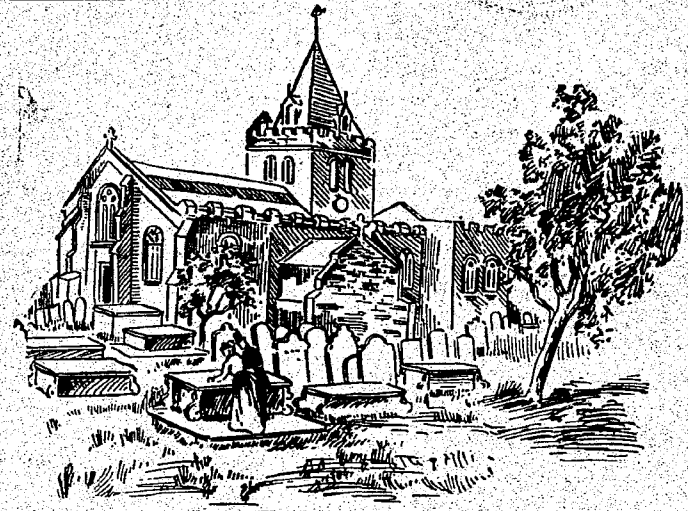
THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF THE LATE PREMIER.

The Little Welsh Village Where Mr. Gladstone Spends His Vacations—The Old Castle and the Village Church—The Library and the Park.

Located in Wales.

The home life of a man like Mr. Gladstone is always interesting, and in his case the contemplation of his domestic relations becomes all the more pleasant from the fact that he has not only a typical English home, but in that home leads a typical English home life. The personality of this remarkable man has been so long before the public that anything concerning him and his may be con-

sidered as, in a measure at least, public property, and so it happened that few homes in England, aside from those pertaining to royalty, are better known than the quiet, retired mansion where the famous ex-Premier has spent most of his leisure time during the last half century. Hawarden has, indeed, become a sort of shrine of the English Liberals, to which they resort to pay their homage to the greatest living man of their nation and in some respects one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived.



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

The general feeling of the stranger who sees "Hawarden Castle," so styled by courtesy, for the first time, is one of disappointment. The tourist, after seeing the enormous masses of masonry that in Europe are denominated castles, naturally learns to associate the term with towers and bulwarks, with curtain walls and trenches and moats and drawbridges, with a gigantic keep or central edifice, surrounded by a great variety and extent of outworks, all so massive, so solid, so strongly built that the hills themselves seem scarcely more permanent.



THE PARK GATE, HAWARDEN.

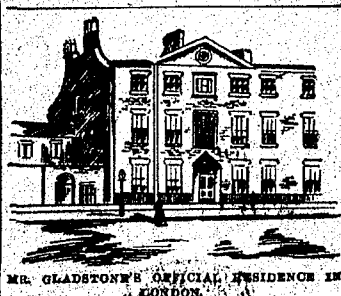
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Hawarden Castle

What is his surprise, therefore, when, after passing through a large park, well kept as is usual with English parks, he comes in sight of a brick house built in a somewhat tawdry imitation of a medieval fortress, with towers that command nothing, with curtain walls that are all windows, and with nothing about it of castellated appearance but the name. That, however, is not the fault of Mr. Gladstone, nor of the excellent lady who inherited the house from a long line of noble ancestors, but of a builder of the last century, who, having more pride than taste, determined that his house should be a castle in appearance as well as in name, and so went to work and created the architectural monstrosity now known as Hawarden Castle.

The ancestral home of Mrs. Gladstone's family is situated "down in Wales," for it should be understood that in Great Britain London is "up" and everywhere else is "down." The traveler who would see the house



MR. GLADSTONE'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

when the Welsh held the mountain districts of their native country against all comers, Chester needed the red sandstone walls that still stand and furnish a pleasant promenade for her people in the afternoons of warm, sunny days. The march of modern improvement is felt

in Chester as elsewhere, but not to the extent of compelling the citizens to pull down their old walls, and so they remain one of the shows of the city and a great curiosity to tourists, who are to be found at all times walking up and down, on and around them, measuring their height and thickness, and making reflections more or less nonsensical as to the length of time they have stood and the scenes they have witnessed. The tourist, if an Englishman, will take a second-class railway carriage out of Chester; if an American, he will go first-class just for the style of the thing, and ride on the London and Northwestern to a scrubby little town called Saltney, while he will leave the main line and take a branch road to another town called Hope, at which he will wait awhile and then take another branch line to a still less entertaining village known as Buckley, where he will leave the train and prepare to ride or walk, as best suits him, to the village of Hawarden. The distance is about two miles, and when Mr. Gladstone makes the journey and has plenty of time he walks, and the tourist can do no better than follow so distinguished an example. Let it not, however, be understood that when the great Premier goes from London to his country house or vice versa he is subjected to the delays that ordinary travelers find so harassing. The principal use of the railways in Great Britain is to carry "Her Majesty's mails," but after that one very important part of their duty is the transportation of Her Majesty's Ministers, and whenever one of their number wants to go anywhere in a hurry he simply commands the railway company to furnish him a special train and send in the bill all of which is promptly done, especially the bill. Thus, although Mr. Glad-

stone's home is in a remote corner of Wales, he is really but about four hours from the capital, and can be transferred thither in an even shorter time when occasion demands.

The neighborhood of Mr. Gladstone's residence is one of the most romantic districts of Wales. Not far distant is the famous Castle of Conwy, founded on a rock by the sea-side, a fortress that, during the days of the Welsh wars, proved an effective barrier to the excursions of the hardy mountaineers, who, in spite of the stoutest efforts of the Anglo-Norman kings, could not be completely subdued. At Conway the slaughter of the Welsh bards occurred, a piece of barbarity dictated by the English policy, the Edwards finding that the most decided impediment to English conquest was the national spirit kept alive by the national musicians. Still nearer to the Hawarden residence is the famous Fairy Glen, where, according to popular tradition, the fairies last in-

gored in North Wales, and where, some believe, they may still occasionally be seen. A beautiful spot it is, shut in by cliffs, a pretty stream wandering over rugged, moss-covered boulders, the giant oaks forming an arch overhead, and the deep shadows on the pools beneath. There are not many believers in fairies now to be found, even among the credulous Welsh peasantry, but the beauty of such secluded caves as this furnishes a strong temptation to the perpetuation of the belief, and even a denial of another land, accustomed to the rattle of the railway train, the click of the telegraph, and the glare of the electric light, would not, among surroundings such as those of the Fairy Glen, be greatly surprised if the little folk clad in green should be glimpsed from their caves and begotten a dance over the surface of the boulders.

But the "good people," as the fairies are called in Wales and Ireland, have no local habitation in the neighborhood of the Gladstone house, unless it be in the ruins of the old Hawarden Castle, which stand only a few yards from the more modern home of the statesman. Hawarden Castle, in its original form, was one of the primitive forts which the ancient Britons constructed for the purpose of resisting the encroachments of their neighbors, whoever the latter might be. For those were days when everybody had a habit of encroaching on everybody else, whether he had a pretext or not. The fact that one chieftain had something another wanted was sufficient reason for the latter to try to get it. The little round towers which the petty chieftains built for their own residences were then to be found on every hilltop in Wales, where scores of them still stand. Hawarden was one of these, though after the Conquest it was replaced by a more pretentious structure, the ruins of which now crown the hill above the Gladstone homestead. The ruins, the park, and at certain times, also, the Gladstone home, are all open to visitors, the only restriction being that the curious seekers shall keep their feet off the grass, their names off the stones of the old castle, and their fingers off the property in the family residence.

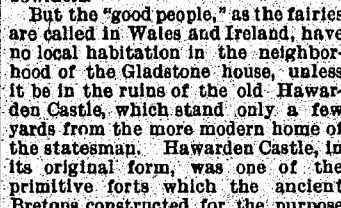
The house has much to interest the visitor. The various rooms of the mansion abound with pictures and statuary, photographs of Mr. Gladstone himself being numerous displayed in the parlors and in various other rooms. All the members of his immediate family live here with him excepting one son, the rector of the Hawarden Church, who resides in the rectory. The little village church, by the way, is almost

as famous and nearly as old as the crumbling castle. There was a church on the site in the eighth century, when the curious incident occurred of the cross falling and hurting a woman. The people of the town, considering that there was something uncanny about the accident, took the cross and threw it into the sea. It was, to their astonishment, however, washed on shore at Chester, where it was seized upon as a very precious relic and set up in the race track, where it or its successor still stands. During the recess of Parliament the church is always thronged with townspeople and visitors, for every day Mr. Gladstone is present at morning prayers, walking briskly over from the mansion and as briskly back to breakfast after the prayers are ended. On Sundays he sometimes assists in the service by reading portions of it, and to hear the Church of England service read by a premier of Great Britain is an incident that rarely occurs in the experience of the ordinary individual. The church is a plain, unpretentious little affair, which is kept so purposely by the rector, who discourages even so much style as is involved in cushioning the pews, believing, as he does, that this creates an invidious distinction among the attendants, so Mr. Gladstone and his family sit on the bare benches.

One of the most pleasing features of the Hawarden life is the unbounded reverence shown by everybody in the neighborhood for the principal occupant of the Hawarden house. The Welsh are very warm-hearted people, and everywhere he goes Mr. Gladstone is treated with a consideration that shows how hearty and sincere is the respect felt for him. Men stand at the wayside and uncover as he walks by; women curtsy in the quaint old Welsh fashion, and every window in the village is filled with heads as the great man passes. They have seen him thousands of times, but that fact does not in the least diminish either their interest or their reverence, and, if sure of nothing else, they are profoundly convinced that there is no greater man on the face of the earth than the master of Hawarden.

Widows of Brigham Young Who Are Now Living.

Of the nineteen wives who were the great head of the Mormon Church, Brigham Young, married, nine are now living at Salt Lake City, Utah. The most interesting of these women is Amelia Folsom Young, the seventh wife and the favorite of her husband. She was born at Buffalo in 1838, and in 1880 her family moved West and joined the Mormon Church. She and Brigham Young saw each other. It was a case of love at first sight, and they soon wedded. Mrs. Young has lately been interviewed as to her married life, and what she says is very interesting. Each of Young's wives, she says, had a separate room in his dwelling, and his household altogether numbered seventy-five. All dined at the same table and all met in the evening for family prayers. Mrs. Young says her married life was supremely happy. "I would sacrifice anything for the surviving wives of President Young," she remarked, "and their feeling toward me, I think, is the same."



BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIS SEVENTH WIFE, AMELIA FOLSOM YOUNG.

Speaking of the position of the Mormon Church in this country, Mrs. Young said: "The ill-feeling that has heretofore existed toward the Mormon Church is fast dying out, and the people of Utah have learned to treat the Mormons as any other religious body. As old practices disappear the good work of the Mormon Church becomes apparent. Through the tithing house this church distributes more goods to the poor each year than any other church organization, the amount in Salt Lake City alone being \$100,000 annually. Homes are built up and co-operation practiced with beneficial results. The misrepresentations of the past are being supplanted by the truths of the present, which fact points to a bright future for the church."

A Western Heroine.

Not all the heroisms of which Western women are capable comes along the line of startling reforms or noble deeds of self-sacrifice. The everyday experiences of many a frontier woman are not less noble. Such was the case with Mrs. McLean, who, with her husband, settled on the Nebraska frontier early in the '70s. Her bravery is yet told of by the cattlemen who then drove their great herds up through the Platte bottoms.



A VIEW IN THE VILLAGE.

Her husband had with great difficulty gotten together a bunch of cows, about fifty in all, and was endeavoring to start a little herd in order to rescue his family from the poverty which hung over the claim. Mrs. McLean had the herding of them, as well as the care of the stock. One day, when her husband had gone some miles to the store, she was compelled to leave the cattle grazing while she looked after a sick baby at home. Suddenly she saw two men ride from behind the hills and start the cattle off full career, abducting the whole bunch. She wasted not a minute, but mounting her bronco, was after them.

The men evidently thought themselves undiscovered, and in the bustle of hurrying on the stock did not hear the pattering hoofs of the pursuer's pony as she came cantering up behind. Suddenly one of the men gave a yell and tumbled backward off his saddle, with the nose of a lariat right around his throat. Brigham, the statesman, turned to see a furious woman facing him, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, fiercely.

"Who are you?" he responded, with equal gruffness.

"I own these cattle, and you have got to help me drive them back where you got them."

As she held a cocked revolver toward his head he decided to submit, and, with her following closely, rode around the scattered herd and turned their heads homeward. For three miles the stock was driven, and then, with a warning not to look backward, the desperado was dismissed. He fled without a backward glance. His companion, choked to death and with neck broken, was found on the prairie, but there was never any inquiry as to the manner of his taking off. It was enough in those days, as it is now, to know that he had been engaged in cattle stealing. For such the prairies have scant pity.

His Rebuke.

Mr. Abner Jennings was never known to say a harsh thing to or about any one. His form of speech was invariably mild and exaggerated. One day, however, he was viewed by almost as reprehensible as lies. Once, in the spring of the year, when the Blueville roads were in a fearful condition of mud and mire, the team of a "traveling merchant" was stalled a short distance from Mr. Jennings' house. The old man at once brought out his oxen and went to the peddler's assistance.

The team could not be instantly released even with the aid of the yoke of oxen, and the peddler, who was a man of high temper and little self-control, proceeded to vent his rage in language which first amazed and then disgusted the equable Mr. Jennings. "I don't care if I don't get home," he said, "and I thought was necessary and proper, and then unhitched his oxen and went calmly home."

ONLY A RAT.

A boy ten years old suddenly appeared on Monroe avenue, near Randolph street, the other forenoon with a rat-trap held high in his hand. The trap contained a rat—an old veteran—who had probably eaten twenty times his weight in Michigan cheese. For years and years he had been too fly for those who sought his destruction, but the pitcher had gone to the well once too often. He was squealing and squirming about, but there was no one to pity. The boy had scarcely gained the street when there was a rush for him, and men and boys were heard shouting:



THE SACRED BLACK STONE IN MECCA.

"He's got a rat!"

"Lemme git my dog!"

"Good gracious, what a whopper!"

"Don't let him git away!"

The man who knows all about rats was there, of course. Also the man who has made the killing of rats a specialty all his life. They worked their way to the front.

"You don't want to fool with that rat," cautioned the first.

"I think I know my business," bluntnly replied the second.

"So do I."

"Don't interfere with me."

Three or four dogs were brought into the crowd. The man who is always willing to boss the job also got off a street car and elbowed his way in to demand:

"What's all this fuss about? A rat, eh? Now, then, everybody stand back. Gimme that trap."

The boy demurred. It was his trap and his rat. He felt that he ought to be consulted.

"Let 'er go, Gallagher!" yelled one of the crowd.

"Where's your rat?"

"Somebody hit the man with a red necktie."

A policeman now appeared. He began to use his official elbows to open a path for his body, but the crowd resisted the action, and began to hustle him until he threatened to collar some one. Meanwhile the two men who knew all about rats were jawing with the man who wanted to boss the job, and the boy was declaring that his brother would lick the man who stole his rodent.

"You're a liar!"

"Hit him one!"

"Look out for the cop!"

The crowd began to circle around, and the boy fell down and lost his trap. Some one picked it up and shook the rat out, and dogs and men and boys were all mixed up, and falling over each other. In the confusion the policeman rapped three men on the back with his club, and the crowd dissolved, leaving about a dozen hats kicking around on the battleground. Then a lot of people shook their fists in the air, and another lot called somebody a liar, and everybody went away mad and threatening to get even if it took him a whole year.

The Wrong Card.

During his visit to Paris a distinguished German professor presented himself at the house of a well-known lady to whom he had sent letters of introduction for a dance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying, "Madam will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered. She was in dishabille, and her feet were bare, covered only with slippers.

"Ah, good-morning," said she, bowing to him carelessly.

She threw herself on a chair, let fall a slipper, and extended her foot to the Professor.

He was naturally surprised, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kneel to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot before him.

The lady sprang from her chair, highly indignant.

"Who are you, sir, and what do you mean by such conduct?"

He gave his name.

"Then you are not the chiropodist for whom I sent?"

"I am charmed to say, dear madam, that I am not."

"But the servant brought me a chiropodist's card."

It was true. The Professor, in going out that morning, had picked up a chiropodist's card lying on his bureau and put it in his pocket. This, without glancing at it, he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to be done but to laugh over the joke.

His Use of Words.

The old man adjusted his glasses and looked at the pale-faced clerk.

"Absent yesterday," he said, shortly.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Absent from sickness?"

"No, sir."

"Oh! you're honest, anyway. Most men would say they were."

"I haven't been absent from sickness for nearly a year."

"You haven't?"

The old man looked surprised.

"No, sir. It has been right with me all the time."

"What has?"

"Sickness of some sort."

"But you said that yesterday."

"Yesterday I was absent on account of sickness, sir."

The old man thought the matter over for a minute or two, and then he said:

"Yes, yes; I see! You're rather particular in your use of words."

"Yes, sir. Study to use them correctly."

"Of course; and I'm a trifle careless." Now, please see if this sentence is correct. Hereafter you will be absent from my displeasure."

"Yes, sir."

"You will also be absent on account of my displeasure."

"Yes, sir."

"And because of my displeasure."

"Yes, sir."

"Quite right. I am glad that I have sufficient command of language to make you understand me. Good-day!"

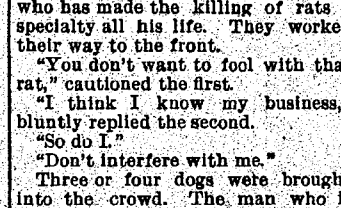
Camphor.

Camphor-oil is obtained by allowing the crude camphor to remain packed loosely over a wire grating, so that the oil may drain out.

IT FELL FROM HEAVEN.

The Sacred Black Stone, Which All Mahomedans Worship.

The Holy Well of the Mahomedans is at Mecca, Arabia. To them it is known as Zam Zem, and in their eyes its waters are sacred and a few drops of it, drunk or sprinkled over their



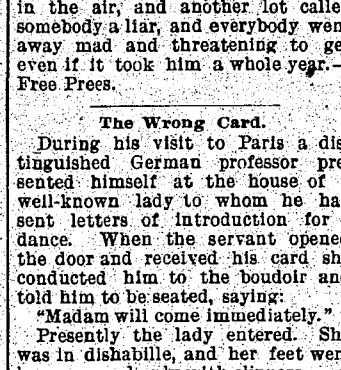
THE SACRED BLACK STONE IN MECCA.

bodies, are sufficient to wash away their sins. The Holy Well is part of the great temple of Kaabah, sacred to Allah, and the rendezvous once a year of every pious follower of Islam. Here is the ancient Black Stone venerated by the Mahomedans. This wondrous stone dropped from heaven on the day that Allah entered into compact with the sons of men, and containing the celestial contract neatly folded in its center, to be read, and to testify, at the final judgment, to all who have performed their duty by kissing its mottled covering, has always created a singular curiosity in the minds of unbelieving Christians. Even times to time a few daring infidels have shaved their heads and donned the pilgrim's garb, and, thus disguised, have taken life in hand and sought the jealously guarded treasure. In this way a few stolen pictures of the Kaabah have been smuggled out of Arabia. The Black Stone is described as smooth, oblong in shape, and with a glassy, red-black, irregular surface, which suggests the idea of having once been broken into fragments and afterward cemented together. It is seven inches in diameter and some five feet above the ground, and projects from the angle of the northeast corner of the building. The stone and the aperture where it enters the wall are bordered by a band of gold.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

It is Now a Desolate Farm in Kentucky.

The birthplace of Abraham Lincoln in LaRue County, Kentucky, has just been purchased by Maj. S. P. Gross, who means to make it into a kind of museum field with relics of the President. The place is near Hodgenville, a small hamlet about eighty miles from Louisville. It is a desolate farm, and of the single-room log hut in which the President was born nothing remains but a heap of stones where the rough chimney stood. All else has disappeared, though the decayed stump of what is said to have been a pear tree seen near by. A few hundred yards to the southwest there now stands a substantial farm-



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN.

house in which Lincoln was born. The place has been in the hands of farm tenants for several years and shows signs of neglect. Weeds have grown up around the yard and wild shrubbery in the fence corners. A more unpromising place for the birth of a great man was probably never seen, and the original dwelling was certainly scarcely better than the dreary fourteen-foot-square hut at Elizabethtown, in which Thomas Lincoln, the President's father, first settled upon his marriage with Nancy Hanks in 1806.

The Streets of the Town Burned Up.

It is not often a man is a witness to burning streets in a town, but I had that pleasure a few days ago," said G. W. Douglass, of El Paso. "The citizens of the village of Las Cruces, N. M., are in the habit of grading their streets with the accumulations of barnyards. They had done this till the sand, dust and manure had become thoroughly mixed, the manure predominating. It seldom rains in that part of the country, and the manure was dry as powder. From some cause it caught fire in the western part of the village, just as one of New Mexico's typical sand storms was rising. The wind soon became a strong gale, and the fire spread rapidly. In less than twenty minutes the whirling wind had carried the fire into all parts of the main streets, which had been graded with stable stuff. Dense clouds of smoke rolled over the buildings and out on the plains. The whole heavens were darkened, and it was a grand sight to see the great columns of smoke, fire, sand and dust surging, whirling, and dashing away toward the mountains. Had the town not been built of mud it would certainly have been destroyed. The storm swept the streets of all barnyard grading material, and the Las Cruces villagers will have to regrade as material accumulates."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Important to Druggists.

A New York druggist, who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health, was asked by the genial clerk of the hotel:

"Stranger, what might your business be?"

"I am a pharmacist."

"A what, did you say?"

"A pharmacist."

"O, yes, a pharmacist. Well, you can buy as good farming lands in this neighborhood as you can find in Texas. You have struck the right locality, stranger, if you want to farm. I'll take you out this afternoon in my buggy and show you one I've got to sell."—Tammammy Times.

The Postal Service.

The first mention of a postal service in the United States is that of the General Court of Massachusetts. "It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas or are to be sent thither, to be left with him, and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the direction. And he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

THE kick of a cow is not the most acceptable form of milk punch.—The Farmer.

Love may be blind, but the neighbors generally aren't.—Somerville Journal.

Lot's poor wife is not the only woman who did not want to move.—Dallas News.

NATURALLY when a girl goes to work out she hates to stay in.—Elmira Gazette.

A good many men are like cheap theatrical bills—a very little money causes them to be stuck up.—Buffalo Courier.

WAITER—"What kind of fish will you have, sir, bluefish or whitefish?" Guest—"I don't care; I'm color blind."—Halo.

EVERY singer in a quartet can tell you three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.—Elmira Gazette.

VAN WARBLER—"Ah, Stabbes, have you heard my last song?" Stabbes—"Heaven knows, I hope so."—Brooklyn Life.

SON—"Pa, what political party did Washington belong to?" Father—"Neither; he couldn't tell a lie."—Detroit Free Press.

DON'T be a clam. If you've got to be anything of the kind, be a mud turtle. Then you may have some snap to you.—Texas Siftings.

NO MATTER how fair and square he may want to be the average poultry dealer is compelled to earn his living by foul means.—Poultry Courier.

"Wax does De Toper attend every temperance meeting in town?" "Because that's the only place where his creditors don't look for him."—Halo.

MR. MCCORMACK was showing some visitors over the house. Arriving at the nursery he remarked: "This, gentlemen, is the bawl-room."—Tid-Bits.

ETHEL—"Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not yet engaged to him?" Maud—"It isn't an allowance. He calls it a perquisite."—Raymond's Monthly.

BERLINER—"This scenery is really grand." Native—"But you have graver views near Berlin?" "No, indeed." "I am afraid you are not a Berliner."—Flegende Blaetter.

"THERE are several young men in the car," remarked Mrs. Holdstap with some feeling, "but they can hardly be classed among the rising generation."—Boston Transcript.

"WELL," said James Easydo, "I've got down to my last loaf." "Great heavens, man!" said his friend, "it isn't so bad as that, is it?" "Yes, I go to work to-morrow."—Washington Star.

"You seem very fond of Wagner, Mr. Featherlight." "Yes; when they play Wagner one feels so confident that one's conversation is not being overheard by some impertinent outsider."—Washington Star.

AFFABLE SWELL—"Well, the fact is, my name is not Smithson. You see, I am traveling incog. There's my card." Fellow Passenger—"Glad to hear it. I'm traveling in pickles. Here's mine."—Brooklyn Life.

A GEORGIA undertaker has adopted a novel method for increasing his business. His advertisement reads: "Funerals on the installment plan. Two dollars a week will bury your best friend."—Atlanta Constitution.

AT THE OPERA. Mrs. Brown—"There's Mrs. Montmorenci over there! I wonder how she can enjoy the opera. Why, she's deaf as a post!" Mrs. Gray—"But see how elegantly she is dressed!"—Boston Transcript.

MISS WITHENS—"When I was born, my grandmother predicted that I would never live to be old." Sillington (wishing to be pleasant)—"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! What a good joke you must have on your grandmother!"—Puck.

MRS. HONEYMOON (to bridegroom in railway train)—"Do you love me? I did partly (confidentially, from other side to bridegroom). She asked you that forty-seven times already. I got out here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window."—Tid-Bits.

"THAT was a remarkable event—that reconciliation between the Emperor William and Bismarck," remarked the advance agent. "Yes," replied the commercial traveler; "but, to be candid, I can't make up my mind whether that was a bona-fide reconciliation or a champagne advertisement."—Washington Star.

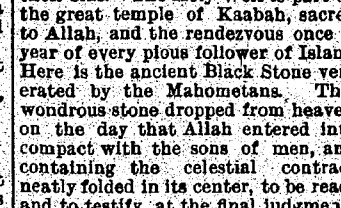
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—Children, do you know the house that is open for all—to the poor, the rich, the sad, the happy; to man and to woman; to the old and to the young? Do you know the house I mean? Little Johnny—Yeth, ma'am, I know. Sunday-school teacher—Well, Johnny, what house is it? Little Johnny—The station-house.—Halo.

"WHY are you so sad, Bruse?" asked the critic of the impressionist painter. "I have been at work for two years on my great picture," said Bruse. "Well?" "This morning it was finished, and my boy, 5 years of age, came into the studio." "Ah! I know. He got cutting up, and upset the picture, and destroyed it?" "No; worse than that. He recognized at once what it was a picture of!"—Harper's Bazar.

HARNESS.

How much a horse may suffer from a harness that does not fit, or which is rough and painful to the animal, may be unknown, but one of the first duties on taking a horse out for work should be to examine the harness, and also to carefully look for sores or galls. The harness should be kept clean and well oiled, in order to have every part soft, smooth and pliable.

THE BENEFITS—"What makes some girls look young so long?" "The men are to blame. They won't propose."—Life's Calendar.



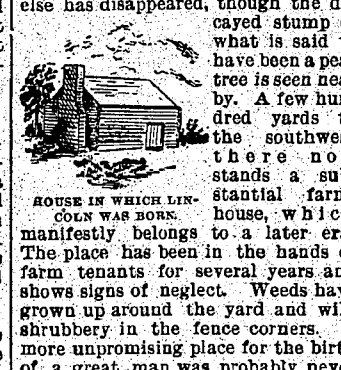
THE SACRED BLACK STONE IN MECCA.

houses, are sufficient to wash away their sins. The Holy Well is part of the great temple of Kaabah, sacred to Allah, and the rendezvous once a year of every pious follower of Islam. Here is the ancient Black Stone venerated by the Mahomedans. This wondrous stone dropped from heaven on the day that Allah entered into compact with the sons of men, and containing the celestial contract neatly folded in its center, to be read, and to testify, at the final judgment, to all who have performed their duty by kissing its mottled covering, has always created a singular curiosity in the minds of unbelieving Christians. Even times to time a few daring infidels have shaved their heads and donned the pilgrim's garb, and, thus disguised, have taken life in hand and sought the jealously guarded treasure. In this way a few stolen pictures of the Kaabah have been smuggled out of Arabia. The Black Stone is described as smooth, oblong in shape, and with a glassy, red-black, irregular surface, which suggests the idea of having once been broken into fragments and afterward cemented together. It is seven inches in diameter and some five feet above the ground, and projects from the angle of the northeast corner of the building. The stone and the aperture where it enters the wall are bordered by a band of gold.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

It is Now a Desolate Farm in Kentucky.

The birthplace of Abraham Lincoln in LaRue County, Kentucky, has just been purchased by Maj. S. P. Gross, who means to make it into a kind of museum field with relics of the President. The place is near Hodgenville, a small hamlet about eighty miles from Louisville. It is a desolate farm, and of the single-room log hut in which the President was born nothing remains but a heap of stones where the rough chimney stood. All else has disappeared, though the decayed stump of what is said to have been a pear tree seen near by. A few hundred yards to the southwest there now stands a substantial farm-



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN.

house in which Lincoln was born. The place has been in the hands of farm tenants for several years and shows signs of neglect. Weeds have grown up around the yard and wild shrubbery in the fence corners. A more unpromising place for the birth of a great man was probably never seen, and the original dwelling was certainly scarcely better than the dreary fourteen-foot-square hut at Elizabethtown, in which Thomas Lincoln, the President's father, first settled upon his marriage with Nancy Hanks in 1806.

The Streets of the Town Burned Up.

It is not often a man is a witness to burning streets in a town, but I had that pleasure a few days ago," said G. W. Douglass, of El Paso. "The citizens of the village of Las Cruces, N. M., are in the habit of grading their streets with the accumulations of barnyards. They had done this till the sand, dust and manure had become thoroughly mixed, the manure predominating. It seldom rains in that part of the country, and the manure was dry as powder. From some cause it caught fire in the western part of the village, just as one of New Mexico's typical sand storms was rising. The wind soon became a strong gale, and the fire spread rapidly. In less than twenty minutes the whirling wind had carried the fire into all parts of the main streets, which had been graded with stable stuff. Dense clouds of smoke rolled over the buildings and out on the plains. The whole heavens were darkened, and it was a grand sight to see the great columns of smoke, fire, sand and dust surging, whirling, and dashing away toward the mountains. Had the town not been built of mud it would certainly have been destroyed. The storm swept the streets of all barnyard grading material, and the Las Cruces villagers will have to regrade as material accumulates."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Important to Druggists.

A New York druggist, who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health, was asked by the genial clerk of the hotel:

"Stranger, what might your business be?"

"I am a pharmacist."

"A what, did you say?"

"A pharmacist."

"O, yes, a pharmacist. Well, you can buy as good farming lands in this neighborhood as you can find in Texas. You have struck the right locality, stranger, if you want to farm. I'll take you out this afternoon in my buggy and show you one I've got to sell."—Tammammy Times.

The Postal Service.

The first mention of a postal service in the United States is that of the General Court of Massachusetts. "It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas or are to be sent thither, to be left with him, and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the direction. And he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind."

