

If You  
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# MANISTIQUE DEMOCRAT.

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ELEVENTH YEAR.

MANISTIQUE, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1896.

VOL. XI.—NO. 39

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LEMONADE, ORANGE PHOSPHATE, ROOT BEER TABLETS.

Ready for use by dissolving in water.

10 GLASSES CENTS.

Sold by  
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DRUGGISTS AND STATIIONERS.

If you Want a  
**Choice Cut**  
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Fresh Butter and Eggs, Excellent Home Made  
Sausages, or Delicious Cold Meats  
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## Schuster's Westside Meat Market

Buy for cash and sell for cash, therefore I can quote you the lowest prices and save you money. Soliciting a share of your patronage I am, yours truly,  
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Spot Cash Meat Market. Phone No. 4.

If you are looking for  
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Cheap,  
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If you don't go to Pollock's for you Oysters. He knows just how to serve them and after a trial dish you will say so. Ask for a dish of ham and eggs and see how satisfied you are with mankind.

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Is also called to his fine stock of Confectionary and Fruit. He has an abundant stock to choose from and that sweet tooth will be satisfied if you buy of him.

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To the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, July 22nd. On this occasion the "Soo" Line will make very low round trip rates-tickets good to return until August 20th. If you are going East it will pay you to obtain rates via the "Soo" Line before purchasing ticket. For rates and full information call on P. McCullough, Agent, "Soo" Line, Manistique, Mich., or write W. R. Callaway, G. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Democrat it  
Didn't Occur.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

MANISTIQUE, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1896.

VOL. XI.—NO. 39

## IT'S A WINNER.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA,  
AND ARTHUR SEWALL, OF  
MAINE.

Heading of the National Demo-  
cratic Ticket, and the Next  
Head of the U. S. G.

As stated in a special dispatch to the DEMOCRAT last Friday, William Jennings Bryan carried the Democratic convention by storm and his nomination was declared unanimous after the fifth ballot and today the chances are "16 to 1" that the great silver champion, the classic-featured boy orator from the plains of the Platte will be the next president of these United States. All hail to the brilliant Nebraskan.

Last Saturday ended the most remarkable national convention in the history of political parties of the United States. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, a Bath shipbuilder and an ardent free-coinage man, was named for vice-president on a ticket headed by William J. Bryan. Hurrah for Bryan and Sewall and Free Silver!

Get in the procession and wear a "16-2-1" button.

## LOCAL BREVITIES.

H. E. Smith was in the city last Friday.  
Get in line and wear a free silver button.

A. J. Fox, of Detroit, arrived in Manistique last Thursday.

Rev. Shank preached at Eastman school house, Marblehead, last Tuesday evening.

Send the DEMOCRAT to your friend during the campaign. It will only cost you 25 cts.

Manistique saloonists are contemplating a series of picnics every Sunday at Indian Lake.

B. Cohan, of Gould City, and Frank Mullen, of Whitendale, were at the American house Thursday.

Read Bryan's speech if you are a patriot. If you are not a patriot read it anyway and become one.

W. C. McLean, an attorney from Grand Marais, is assisting Attorney Frank Peters with his office business.

Mrs. J. J. Hood and daughter Anna returned home from their visit in Chicago on the steamer Ludington Wednesday.

Rev. Rogers returned Monday afternoon from a trip to Gladstone, Escanaba, and other places. He preached in St. Ignace Sunday.

John A. Chisholm and Ellen Belle O'Connell were married at Montague, Mich., Friday, July 10. They will be at home after September 1st at Seney.

Tomorrow night there will be a sale of fancy articles at the Scandinavian Baptist church, the work the Ladies' Aid Society. Ice cream will be served.

The cheap rate excursion by the Hart line to Milwaukee to the B. Y. P. U. was declared off on account of necessary repairs to be made on the steamer.

A. C. Carpenter of Manistique and candidate for the legislature from this district, was in the city this week and made this office a call.—Grand Marais Herald.

Persons who have a coughing spell every night on account of tickling sensation in the throat, may overcome it at once by a dose of One Minute Cough Cure. A. S. Putnam & Co.

There will be a meeting of the Manistique Cycle Club at the court house this evening, to arrange for a meet in the near future. All members of the club are urgently requested to attend.

Miss Robbins, a round trip passenger on the Alleghany, while crossing the river in a yawl Saturday evening involuntarily took a plunge bath. She was rescued by the mate of the barge.

Mrs. C. E. Esselstyne and daughter, Grace, arrived here from Port Huron Monday. They came via the D. & C. boat to St. Ignace and were met there by Mr. Esselstyne and completed the trip over the "Soo" line.

We neglected to mention last week the departure of Mrs. J. H. MacNaughton and children for a visit among relatives at Pottsdam, N. Y. Mr. MacNaughton informs us that she safely completed her journey.

We are anxious to do a little good in this world and can think of no pleasanter or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds. A. S. Putnam & Co.

The delegates from the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian church are expected home this week, and plans are being made for a C. E. meeting next Sunday evening at the hour of regular church service. Mrs. Charles Orr will give a report of the proceedings at the convention.

The Salvationists made a sensational parade last Saturday night. In the lead was a flashily dressed milliner trimming a hat, followed by chambermaids, bartenders, chefs, "cap-ape," shovelers and laborers. It attracted considerable attention, which we suppose was the object.

George Holbein, editor of the Tribune, returned from his Ohio trip last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Holbein report a pleasant time. Will Holbein, who has had charge of the paper during George's absence, has accepted a position with Wright & Helmka on Monday. He went to Munising Monday morning.

of a lady school teacher in an inordinate dread of mice, sent a little girl to school. The girl said her mother had the most alarming symptoms most alarming to the child present in the school with her fine and little bonnet on her head and said: "We're not catching mice, but mamma isn't catching."

The teacher blushed slightly and said she was glad, and told her pupil to take her seat.

J. H. Jolly and John Lavigne, of Nahma, were registered at the American Tuesday.

P. Miles has moved into the house recently vacated by Mr. Whistler. G. E. Esselstyne and family will occupy a part of the house, and board with Mr. Miles.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana road has been trying a new idea for electric lighting on one of its trains. A windmill two feet in diameter is placed in front of the locomotive and generates the electricity necessary for lighting the train. A storage battery is used, so that the lights will not go out when the train stops.

When we consider that the intestines are about five times as long as the body, we can realize the intense suffering experienced when they become inflamed. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure subdues inflammation at once and completely removes the difficulty. A. S. Putnam & Co.

City Clerk Walton, of Menominee, has been going around the past few days with a slung shot in his pocket. He is looking for the man who told the kids that they could get so much a piece for every grasshopper brought to his office. Boys small and big, fat and thin have been hurrying to his office with pails, cans and pans of grasshoppers.—Ex.

The alarm of fire at 10 a. m. Wednesday was caused by the roof of the C. L. Co.'s mill catching fire from the sparks of a burding slab pile west of the mill. The employees extinguished the fire with water from the pumps belonging to the mill before the fire department reached there, although the firemen turned out promptly and in good shape. The damage to the mill was slight.

August 1st is the date set for the annual reunion of the A. O. U. W. at Marquette. It will be a big day for the workmen and they will be loyally entertained by Marquette's hospitable people.—The main object of the gathering is for the members to meet in social intercourse. There will be good speaking and sports. Mayor Jacobs, Capt. Blanchard and several of the grand officers will be present and address the gathering. A few of the members of Manistique lodge talk of attending the reunion.

A party consisting of George Scott, "Pem" Tucker and Jno. Fernca returned from a fishing trip to St. Ignace, Sunday evening. They say they caught over 400 speckled beauties, and that during the last hour fishing they caught 19 trout out of one hole and that the 19 weighed something over 40 pounds, and one of the fish weighed slightly over 3 pounds. We cannot swear to anything only that they went fishing and returned. But, then, there is no need; the gentlemen wouldn't misstate the facts, we are sure.

Henry Belhumeur, until five weeks ago a resident of this city, died at Gladstone, Monday afternoon, from injuries received by the bursting of a stack at the furnace of the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co., the afternoon previous. He was 29 years of age. Alcide and Joseph Belhumeur brother of Henry, who reside at Negaunee, came here with the remains and Mitchell, a brother, postmaster at Champion, and sister Mrs. St. John, Marinette, arrived here Tuesday night to attend the burial. The funeral occurred Wednesday morning from the Catholic church.

A joint meeting of the Home Missions and Sunday School Committees of Lake Superior Presbytery was held at Negaunee last Wednesday to consider the interests of the Missionary work in the upper peninsula. Rev. F. L. Forbes, who has done splendid work for the church as a Presbyterian Missionary, has resigned and is soon to remove to Oregon. The committees canvassed the situation with a view to recommend a successor, but no action was taken. Correspondence with the boards of the church will put the matter in good shape for action by Presbytery at the fall meeting in September. Rev. J. M. Rogers, who is chairman of the Sunday School committee was in attendance and went from Negaunee to St. Ignace to consult with the session of that church, which is vacant since the removal of Rev. Jno. Ferries.

## Little Trixie.

At the Star opera house next Friday, July 17. The play that goes by the above caption is a bright musical comedy. It is a comedy of the highest character with a plot that is entertaining. Every act is one round of merriment. The people who enjoy a rollicking musical comedy will not be disappointed in Little Trixie. Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cts.

## Quietly Married.

Edward Whitney Miller and Miss Alice Quick, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin H. Quick, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Oak and Cedar streets, Tuesday evening. The marriage was quite a surprise to Manistique citizens generally as not a link of the approaching event had been received by the most intimate friends of the contracting parties until cards announcing the marriage were received.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Rooney, pastor of the Baptist church and only the members of the families of the young people were in attendance.

After the marriage a most excellent dinner was served in the spacious dining-room.

Both Mr and Mrs. Miller are well known and highly respected in this city, the latter being a pupil in the public schools and coming to womanhood in our midst. She is a talented young lady, being a graduate of the state Normal school and for two years a student in the Boston Conservatory of Music. "Eddie," as he is familiarly known holds the position of agent at the dock and none meet him in a business or social way without liking him.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were passengers on the Ludington Wednesday and after remaining in Milwaukee during the B. Y. P. U. convention they will go to Chicago for a few days visit and will return here late next week.

## COOKS.

Miss Maud Driscoll is working at the Hotel at present.

Mrs. Gibbs and wife visited Garder last Monday.

Cycles are becoming quite numerous around here.

Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co., has discharged the most of its wood workers.

Louis Gibbs has moved into his new house on Church street.

Farmers around here began haying this week. Some of them are hustling the work through with machinery.

R. A. McDonald and daughter, of Garder, passed through here on their way to Two Harbors, last Tuesday.

The work on the sidewalks is being pushed. E. A. Tighe, the contractor is going to hustle it along as fast as possible.

The L. O. T. M. will give a ball in the Eagle Hall Saturday night. Ice cream and cake will be served. A good time promised to all who attend. COB-WEBS.

## MARINE NOTES.

Cleared from this port July 10: F. R. Buell and consorts, lumber, Tonawanda; L. M. Davis, pickets, Muskegon; Eugene C. Hart, misc., Cheboygan. July 13: Cleveland, lumber, Cheboygan to finish loading; Alleghany and barges, lumber, Chicago.

The fog whistle at Maniowoc has been muffled, the lighthouse board having placed a reflector on it, which is built double concave, the interior being filled with sawdust tightly packed. The whistle was formerly a nuisance to the people of Maniowoc but can hardly be heard since being muffled.

A Handsome Book for a Two Cent Stamp. New publication by The D. & C. Line.

To those who contemplate taking a summer outing, we will mail for 2c. postage our illustrated pamphlet, which contains a large number of fine engravings of every summer resort between Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and picturesque Mackinac. It has many artistic halftones of points of interest of the Upper Lake region. Information regarding both short and extended tours, costs of transportation and hotel fare, etc. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Eli Hill, Lumber City, Pa., writes, "I have been suffering from Piles for twenty-five years and thought my case incurable. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me as a pile cure, so I bought a box and it performed a permanent cure." This is only one of thousands of similar cases. Eczema, sores and skin diseases yield quickly when it is used. A. S. Putnam & Co.

A Social Responsibility Rests upon every head of a family to direct every member going to or coming from the East to take the "Soo Line" that runs through the country where civilization first gained a foothold upon the American continent, and where liberty was cradled. Call on nearest "Soo" Line Agent for "Summer Outings" or write W. R. Callaway, Minneapolis, Minn.

D. & C. Summer Service to Mackinac.

Their new steel passenger steamers are all in commission, making four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac, Soo, Petoskey, Duluth. If you are contemplating a summer outing, send 2c. stamp for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

## You know the difference.

Between a Mushroom and a Toadstool. If you eat one and live it is a Mushroom. If you eat the other and die it is a Toadstool. Some people make the same fatal mistake regarding Watch repairing. Do you see the point? If not call and I will explain it to you.

SAME OLD CORNER.

CURRIE,  
The Jeweler.

**SODA WATER AT HOME.**

A cool, refreshing drink.

**LEMONADE, ORANGE PHOSPHATE, ROOT BEER TABLETS.**

Ready for use by dissolving in water.

**10 GLASSES CENTS.**

Sold by  
**A. S. PUTNAM & CO.,**  
DRUGGISTS AND STATIONERS.

If you Want a

## Choice Cut Of Meat

Fresh Butter and Eggs, Excellent Home Made Sausages, or Delicious Cold Meats

call at

## Schuster's Westside Meat Market

I buy for cash and sell for cash, therefore I can quote you the lowest prices and save you money. Soliciting a share of your patronage I am, yours truly,

## Louis Schuster,

Spot Cash Meat Market. Phone No. 4.

If you are looking for

## Tinware

Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest,

LOOK IN OUR Window.

**Mason H. Quick & Co.**

NEXT DOOR TO P. O.

Serves You Right

If you don't go for you Oyster knows just how them and after you will say a dish of ha and see how are with man

You want



# THE MANISTIQUE DEMOCRAT.

DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO., Pubs.  
C. E. ESSELSTYNE, Editor and Business Mgr.

At length we are twenty years nearer the second centennial.

This has been a rare season for the cyclone prophets. They claim great credit.

Queen Victoria recently was awarded a medal "for the best exhibit of strawberries" at the Royal Horticultural Society.

Mr. Took-a-Fine-Gun of Montana was killed by his brother Makes-a-Fine-Gun, and yet they tell there's nothing in a name.

Mr. Fairbank can consider himself lucky to get rid of a star actress and a professional trainer for the small sum of \$16,000.

Zola has been convicted of plagiarism. This brings him into distinguished company, and ought to make it easier for him to slip into the French academy.

Economy is wealth. But that isn't the reason the young people of Hiawatha, Kan., have not made a single objection to the town being economical and turning out the electric lights on Sunday night.

Chicago is considering a proposition that school principals be paid according to the number of their pupils. Why not pay the pretty ones half price, as they have a good time anyhow, money or no money?

The distinguished doctors who have examined Pugilist Corbett by means of the Roentgen rays state that he is probably the best built man in the world for fighting purposes. They say that the formation of his frame gives him a combination of great ease and agility together with remarkable strength which is extraordinary in so large a man. Still, Fitzsimmons, now known as the "Champion Quitter," thinks him not yet up to his form.

American girls who are tempted to marry British subjects for the sake of titles or other supposed advantages should remember that wife-whipping is tolerated and authorized by law in England. In a recent case a man recaptured his runaway wife and "corrected" her with a cudgel and also with a shovel. She was severely beaten, and yet the court decided that the husband had not transcended his marital authority.

A lawyer, crazed with drink, decided that he had lived long enough and stabbed himself twenty times with a pocket knife. Not succeeding this in killing himself he jumped into a fountain basin, where the cold water had the natural effect of counteracting the alcohol and bringing him to his senses. At the police station the deed to a grave was found in his pocket and instructions regarding the disposal of his body. He will live, however, and seems now to be glad of it.

A Pittsburg judge has filed an opinion singularly affecting the duties of policemen. An officer endeavored to remove a live wire from a sidewalk and was killed in consequence, whereupon his widow sued the electric light company and got a verdict for \$5,000. They appealed on the ground of "contributory negligence," but the judge, in refusing a new trial, stated that "it was the duty of the officer to protect the pedestrians by attempting to remove the wire, even if he knew it meant death to him."

The ubiquitous color question is troubling the good citizens of Nashville in another phase. "About fifty citizens of South Nashville met in the lecture room of the Central Baptist church for the purpose of devising ways and means to deter the negro Baptists from building a church on the opposite corner." The objections of white people are based on the belief that among other things, "the two churches discharging their congregations at the same time will not only congest the street, but will always be a menace to the peace of the neighborhood."

Portsmouth, O., has a citizen named Lorenzo Dow McKinney, who, convinced that he would not live the year out, being 80 years of age, and announced his intention recently of "dying" in order that he might enjoy the novelty of hearing his own funeral preached and find out what people would say about him after he was really dead, carried out his plan Sunday. He sat directly behind the preacher on the platform drinking in his utterances and listening to the fervent prayers offered by the huge crowd for the repose of his soul. After the discourse the "corpse" shook hands with the preacher and many others and expressed himself as highly satisfied with his "funeral," and then fiddled at a dance in the evening.

It would be interesting to learn what Sir George Pullman thinks now of Prince Leonburg-Birste n, who so nearly married his daughter. The cable tells us that the prince is being sued for \$25,000 by a man to whom he promised that sum if he could negotiate a match between himself and his present wife, an American girl, formerly Miss Lewis. As a matter of fact the prince has money enough, providing he married within his station, but if he made a messalliance he has nothing, consequently if he married an American at all she must be rich.

## HISTORY OF A WEEK

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political, Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record.

After a hard battle the South Dakota republican state convention for the nomination of state officers adopted the gold plank.

D. S. French has been appointed receiver of the St. Johns, Mich., Manufacturing Company, which operates the largest table factory in the world. The assets are estimated at \$300,000. The company had suffered a loss of \$160,000 by fire and had no insurance. It will probably survive its embarrassment.

Mary Bucher, aged 81, was murdered in cold blood at her home in the town of Lebanon, near Watertown, Wis. Her body, with a hole in the skull, evidently made with a heavy instrument, was found on the doorstep. William Zeiner, a hired man, is missing.

About fifty members of the Michigan Hardware Association were present at the opening session of the first annual meeting.

The third annual convention of the Afro-American League of Illinois met in Rockford, Ill., Wednesday with a good attendance.

Michael Evich, aged 65, living near Magnolia, Ill., was oiling his mowing machine, when the team ran away. He was caught in the knives and cut to pieces, death ensuing immediately.

A brother of Judge Kavanaugh of Chicago, one of the orators at the semi-centennial celebration of Des Moines, was drowned in the Des Moines river while bathing.

A party of 40 whites and 100 Zulus has repulsed a strong force of Mashonas at Briscoe's farm, near Salisbury, South Africa, killing twenty-five of them. There have been further massacres, and in some instances the Mashona native police have killed their officers.

Sir Charles Tupper and his cabinet resigned Wednesday and the governor-general sent Mr. Laurier to form a government.

A German submarine cable company has been formed to lay a cable from Germany to Spain, and thence to the United States.

The town of Kobrin, in the province of Grodovnik, Russia, burned. Three hundred houses were destroyed and 2,000 people are homeless.

Forty whites and 100 Zulus repulsed a strong force of Mashonas at Briscoe's farm, South Africa, killing twenty-five of them. There have been further massacres in some instances the Mashona native police have killed their officers.

The National Amateur Press association election elected James E. Morton of Boston president, and named San Francisco as the place for the twenty-second annual convention next July.

Michael Evich, 65 years old, living near Magnolia, Ill., was oiling his mowing machine when the team ran away. He was caught in the knives and cut to pieces.

A license of \$100 per year has been imposed upon the sale of cigarettes in Rushville, Ind., by the city council. Any sales without a license is made punishable with a fine of \$25 for each offense.

Thomas Walters, son of David Walters, was thrown under a locomotive at Walkerton, Ind., and killed. He was employed on the grade of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and was about 22 years old.

The boiler of a freight engine on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad exploded at Trombly Siding, Mich., killing Engineer Stonehouse and badly scalding Fireman F. E. Buell and Brakeman Conrad Gorgens.

No. 6 shaft of the Osceola mine at Houghton, Mich., has been connected with the older workings of the mine on the fourteenth level, 1,400 feet below the surface. The new shaft will soon be available for increased production. The sinking of this large shaft has been accomplished in the shortest time on record.

A dispatch to the London Chronicle from Constantinople says that it is reported there that 60,000 Kurds in the Diarbekir district have revolted and are pillaging the villages indiscriminately.

A storm that came out of the gulf Wednesday caused damage of \$250,000 in the city of Pensacola, Fla. Many of the streets are completely blocked with debris of fallen trees, house roofs, signs and fences.

The German-American teachers concluded their session at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday. Mr. Abrams of Milwaukee, was chosen president; Greibsch, Milwaukee, secretary, and Bahn, Cincinnati, treasurer. The convention will meet next year in Milwaukee.

A meeting of the eastern distillers of rye whisky will be held at Manhattan Beach July 15 to consider an agreement to shut down until Sept. 1, 1897.

Fred H. Abbott, a well-known business man of Decatur, Ill., shot himself. He was despondent because of business misfortunes.

James Magee, a well-known boxer and wrestler, was called to the door of his home at Detroit Wednesday by an unknown man and was shot dead as he appeared at the threshold. Magee's mother, who had answered the ring, was a witness of the deed.

Fire at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday destroyed George Frenkel's Empire Hotel, 189 Elm street. Miss Jennie Mills, aged 40; Mrs. Moriana, 50, and a 2-year-old child, Maggie King, who were on the third floor, were suffocated. George Paps, aged 23, jumped from the third story window and will likely die.

## CASUALTIES.

The 7-year-old son of John Schofner of Shelbyville, Ind., was attacked by a vicious pig, and almost torn to pieces before his mother's eyes.

Ira Davidson fell from an elevated Central train near Mattoon, Ill., and had his skull fractured. His chances of recovery are few.

The 9-year-old son of Charles D. Henry of Chillicothe, Mo., went to sleep on the railroad track. He was struck by a train and instantly killed.

At Canton, Ill., William R. Rock, aged 16 years, on the Fourth held an oyster can filled with powder in one hand, and in the other he held a lighted cornstalk. A spark fell into the can, exploding the powder, and the boy was dreadfully torn, and died in a few hours.

Daniel Devlin accidentally shot and instantly killed his brother Joe at a dance near Parkersburg, W. Va., Saturday. Both were drinking heavily.

David Gordon, a prominent farmer of Knox county, Ill., was killed by a mad bull at his home near Victoria, Saturday.

An unknown tramp was drowned in the Ohio river at Cairo, Ill., while indulging in a carousal with two companions on the proceeds of a half day's begging about town.

Joseph Lane, of Pana, Ill., was kicked by a horse Sunday morning, and died from the injuries.

By the explosion of natural gas at the Evergreen Hotel, seven miles north of Allegheny, Pa., six persons were more or less injured, three, it is feared, fatally.

Thomas McGinty, a laborer in the employ of McArthur Brothers, contractors, was run over and killed by a train at Cobden, Ill. His body was found in a mutilated condition.

Fire at Dyersville, Iowa, Sunday night destroyed Schemmels' flouring mill, the jail and several warehouses. Loss \$10,000 to \$15,000, covered by insurance.

Ida Bollinger, 11 years old, fell into an oat bin at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and was suffocated.

Julius Wolfgram, an inmate of the Milwaukee county insane asylum, hanged himself.

George McCain was thrown from a load of lumber at Shelbyville, Ind., crushed to a pulp.

## POLITICAL NO ES.

The location committee of the Illinois League of Republican Clubs, appointed to decide on the place and location of the state convention, met and decided to hold the convention at Peoria Sept. 1. A number of noted speakers from abroad will attend the meeting.

The Massachusetts republican state convention for the nomination of the state officers will be held in Boston, Thursday, October 1.

The principal work accomplished by the socialist labor party in New York was the adoption of resolutions recognizing the trade alliance, by a vote of 70 to 6.

The Nebraska Republican Bimetallic League has issued a manifesto indorsing the Teller bill.

The New York Republican state convention has been called to meet at Saratoga August 25. There will be nominated at that convention candidates for governor, lieutenant governor and justice of the court of appeals.

## CRIME.

Joshua Walton and Frank Frick quarreled at Shelbyville, Ind., and the latter was almost brained with a mallet. He cannot recover. Walton is in hiding.

John Cunningham, Emerson Milligan, Joseph Hazleton and George Hazleton, charged with the Milligan murder, by agreement waived examination at Lawrenceville, Ill., and gave bond in \$2,000 each. The courtroom was filled with people.

At Kenova, W. Va., John E. Blomer was shot dead by his father without cause or notice. The frantic father tried to kill another son and to commit suicide, but failed and was arrested.

Dr. J. I. Ferron, one of the best known free advertisers in Council Bluffs, Ia., was arrested by United States Marshal Elway on the charge of mailing a postal card, on which was inscribed language defamatory of John Sherman and President Cleveland. The defendant waived examination, and his bond was fixed by Commissioner Stermant at \$500.

J. M. Frazier quarreled with T. J. McMullin and son James about a business transaction at Jackson, Tenn., and tried to shoot the former. The father escaped and Frazier shot the son twice, inflicting fatal wounds. Frazier gave himself up.

A dispatch from Athens says that the Cretons elected a provisional government, decided to proclaim the union of the island with Greece, and expressed the hope that autonomy will be granted the island under the surveillance of the powers.

An unknown man assaulted C. Broiler of Ollie, a small town near Ottumwa, Iowa, while he was sitting on his porch. His skull, four ribs and shoulder were broken. Mr. Broiler is 75 years old. He is still unconscious and is not expected to live.

Thirty-two sticks of dynamite, enough to blow up the whole city, were found secreted under the steps of the Methodist church at Deadwood, S. D.

Alonzo Walling, accomplice of Scott Jackson in the murder of Pearl Bryan, was today sentenced to hang Aug. 7. Walling, smiling and defiant, was taken from the Covington jail by Sheriff Plummer and Jailer Bitzer, and driven in a surrey to Newport. On their arrival they found a crowd of several hundred surrounding the courthouse, but there was no demonstration.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"KINDNESS FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Is There Yet Any That Is Left of the House of Saul That I May Show Him Kindness for Jonathan's Sake?—Samuel 9:1.

WAS there ever anything more romantic than the love of David and Jonathan? At one time Jonathan was up and David was down. Now David is up and Jonathan's family is down. As you have often heard of two soldiers before going into battle making a covenant that if one is shot the survivor will take charge of the body, the watch, the mementoes, and perhaps of the bereft family of the one that is dead, so David and Jonathan had made a covenant, and now that Jonathan is dead, David is inquiring about his family, that he may show kindness unto them for their father Jonathan's sake.

Careful search is made, and a homely name of Mephibosheth is found. His nurse, in his infancy, had let him fall, and the fall had put both his ankles out of place and they had never been set. This decrepit poor man is brought into the palace of King David, David looks upon him with melting tenderness, no doubt seeing in his face a resemblance to his old friend, the deceased Jonathan. The whole bearing of King David toward him seems to say, "How glad I am to see you, Mephibosheth. How you remind me of your father, my old friend and benefactor. I made a bargain with your father a good many years ago, and I am going to keep it with you. What can I do for you Mephibosheth? I am resolved what to do: I will make you a rich man; I will restore to you the confiscated property of your grandfather Saul, and you shall be a guest of mine as long as you live, and you shall be seated at my table among the princes." It was too much for Mephibosheth, and he broke out against it, calling himself a dead dog. "Be still," says David, "I do not do this on your own account; I do this for your father Jonathan's sake. I can never forget his kindness. I remember when I was hounded from place to place, how he befriended me. Can I ever forget how he stripped himself of his courtier apparel and gave it to me instead of my father's coat, and how he took off his own sword and belt and gave them to me instead of my sling? Oh, I can never forget him. I feel as if I couldn't ever forget you, his son. I don't do it for your sake; I do it for your father Jonathan's sake." So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem; for he did not continually at the king's table, and was lame on both his feet.

There is so much Gospel in this quaint incident that I am embarrassed to know where to begin. Whom do Mephibosheth, and David and Jonathan make you think of? Mephibosheth, in the first place, stands for the disabled soul. Lord Byron describes sin as a charming recklessness, as a gallantry, as a Don Juan; George Sand describes sin as triumphant in many intricate plots; Gavarni, with his engraver's knife, always shows sin as a great jocularity; but the Bible presents it as a Mephibosheth, lame on both feet. Sin, like the nurse in the context, attempted to carry us, and let us fall, and we have been disabled, and in our whole moral nature we are decrepit. Sometimes theologians haggle about a technicality. They use the words "total depravity," and some people believe in the doctrine, and some reject it. What do you mean by total depravity? Do you mean that every man is as bad as he can be? Then I do not believe it either. But do you mean that sin has let us fall, that it has scarified, and disabled, and crippled our entire moral nature, until we cannot walk straight, and are lame in both feet? Then I admit your proposition. There is not so much difference in an African jungle, with barking, howling, hissing, fighting quadruped and reptile, and Paradise with its animals coming before Adam when he patted them as stroked them and gave them names, so that the panther was as tame as the cow, and the condor as tame as the dove, as there is between the human soul disabled and that soul as God originally constructed it. I do not care what the sentimentalists or the poets say in regard to sin; in the name of God I declare to you today that sin is disorganization, disintegration, ghastly disfiguration, hobbling deformity.

Mephibosheth in the text stands for the disabled human soul humbled and restored. When this invalid of my text got a command to come to King David's palace, he trembled. The fact was that the grandfather of Mephibosheth had treated David most shockingly, and now Mephibosheth says to himself, "What does the king want of me? Isn't it enough that I am lame? Is he going to destroy my life? Is he going to wreak on me the vengeance which he holds toward my grandfather Saul? It's too bad." But go to the palace Mephibosheth must, since the king has commanded it. With staff and crutches and helped by his friends, I see Mephibosheth going up the stairs of the palace. I hear his staff and crutches rattling on the tessellated floor of the throne-room. No sooner have these two persons confronted each other—Mephibosheth and David, the king—than Mephibosheth throws himself flat on his face before the king, and styles himself a dead dog. In the East, when a man styles himself a dog, he utters the utmost term of self-abnegation. It is not a term so strong in this country, where, if a dog has a fair chance, he sometimes shows more

nobility of character than some human specimens that we wot of; but the many curs of the Oriental cities, as I know by my own observation, are utterly detestable. Mephibosheth gives the utmost term of self-loathing when he compares himself to a dog, and dead at that.

Consider the analogy. When the command is given from the palace of heaven to the human soul to come, the soul begins to tremble. It says: "What is God going to do with me now? Is he going to destroy me? Is he going to wreak his vengeance upon me? There is more than one Mephibosheth trembling now, because God has summoned him to the palace of divine grace! What are you trembling about? God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner. He does not send for you to hurt you. He sends for you to do you good. A Scotch preacher had the following circumstances brought under his observation: There was a poor woman in the parish who was about to be turned out because she could not pay her rent. One night she heard a loud knocking at the door, and she made no answer, and hid herself. The rapping continued louder, louder, but she made no answer, and continued to hide herself. She was almost frightened unto death. She said: "That's the officer of the law come to throw me out of my home." A few days after a Christian philanthropist met her in the street, and said: "My poor woman, where were you the other night? I came round to your house to pay your rent. Why didn't you let me in? Were you at home?" "Why," she replied, "was that you?" "Yes, that was me; I came to pay your rent." "Why," she said, "if I had had any idea it was you I would have let you in. I thought it was an officer come to cast me out of my home." O soul, that loud knocking at thy gate today is not the sheriff come to put you in jail; it is the best friend you ever had come to be your security. You shiver with terror because you think it is wrath. It is mercy. Why, then, tremble before the King of heaven and earth calls you to his palace? Stop trembling and start right away. "Oh," you say, "I can't start. I have been so lamed by sin, and so lamed by evil habit, I can't start. I am lame in both feet." My friend, we come out with our prayers and sympathies to help you up to the palace. If you want to get to the palace you may get there. Start now. The Holy Spirit will help you. All you have to do is just throw yourself on your face at the feet of the King, as Mephibosheth did.

Mephibosheth's animal comparison seems extravagant to the world, but when a man has seen himself as he really is, and seen how he has been treating the Lord, there is no term vehement enough to express his self-condemnation. The dead dog of Mephibosheth's comparison fails to describe the man's utter loathing of himself. Mephibosheth's posturing does not seem too prostrate. When a soul is convicted that he is a sinner, that the muscles of his neck relax, and he is able to bow his head. After awhile, by an almost superhuman effort he kneels down to pray. After awhile, when he has seen God and seen himself, he throws himself flat on his face at the feet of the King, just like Mephibosheth. The fact is, if we could see ourselves as God sees us, we would perish at the spectacle. You would have no time to overhaul other people. Your cry would be, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

And again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul saved for the sake of another. Mephibosheth would never have got into the palace on his own account. Why did David ransack the realm to find that poor man, and then bestow upon him a great fortune, and command a farmer by the name Ziba to culture the estate and give to this invalid Mephibosheth half the proceeds every year? Why did King David make such a mighty stir about a poor fellow who would never be of any use to the throne of Israel? It was for Jonathan's sake. It was what Robert Burns calls for "auld lang syne." David could not forget what Jonathan had done for him in other days. Three times this chapter has it that all this kindness on the part of David to Mephibosheth was for his father Jonathan's sake. The daughter of Peter Martyr, though the vice of her husband, came down to penury, and the Senate of Zurich took care of her for her father's sake. Sometimes a person has applied to you for help, and you have refused him; but when you found he was the son or brother of some one who had been your benefactor in former days, and by a glance you saw the resemblance of your old friend in the face of the applicant, you relented, and you said: "Oh, I will do this for your father's sake." You know by your experience what my text means. Now, my friends, it is on that principle that you and I are to get into the King's palace.

Again: Mephibosheth in my text stands for the disabled human soul lifted to the King's table. It was more difficult in those times even than it is now for common men to get into a royal dining-room. The subjects might have come around the rail of the palace and might have seen the lights kindled, and might have heard the clash of the knives and the rattle of the golden goblets, but not get in. Stout men with stout feet could not get in, once in all their lives to one banquet, yet poor Mephibosheth goes in, lives there, and is every day at the table. Oh, what a getting up in the world it was for poor Mephibosheth! Well, though you and I may be woefully lamed with sin, for our divine Jonathan's sake, I hope we will all get in to dine with the King.

Before dining we must be introduced. If you are invited to a company of persons where there are distinguished people present, you are introduced: "This is the Senator." "This is the Governor." "This is the President." Before we sit down at the King's table in heaven I think we will want to be introduced. Oh, what a time that will be, when you and I, by the grace of God, get into heaven, and are introduced to the mighty spirits there, and some one will say: "This is Joshua." "This is Paul." "This is Moses." "This is John Knox." "This is John Milton." "This is Martin Luther." "This is George Whitefield." Oh, shall we have any strength left after such a round of celestial introduction? Yes! We shall be potentates ourselves. Then we shall sit down at the King's table with the sons and daughters of God, and one will whisper across the table to us and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" and some one at the table will say, "How long will it last? All other banquets at which I sat ended. How long will this last?" and Paul will answer "Forever!" and Joshua will say "Forever!" and John Knox will say "Forever!" and George Whitefield will say "Forever!"

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O my soul, what a magnificent gospel! It takes a man so low down and raises him so high! What a gospel! Come now, who wants to be banqueted and empalced? As when Wilberforce was trying to get the "Emancipation Bill" through the British parliament, and all the British Isles were anxious to hear of the passage of that "Emancipation Bill," when a vessel was coming into port and the captain of the vessel knew that the people was so anxious to get the tidings, he stepped out on the prow of the ship and shouted to the people, long before he got up to the dock, "Free!" and they cried it, and they shouted it, and they sang it all through the land, "Free! free!" So today I would like to sound the news of your present and your eternal emancipation until the angels of God hovering in the air, and watchmen on the battlements, and bell-men in the town cry it, shout it, sing it, ring it: "Free! free!" I come out now as the messenger of the palace to invite her.

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CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

My thoughts flew to my missing love. Oh! if she were but beside me—beside us! for jealousy of Grant had left me. If we were but gazing together on that bright moon! If my arm were around her, and my lips whispering the words of love into her ear! If her fingers, with the soft, caressing touch which I so well remembered, were resting in mine! It—

I could bear it no longer. I turned to Grant, and cried in a voice of anguish:

"Tell me all! Tell me where she is! Give me Viola again!"

He turned at my cry. The moonlight was full on his pale face. His eyes—his features—emitted deep sympathy and compassion. A fearful thought ran through me.

"She is not dead?" I gasped out.

"No; she is not dead."

"Then where is she? For mercy's sake tell me! See! I have been patient—I have not even asked you! But the time has come—I must know!"

I saw him knit his brows, not angrily, but as one in deep thought. My lips were trembling; my emotion so great that I could not repeat the question.

Breathlessly I waited for Grant to speak. At last, in a grave voice, he broke silence.

"You believed the words I spoke when—I thought I was dying?"

"Could I be with you now if I did not believe them?"

"Will you believe me when I say that it will be happier for both of you, if you never meet or hear again of one another?"

"No; I will not believe that. How can I? She, the wife I loved, leaves me without one word. With my kiss still warm on her lips, she passes away from me, it seems, forever! Let me see her—let me hear why she did this thing!"

Grant was silent; but once more he took my hand and pressed it.

"Tell me," I continued, "Remember, even after all that has recently passed, I am justified in asking you to explain your part in the flight. This is at least due to me."

"Yes, you are right, it is. All that I will tell you."

CHAPTER X.

CLINCHED my hands, and leaped forward, eager to catch every word that fell from Grant's lips. My future seemed to rest on what I learned during the next few minutes. Grant began speaking in a calm and deliberate manner. It struck me even then that he was weighing every word, so as to be sure of saying no more or no less than was needed.

"Julian," he said, "in order to understand my action in the matter, you must first of all bear in mind the truth which you guessed intuitively when we first met. I loved Viola with all the strength of my nature. I had loved her for years, and I was waiting in the hope that some day she would be mine. It was a bitter blow to return home and find that another man was about to marry her. It needed all my power of will to hold my feelings from her, and do what I could to insure her happiness."

He sighed and was silent for a while. "However," he continued, "sharp as the pang was at the time, it is now a thing of the past. I have conquered myself. My love now for Viola is that of a brother to a sister. You will believe this Loraine?"

I nodded. He resumed in a lighter manner.

"Yes, I have conquered it. I think I now pour all of my love into my books. But at that time I worshipped her. I would have given my life to have saved her from grief. Her wish was to me a command; her smallest request an obligation to be discharged at all cost. Leaving this out of the question, her mother confided her to me. This is why I did not tell her I loved her. I forced myself to wait until she was twenty-one, then it was too late."

Another pause. I glanced at his face. Its expression was one of actual pain. If Eustace Grant had conquered his hopeless passion, the memory of it was still keen.

"Remember, also," he went on, "I mistrusted you. I hesitated long before I made up my mind not to interfere. Your romantic suppression of your true name and position is accountable for the mistrust I felt. So I start with two strong emotions to sway me—love for Viola, and mistrust of the man who was to marry her. Do you understand?"

"Yes; but for mercy's sake, let me hear what happened?"

"On Viola's twenty-first birthday," he began—

No; I would not give his story in his own words. I should be bound to break it a hundred times by the insertion of my ejaculations and expressions of wonderment. When ended, it left me as completely in the dark as before. If it cleared Viola from the accusation of vulgar infidelity, it

As he took my hand he looked me straight on the face.

"Julian," he said, "be wise and ask no more. Leave this place and forget Viola. There is no hope. All this concealment—all that has been done—is for your sake. Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

WENT to my room and threw myself into a chair. Here, until dawn, I sat puzzling over Grant's words, and trying to turn them into a key that might unlock the secret door which stood between my wife and myself. My efforts were useless. I seemed like one surrounded by stone walls, through which there was no escape. Each way I turned I was met with some impervious obstacle.

"For my sake!" This concealment was for my sake! I am plunged in despair. I am told there is no hope. Yet all this was for my own sake! The riddle grew more and more difficult of solution. Grant could doubtless solve it if he chose, but would he do so?

Not he. The next day I once more attacked him. I implored, commanded, even threatened; not one word would he speak. I was on the verge of quarrelling with him; but as I fancied it was only by his direct or indirect aid I could find Viola, I restrained my very natural wrath, and on the subject of Viola a sullen silence succeeded my useless questions.

I lingered on at the farm long after Eustace Grant was well enough to dispense with my services. Where else could I go? From whom but Grant had I a chance of ascertaining my wife's present abode? I must wait and watch. A chance word, a letter, anything, might put me on the track. Moreover, I had a presentiment that Viola was not far away. People, when driven to their wits' end, put a vast amount of faith in presentiments.

Much as I had learned to love him, severe as were the twinges of remorse still felt for my murderous act, it was all I could do to force myself to believe that Grant was single-hearted in his determination of keeping me in the dark respecting my wife. The more so, as it was my conviction that, could I once meet her, my pleading would be eloquent enough to bring her back to me, to begin once more the happy life so strangely cut short. Only let me see her once more, take her by the hand, gaze into her eyes, call up the memory of those few short days when we were all the world to each other; surely I must then be told the truth and conquer.

One morning Eustace seemed distracted and ill at ease. He answered my questions absently. Presently he said: "Do you mind making a short journey for me?"

"Certainly not. Where to?"

"I want several things not procurable here. Will you go to L'Orient for me?"

"Of course I will. But how am I to get there? The diligence does not run to-day."

"Jean could drive you in the light wagon, but that would be tedious. I will try and borrow a horse."

I favored the horse. Twenty miles in old Bouley's wagon was not a tempting prospect. So the horse was procured and I decided to stay at L'Orient for the night and ride back the next day. My purchases could be sent by diligence.

Grant gave me a list of the articles he wished bought. Some of them, it struck me, seemed superfluous and trivial and all might have been ordered by letter. Then I mounted and rode along the table-land, down the hill, through the sleepy little village, up the other hill, and away on the dusty road to L'Orient.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why She Smiled.

"See that woman over there with the pink roses in her hat?" asked Grimleigh.

"Yes, I see her," replied Dasherton.

"What about her?"

"See her look over at us and smile just now?" continued Grimleigh.

"Yes, I saw her."

"I'll bet you anything you like she's a married woman," said Grimleigh emphatically.

"I guess you're right," assented Dasherton. "But what of it?"

"What of it?" echoed Grimleigh.

"Why, I think it is disgraceful the way married women act nowadays. Look at the way that woman is dressed."

"She is got up rather attractively," agreed his friend.

"Attractively! She's dressed to kill. And look at the way she is acting. Ready to flirt with anybody. She would not have looked over at us and smiled if she had been a single girl."

"Perhaps not," said Dasherton.

"Of course not," said Grimleigh conclusively. "And why, I ask you, why should she, a married woman, look over at us and smile in the deliberate way she did?"

"I am sure I don't know," returned Dasherton, reflectively. "Unless—"

"Unless what?" persisted Grimleigh.

"Unless," answered Dasherton, very quietly, "it is because she is my wife."

New York World.

A Badly Broken Spine.

James Stiles is in the hospital at Easton, Pa., suffering from a broken back. A year ago he fell and broke his spinal column, and in spite of the doctor's ideas he recovered. Since then he has broken his spinal column five times and has spent most of his time in hospitals.

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

From the Times, Buffalo, N. Y. Along one of the usual roads in Western New York, a man and wife were driving as rapidly as the darkness and inclement weather would permit. The rain beat down upon the rubber covering and found its way into every crack and opening. The occupants of the buggy were Dean Jones and his wife, of Springville, N. Y. Everybody is familiar with the name. He is the well-known starting judge, who has become famous for his impartial and fair treatment of jockeys at the post.

It was about ten years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Jones took that fateful ride that came near costing her her life. Mrs. Jones' clothes were thoroughly soaked before town was reached. There was a fire in their hotel room and she became chilled to the bone before the little blaze the attendant started warmed the atmosphere. From that time on Mrs. Jones was an ill woman. Her trouble—well, it was tried at anything with which human flesh can be afflicted. She had a strange, queer feeling in her head, that felt as if several shot were rolling around loose on her brain. She could not describe the torture she suffered. Local doctors told her she had water on the brain. A Times reporter called upon Mrs. Jones, who said:

"Ever since that terrible wetting I received, up to a year ago, I was an invalid. I had terrible neuralgia pains in the head which often went to my feet and limbs. I was often in such a terrible state that I had to use a crutch to get around or else slide a chair before me to move about the house. I was very ill for five years, in spells, and never expected to get well. It was a blood disease, I guess. One of the doctors I consulted said I had clotted blood in my head, and perhaps I did. He could not cure me, neither could several other doctors I tried. I also used many patent medicines, but they did me no good. My complexion was a perfect white, and my ears so transparent you could look through them. My blood was turning to water. The torture she suffered. Local doctors told her she had water on the brain. A Times reporter called upon Mrs. Jones, who said:

"The reporter was forced to admit that he had seldom seen a more perfect embodiment of health. With pardonable pride Mrs. Jones said: 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did it. I can go anywhere now, while before I commenced using Dr. Williams' remedy I could not move out of the house. For three years, would you believe it, I did not even go to church. I was not always confined to my bed, but could not leave the house. Whenever I go, I must say: 'Why, Mrs. Jones, how well you are looking. How did it happen?' and I always tell them 'Pink Pills did it.' I have not had the slightest touch of my old illness for the last six months, and feel as if I never had been ill in my life."

Mr. Jones said: "You can readily imagine how highly we regard the remedy in this house, where we have had a wife and mother restored to perfect health." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (20 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

ESSAY ON SHARKS.

An English Lad Makes Some Astonishing Statements.

An examiner of lads under 16 for the civil-service commission gave for a question, says the London Church Times, "Describe the habits of fish." Here is a literal transcript of one of a batch of some hundreds of answers: "The shark is about twenty feet long and has five rows of teeth when the shark is going to catch his prey it turns on its side. The sharks are found in India, where they are very numerous in Africa, etc. The way they catch sharks is lowering a piece of meat on a sharp hook (and sailors will do it for amusement), and the shark is very hungry always, that he will grab at the meat and find himself caught. On of his foes are the sword fish it will go and run its sword through its stummock. When the shark has been floating about on the water for some time it gets a lot of small fish in its mouth and they will go and lay on the beach and let small birds come in their mouth and pick them off and will not heart them. The shark can live in water and on land. Going from England to India you will see sharks in the Nile, they will follow ships for many miles, on purpose to get some meat and then perhaps not get any. There are different kinds of sharks, the Black shark, Etc. The shark is a very curious animal, it can lay its teeth down when not catching any food. Once upon a time there was a ship going to America and on board some slaves, the slaves were packed so close together that they could not live and the captain of the ship you'd let some come upon deck and many of the slaves you'd jump overboard and be eat with sharks, so the captain determined to stop it if he could. So one day a black slave woman was just in the act to jump overboard when the captain caught her and had as many slaves as he could upon deck. And then he had a rope fastened around her waist and lowered her overboard, when a shark came and bit a half of her off and then the captain had the other half pulled up and shown to the slaves on deck and then said to them that he would do any one of them the same if they jumped overboard."

A Substitute for Prayer. A very funny, if somewhat irreverent, story is told of a West Franklin man who was taken very ill. Two clergymen, hearing of their brother's misfortune, called upon him to offer spiritual consolation. They were warmly received by the sick man who asked them to pray for him and expressed his belief in religion as a "great thing for a man, especially in case of sickness." To this one of the good ministers replied that it was "good at all times; for the young and middle-aged, and when a man got to be old, infirm and lame its worth could not be told." At this the eyes of the sick man brightened and forgetting his weakness, he said:

"I know something that beats it all hollow for lameness and that is pure skunk's grease, without a blankety blank particle of lard in it. I've got it to sell at \$1 a pint!"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The memory of a blessing is itself a blessing.

Rich and poor alike suffer the torments that come with that terrible plague, Itching Piles; rich and poor alike find instant relief and permanent cure in Doan's Ointment. Your dealer keeps it.

"Change for the better" said the cashier of the pool room as he paid out the cash to the winner.

For bronchitis, asthma or kindred troubles of the throat or lungs, take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a household specific for all these complaints.

The angler is so absorbed in his hobby that he generally fishes with baited breath.

Rev. Wm. Stout, Warton, Ont., was completely cured of scrofula after 17 physicians had failed to give him relief. Burdock Blood Bitters did it.

A woman is never so likely to be mistaken as when she is perfectly sure she is right. The man who prays right will always pay right.

A Lost Voice.

Advertising will do a great many things, but it won't bring about the return of a lost voice. The best thing to do is to begin, at once, the use of the sovereign cure for all affections of the throat and lungs—Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. It has a reputation of fifty years of cures, and is known the world over as

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.



"A Bicycle Built for Two."

BattleAx PLUG

Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two chewers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one. Because a 5 cent piece "BATTLE AX" is almost as long as a 5 cent piece of other brands.

"Out and away the most popular."

The New York Telegram recently organized a monster bicycle parade in New York, offering a bicycle each to the best lady rider and the best gentleman rider in the procession. The prizes were selected by popular vote of The Telegram's readers, and, as was to be expected, the result was another triumph for

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

In the language of The Telegram, the Columbia was declared to be "out and away the most popular wheel in America." Of course. No other bicycle has such quality or gives such satisfaction.

You can have a Columbia at once if you place your order promptly. \$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.



FREE HOMES From Uncle Sam.

Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement.

IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. NOW IS THE TIME TO GET A HOME. For further information address:

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark. 10¢ Enclose 10 cents in Silver. 10¢ refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

MANISTIQUE DEMOCRAT.

The Democrat Publishing Co.

C. E. ESSELSTYNE, Editor and Manager.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns: SPACE, 1 wk., 1 mo., 3 mos., 6 mos., 1 yr.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription—One Year, \$1.50; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. Invariably in Advance.

Entered at the postoffice of Manistique, Mich. as second-class mail matter.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

For President—WILLIAM J. BRYAN, of Nebraska. For Vice-President—ARTHUR SEWALL, of Maine.

Recognizing that the money question is paramount to all others at this time, we in our attention to the fact that the federal constitution names silver and gold together as the money metals of the United States...

We declare that the act of 1873 demonetizing silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people has resulted in the depreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the price of the commodities produced by the people...

We are unalterably opposed to the single gold standard which has looked fast the prosperity of an industrious people in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy...

We demand the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

We are opposed to issuing interest-bearing bonds of the United States in times of peace and condemn the trafficking with banking syndicates which, in exchange for bonds at an enormous profit to themselves, sustain the federal treasury with gold to maintain the policy of gold monometallism.

GOLD AS A BULWARK.

Said John J. Ingalls, in Congress Feb. 15, 1878: "No people in a great emergency ever found a faithful ally in gold. It is the most cowardly and treacherous of all metals. It makes no treaty it does not break. It has no friend it does not betray. Armies and navies are not maintained by gold. In time of panic and calamity, shipwreck and disaster, it becomes the agent and minister of ruin. No nation ever fought a great war by the aid of gold. On the contrary, in the crisis of the greatest peril it becomes an enemy more potent than the foe in the field; but when the battle is won and peace has been secured, gold reappears and claims the fruit of victory. In our own civil war it is doubtful if the gold of New York and London did not work greater injury than the powder and the iron of the rebels. It was the most invincible enemy of the public credit. Gold paid no soldier or sailor. It refused the national obligation. It was worth most when our fortunes were the lowest. Every defeat gave it increased value. It was in open alliance with our enemies the world over, and all its energies were evoked for our destruction. But, as usual, when danger had been averted and the victory secured, gold swaggers to the front and asserts the supremacy."

SPEAKING of Bryans rapid advancement into the political arena, the Detroit Evening News says: "As the flash of a new star in the heavens was the appearance of William Jennings Bryan in the presidential field. Men are still trying to explain it to themselves and one another. Bryan is college bred, but there are others. He is a successful lawyer, but there are others; he is an ex-member of the United States congress, but there are others. He is an all-around man of extraordinary brilliancy; still there are others. But how many men are there in the country who add to all these natural and acquired gifts the possession of a newspaper training? Here you have it! William Jennings Bryan sat at the St. Louis convention preparing copy with the rest of 'the gang' for the Omaha World-Herald, which he represented. Who in history has risen to fame and highest honors with the

rapidity of the man's movement from St. Louis to Chicago? Such a life-manuever could have been effected nowhere else than in the newspaper world in the United States."

AN item is being published in the republican press of the state which contains the following assertions: "Deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, \$70,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, \$42,000,000; deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, \$25,000,000, making a total deficit for three years of \$137,000,000. Isn't that a costly memorial to the democratic incapacity? Such figures and computations as these make one tired when one stops to think that one of the years quoted (1895) was a civil war year and that the white house was occupied for nearly five years previous, and at that time, by a republican president, and he, too, one whose memory we all revere, the martyr Abraham Lincoln. This is only another incident of lots of rope. The overzealous republican seems to be bound to put his foot in it."

IN Conversation with Editor Coleman, of Pontiac, Sunday, Henry Ward the Pontiac millionaire and life long republican, who is reputed to be worth \$25,000,000, and who is considered the richest man in Michigan, announced that he would not vote for the gold standard adopted at the St. Louis convention. Personally he thinks he would be greatly benefited, but he considers it a disastrous measure for the country at large and one which would reduce the condition of the poorer classes.

SPEAKING before the faculty and the students of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, June 18, 1892, Bryan gave the following political advice to the students: "Let your party affiliations be dictated by your judgement. Do not let your judgement be bent to suit your party. Let me beg of you to plant yourselves firmly upon the right side of every public question, and have the courage of your convictions."

BRYAN while a congressman made use of the following words in a speech during a session of that body: "I have been opposed to the issuing of money by national banks. For the reason that the function of government should not be surrendered to any corporation or private concern whatever. On the same ground I am opposed to the states authorizing private corporations to issue money or so-called money."

When making your calculation about the election next November, just remember that Maine, Ohio and Michigan are all greenback states, and all greenbackers are for silver. In the present state of the country free silver will carry all these states again.

THE gentlemen now charged with gigantic fraud in the scheme to reorganize the Northern Pacific railway are all loud in their denunciation of the repudiation and dishonesty of free coinage.

BRYAN'S BIOGRAPHY.

William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, in Salem, Ill. He was taught under his mother's care until he was 10 years old, when he went to the public school of Salem, which he attended for five years. At the age of 15 he went to the Whipple academy in Jacksonville, Ill., which is the preparatory department of the Illinois College located at the same place. He spent two years in the academy and four years in the college taking a classical course. He represented his college in the interstate oratorical contest in 1880, and was class orator and valedictorian in 1881. He then went to the Union College of law in Chicago, and while in attendance there was in the office of Lyman Trumbull.

He left the law school June 18, 1883, and went to Jacksonville to practice law, remaining at Jacksonville till October, 1887, when he removed to Lincoln, Neb., going into partnership with A. R. Talbot, a classmate of the law school. He had taken part in political campaigns since 1880 and made a number of speeches. He took part in the campaign in 1888 in Nebraska and was nominated to represent the First District in Congress in 1890. He was elected by a majority of 6,713, although the district had gone Republican by 3,100 when Secretary Morton had been defeated in 1888, and was thought to be certainly Republican.

He supported Springer for speaker in the 52nd Congress, from whose district in Illinois he came originally. This led to his being put on the ways and means committee in Congress, of which Springer was chairman and on March 16, 1892, he made a tariff speech that was the sensation of the day and was liberally distributed as campaign literature. He was re-elected in 1892, in spite of the fact that the legislature had redistricted the state and his district in the previous election had given the Republican ticket about 6,000 majority, and was re-elected by 10 votes. In the 53rd Congress he helped to frame the Wilson bill, being a member of the ways and means com-

mittee, and took an especially active part in the income tax provisions.

At the close of the debate on the income tax in Congress, replying to Bourke Cochran, August 16, 1893, at the special session, he delivered a three hours speech against the repeal of the Sherman law, this speech being more largely circulated than the tariff speech had been. He also spoke in favor of the bill to coin the silver dollar and spoke against Carlisle's currency policy and also against Cleveland's gold contract with the Rothschilds. In 1894 he became a candidate for the United States senate and announced that he would not be a candidate for the lower house of Congress. He was nominated for United States senator in the Democratic convention and the Populist candidate in his district was endorsed by the Democrats for the house of representatives. The ensuing state legislature being republican, John M. Thurston was sent to the senate and the Republican candidate in his former congressional district, J. B. Strode, was elected by 5,000 majority. During all three of the campaigns he challenged the opposing candidates to a debate and several discussions were held.

After his retirement from congress he took up the practice of law in Lincoln again, but the silver campaign opening, he found that the calls upon him for speeches and campaign work were frequent that he was forced to give up his practice. In September, 1894, he became the editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald and had control of its editorial policy on state and national questions.

Mr. Bryan is a man of small means. He was married Oct. 1, 1884, to Mary Baird, of Perry, Ill., who attended the female academy in Jacksonville when he was in the other school at the same place and who graduated the same year that he did and was also the valedictorian of her class. She studied law and was admitted to the bar, without any idea of practicing, but simply to be more thoroughly companionable to him. She is a year or two younger than he is. Three children have been born to them, Ruth 10 years old, William J. Jr., about seven and Grace, 5 years old. Mr. Bryan is a Presbyterian, having joined the Lincoln and Presbyterian Church at the age of 14. He is now a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Lincoln.

In appearance Mr. Bryan is impressive, his face indicating intellectuality and power as well as good nature. There is a notable absence of the boyish seen in the pictures and lithographs of him which have been circulated. He is affable and kindly in manner, easily approachable and does not lack dignity. He is an illustration of the fact that some men are never accorded justice by a picture, which in his case does not prepare one for the expression of keenness shown in his face. He is a picture of health, mental, moral and physical. He stands about 5 feet 10 inches, weighs about 170, is a pronounced brunet, has a massive head, an aquiline nose, large and firm square chin, a broad chest, large lustrous dark eyes, and a mouth extending almost from ear to ear. Beneath his eyes is the protuberant flesh which physiologists say is indicative of fluency of language and which was one of the striking features in the face of James G. Blaine.

Bryan neglects none of the accessories of oratory. Nature richly endowed him with rare gifts. He is happy in attitude and pose. Mellifluous is the one word that most aptly describes his voice. It is strong enough to be heard by thousands. It is so modulated as not to vex the ear with monotony and can be stern and pathetic, fierce or gentle, serious or humorous with the varying emotions of its subject. Mr. Bryan lives well in a commodious dwelling in the fashionable part of Lincoln. The study in which both Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have desks is a very attractive room. It is fitted with books, statuary and mementoes of campaigns. There are busts or portraits of noted men. Last year Mr. Bryan was asked if he had any aspirations looking to the White House and he said: "No, I have no wish to be a presidential candidate, neither now or for years to come. My whole thought now is centered on my family and my profession so far as my own personal desires go. I was brought up in the country and I wish my children to have some of the same rearing. They are now at the age they need a father's care and I wish to get into Chicago and for I very much enjoy the law, which has been necessarily abandoned during my four years in Washington."

Mr. Bryan has a great liking for politics and accompanies her husband on many of his Nebraska jaunts. Her tastes are literary and she has written much for various causes. She is a charming woman, and is as great a favorite in Lincoln as her husband. She was one of the organizers of Sorosis, the leading women's club of Lincoln, and is also a leader of the W. C. A., and other societies. Mr. Bryan says she is invaluable to him in suggestions and the preparation of material and in advice to points and methods. It is not only for Mr. Bryan's great gifts as a speaker that he is esteemed so highly by the people of his home. No taint has ever attached to his public or private acts. He neither smokes, chews, swears nor drinks, and his language is pure.

Mr. Bryan's father was Silas L. Bryan, who was a circuit court judge at the time of his son's birth, and served in that capacity from 1860 to 1872 on the bench of Illinois. Judge Bryan moved on a farm a short distance from Salem when his son was six years old, and from that time until he was 25 years old Bryan spent his summers on the farm. In 1872 his father ran for Congress on the Greely ticket and was defeated by 240 votes. His family comes from Virginia. His father was born in Culepepper Court House in that state and died in Salem, Ill., in 1880. His mother, whose name was Maria Elizabeth Jennings, was born in Marion county, Ill., and died in Salem two weeks ago last Saturday after a protracted illness.

Bryan's friends figure that he should be an influential factor with the Populists, since it was largely through his influence that the Nebraska convention, two years ago, endorsed Silas Holcomb, the Populist nominee for governor, and by virtue of the fusion defeated Thomas Majors, the candidate leading the Republican forces.

FARMER'S PROBLEMS.

[From the Farm Journal.]

Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man; its publication a duty.

The European money changers who have been working the compound interest game for centuries, still have their hands jammed into the pockets of American farmers clear up to their elbows, taking everything out they find there, and are doing it in the sacred name of an honest dollar and a sound currency.

We call them money changers because they have changed the unit of value of money, making it of gold instead of gold and silver, thereby doubling it; then they have grabbed the gold, scampered off with it and locked it up. They leave in the hands of four people not even silver, but paper one-eighth of it with a gold basis, the other seven-eighths having no basis at all but faith, which comes and goes—comes when not needed and goes when it is. Thus have they destroyed American prosperity, overthrown American independence, and imperiled American Liberty itself.

That state alone is free which rests upon its own strength and depends not upon the arbitrary will of another.

Last month we showed up some of the doings of the great international gold combine, and took the lid off the prodigious gold gamble that is now going on throughout the world. In doing so we opened the eyes of many to the true situation. We dissipated much of the fog that has enveloped the currency question, tore the mask from the faces of the foreign money changers, and let the sunlight of truth in upon their dark and sinister designs.

We are not done yet.

For a full quarter of a century the gold combine pretended that it wanted to restore silver to its historic place alongside of gold, by an international agreement, and in that way deceived the people. (For why did they demonetize it if they so soon wished it restored?) They never were sincere in desiring an effective international agreement, and purposely frustrated every attempt to obtain one. In all that time they never advocated the British gold standard until a year ago, when they deemed it time to throw off the cloak and come out for what they wanted and intended to have from the first—single standard of gold of the British pattern.

After first getting into their own vaults most of the gold money of the world, with a sure cinch on the remainder, they avow that henceforth gold must be the sole measure of the value of all the property of mankind. Mammon thus joins issue with humanity and the battle is now on.

It will never end until humanity triumphs.

As we have said, the expressed desire for an international agreement restoring silver was a sham, pure and simple, from the beginning. It ought never to have been entertained a moment by any free, independent, self-respecting citizen of this Republic. We would not take it if offered to us on bonded knees, in a gold case studded with diamonds and lined with pearls and rubies, upon a silver tray, by all the shylocked sovereigns of Europe. We want and must have no foreign entanglements. Let Europe have her own monetary system to oppress and pauperize her own common people if she will; we want nothing to do with it.

Now behold what the great and wise Washington said in his Farewell Address about foreign influence and intrigues.

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. Since history and experience prove that such influence is one of the most baneful foes of the Republican Government. \* \* \* \* \* The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is to have with them as little political connection as possible. \* \* \* \* \* Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation (as we possess)? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice? 'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world. \* \* \* \* \* constantly keeping in view, that his folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, WHICH A JUST PRIDE OUGHT TO DISCARD."

What a solemn warning this is, coming down to us from the Sage of Mt. Vernon; how timely, how true, how grand! Woe to this nation if it ever forgets or disregards these wise and noble admonitions of Washington. We will put just as many ounces of pure silver and pure gold in our dollars as we choose; nor ask leave of any nation on the earth. We never will set the laws of God and Nature aside at the bidding of Mammon. As well consult foreign countries about the number of stars we shall put in our flag, where we shall hang the Liberty Bell, or build our forts and battleships from designs furnished by them. Anything they want us to have we do not want. Anything they want us to do we will not do.

We are in favor of the American constitutional ancient and honorable standard of money, that came down to us from the fathers of the Republic, and are unalterably opposed to the sham British gold standard that is being foisted upon us.

We propose now to expose some of the sophistries and inconsistencies that are used to bolster up the British system. The prime reason given for the latter system is that should silver be restored then we would have fifty-cent dollars, that our currency would be degraded, like that of barbarous nations. We want the reader to keep this in mind that the restoration of silver means a flood of fifty-cent dollars. This is the declaration heard on every side and trumpeted into the ears of the people.

Next it is declared with equal emphasis and persistence that should silver be restored, the certain and immediate result would be that all the gold would go out of circulation, contracting the currency five or six hundred millions of dollars, making money scarce and causing a panic through a tight money market. (As though gold was at this time in circulation.)

How can both the above declarations be true, that we shall have money plenty and cheap and scarce and dear the same time? That the country will be flooded with cheap dollars and that these dollars will be so hard to get that there will be a panic? A dreadful contraction and a terrible inflation both going on at the same time?

Again, not only would the restoration of silver drive out gold, but our poor country would be made the dumping ground for silver from all the world. How's that, if when it comes, it be coined into fifty-cent dollars? At home it is worth a full dollar in the purchase of commodities; here only fifty cents; and the barbarians are going to unload on us! And mind you during all this time our currency is both contracted and expanded. It is both dear and cheap.

(How contrary are the facts; if we opened our mints to silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 and coined all the gold, it would leave this country and go to France, whose coinage is based on 15 to 1. Our ratio would have to be changed to 15 to 1 to keep silver here. If you do not believe it, read the New York World, an earnest defender of the British gold standard.)

Again, what right have the silver mine owners to take fifty-three cents worth of silver to the mints and have it coined into one hundred cents dollars? No fairness in that!

But the restoration of silver is to fill the land with fifty-cent dollars; how comes it that the silver man can get one hundred cent dollars, when no one else can? If he is to get full dollars for his silver ore the more the better, let him flood the country with them. If he get only fifty-cent dollars for fifty-three cents worth of silver he is certainly not robbing anybody but himself.

Of course all the above conflicting statements are not told to the same person at the same time, but one at a time and to different persons—to those who have votes but let their thinking out.

The Secretary of the Treasury said in his Chicago speech that our mints are only capable of coining \$40,000,000 of silver a year. Is it possible to flood the country with silver dollars at that rate? Interest-bearing bonds can be printed at the rate of a hundred million a year, and have been; that's virtue; but to stamp \$40,000,000 of silver, that's sin.

Foreign money bags are shy of us and won't loan us money because of the silver craze! That's bad, seeing that we already have borrowed of them five-thousand millions of dollars. Isn't it awful that we can't go right on and continue to borrow ourselves rich? Yet we are told forever that the silver craze is dead. The dealer it gets the tighter foreign money lenders hold on to their cash. Before they gave us orders to demonetize silver, and before the deed was done, they were tumbling over each other to have us borrow from them; now they have shut down. They are sending their cash to South America, to Japan and elsewhere where gold is not used at all. They are severe with us because some of us do not fancy the British gold standard and the consequent ruin of our country. They are giving us an object lesson; but they will get one themselves before they are through with their little game. The Farm Journal says it and it is so.

Much ado is said about keeping gold, silver and paper at a parity. This must be done of course; we all agree to that. How are we to do it? A rational plan would be to treat all alike, but, instead, the money changers pounce upon the gold and lock it up, denounce the silver as base metal, take from it its ancient power as money, make bitter, relentless warfare against all who favor it, flood the country with rag money, and cause to be issued \$262,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds. What kind of way is that of keeping all our money at a parity? It is not reasonable, but it pleases our high and mighty financial guardians who have cornered gold, however it may suit the people who are forced to do without it, to use the bulky silver and filthy rags, and to pay \$500,000,000 principal and interest that the new bonds shall require before we are done with them. This is keeping all our money at a parity and making every dollar as good as every other dollar with a vengeance! One would think that if silver be an inferior metal, since we in this country have it in abundance, that it ought to be bolstered up if a parity is to be maintained; but the effort is to bolster up gold which Europe controls, and it is an odd way we have of keeping paper at a parity with gold, to issue eight dollars of it based on one of gold, base all our silver and all our debts on gold, and then ship the gold out of the country. The British are doing

some grand financing for us, are they not? You may like it; we do not.

Now what is going to be the result of all this wickedness and folly? We can tell you: either this dark British scheme now being worked against this country must be brought to an early close and the Corner in Gold broken, or we shall have the biggest panic the world has ever known. The United States must either turn about and stand up in defence of her rights and interest against the foreign compound interest tribe of robbers, or American liberty will be but a fiction; American independence a myth, and the American Republic a dream of the past.

Wheat in this country used to be a dollar a bushel, and it ought to be now. If it only bring fifty cents, something else has the other fifty cents. As the farmer produces the wheat, we say he ought to have both fifty cents. The compound interest money changers of Europe, with headquarters in London, and branch houses on Wall Street, New York, have so manipulated the currency of the United States that a dollar will buy two bushels of wheat instead of one, as it would twenty years ago. The change was not brought about by any law of nature, loss of population, greater production of wheat, or the use of improved machinery, but by a force set in motion by the manipulators of money and directed and controlled by them. They changed the unit of value, thereby doubling the purchasing power of money, thus dividing by half the prices of all commodities. In other words, they and their beneficiaries have doubled their own wealth, and halved that of every one else. They have enriched themselves and robbed the poor—and the Corner in Gold goes on.

No permanent prosperity will ever return to this country until our farmers shall again receive a dollar a bushel for wheat. A light crop the world over, may, in certain years, cause the price of wheat to rise, (as it may this year,) but there can be no permanent advance as long as the Corner in Gold continues. That corner must be broken. Shylock's grip must be loosened. Wheat must again be a dollar a bushel. The Farm Journal says so and it is so.

Here we show you the bushel measure with which the farmers of the United States used to measure their wheat, corn, oats and potatoes. The measure has been stolen by the Mammon worshippers of London, and in its place has been put another twice as large, which he must now use. The mandate has been issued and must be obeyed. He never desired any change in the size of his bushel, and never asked for it, but here it is all the same.

The Farm Journal is after that old and true measure, and is going to help restore it to its rightful owners. It shall be brought back, and that big, lying, cheating British gold standard bushel shall be smashed into a thousand gliblets.

The bushel used for measuring potatoes the past season is not a true bushel but is as big as a hoghead. It, too, was foisted upon our farmers by the same fellows who furnished the false wheat bushel. Potatoes should never be less than fifty cents and need not be. It costs that to grow them, but millions of bushels have been sold for 10 cents a bushel and millions have rotted in cellars. All because the Corner in Gold is allowed to go on.

Truth makes all things plain.—SHAKESPEARE.

Thus: Wheat and cotton have always been the chief money crops of American farmers; but when prices began to fall after 1873, continuing year after year up to this time, caused mainly by the demonetizing of silver and the Corner in Gold, our farmers looked about for other crops to take their place that would pay better, and potatoes were selected by many. Under the spur of falling prices for wheat and cotton the acreage of potatoes rapidly increased, probably doubled, until there was a culmination in 1895—an enormous crop and overproduction. Farmers turning from wheat to potatoes, butter, canned goods, cabbages, berries, etc., because of the low price of the cereal crops, glutted every market with perishable products, and now sustain a loss amounting probably to two hundred millions of dollars. Many have been seriously crippled and some ruined by not being able to sell their potatoes. Plain as this is, many do not see it, but lay the low price of potatoes to the operations of the laws of Nature and the invention of potato machinery. Whereas, they were caused by the laws of Mammon the inventions of—quite another sort.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill. was told by her doctors she had Consumption that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas Eggers, 136 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else than bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It was such results of these that are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Putnam and Co.'s Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00








**POLITICS IN DARKTOWN.**

**George Washington Jones Opens the Campaign There with a Few Remarks on Protection.**

[Written for the Manistique Democrat by "Cap. Von Ess."] 

AN when the Phillistyns had gathered 'round 'bout him he rose an' smote dem hip an' thigh wid de jaw-bone ob an ass. I discomremember de 'zack chapter which de above scrip tur an writ in, but de subject an thar, an I will take it fo' mah tex' this ebendin' fo' mah address to de citizens ob Darktown." Thus spoke George Washington Jones in Paradise hall, Darktown, the other night.

"Now, gemmen and ladies, feller citizens and sisters, we am confronted with de wickedness ob a berry sinful world. De las' time I 'peared befo' you was when dat niggah Johnsing 'cused me ob stealing dem chickens and hired dat measley Frenchman, Pete Pareau, to put some ob de feeders behin' mah house. Niggah Johnsing was jealous ob my growin' pop'larify an' tuk dat way ob gittin' me outen de way so he could be elected to de posishun ob city scabenger. 'Discretion am de better part ob valor' so I went ober to Jackson an' visited mah mudder fo' de pas' two yars. Mistah Hobart, de nex' vice president ob de Uncle Sam hab hired me to lecture on perreckshun dis yar an' dats why I 'se yere befo' ye tonight.

Whar am de perreckshun ob dis country? Whar is it, I say? It am gone, sense Marse Harrison am outen de char. De Wilson bill fixed dat, Jes' you wait, honey; when Massa Hobart dun git to de White house, dis chile will hab perreckshun. Dat Niggah Johnsing can't hab you humbel serbent pinched den all on 'count ob an ole hen. De ole hen was no good nohow, an' I wouldn't touch it; 'deed I wouldn't. Johnsing jes' made dat hollah 'cause he wanted to ruin mah political prospects. He won't do dat no mo', 'cause marse Hobart gwine to gib us perreckshun.

Some of de demycrats am sayin' dey wants free silver an' 16 to 1. Dis country can't do no such ting, an' lib. Jes' tink; 16 to 1. Why dis country can't stan no sich bet as dat. All dem big bankers down on Wall street. In N'Yawk dey showed de people dat silver ain't no good. Dey knew it, so dey got all dem big 'ol' dollahs ob deres changed fo' gold dollahs, and if we hab free silver dey can't mak' any money on de deal and'll hab to shuffle de bones all ober ag'n. Dat ain't usin' dem good 'publicans squar. Play fa'r, gemmen, play fa'r. Sebecum leben am de only fa'r way ob doin' it. Some ob mah breddern heah maybe doan't understand dis silver questyun. Jes' doan't yo' try to understan' hit. Hit's no good, nohow. We want perreckshun, dat's what we want; we want to 'leck Massa Hobart vice president an' den we'll git hit. Den dat Niggah Johnsing doan't want to come foolin' roum' dis chile no mo'. Marse Hobart fix dat.

When de great 'publican convenshun was gwine on in Saint Lewey some ob dem misable white trash ob backsliders from out west thought dey knew it all an' got up an' 'lef' 'cause Marse Hanna said dey mus' put in de gold plank Mistah Rothschild made fo' de 'publican platform. Jes' think, breddern of Darktown, how dat are platform would look widout dat golden plank! Mistah Rothschild would dun got real mad if we hadn't put in dat plank after he had dun gone an' made hit speshully for us. An' den we wouldn't be givin' Mistah Rothschild a square deal an' him bein' sich a good publican all his bon days. Den Mistah Rothschild wouldn't buy any mo' ob our bonds if we didn't put in his plank. We jes' had to put hit in.

Perreckshun is what we want an' mus' have. If we had perreckshun befo' dat slycoon Saint Lewey would not been blowed up de way it was jes' befo' de convenshun. Hit was a wahnin' to de people ob this country and de 'publicans dey took de wahnin' an' put in de plank.

Remember dis, mah breddern, and doan't go foolin' roum' dat silver questyun. Doan't go 'lyin' in de face ob Providence. 'If you do, fust ting you know Mr. Rothschild 'll be gittin' real mad. He will; I 'se tellin' you, honey. Keep 'way from that Sam Johnsing, too, fo' he's a silver man.

Dis meetin' am 'journed, single dee, to meet nex' week."

**Washington Letter.**

WASHINGTON, July 10. —Hurray for the democratic ticket and platform! No matter what sort of a democrat you were before the Chicago convention made the platform and nominated the ticket and platform, and to go to work and render what aid you can towards obtaining a victory. More will be known as to the chance the democracy has to win after the populist and silver party conventions both of which meet at St. Louis on the 22nd of this month. If the members of those conventions are as devoted to the cause of silver as they profess to be, they will nominate no ticket of their own, but will endorse the democratic ticket. Should they do that the McKinley crowd would be the worst frightened men in the country, not without good cause

either. Should the populists and the silver republicans get their backs up because the democratic convention would not allow them to name the ticket, Mark Hanna's smile will perceptibly broaden, but let us at least hope that they will do nothing so suicidal.

There are plenty of democrats in Washington who do not like portions of the platform and many more who wanted other men nominated, but so far as I know none of them are talking of bolting. The National convention settled the matter for them, and as good party men they are now for the ticket. The talk of President Cleveland taking part in a movement to nominate a gold democratic ticket finds few believers here. It is brickhouses to wood toothpicks that he does nothing of the kind. There can only be one democratic ticket and that has been nominated in a regular manner by a properly constituted convention. Of course after reading the platform one cannot expect that President Cleveland will encluse over it.

U. S. District Attorney Frank Clark, who is now in Washington, said in answer to a question of how things political looked in his state: "Oh, the democratic ticket will win as usual. There is considerable interest in the Senatorial race but it is too early yet to predict the name of Senator Call's successor, except to say that he will undoubtedly be a free silver man. A great majority of Florida democrats favor free silver, although four of the delegates to the Chicago convention were for gold. That was simply the result of management, as the gold men were in the minority at the State convention."

Gen. W. R. Cox, of N. C., who is Secretary of the Senate and a good judge of the drift of political sentiment, has just returned from that state. He says: "The prospects of democratic success in North Carolina are very encouraging. The nomination of a strong silver candidate and the adoption of free coinage platform at Chicago went a long way toward insuring the success of democracy. Thousands of populists will vote the national democratic ticket, for they cannot support McKinley without stultifying themselves. And the republicans of North Carolina are also for free silver. Their gubernatorial candidate, Judge Russell, is a silver man and their State convention declared for the white metal. Outside of the protection policy, McKinley has no special strength in the state, but although the republicans generally favor protection, they are not half as deeply interested in that question as they are in the money issue."

Ex-Congressman White, of Tennessee, thoroughly believes that the democratic party is going to win a great victory this year because of its championing the cause of silver. He said to a group of friends in a Washington hotel: "Two months ago the cause of democracy seemed hopeless. Now, the situation is changed, and the opposition is thoroughly alarmed. A little while ago it seemed impossible that the democrats could win even in Tennessee. We will carry the state in November by 50,000 or 40,000 majority. The people are terribly in earnest, and the revolution is on. If New York and Massachusetts want to secede from the Union I am in favor of letting them go, even as Horace Greely said of the South—'Let the erring brethera go in peace.'"

Those naval officers who thought that the assembling of a large squadron on the Atlantic coast meant a summer of idle loafing around the seaside resorts are waking up to their mistake. It is the intention of Secretary Herbert that the squadron assembled on the Atlantic coast shall put in some very hard work d'ulling and exercising, and in order that all of the officers may get their share of the work orders have been issued revoking all leaves of absence, except on account of sickness, and directing officers on waiting orders to report for duty. These orders started a fresh crop of Cuban rumors, but there is nothing in them.

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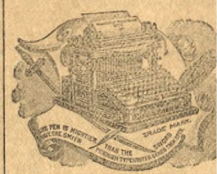
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PENINSULA MATTERS

RELATED IN A BRIEF, CONCISE MANNER.

Michigan Prohibitionists Split at the Lansing Convention—The New National Party Formed and Two State Tickets Nominating.

The split which occurred in the Prohibition party at the national convention at Pittsburg some weeks ago has caused a break in the party in Michigan at the state convention at Lansing.

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The Nationalists met in the armory with 150 people present. Chairman A. B. Moore, of Pontiac, opened the ball.

The attendance at the narrow gauge convention was considerably smaller. John Russell, the venerable "father of Prohibition," presided and W. A. Taylor was made secretary.

The weekly weather and crop bulletin says the weather has been generally favorable for haying and harvesting.

James M. Turner, of Lansing, is dead. After a somewhat lengthy illness, induced by a severe attack of grip, but which was not considered serious.

John Shanahan, a brakeman on the B. & M. railroad, was drowned in the river at Grand Rapids.

Fire started on the third floor of A. M. Walker's dash board factory at Jackson, and before it could be stopped it had caused a loss of \$3,500 to Walker.

Two officers of supervisor and county clerk. The board of supervisors refused to recognize him as one of their number and he, as county clerk, refused to give up the county tax roll until he was so recognized.

Few realize what delicious salad asparagus makes. Cook the asparagus in salted boiling water, drain it, and when it is cold cut it into inch pieces down as far as it is tender and serve with a mayonnaise or a French dressing.

NEWS FOR MICHIGANDERS.

A new grain elevator will be built at Standish.

Dorr Catholics intend to erect an \$8,000 church.

Earl Morgan, aged 10, was drowned in the river at Kalamazoo.

Geo. Woods attempted to swim in the river at Flint and was drowned.

Careless children—firecrackers—Robt Butler's home near Brown City—loss \$2,000.

John Lynch, a bricklayer, was killed by a Michigan Central train at Ann Arbor.

The first national convention of the Hessian Aid association was held at Detroit.

The large barn of John Weibert, near Strasburg, burned with all of this year's crops.

William Gargin was found dead in a boat house on the river bank near Grand Rapids.

Fire and water damaged the stock of the New York shoe store, at Manistee, to the extent of \$2,500.

Wm. Clark, a farmer living at Coleman, was struck by lightning while working in a wheat field.

Almont has contributed \$600 cash and nearly as much in goods for the benefit of the cyclone sufferers.

The seventeenth annual convention of the Michigan Funeral Directors' association was held at Kalamazoo.

The 2-year-old daughter of Wm. McCleod was fatally scalded by falling into a tub of boiling water, at Flint.

Lizzie Johnson, aged 6, died at Pontiac from the effects of burns received from an exploding firecracker.

Fully 1,000 Michigan school teachers attended the convention of the National Educational association at Buffalo.

The barn on the farm of John Barnett, near Coopersville burned with two horses. Barnett was arrested for arson.

Mrs. Annie Finley, aged 17, fell into the river from her husband's dredge just below Wyandotte and was drowned.

Nine horses and 12 carriages were consumed in the burning of the barn of J. J. Hillen, 210 Sixth street, Detroit. Loss \$1,000.

The trades assembly at Muskegon is booming a woman, Mrs. William A. Wood, for a trusteeship on the board of education.

The planing mill of Worthington Bros., at South Haven, caught fire and is a total loss. It will amount to \$5,000; insured for \$2,000.

Gov. Rich acknowledges the receipt of \$102.15 from citizens of Reading and \$67 from citizens of Negaunee for the cyclone relief fund.

The 1-year-old son of Ernest Ramin, of Hubbard, was playing around a fire when his clothes caught fire and he was burned to death.

Edward Tubbs, a carpenter, fell 20 feet from a scaffolding at Benton Harbor and is in a precarious condition, with internal injuries.

The dwelling house and contents of Fred Meabons, of Arlington, burned while the family were away. Loss, \$1,500; insurance, \$500.

Having had a quarrel with her parents Jennie Gray, aged 17, left her farm home and went to Kalamazoo, where she committed suicide.

John Ott, aged 51, of Toledo, a Lake Shore brakeman, was killed while switching cars at Sturgis. He leaves a widow and four children.

A wild woman was captured about 14 miles west of Midland. The woman apparently cannot speak any language and cannot understand any.

W. W. Huff and L. A. Gillett, two hotel-keepers at Okemos, have been arrested, charged with selling intoxicating drinks without a license.

The entire right-of-way has been secured for the inter-urban electric railroad between Bay City and Saginaw and the work will be pushed.

Several settlers near Linwood, who refused to accept the offers of the Detroit & Mackinac right-of-way, are guarding their farms with shotguns.

A farmer named Hutchinson claimed to have discovered an iron mine five miles south of Battle Creek. He says several loads of ore have been taken out.

The Detroit Guardsmen, with 150 men and a band of 20 pieces, camped at Lexington under the instruction of Capt. Vernou, of the Nineteenth U. S. infantry.

The city council of Niles decided to bond the city for \$30,000, which will be used to pay the current year's expenses and to pay the interest on bonded indebtedness.

The farm house, barns and sheds belonging to Frank Tompkins, near Coldwater, were burned. Most of the contents were saved. Loss \$3,000; partly insured.

Fred Finn, six members of his family and a lady guest were poisoned at Bay City by eating salt pork which contained trichina, and their lives were saved with difficulty.

F. S. Petrie, aged 50, an employe of the piano firm of Chase Bros., committed suicide at Grand Rapids by drinking a pint of wood alcohol. He died in terrible agony.

A Brown City driver who imagined that bicyclists had no rights on the road ran one into a ditch and then laughed at him. The cyclist had the fellow arrested and the judge thought a fine of \$10 would help him to remember that others had a right on the road.

While Robert Preston and John Gales were scuffling at Munith, they frightened a colt belonging to Preston. It reared in the air and came down, striking Preston on the back of the head with both feet, cutting two serious gashes in his head, and driving one of the cocks of the horse's shoe through his skull. He may recover.

A wagonload of ball players, were struck by a train near Edwardsburg. Harry Kingham received internal injuries which may prove fatal. Two others were badly hurt.

Gus Keeler, a Lincoln township farmer, was accidentally shot at St. Joseph. August Stark, another victim of careless shooting at St. Joseph, is in a precarious condition.

The board of supervisors of Allegan county in special session, voted to submit the local option question to the voters again. August 17 is the date set for the special election.

W. G. Hinman, of Pontiac, has received \$8,556.80 for the cyclone sufferers, besides supplies and some money given directly to the sufferers. There is still a great need of money.

The threatened strike is on at F. W. Wheeler & Co.'s shippards at Bay City. In addition to those out on strike between 200 and 300 were laid off, so only about 300 were at work.

Frank Johnson, of Cedar Springs, was arrested charged with embezzling from his brother's estate of which he was administrator. A new state law makes this a criminal offense.

Three sons of Phil. Bogner were seriously wounded at Monroe by an explosion of a cannon made from gas pipe. John, the eldest, was shot in the face and will lose his eyesight.

John Phillip, a prominent farmer and supervisor, was fatally injured in Uby. While driving he was overtaken by two drunken Poles, who ran into his rig, throwing him into the ditch.

Henry Fontaine, of Muskegon, was taken to Grand Rapids, charged with being a foreign pauper. He came to Michigan a year ago and soon developed insanity. He will probably be deported.

The 4-year-old child of John Neilson, of Oak Hill, during the absence of its parents, in some way set its dress on fire and was found lying on the ground with clothing entirely burned off, and fatally burned.

Micha Morton, aged 92, has traveled from Syracuse, N. Y., to Grandville on a bicycle of his own manufacture, to visit his twin sister, Mrs. Kellogg. He paid his way by repairing clocks, spectacles, etc.

Florence Farnsworth, aged 18, a pretty girl of Deckererville, was probably fatally burned to death by her dress catching fire at a gasoline stove in the home of Wm. Koenig, 177 Harper avenue, Detroit, where she was employed.

Theophile Otten shot his wife and Mrs. Henry Desruisseaux at Detroit. Mrs. Otten had left her husband because of his cruelty and drunkenness, and was employed as a nurse by Mrs. Desruisseaux. Both women will probably recover.

Just before his death at the Battle Creek sanitarium E. S. Peddford, of Marsilles, Ill., died a brick dropped from the chimney, 100 feet above his head, and struck him in the back, paralyzing him instantly. There is no hope of his recovery.

Ray E., the 14-year-old son of Congressman W. E. Linton, of Saginaw, was painfully injured at the residence of Congressman Crump at Bay City by the premature discharge of a cannon. His face was filled with powder and his hands badly burned.

W. D. Letts, of Elsie, purchased a horse which ran away three times in eight days. Letts' arm was broken, his shoulder dislocated, head bumped and he received internal injuries. The vehicle was smashed three times, but the horse was uninjured.

The Lake Superior Iron Co., at Houghton, has discharged about 250 men from its hard ore workings. Further reductions in force are anticipated in the Marquette ore district and extensive reductions are being made in the Gogebic and other districts.

At Kalamazoo, Ernest Champion lost three fingers and a thumb and had a hole cut in his breast by a giant cracker exploding in his hand. Henry Wagner had a pound of powder blown up in his hand, filling him full of the explosive. His face is terribly disfigured.

John Forsell was stabbed to the heart in a drunken affray, that took place in Andrew Michow's saloon at Ishpeming. John Blanting, the bartender, and three others held as witnesses, charge Matt Mallinatti, a lawless character, with the crime, and he has skipped.

The annual reunion of the Fifth Michigan cavalry, commemorating the thirty-third anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, was held at Northville. Gen. S. White, of Jackson, was elected president for the coming year, and his city was chosen as the place for holding the next reunion.

Brighton was visited by a young tornado. Many buildings were damaged and some grain fields ruined. One house was moved from its foundation. The photograph gallery was picked up, hurled into the middle of the road and completely demolished. Whole orchards are laid flat, the trees being uprooted.

An extensive shut-down occurred at all of the mines of the Metropolitan Iron & Land Co. at Ironwood, and fully 1,500 men are forced into idleness. The Metropolitan group of mine include the Korrie, East Norris, and Inabst, and their average yearly shipments combined are about 1,000,000 tons of ore. The cause of the shut down is the slight demand for iron ore and the fact that they have in stock piles about 500,000 tons of ore.

Walter C. Bennett, of Saginaw, accidentally but fatally shot his daughter Blanche, aged 12, while fooling with a revolver which he supposed was empty.

Lightning struck the tower of the Ann Arbor railroad at Hamburg Junction, killing Henry Madison and injuring William Zeeb, John Dutney, R. Tompkins, of Hamburg, and F. Knabzohan and Sam Anderson, of Chicago.

The stove and heading mill of the Williams Milling Co., located at Fisherville, was totally destroyed by fire. It had been idle for six weeks, but was to have been started soon by F. L. Culver on a lease. The mill's value was about \$10,000. Its original cost was \$18,000. The loss was covered by insurance.

Two paroles were granted by Gov. Rich. Thomas Keenan, sent from Oscoda county in June, 1895, to two years imprisonment at Ionia for larceny, and Margaret Reynolds, sent from Ithaca in June, 1895, to 18 months imprisonment in the Detroit house of correction for adultery. The woman is said to be dying.

Strong winds overturned several small buildings—unroofed barns, broke plate glass windows and demolished pines and shade trees in and about Plymouth. While a picnic was on at the fair grounds the dance hall was blown down. The grandstand was filled with people, who became panic-stricken and several were bruised and cut.

John Sharpe, of Ellis Junction, was run over by a passenger train on the Menominee branch of the St. Paul road, near Menominee. Both legs and the head were severed from the body. Sharpe left Ellis intoxicated. Some of the railroad employes believe he met death by foul means and was placed on the track to hide the crime.

Grand Rapids has a sensation over the discovery that the entire city tax roll is probably invalid. In making the budget the city council cut \$10,000 out of the sum set aside for the secret service department of police work. City Clerk Warren left this item in the roll, however, and it is believed the blunder makes the entire roll invalid.

Squaw Lake, in Fredonia, is noted for the treacherous nature of its shores. Recently William Eits drove his team near the lake and turned them loose, while he picked huckleberries. One of the animals approached the shore of the lake to drink and disappeared from sight. Before Eits could catch the other horse it followed and sank also.

The Steele hotel at St. Johns was damaged about \$500. The roof was being retinned when the rain ran in torrents through floors and ceilings to the basement, filling it two or three feet, soaking carpets, table linen, furniture, etc. The plaster of one large double room was soaked entirely off and many other rooms partly demolished.

An assassin called James T. Magee from his bed at 12:30 a. m. and shot him through the breast at the front door of his residence at 593 Grand River avenue, Detroit. Magee staggered back into the parlor and fell on the floor, dying almost instantly. The murderer escaped. Magee was 25 years old and was engaged to be married.

A patent for 5,000 acres of fine land in the upper peninsula, has been received by Land Commissioner French, and they will be sold Aug. 13 at not less than \$8 per acre. If not disposed of, these lands will be subject to homestead entry and private sale afterwards. The land was due the state under the swamp land act.

The two most extensive printing houses in Lansing—D. D. Thorpe & Son and Robert Smith & Co., the present state printers, were merged into one and will hereafter be known as the Robert Smith Printing Co. The state printing and binding for the next two years will be executed by this company, it having secured by assignment the contract awarded by the state auditors to D. C. Page.

The veterans of the Seventh Michigan cavalry met at Ann Arbor for their seventh annual reunion, on the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, fought 33 years ago. This regiment went all through the war under the leadership of the famous Custer, and in his brigade they achieved distinction by their splendid charge at Gettysburg. Fifty-nine members of the regiment were present at the reunion.

The Michigan Millers' association held its regular summer meeting at Lansing. The millers were beneficiaries of the reciprocity laws enacted in 1890, and President Coombs, in his annual address, declared that reciprocity is of more importance to the millers of Michigan than any coinage bill that might be enacted. He declared it to be a non-partisan question, and a telegraphic message was sent to the Democratic national convention at Chicago, asking for the recognition of the principle.

Insurance Commissioner Giddings in his annual report gives "cheap insurance" a hard rub. He says that there has been an influx of co-operative and fraternal assessment life associations into Michigan during the past year. With the laws as inefficient as they now stand it is not to be wondered at that advantage is taken of them to oftentimes attempt to conduct a business, not for the sole benefit of the members, but for the profit of the management. The blame must be attached to the lax laws.

Dr. Victor C. Vaughn, dean of the medical department of the U. of M., has just refused an offer of a prominent hospital of New York City, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. It is said that the position would have afforded him such chances for outside practice that it would have given him an income of \$40,000 a year. His salary in connection with the U. of M., is but \$3,000 a year, but it is sometimes guessed that his income from all sources, especially from his services as an expert, amounts to \$25,000. He has determined, however, to remain with the U. of M.

THE FOUR QUARTERS

NEWS OF INTEREST FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Cincinnati Entertains the Big Convention of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks—No Hope Now of Saving the 59 Miners Buried Alive at Pittston, Pa.

5,000 Elks at Cincinnati. The attendance from all parts of the country for the grand lodge of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, at Cincinnati, was much larger than ever known before as these annual gatherings. Elaborate entertainments were provided for the jolly visitors, which were enjoyed as long Elks can enjoy the good things of life. They paid their respects to ex-President Harrison who was stopping in the city on business and he made a brief speech thanking them for their attentions.

The annual parade was a splendid affair, eclipsing any previous effort of the kind. In the business session Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. B. Hay, of Washington, delivered an address on the order. The annual reports of Grand Exalted Ruler Myers and others, showed the order growing rapidly and in excellent condition. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Appery, of Louisville, was reinstated in the grand lodge. The case for the restoration of Past Grand Secretary Allen O. Myers was dropped.

Fatal Locomotive Explosion. An awful explosion occurred at Trowbly, Mich., on the line of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, in which John Stonehouse, the engineer, was killed and Frank Baell, fireman; Wm. Rogers, conductor; and Henry Gargens, brakeman, were terribly injured.

A freight, was being switched into a spur of the road for a car of freight. The engine had already touched the car. The brakeman stood on the cow-catcher ready to make the coupling, the fireman was in the act of removing a cedar post which had projected too far from an adjoining pile and touched the fender of the engine, when the head of the boiler gave way. Suddenly the engine was hurled 40 feet into the air. It turned one and a half times over and landed with the boiler to the ground, crushing the engineer beneath it. The fireman and brakeman were thrown 20 feet from the track, and a piece of the gearing from the engine struck the conductor, who stood on the main track, about 75 feet from the wreck, fracturing his skull and producing internal injuries thought to be fatal.

No Hope for Entombed Miners. The work of rescuing the 59 entombed miners at Pittston, Pa., is steadily growing more difficult. The average daily progress is about 12 feet, and the supposed distance to the entombed men not less than 700. It would therefore take about 70 days to reach the men and it is not likely that the work will continue so long.

NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF. France has decided to admit foreign corn to her markets.

Alonso Walling, convicted of the murder of Pearl Bryan, has been sentenced to be hanged Aug. 7.

D. D. Yonmans, the famous New York hatter, and his wife, were drowned in a lake near Bergen, Norway.

The national celebration of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution was held at Saratoga, N. Y.

Henry M. Stanley, who has been seriously ill for some time, has had a relapse, causing great anxiety to his friends.

Miss Marie Moreno, aged 17, shot and instantly killed her 14-year-old brother at Yuma, Ariz., and she has now gone insane.

In a fight at a German picnic at Minnewaukon lake, near Sturgis, John Sexauer, aged 19, was killed by being hit on the head and stomach.

By the explosion of natural gas at the Evergreen hotel, near Allegheny, Pa., six persons were injured fatally. The hotel was badly damaged.

Another expedition has landed safely on Cuban soil. It consisted of 64 men, and they had with them 400,000 rounds of ammunition, dynamite, electric batteries, etc.

News from Larnica, Island of Cyprus, says earthquake shocks have been of daily occurrence since July 1. The town is deserted, the people all taking to tents for safety.

U. S. Ambassador Bayard gave a Fourth of July banquet at London which was attended by 800 guests. Sir Richard Webster toasted the President of the United States.

American prelates have protested against the selection of Mgr. Faedo, who is mentioned as the successor to Cardinal Satoli, as apostolic delegate to the United States. They favor an American for the place.

Yale's rowing crew was defeated but not disgraced in the third trial heat for the grand challenge cup at Henley-on-the-Thames. Leander won by one and three-fourths lengths in 7m. 14s. The record time is 6m. 51s.

Lancaster county, Pa., experienced a rain storm of such volume that heavy damage was done. At Lititz five feet of water flowed in the streets. In Mahan boys went swimming in the streets. Railroad property suffered and many homes were injured almost beyond repair.

Sidney Randolph, a negro charged with the murder of little Sadie Buxton and with brutal assaults with intent to commit murder on the girl's father, mother and elder sister at the home of the Buxtons near Gaithersburg, Md., was lynched by a mob who overcame the sheriff and forced him to surrender the keys to the jail.

PARAGRAHIC CHRONICLE.

Indiana will probably pass a law abolishing convict contract labor.

John Vanderpoet drowned while bathing in Reid's lake, near Grand Rapids.

John Bowersox assaulted Sarah Gray aged 12, the daughter of his employer, near Lima, O., and he then slipped.

Hon. Garrett A. Hobart, of Paterson, N. J., has been formally notified of his nomination as Republican candidate for vice-president. He accepted.

Fred Cellarius, Sr., of Dayton, O., was very seriously injured by the collapse of a shed roof from which he, with 20 others, was witnessing some fireworks.

The city auditors of Pittsburg have finished the examination of the books of ex-City Attorney Moreland and his assistant, House, and report \$297,000 unaccounted for on the books.

Nathaniel Shelton, treasurer of the Union Pacific railroad under the Jay Gould management, was killed by a fall from a window of his boarding house at New York City while walking in his sleep.

Miss Catherine Peterson, well-known young lady of Dowagiac, was married to Wm. D. Warner, of Michigan City, Ind., in the show window of a leading merchant at Michigan City, in the presence of 5,000 people.

Dr. J. I. Fearon, of Council Bluffs, Ia., has been arrested from writing a postal card on which he said that Grover Cleveland and John Sherman were fit subjects for lynching and applied ugly names to the President of the United States.

A cloudburst at Wegsee creek, near Bellaire, O., drowned James Bery, his wife and child, and destroyed the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati railroad bridge, a large trestle on the Pittsburg & Ohio Valley railroad, a Presbyterian church and a dozen other buildings.

The coming mobilization of Uncle Sam's fleet in New York harbor has given rise to another war scare. The fleet will be a formidable one and it is given out as a gathering for the purpose of giving the officers technical training, but the real reason is said to be a desire to make a showing to Spain which will deter her from taking any rash action.

The convention of the National Educational association at Buffalo was the largest ever held by that body. The new officers elected are: President, Dr. B. A. Hinsdale, of the University of Michigan; vice-president, Dr. Charles DeGarmo, Swarthmore college, Philadelphia; secretary, Miss Bettie A. Dutton, of Cleveland.

Shipping facilities at Benton Harbor are entirely inadequate to handle the immense crop of fruit and berries. All the boats are loaded to the gunwale. The Big Four announces a fast fruit train to Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Louisville, thus affording an entirely new market. Arrangements are being made for shipments to Buffalo, New York and other eastern points.

It is reliably reported that the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo railroad will be consolidated with the Flint & Pere Marquette road on July 10. The F. & P. M. is now building a new depot in Toledo, and will soon be in that city, and the consolidated line will make a fine lumber and coal road, and intersecting so many trunk lines will secure an enviable passenger traffic.

The nomination of McKinley was well received at Honolulu. The Honolulu Advertiser says: "The foreign policy outlined for the campaign will be received with unalloyed gratification in this country. It is a practical sanction of the administration of President Harrison, and without making the annexation question a direct party issue, foreshadows the movement for closer relations.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery company of Boston has been having a grand time in London. They were greeted with great enthusiasm by the English and were honored by a visit from the queen, who reviewed the company's military maneuvers and expressed pleasure at their presence. The Ancients were honored and entertained in fine style by prominent military and civil organizations.

THE MARKETS. LIVE STOCK. New York. Cattle. Sheep. Hogs. Best grades, \$4.35 4.65 4.25 4.75 4.90 Lower grades, 3.00 4.00 3.00 4.25 3.25 Chicago. Best grades, 4.15 4.50 4.00 4.50 3.50 Lower grades, 2.50 4.00 2.50 3.00 3.25 Detroit. Best grades, 3.75 4.00 3.81 5.00 3.25 Lower grades, 2.00 3.00 2.00 3.00 3.25 Cincinnati. Best grades, 3.50 4.10 3.63 4.60 3.25 Lower grades, 2.00 3.00 2.00 3.00 3.25 Cleveland. Best grades, 3.80 4.00 3.50 5.00 3.40 Lower grades, 2.00 3.00 2.00 3.00 3.25 Pittsburg. Best grades, 4.00 4.10 4.00 5.25 3.55 Lower grades, 2.00 3.25 2.75 3.25 3.40

GRAIN, ETC. Wheat. Corn. Oats. No. 2 red No. 1 white No. 2 white No. 1 white New York 61 51 33 33 22 22 Chicago 58 58 27 27 19 19 Detroit 62 62 27 27 21 21 Toledo 62 62 27 27 21 21 Cincinnati 63 63 27 27 21 21 Cleveland 62 62 27 27 21 21 Pittsburg 62 62 27 27 21 21

\*Detroit—Hay, No. 1 Timothy, \$13.00 per ton. Potatoes, new southern, 60c per bu. Live Poultry, chickens, 8c per lb. Turkeys, 8c. Ducks, 8c. Eggs, fresh, 10c per doz. Butter, fresh dairy, 1c per lb. Creamery, 1c.

A dispatch from Athens says that the Cretons have elected a provisional government, decided to proclaim the union of the island with Greece and expressed the hope that autonomy will be granted the island under the surveillance of the powers.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, the correspondent of a New Yorker newspaper at Havana, formerly brigadier-general of cavalry in the service of the Confederate states, has accepted the challenge to fight a duel, made him by Senor Manuel Ampudia, a captain in the Spanish army. Later—Friends of both men interfered and prevented a fight.



BUSINESS DIRECTORY

VIRGIL I. HIXSON, Att'y at Law & Judge Probate. Office in the Court house.

N. R. WALSH, GEO. E. PARDEE, WALSH & PARDEE, Att'ys and Counsellors at Law. Office in McKinney building.

C. W. DUNTON, Attorney-at-Law. Manistique. Office on Walnut St.

D. W. THOMPSON, Justice of the Peace AND CONVEYANCER. ALSO REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE. Office in the court house.

O. C. BOWEN, Physician and Surgeon. Office in McKinney block. Residence on Maple street between Oak and Walnut streets.

A. H. WENN, D. D. S., All Work Guaranteed. Office over E. N. Ogilby & Co.'s drug store. Residence on Oak and Lake streets. Fourteen years experience. Vitallized air administered for painless extraction.

M. D. PETERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CIRCUIT COURT COMMISSIONER. Office in McKinney Bldg. Cedar Street.

Schoolcraft County BANK, MANISTIQUE, MICH.

Money to loan on satisfactory securities. Liberal interest allowed on deposits.

Fine, Life, Accident, and Plate Glass Insurance written in the best companies.

M. BLUMROSEN, PRESIDENT. C. B. MERSEREAU, CASHIER.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Elk street has been widened where it crosses the "Soo" tracks.

Mrs. Post, of Ypsilanti, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Putnam, in this city.

Julius Anderson, recently clerk with the C. L. Co., has removed to Escanaba.

Robt. Holmbom, one of the C. L. Co.'s hardware clerks, spent Sunday at Gladstone.

Smoke "Hand Made" the best 10 cent cigar on the market. Made by P. Zimmerman.

The Swedish Lutheran church society intends building a parsonage on their property.

Several of the Danish-Norwegian church young people picniced at Klagstad's farm, Sunday.

Orin Quick is clerking in the C. L. Co.'s store in the place of Jas. Knowles, who is east on a visit.

August Miller, wife and daughters, are making arrangements to camp at Indian Lake for a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs. Matt Gales, of Kenosha Wis., are here on a visit to their daughter Mrs. Peter Zimmerman.

J. F. C. Hollings, deputy grand master of the A. O. U. W., is here for a few days in the interest of the order.

Miss A. L. Ballaro went to Chicago on the Alleghany, Monday evening. She expects to return Saturday.

"Rast" Orr and G. Snow are in attendance on the United States court at Marquette in the capacity of jurors.

Miss Julia Mohrhauser, who has been doing millinery at the C. L. Co.'s, returned to Madison, Wis., the latter part of last week.

Mrs. C. J. Thoenen and son Roy who have been guests of Mrs. L. S. Phippeny, returned to their home at Sault Ste. Marie, Tuesday morning.

The Young People's society of the Scandinavian Baptist church, picniced at Anderson farm, in the Swedish settlement near Gulliver, Sunday.

Mrs. J. D. Mersereau was a passenger to Chicago on the Alleghany which departed Monday evening. Her daughter Irene, accompanied her.

Sam Winkleman of Manistique passed through the city yesterday on his way to Indiana where he is going to join some friends. They will go on a driving trip through the country into Michigan, visiting Lansing and other places. He hopes that the outdoor exercise and open air

travel will improve his health.—St. Ignace Enterprise.

Asa Parker has built a new fence around his lot.

J. D. Measereau took the train for Chicago Tuesday.

A. P. Hopkins, of Masonville, was in the city Tuesday.

The family of A. C. Hubble were at Indian Lake Tuesday.

P. Quinlan is looking after his farm at Gernfask this week.

G. H. Mance, of Newberry, is stopping at the Ossawinamakee.

Fred Bowen and family moved to South Manistique this week.

Guy S. Fuller is erecting a brick cottage in Oakland addition.

Burt Henderson and Charlie Anderson went to Minneapolis Monday.

Mrs. H. W. Clark and son have returned from their visit to the Soo.

Rev. Jno. A. Broden's household goods arrived in Manistique Wednesday.

Mrs. J. F. Burfield, of Sturgeon River, visited in this city Monday.

Miss Annie L. Rooney was a passenger to Escanaba on the Hart Saturday.

A. L. Hill and Dr. Bowen captured about 40 trout in Brace creek Tuesday.

Mrs. M. B. Peters and her daughter Mrs. D. K. Smith, visited Gould City Monday.

A. LeRoy, manager of the C. L. Co.'s hardware, enjoyed a visit from his father Sunday.

O. R. Bros. & Co., have built new steps in front of their meat market on the West Side.

E. Rose and Ed. Ashford fished at Little Harbor Monday and caught a good mess of trout.

Smoke LeDuc's cigar clippings if you like something good. At all dealers, 25 cents per pound.

The case of Brassel vs. the M. St. P. & Ste M. railroad, in the supreme court has been decided in favor of the company.

Miss Mamie Miller, daughter of Landlord Miller of the American House, rejoices in the possession of a new wheel.

"Little Trixie" at the Star opera house next Friday July 17. It is brimful of new and novel features. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents.

John Lewis has moved his stock of hardware and tinware to the building on Walnut street, recently used as a photograph gallery.

(Rev. H. S. Smeland, Danish-Norwegian M. E. clergyman, of Marinette, Wis., preached at the M. E. church in this city Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week.

Pass the good word along the line. Piles can be quickly cured without an operation by simply applying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A. S. Putnam & Co.

Joshua H. Allison, better known as "Jock" Allison, died at his home in San Jose, Cal., on Friday of last week. A telegram announcing the death was received by Thompson friends on Saturday.

"Wake up, Jacob, day is breaking!" so said DeWitt's Little Early Risers to the man who had taken them to arouse his sluggish liver. A. S. Putnam & Co.

Bright sparkling music, pretty girls the best dancers on earth, and a host of novelties in Little Trixie, at Star opera house next Friday, July 17. Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

If you want a cool, delicious smoke, ask for a Manistique "Leader," or a "Pride" two of the best cigars on the market and made right at home by P. Zimmerman.

Rev. J. V. N. Hartness, of Lansing, Synodical Sabbath School Missionary, spent Sunday here and preached both morning and evening at the Presbyterian church. Both sermons were highly appreciated. Sunday afternoon he visited the Bfassel neighborhood Sabbath school. He left for the west Tuesday.

The following left on yesterday afternoon's west bound train to attend the B. Y. P. U. convention at Milwaukee: Miss H. M. Bently and Bert Smith, delegate and alternate; Miss Elgie Brown delegate to Junior society, Mrs. Archie MacLaurin and Miss Nettie Fuller. Miss A. L. Rooney will also attend the convention going from Escanaba where she has been visiting. The convention opens tomorrow morning and continues through several days.

Rev. J. M. Rogers, pastor of the Presbyterian church has issued a manual of the church for the year beginning April 1, 1896. An historical sketch given of the church, which was organized in 1887. W. H. Hill, James F. Simmons and Jno. D. Mersereau were the building committee. Five illustrations appear in the book, one of Rev. J. M. Rogers, pastor; W. B. Thomas, John Mosher, J. D. Mersereau and Charles R. Orr, trustees. The names of the officers of the several societies of the church are given, also a list of the members of the church. The manual is complete and is excellently printed. Each member of the church should possess one of them.

Last Saturday's Races.

About four hundred people witnessed the bicycle races at the Driving Park, Saturday afternoon. Each event was close and exciting and each contest brought out bursts of enthusiasm. The races were run in good time considering the condition of the wind. Dr. Burdick, Sherman McNeil and J. H. MacNaughton acted as judges, Hugh Hayden starter, W. L. Orr and Axel Ekstrom, timekeepers.

There were no entries for the novice race.

Half mile, 3:20 class—Strohn Norton won, 2nd Peter Dube, 3rd Will Burdick. Time—1:13 4-5. Entries, Peter Dube, Will Burdick, Geo. Gayar, Arthur Graham, Strohn Norton, Fred Niles and Lyle Glendinning.

One half mile open, time limit 1:13 3 entries, Carl Ekstrom won, 2nd Will Crowe, 3rd Norm Graham—time 1:11.

One mile, 3:20 class, Strohn Norton won, 2nd Will Burdick, 3rd Fred Niles. Time 3:06. Entries Will Burdick, Geo. Gayar, Arthur Graham, S. Norton, Fred Niles and Lyle Glendinning.

One mile open, Ekstrom won, 2nd Crowe, 3rd Graham. Time 3:03 4-5.

One mile handicap, (boys) Clarence Scott won, 2nd Jos. Miller, 3rd Mike McNamara. Time 3:15. Entries, Miller, Carr, Brown, McNamara, Remond and Scott.

Five mile handicap—Fred Niles and Lyle Glendinning 65 sec., Geo. Gayar 45 sec., will Burdick 36 sec., Strohn Norton 25., Will Crowe Carl Ekstrom and Norm Graham scatch. Ekstrom won, 2nd Crowe, 3rd Norton. Time 14:34 3-5. Lyle Glendinning had several spokes of his wheel broken in the last half of the race and did not finish.

Pat man's race, entries, Dr. Burdick, Miller Rose, John Hackenbrack, Andrew Ekstrom and J. H. MacNaughton. Hackenbrack won, Ekstrom 2nd, 3rd Rose and Burdick tie.

Tandem race, 1 mile, Will Burdick and Geo. Gayar, time 1:09 4-5; Gus Ekstrom and Norm Graham, time 1:10 1-5; Will Crowe and Carl Ekstrom, time 1:07.

Plan Your Summer Outing Now. Go to Picturesque Mackinac via The Coast Line.

It only costs \$13.50 from Detroit, \$15.50 from Toledo, \$18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. One thousand miles of lake ride on new modern steel steamers for the above rates. Send 2c. for illustrated pamphlet.

A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Go Now!

To go or not to go. Aye there's the rub. Of routes there seems to be no choice. For by the "Soo" to the East or West it is determined in the minds of all well thinking men To be the best.

Write for "Summer Outings," W. R. Callaway, Minneapolis, Minn.

Backlin's Anicura Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sault Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. S. Putnam & Co.

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Prizes for Your Skill.

The person forming the largest number of words, using the letters in the text "Excelsior" will be given \$100 in cash. \$75.00 will be given to the person forming the next largest list. The next will receive \$50.00 in cash, and for each of the next eleven largest lists will be paid \$25.00 each. Money deposited in Bay City Bank, corner Center and Washington avenues.

Separate the letters in the text thus: E-X-C-E-L-S-I-O-R, and form as many words as you can. For example: Excel, is, etc. It is said that over ten small words can be formed from these letters, and we will give a prize to every person sending ten words or more; so if you are good at word making, or are bright you are sure of something for your trouble, while you have an equal opportunity for the large cash prizes.

Our object is to advertise our "Excelsior" German Mead, the most improved and healthful summer beverage on the market. One tablet placed in a glass of water is sufficient to satisfy the thirst of an epicure.

Every person sending list of words must enclose with the same thirteen two-cent stamps for a package of excelsior German Mead which will be sent postpaid, together with full rules and particulars governing the contest.

As a guarantee of good faith, the major and chief of police of this city will act as judges in the award of prizes.

Number your words and write your name plainly.

Address, THE GERMAN MEAD CO., BAY CITY, MICH.

Cor. Adams and Center Sts.

A False Rumor.

A paragraph has got started to the effect that Morgan & Wright, makers of the famous Morgan & Wright pneumatic tire, "have turned their attention to the manufacture of a single-tube tire that promises to be a hummer." It is learned that this report is absolutely untrue.

The single-tube tire makers of Europe shouted for two seasons and a half that their tires had only to be plugged, while the old original, glued-to-the-rim tire had to be torn apart before a hole could be fixed, but the old glued-to-the-rim tire won out, and in Europe the single-tube has not been a strong competitor for two seasons. The trouble with it is that holes in the inner tube, which is stuck fast to the outer casing, cannot be found easily, and cause the tire to leak constantly.

Plugging holes which can be found is generally only a temporary repair, as the plugs work loose. There are exceptions, but this has been the rule. The complaint against the double-tube tire has been that the inner tube has to be taken out. Some people would rather make a repair badly, but easily, than to put in hard work and make a permanent repair.

The Morgan & Wright quick-repair strip is a boon to these lazy people. It is now a part of every Morgan & Wright tire. The illustration shows how the quick-repair strip closes a puncture. It is only necessary to pump as much air as possible into a tire which has been punctured, stick a little tool into the hole, and follow the few simple instructions in the catalogue, to make a quick, perfect and permanent repair, at the roadside.

While this tire is having such immense popularity, Morgan & Wright are not likely to make single-tube tires, which did not succeed even against the old style of Morgan & Wright double-tube tire.

It is of much interest to bicycle riders to know the difference between a single-tube and double-tube tire. Both tires are really double tube, but in a single tube the inner tube is vulcanized fast to the outer casing. From the standpoint of Morgan & Wright, who supply the market with many more tires than all the other makers put together, the single-tube is not correct, and they ought to know, as they make what the great majority want.

It would be hard to convince a man suffering from bilious colic that his agony is due to a microbe with an unpronounceable name. But one dose of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure will convince him of its power to afford instant relief. It kills pain. A. S. Putnam & Co.

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ANDERSON & CO., Furniture AND Undertaking Wall Paper. Latest Styles in Parlor Suits and Rockers. Wall Paper. A big line just received from the Factory. Picture Framing. Everything in that Line.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. COUNTY OF SCHOOLCRAFT. In a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office in the City of Manistique on the thirtieth day of June in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. Present, Virgil I. Hixson, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John O. Stimand deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Axel Ahlstrom, praying that Hugh Hayden or some other suitable person be appointed administrator of said estate. It is ordered, that Monday, the thirty-first day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate office, in the Village of Manistique and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the MANISTIQUE DEMOCRAT a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. VIRGIL I. HIXSON, Judge of Probate.

Take the \$100 Direct Route to... CANADIAN PROVINCES, NEW ENGLAND, NEW YORK, AND ALL POINTS EAST. Solid Ventilated Train to Montreal. Only Through Sleeper to Boston. "THE ATLANTIC LINED" EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. TRUE SCENIC ROUTE. BANFF, GREAT GLACIER, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, OREGON AND CALIFORNIA. Through Sleeping and Dining Service. Upholstered Tourist Car to Seattle WITHOUT CHANGE. "THE PACIFIC LIMITED" EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. LOWEST RATES. BEST SERVICE. For Particulars write W. R. CALLAWAY, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Minneapolis, Minn. P. McCULLOUGH, Agent, Manistique, Mich.

Diamond Wall Finish. The Everlasting Wall Finish. Don't use any more kalsomine on your walls—it breeds disease germs, and subjects you to the dirty annoyance of having them washed and scraped every time you want new decorations. Be clean and progressive; use Diamond Wall Finish, and avoid this risk and trouble. For Diamond Wall Finish is Permanent. You can always recast Diamond Wall Finish wall with Diamond Wall Finish, without a bit of washing or scraping; and every time you recast, your wall comes out stronger, better and more beautiful. Ask for sample card of colors. Chicago Lumbering Co., Agents.

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Public Land Sale. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of instructions from the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under authority vested in him by section 2464, U. S. Rev. Stat., as amended by the act of Congress approved February 28, 1896, we will proceed to offer at public sale on the twenty-fourth day of August, next, at this office, the following tract of land to wit: Lot No. 5, Section 30, Township 43, North of Range 17 West. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims in this office on or before the day above designated for the commencement of said sale, otherwise their rights will be forfeited. PETER PRIMM, Register. ELDER E. HALSEY, Receiver. Dated at the U. S. Land Office, Marquette, Michigan, July 15, 1896.

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THE CRADLE SHIP.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free, His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed to sea!



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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED. It was a fine specimen of the old colonial planter's house, with its broad verandas, its great detached offices and negro quarters, and had, thus far, escaped the ravages and billeting of the war.

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BRADDOCK IN HISTORY. The British General Was a Brave and Daring Soldier.

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such is the irony of fate, the fact is even thus. The ground whereon Braddock first set foot is practically the key to the city of Washington, almost equidistant from either end of it and affording to an invading force the readiest approach by water.

BRADDOCK'S HEADQUARTERS AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

It was a fine specimen of the old colonial planter's house, with its broad verandas, its great detached offices and negro quarters, and had, thus far, escaped the ravages and billeting of the war.

The negro servants still remained with a certain cat-like fidelity to the place, and adapted themselves to the northern invaders with a child-like enjoyment of the novelty of the change.

There followed a week of inactivity, in which Brant felt a singular resemblance in this southern mansion to the old casa at Robles.

He was sitting one afternoon alone before his reports and dispatches when this influence seemed so strong that he half impulsively laid them aside to indulge in a long reverie.

The shadows were growing heavier and deeper, it lacked only a few moments of the sunset bugle when he was recalled to himself by that singular instinctive consciousness—common to humanity—of being intently looked at.

turbated head and black silhouette of a negro. Nevertheless he halted a moment at the door of the next room.

"See who that woman is who just passed, Mr. Martin. She doesn't seem to belong to the house."

The young officer rose, put on his cap and departed. In a few moments he returned.

"Was she tall, sir—of a good figure and very straight?"

"Yes."

"She is a servant of our neighbors, the Manlys, who occasionally visits the servants here. A mulatto, I think."

Brant reflected. Many of the mulattos and negroes were of good figure, and the habit of carrying burdens on their heads gave them a singularly erect carriage.

The lieutenant looked at his chief. "Have you any orders to give concerning her, general?"

"No," said Brant, after a moment's pause, and turned away.

The officer smiled. It seemed a good story to tell of mess of this human weakness of his handsome, reserved and ascetic-looking leader.

A few moments afterward Brant was interrupted over his reports by the almost abrupt entrance of the officer of the day.

"A lady presents this order and pass from Washington, countersigned by the division general."

"Yes, sir—she is dressed as such. But she has not only declined the most ordinary civilities and courtesies we have offered her, but has insulted Mr. Martin and myself grossly, and demands to be shown to you alone."

Brant took the paper. It was a special order from the president, passing Miss Matilda Faulkner through the federal lines, to visit her uncle's home, known as "Grey Oaks," now held and occupied as the headquarters of Brant's brigade, in order to arrange for the preservation and disposal of certain family effects and private property that still remained there, or to take or carry away such property, and invoking all necessary aid and assistance from the United States forces in such occupancy. It was countersigned by the division commander. It was perfectly regular and of undoubted authenticity. He had heard of passes of this kind—the terror of the army—issued in Washington under some strange controlling influence and against military protest, but he did not let his subordinate see the uneasiness with which it filled him.

"Show her in," he said, quietly.

But she had already entered, brushing scornfully past the officer, and drawing her skirt aside as if contaminated. A very pretty southern girl, scornful and red-lipped, clad in gray riding habit, and still carrying her riding whip clenched ominously in her slim, gauntleted hand.

"You may have my permit in your hand," she said, brusquely, hardly raising her eyes to Brant—"I suppose it's all straight enough, and even if it isn't, I don't reckon to be kept waiting with those hirelings."

"Your permit is 'straight enough,' Miss Faulkner," said Brant, slowly reading her name from the document before him, "but as it does not seem to include permission to insult my officers you will perhaps first allow them to retire."

He made a sign to the officer, who passed out of the door. As it closed he went on in a gentle, but coldly unimpassioned voice: "I perceive you are a southern lady, and, therefore, I need not remind you that it is not considered good form to treat even the slaves of those one does not like uncivilly, and I must therefore expect that you will keep your active animosity for myself."

The young girl lifted her eyes. She had evidently not expected to meet a man so young, so handsome, so refined, and so coldly invincible in manner. Still less was she prepared for that kind of antagonism. In keeping up her pre-conceived attitude toward the "northern hireling" she had been met with official brusqueness, contemptuous silence or aggrieved indignation—but nothing as exasperating as this. She fancied that this elegant but sardonic-looking soldier was inwardly mocking her. She bit her red lip, but with a scornful gesture of her riding whip said:

"I reckon that your knowledge of southern ladies is, for certain reasons, not very extensive."

"Pardon me. I have had the honor of marrying one."

Apparently more exasperated than before she turned upon him abruptly. "You say my pass is all right. Then I presume I may attend to the business that brought me here."

"Certainly, but you will forgive me if I imagined that an expression of contempt for your host was a part of it." He rang a bell on the table. It was responded to by an orderly. "Send all the household servants here."

The room was presently filled with the dusky faces of the negro retainers. Here and there was the gleaming of white teeth, but a majority of the assembly wore the true negro acceptance of the importance of "an occasion."

One or two even affected an official and soldierly bearing. And as he fully expected there were several glances of significant recognition of the stranger.

"You will give," said Brant, sternly, "every aid and attention to the wants of this young lady, who is here to represent the interests of your old master. As she will be entirely dependent upon you in all things connected with her visit here, see to it that she does not have to complain to me of any inattention—or to be obliged to ask for other assistance."

As Miss Faulkner, albeit a trifle paler in the cheek, but as scornful as ever, was about to follow the servant from the room, Brant stopped her with a coldly courteous gesture:

"You will understand therefore, Miss Faulkner, that you have your wish, and

that you will not be exposed to any contact with the members of my military family, nor they with you."

"Am I then to be a prisoner in this house—and under a free pass of—your—president!" she said, indignantly.

"By no means. You are free to come and go and see whom you please. I have no power to control your actions. But I have power to control theirs."

She swept furiously from the room. "That is quite enough to fill her with a desire to flirt with every man here," said Brant to himself, with a faint smile, "but I fancy they have had a taste enough of her quality."

Nevertheless, he sat down and wrote a few lines to the division commander, pointing out that he had already placed the owner's private property under strict surveillance, that it was cared for and perfectly preserved by the household servants, and that the pass was evidently obtained as a subterfuge. To this he received a formal reply regretting that the authorities of Washington still found it necessary to put this kind of risk and burden on the army in the field, but that the order emanated from the highest authority and must be strictly obeyed. At the bottom of the page, however, was a characteristic line in pencil in the general's own hand: "Not the kind that is dangerous."

A flush mounted Brant's cheeks, as if it contained not only a hidden but a personal significance. He thought of his own wife.

Singularly enough, a day or two later, at dinner, the conversation turned upon the intense sectional feeling of southern women—probably induced by their late experiences, and Brant, at the head of the table, in his habitual abstraction, was scarcely following the somewhat excited diction of Col. Strangeways, one of his staff.

"No, sir," reiterated the indignant warrior, "take my word for it! a southern woman isn't to be trusted on this point, whether as sister, sweetheart, or wife. And when she is trusted she is bound to get the better of a man in any of those relations!"

The dead silence that followed, the ominous joggle of a glass at the speaker's elbow, the quick, sympathetic glance that Brant instinctively felt was directed to his own face, and the abrupt change of subject, could not but arrest his attention—even if he had overlooked the speech. His face, however, betrayed nothing. It had never occurred to him before that his family affairs might be known—neither had he ever thought of keeping them a secret. It seemed so purely a personal and private misfortune—that he had never dreamed of it having any public interest. And even now he was a little ashamed of what he believed was his sensitiveness to mere conventional criticism, which, with the instinct of a proud man, he had despised.

He was not far wrong in his prohibition upon Miss Faulkner's feelings. Certainly that young lady, when not engaged in her mysterious occupation of arranging her uncle's effects, occasionally was seen in the garden, and in the woods beyond. Although her presence was the signal for the "soubriquet" of any lounging "shoulder strap" or the vacant "front" of a posted sentry, she seemed to regard their occasional proximity with less active disfavor. Once when she had mounted the wall to gather a magnolia blossom, the chair by which she had ascended rolled over, leaving her on the wall. At a signal from the guard room two sappers and miners appeared, carrying a scolding ladder, which they placed at the foot of the wall, and as she silently withdrew. On another occasion the same spirited young lady, whom Brant was satisfied would probably imperil her life under fire, in devotion to her cause, was brought ignominiously to bay in the field by that most appalling of domestic animals—the wandering and untrammelled cow. Brant could not help smiling as he heard the quick, harsh call to "turn out guard," saw the men marched solidly with fixed bayonets to the vicinity of the affrighted animal, who fled, leaving the fair stranger to walk shame-facely to the house. He was surprised, however, that she should have halted before his door, and with tremulous indignation said:

"I thank you, sir, for your chivalrousness in turning a defenseless woman into ridicule."

"I regret, Miss Faulkner," began Brant, gravely, "that you should believe that I am able to control the advances of farmyard cattle as easily as—" but he stopped as he saw that the angry flash of her blue eyes, as she darted from him, were set in tears. A little remorseful on the following day, he added a word to his ordinary cap lifting when he passed her, but she retained a reproachful silence. Later in the day he received from her servant a respectful request for an interview, and was relieved to find that she entered his presence with no trace of her former aggression—but rather with the resignation of a deeply injured, yet not entirely unforgiving woman.

"I thought," she began, coldly, "that I ought to inform you that I would probably be able to conclude my business here by the day after to-morrow, and that you would then be relieved of my presence. I am aware, indeed," she added, bitterly, "I could scarcely help perceiving, that it has been an exceedingly irksome one."

"I trust," began Brant, coldly, "that no gentleman of my command has—" "No!" she interrupted him quickly, with a return of her former manner, and a passionate sweep of her hand, "do you suppose for a moment that I am speaking—that I am even thinking of them! What are they to me?"

"Thank you. I am glad to know that they are nothing, and that I may now trust that you have consulted my wishes and have reserved your animosity for me," retired Brant, quietly. "If that is so, I see no reason for your hurrying your departure in the least."

She rose instantly. "I have," she said, slowly, controlling herself with a

slight effort, "found some one who will take my duty off my hands. She is a servant of one of your neighbors—who is an old friend of my uncle's—the woman is familiar with the house and our private property. I will give her full instructions to act for me—and even an authorization in writing if you prefer it. She is already in the habit of coming here—but her visits will give you very little trouble. And as she is a slave—or, as you call it, I believe—a chattel, she will be already quite accustomed to the treatment which her class are in the habit of receiving from northern hands." Without waiting to perceive the effect of her Partisan shot, she swept proudly out of the room.

"I wonder what she means?" mused Brant, as her quick step died away in the passage. "One thing is certain, a woman like that is altogether too impulsive for a spy."

Later, in the twilight, he saw her walking in the garden. There was a figure at her side. A little curious, he examined it more closely from his window. It was already familiar to him—the erect shapely form of his neighbor's servant. A thoughtful look passed over his face as he muttered: "So this is to be her deputy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLAYING FOR THE QUEEN.

How Preparations Are Made for Performances at Windsor Castle.

Playing before the queen by "royal command" is the highest desire of every English follower of the stage who desires to reach the topmost round in the ladder of fame. The queen has had but few performances held before her of late years, and the notice in each case has been very short.

When the manager of a company has been notified to appear with his players or singers for the royal pleasure, he immediately hastens to Windsor with his scenic artists and stage mechanics to make ready for the performance. The temporary stage and theater is constructed and the performers have special rehearsals. The general members of the company are also given a thorough coaching if an opera is to be produced, as the queen is very critical.

The stage is erected at Waterloo chamber—that being the apartment generally used for the purpose—the auditorium constructed, the royal and other seats arranged according to precise instructions, and the chamber decorated with floral and other ornaments. During these preparations in the castle those of the princes and princesses who happen to be there frequently look in and assist—their aid being limited to suggestions and directions, but sometimes extending to moving with their own hands this or that piece of furniture or decoration to judge how best it should be placed.

The queen also may "drop in" to inspect the preparations, and for her majesty has been known to be an anxious operator; for her majesty has keen judgment and a critical and artistic eye, and without any warning may order all that has been done to be undone.

Simultaneous with this work numerous rooms are being got ready for the coming company, while the royal chefs and their assistants are kept busy with preparations in their department.

At the performance the queen's chair faces the center of the stage, slightly to the right of all other seats. Right and left are chairs for the members of the royal family, and behind these are seats for the ladies and gentlemen of the household and invited guests.

A rich and beautiful programme is provided for her majesty; less elaborate but yet dainty, artistic programmes being supplied for the rest of the audience. The queen always leads the applause, and the others present take the cue from her action.

Beginning generally at ten o'clock, after the late royal dinner, these performances conclude about midnight, and then there is a rush for the good things bountifully laid out in the several supper-rooms improvised for the occasion. The principals, having been presented to her majesty, sup in one apartment with such of the gentlemen of the household as care to join them; the rest in other rooms, according to the grades and distinctions preserved.

The special trains for the return home are to leave at one o'clock, even though it be Sunday morning, as it several times has been, and for a time the thoroughfares are alive with the visitors hurrying to the station in royal carriages or on foot. Many of the higher officials in the castle accompany the party, and the leave-taking is always cordial and sometimes just a trifle hilarious. In a day or two a few rings and brooches bearing the royal monogram—the much-beloved "V. R."—will be forwarded to the chief performers, and so ends a function never forgotten by those who take part in it.—St. Louis Republic.

Very Short.

Maude—Young Huggins' engagement was a very short one.

Mabel—Is it broken already?

"It was broken the very night he proposed."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; you see, Huggins stutters frightfully, and it took him nearly 20 minutes to propose and after he got through the girl spoiled everything by exclaiming: 'This is so sudden.' Huggins thought she was guying him."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Case of Bell.

Mrs. Casey—Moike, did yes put out th' cat?

Mr. Casey—O! did.

"O! don't believe it."

"Well, if yez tink O! m' a loiyer, g'wan an' put her out yerself!"—Puck.

And He Didn't Ask.

Pwaddy—Miss Gwacie, if I should ask you to marry me—

Miss Gwacie—I should smile.—Chicago Tribune.

BRADDOCK IN HISTORY.

The British General Was a Brave and Daring Soldier.

Washington Himself Tried to Disabuse the People of His Day of its Prejudice Against the Unfortunate Chief.

[Special Washington Letter.] Rhythmic rhymsters are not poets. Makers of verses are as numerous as the stars. Only the philosophers of scholastic instinct and breeding can make rhymes which last throughout the ages.

It was the philosophic, pedantic, nervous, scholarly and learned Longfellow who said that:

"We can make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints in the sands of time."

There are footprints all along the beach of history. The waves may swell, the turf may beat, and the breakers may scold and storm, but the footprints made by some men will last forever. No political or scholastic seismic disturbance can wipe out the footprints of Confucius, Zoroaster, Caesar, Cromwell, Washington or Lincoln. Their footprints will last forever.

You all have read of Braddock and his alleged vainglorious effort to conduct an Indian campaign. Writers glorifying Washington have minimized Braddock, one of the greatest military minds of his age. It is not true that he marched against the Indians with the expectation of chasing them like rabbits. That story originated with friends of Washington, and if he were here he would repudiate the story. Braddock knew that he was marching into a hostile country, and would have to compete with savages whose methods were new to him. He realized before he left England that he had a terrible and dangerous campaign before him. But he was a soldier and marched along the pathway of duty until he fell upon the field of noble, honorable battle.

George Anne Bellamy, one of the most gifted actresses in England, published two books in 1785, which showed something about Gen. Braddock's life which all the people should know. As the reputed wife of John Calcraft, M. P., she secured for him the agencies of paymasterships of no less than a dozen regimental commanders in the British army, among them that of Gen. Braddock, thus multiplying Calcraft's income to a princely figure. On page 193 of volume 2 Miss Bellamy says:

"Gen. Braddock, to whom I had been known from my infancy, and who was particularly fond of me, was about this period appointed to go to America. From our intimacy he gave me his agency without my applying for it. While he was making the necessary preparations for his voyage he was more frequently than usual at our house. The evening before his departure he supped with me, accompanied by his two aides-de-camp, Maj. Burton (who had just lost his much loved wife and my darling friend), and Capt. Orme. Before we parted the general told me he should never see me more, for he was going with a handful of men to conquer whole nations, and to do this they must cut their way through unknown woods. He produced a map of the country, saying at the same time: 'We are sent like sacrifices to the altar.' The event of the expedition too fatally verified the general's expectations. On going away he put into my hands a paper, which proved to be his will."

This will was drawn up in favor of John Calcraft, to whom it bequeathed property valued at \$35,000. On page 55 of volume 3 the actress narrates further, after referring to the news of Braddock's death:

"A demand was made from the treasury for the government plate left us by the late unfortunate Gen. Braddock.

The demand was rejected, which I think was a suit was offered, and I applied with defeat."

Gen. Braddock's own day of his prejudice is disabused. In Niles' Register, published in 1818, we read an interesting article held with Washington, by the aged William Youngstown, in which it is said that his character was very severely treated; that even in the fighting he was no more than others. It is also a matter of illustration Washington's old chief, that he favored a monument over Braddock, but had no opportunity until after the revolution to have the grave covered. This was identified by the general's own son, who was outraged to find the fallen hero's remains scattered in the woods.

At all, as "Braddock's rock," and to this day it is still intact and unmolested by stone cipher or relic hunter. It is not deemed of any account in history, though if Braddock's expedition against Duquesne had been successful this unpretentious boulder might now be esteemed as another Plymouth Rock, famous for the landing of the Pilgrims. Braddock would doubtless have won for himself not only the fame that fell to Gen. Forbes and to Gen. Amherst for the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, but also that which Gen. Wolfe secured in 1759 by his success at Quebec, all resulting in the relinquishment of French authority on the American continent. Braddock would probably now be revered as one of the prime early heroes of this western world and the course of his entire progress would be accounted as paths of glory. But the unfortunate accident of defeat has changed all of that. Since success is the only standard of merit and achievement, the world delights not to tread in the footsteps of failure.

After all is said the truth of the matter seems to be that Braddock, indisputably a brave soldier, was only too conscious of the difficulty and doubtful result of his enterprise, but that, having once set upon it, he determined to grimly discharge his task to the end with the most cheerful show possible. It is no derogation to his generalship that he should have been unfitted by temperament and training to cope with treacherous savages and painted devils lurking in ambush. Instead of having been a boastful and vainglorious cockney, as the schoolboy of to-day is taught to conceive him, he only appears to have been too proud to show by look or sign his own conviction of the hopelessness of his undertaking. Even Irving admits that he was a stranger to fear. Irving then adds beautifully and most appropriately:

"Reproach spared him not, even in his grave. The failure of the expedition was attributed both in England and in America to his obstinacy, his technical pedantry and his military system. But whatever may have been his faults and errors, he in a manner expiated them by the greatest lot that can befall a brave man—the ambitious of renown—an unenviable lot to have in a strange land, a name applied with defeat."

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At all, as "Braddock's rock," and to this day it is still intact and unmolested by stone cipher or relic hunter. It is not deemed of any account in history, though if Braddock's expedition against Duquesne had been successful this unpretentious boulder might now be esteemed as another Plymouth Rock, famous for the landing of the Pilgrims. Braddock would doubtless have won for himself not only the fame that fell to Gen. Forbes and to Gen. Amherst for the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, but also that which Gen. Wolfe secured in 1759 by his success at Quebec, all resulting in the relinquishment of French authority on the American continent. Braddock would probably now be revered as one of the prime early heroes of this western world and the course of his entire progress would be accounted as paths of glory. But the unfortunate accident of defeat has changed all of that. Since success is the only standard of merit and achievement, the world delights not to tread in the footsteps of failure.

After all is said the truth of the matter seems to be that Braddock, indisputably a brave soldier, was only too conscious of the difficulty and doubtful result of his enterprise, but that, having once set upon it, he determined to grimly discharge his task to the end with the most cheerful show possible. It is no derogation to his generalship that he should have been unfitted by temperament and training to cope with treacherous savages and painted devils lurking in ambush. Instead of having been a boastful and vainglorious cockney, as the schoolboy of to-day is taught to conceive him, he only appears to have been too proud to show by look or sign his own conviction of the hopelessness of his undertaking. Even Irving admits that he was a stranger to fear. Irving then adds beautifully and most appropriately:

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At that time, at the opening of the French and Indian war, and for half a century afterward, there was no city of Washington. The country hereabouts was a comparative wilderness. George Washington was but a stripling colonel in the Virginia militia. No one dreamed of independence of the British crown,

THE CRADLE SHIP.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free, His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed to sea!

CLARENCE By BRET HARTE

PART II. CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

It was a fine specimen of the old colonial planter's house, with its broad verandas, its great detached offices and negro quarters, and had, thus far, escaped the ravages and billighting of the war.

The negro servants still remained with a certain cat-like fidelity to the place, and adapted themselves to the enjoyment of the novelty of the change.

There followed a week of inactivity, in which Brant felt a singular resemblance in this southern mansion to the old casa at Robles.

He was sitting one afternoon before his reports and dispatches when this influence seemed so strong that he half impulsively laid them aside and indulged in a long reverie.

The shade and deeper mementos of the recalled distinctive humanity. He turned him closed into the hall and an was erect turned toward the office.

turbaned head and black silhouette of a negress. Nevertheless he halted a moment at the door of the next room.

"See who that woman is who just passed, Mr. Martin. She doesn't seem to belong to the house."

The young officer rose, put on his cap and departed. Brant, however, remained behind.

The lieutenant smiled. It seemed a story to tell at mess of this human weakness of his handsome, reserved and ascetic-looking leader.

"A lady presents this order and pass from Washington, countersigned by the division general."

Brant took the paper. It was a special order from the president, passing Miss Matilda Faulkner through the federal lines, to visit her uncle's home, known as "Grey Oaks," now held and occupied as the headquarters of Brant's brigade.

But she had already entered, brushing scornfully past the officer, and drawing her skirt aside as if contaminated.

"You have my permit in your hand," she said, brusquely, hardly raising her eyes to Brant.

"Your permit is 'straight enough,'" Miss Faulkner, said Brant, slowly reading her name from the document before him.

"I thank you, sir, for your chivalrousness in turning a defenseless woman into ridicule."

"I regret, Miss Faulkner," began Brant, gravely, "that you should believe that I am able to control the advances of farmyard cattle as easily as—"

"I thought," she began, coldly, "that I ought to inform you that I would probably be able to conclude my business here by the day after to-morrow, and that you would then be relieved of my presence."

"I trust," began Brant, coldly, "that no gentleman of my command has—"

"What are they to me?" she asked. "I am glad to know that you have consulted my opinion."

She rose instantly. "I have," she said, slowly, controlling herself with a slight effort.

slight effort, "found some one who will take my duty off my hands."

"Am I then to be a prisoner in this house—and under a free pass of your president!" she said, indignantly.

"By no means. You are free to come and see whom you please. I will control your actions."

"No," said Brant, after a pause, and turned away.

The officer smiled. It seemed a story to tell at mess of this human weakness of his handsome, reserved and ascetic-looking leader.

But few performers are as numerous as the stars. Only the philosophers of scholastic instinct and breeding can make rhymes which last throughout the ages.

The stage is erected at Waterloo chamber—that being the apartment generally used for the purpose—the auditorium constructed, the royal and other seats arranged according to precise instructions, and the chamber decorated with floral and other adornments.

A rich and beautiful programme is provided for her majesty; less elaborate but yet dainty, artistic programmes being supplied for the rest of the audience.

Beginning generally at ten o'clock, after the late royal dinner, these performances conclude about midnight, and then there is a rush for the good things bountifully laid out in the several supper-rooms improvised for the occasion.

The special trains for the return home are to leave at one o'clock, even though it be Sunday morning, as it several times has been, and for a time the thoroughfares are alive with the visitors hurrying to the station in royal carriages or on foot.

Maude—Young Huggins' engagement was a very short one. Mabel—Is it broken already? "It was broken the very night he proposed."

"Yes, you see, Huggins stutters frightfully, and it took him nearly 20 minutes to propose and after he got through the girl spoiled everything by exclaiming: 'This is so sudden!'"

"Well, if yez tink O'm a loiyer, g'wan an' put her out yerself!"—Puck.

And He Didn't Ask. Fweddly—Miss Gwacie, if I should ask you to marry me— Miss Gracie—I should smile.—Chicago Tribune.

Such is the irony of fate, the fact is even thus. The ground whereon Braddock first set foot is practically the key to the city of Washington, almost equidistant from either end of it and affording to an invading force the readiest approach by water.

BRADDOCK IN HISTORY.

The British General Was a Brave and Daring Soldier.

Washington Himself Tried to Disabuse the People of His Day of Its Prejudice Against the Unfortunate Chieftain.

[Special Washington Letter.] Rhythmic rhymsters are not poets. Makers of verses are as numerous as the stars.

"We can make our lives sublime; And, departing, leave behind us Footprints in the sands of time."

There are footprints all along the beach of history. The waves may swell, the turf may beat, and the breakers may scold and storm, but the footprints made by some men will last forever.

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BRADDOCK'S ROCK.

The demand was rejected, upon which a suit was commenced. But that failing we were left in possession of the royal donation, and the lions, unicorns and hares made their appearance at our table.

Gen. Braddock knew that he was not undertaking a holiday excursion, but must "cut his way through unknown woods" for the purpose of conquering "whole nations," thereby showing that he did not underrate the savage bands in the new world.

—Give what you have. To a may be better than you dare to —Longfellow.



# The Tribune.

By TRIBUNE PUB. COMPANY.  
MANISTIQUE, MICH.

## HER SILVER WEDDING.

By HELEN M. PALMER.



"I've been thinkin', Elviry," said Aunt Hannah, in the calm and placid voice which had smoothed so many rough places in the course of a 50 years' pilgrimage, "I've been thinkin' that it'll be 25 years come next Wednesday since me and your Uncle Jed was married, and if he'd a' been spared, ne'er a' had a silver weddin'. I ain't never had no weddin' only the first one." Here Aunt Hannah dropped her knitting needles, which had been clicking cheerfully, as she sat on the front doorstep in the summer twilight, pleasantly conscious of the neat little front yard with its straight paths bordered with June roses and tree honeysuckles, and lifting her eyes to the blue hills which shut in the far horizon, she saw again youth and love and hope. But the touch of old Rover's nose suddenly pressed close upon her knee, seeking a friendly hand, brought her back to earth again; and with a sigh, in which regret was tempered by contentment, Aunt Hannah turned again to Elvira, and, sure of sympathy from her favorite niece, proceeded to unfold her plan.

"You know, Elviry," she said, "that your Uncle Jed didn't live but three years after we was married, so we couldn't have kept an anniversary, even if it had been the fashion then. Not but I've thought of him, I guess, just as often as if we'd had a wooden weddin', and a tin one, and all the rest of 'em."

Here Aunt Hannah's needles clicked a little faster. She was thinking of some remarks that had been made when, five years after Jed's untimely death, she went to meeting one Sunday with some pink roses in her bonnet—roses which matched her cheeks very well at that time, and still matched her disposition.

"I guess they can't say much about that," said Elvira, "seeing that everybody knows you might have had Deacon White or Minister Stebbins any day if you'd say the word."

"Well, well, child," said Aunt Hannah, with a conscious smile, "that's neither here nor there; but seeing I didn't have 'em, seems to me it's rather hard that, just because Jed died so untimely, we shouldn't have any anniversaries like the rest of folks. He'd liked to have had a silver weddin'."

"Of one mind about that, as we was about most things; an' I know, if he was here to-day, he'd say: 'Hannah, you jest go ahead an' have it.' And so, Elviry, I'm a-goin' to." This was said with some decision, and then, as if to forestall any possible objections, Aunt Hannah hurried on: "I haven't had any company for most four years—not since your sister Lidy was married, and I give her a send-off. Of course, I've had sewin' society, and done my share in church and temperance doin's, but, somehow, it didn't seem just the right thing for me, a widow woman, to start up and ask the neighbors, men and women folk both, to jest a party. But this is different; it seems as if Jed was sort of givin' it with me, an' if they's presents, why, I don't know of any man that ever deserved better of his neighbors than he did."

Aunt Hannah's voice faltered a little, but she had taken the first step on what she felt to be dangerous ground, and was not going to recede.

"What if they is presents, Elviry? I don't ask 'em to bring none, no more'n a bride does when she asks you to the weddin'; but I guess the bride don't live these days that wouldn't be dreadful disappointed if she didn't get none; and I own I'd be some dis-



"WHAT IF THEY IS PRESENTS, ELVIRY?"

appointed, too. I like pretty things"—Aunt Hannah's voice took a wistful tone—"an' I've never had none—only what I aint. Jed would a' got me all I wanted if he'd only lived; but you see, when we was married 'twas n't the fashion to give weddin' presents. Why, all I had was a dozen teaspoons your grandma gave me, and a pair of claw sugar-tongs your Grand-Aunt Peck left me in her will. An' look at Lidy! Why, she had more things to start with than me an' your mother 've had in all our lives. Then, if I say fit, as I shouldn't, I've always done my share; there ain't a bride married in Saranac Corners these 20 years that I haven't took her somethin', if 'twas n't more'n a set of mats or a crocheted tiddy, and lots of times 'twas store things,

An' it does seem, though I wouldn't say it to everyone, that it ain't hardly fair that, jest because I was left alone this way, I shouldn't have none of the pleasant things I might have had if I'd had all the rest. An' so, Elviry, I've made up my mind that there ain't no earthly reason why I shouldn't have a silver weddin', an' I'm a-goin' to have one."

Whatever misgivings Elvira might have felt when the project was first disclosed had melted away in the warmth of her aunt's feeling; and, knowing that the slowly matured resolve of a placid nature are hard to shake, and trusting to the real regard of the neighborhood for the kindly, helpful widow, whose social and pleasure-loving temper had before now exposed her to the criticism of her friends without really affecting their liking, she offered no objection, and, yielding a ready assent to the plan, was soon in the midst of a delightful discussion of details, in which Aunt Hannah's too often repressed love of social functions found full expression.

Early on the following afternoon Aunt Hannah started out to give her invitations with a faint flush on her cheeks, by way of tribute to the conventional usage she might be transgressing, but with a little formula prepared, which included no explanation and permitted no comment. The invitation to be present at the 25th anniversary of her marriage with Mr. Jedidiah Rounds was as carefully worded as if she had studied it in the pages of the "Home Manual," as she probably had; and only waiting to add that she should be "dreadful disappointed if they didn't all come," she hurried from house to house. This unwonted haste on the part of leisurely Mrs. Rounds might have made her neighbors suspect that she was a little uneasy herself as to the impression her invitations might produce, but she gave no other grounds for such a suspicion; and, indeed, when she reached home, after having made the circuit of the neighborhood, the pleasant stir of action had taken possession of her, and she set about her preparations for the great event with as untroubled a mind as if she were planning for a church "sugar party." The momentous question now was whether the "entertainment" should be confined to the elegant but unsatisfying ice-cream and sweet cake, or should boldly cater to the tastes of the stronger sex by admitting the golden doughnut and the flaky pie.

The next day was Saturday, the day when the "Corners" went to the village to do its "trading." It was well that Mrs. Rounds' invitation had been already given—that is, it was well for those who did not wish to go empty-handed to a silver wedding. Who shall say that she had foreseen this difficulty, and provided for it?

It was also the day on which the sewing society met; and to-day, for the first time in many years, Mrs. Rounds was absent.

"I suppose," said thin little Miss Prindle, the village dressmaker, with a snort of disapproval, "most fiddle" as she called it, as she looked at the card which she had just received, "but I don't see how you can expect to have a silver wedding with a wooden weddin' myself."

"Well, why not? Ain't you expectin' to, some time?" asked Mrs. Bascom, the minister's wife, in her most conciliatory tones.

At this Miss Prindle preened her ruffled feathers, smoothed her black alpaca apron, and ceased from further troubling for the moment, in view of future possibilities.

"What do you s'pose Deacon White'll say to it?" asked Widow Jenkins, giving a careless air to her question by stopping in the midst of it to shake out the garment she had just completed.

"Es Hannah Rounds ain't troubled herself about what Deacon White's said all these years he's been a-runnin' after her, 'tain't likely she'll begin now!" responded Mrs. Abijah Rounds, who, though she was severe enough in private, on Hannah's easy-going ways, pink roses and pink cheeks, yet in public never forgot that she had been Abijah's brother's wife.

Mrs. Jenkins pursed her lips and was about to make a retort, when Mrs. Bascom bethought herself of asking who was Mrs. Rounds' grandmother on her mother's side, and in less than five minutes the company, led by two or three of the older women, was launched on a sea of reminiscence and genealogical discussion, in which Aunt Hannah and her party were soon lost sight of.

The men at "the store" had their say, too, but they were accustomed to let their "women folks" settle matters of etiquette; so the question passed with a joke or two, mostly leveled at Deacon White, who, balanced on a bench on the little stoop that ran across the front of the store, his shoulders propped against the wall and his hat pulled well down over his eyes, received them in silence, as one who could afford to let others laugh.

Wednesday morning Aunt Hannah was up with the dawn, and by five o'clock, when Elvira came hurrying from school, every room in the little house was not only spotless, but had received every decoration which Aunt Hannah's fertile brain could devise. "I don't know but it looks sort of foppish," she said, as she led Elvira from the summer kitchen to the parlor chamber. "What do you think?"

"I think it's just lovely," said Elvira, and Aunt Hannah beamed.

If Aunt Hannah couldn't "bank" her mantles with chrysanthemums, she had filled every fireplace, and even the kitchen sink, with asparagus bouquets. Long sprays of asparagus hung from every ceiling to attract any fly that dared to venture in, and the white and-gilt china and red Bohemian vases had all been carefully filled with tight bunches of many-colored flowers. But the decorations were not confined

to natural flowers. Crepe paper lampshades had not yet reached the "Corners," or were considered too striking an innovation to be adopted by staid people like Aunt Hannah; but life-size parasols cunningly fashioned of pink-and-white tissue paper were suspended beneath the looking-glass in the parlor; and an elaborate pergola framed of perforated cardboard and decorated with glass beads, which had once taken a prize at the county agricultural fair, occupied a conspicuous position on a small round black walnut table. Tidies of every size and description; braided cloth mats, or hit-or-miss rag rugs, made islands on the painted floors, except in the parlor, where a "three-ply" laid over a liberal sprinkling of straw gave one the sensation of treading on waves; the photographs of the different members of the family in their oval, black-varnished frames, with a line of gilt-beading, were draped in yellow tulle; and so was the ancient painting on velvet, done by Aunt Hannah's mother in her youth, and representing an elegant classic female weeping over a tomb. In short, everything that was possible had been done to bring the little house to the highest pitch of perfection.

Aunt Hannah herself was radiant in a steel-gray poplin, with some white lace around her neck and crossed on her ample bosom. "It was mother's lace," she told Elvira. "Mother and I favored each other, and we always picked the same patterns. I'd have liked," she continued, with a gentle sigh, "to have wore one of the dresses I had when I was married; 'twouldn't have seemed no more'n right, considerin' Jed; but, goodness knows, I couldn't no more have got into it than I could a' flew."

Just then came a knock at the front door, which stood open to the summer air, and Elvira hastened to take from a little boy a box which came "with Mr. and Mrs. Bascom's compliments."

"Now, ain't that just like Miss Bascom?" said Aunt Hannah, when the parcel was at last undone. "She does beat all; some folks might have known I wanted a parlor clock till doomsday."



SHE HURRIED FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

an' they'd a-got me a album instid; but she never makes a mistake."

Indeed, in Aunt Hannah's present mood not much could come amiss; and as guests and presents arrived, each was more welcome than the other. To be sure, when Mrs. Jenkins, impatiently mourning in bombazine and rusty crape, arrived, bringing with her a framed worsted-work tablet bearing the legend: "To the memory of the dear departed," worked in black and purple ground, Mrs. Bascom hastened to intercept it. But Aunt Hannah was floating on a sea of feeling, flowing from the blessedness of receiving, mingled with tender recollections of her youth, which bore her buoyantly over any such attempt to point the finger of scorn, and, gratefully accepting the tablet, she found room for it in the very middle of the mantle shelf, and placed a big bunch of sweet-williams beside it, remarking to the friend nearest her that "she didn't know that his middle name was William, but so it was. Jedidiah William it stood in the Bible; but they'd always called him Jed."

Her good humor was proof against the insinuation contained in Miss Prindle's present of a black lace cap; it overflowed into delight to welcome the "elegant silver butter dish," the pickle dish and spoonholder, fashioned intricately, with a maximum of glass and a minimum of silver; it accepted gratefully the gallant speeches of Deacon White, whose lagging intentions were wisely quickened by this scene of pleasant comfort and good will, though he himself had only thought fit to bring a britanna teapot with a black knob on the handle.

"Out of his store," so Mrs. Abijah commented to Elvira. "And old stock he couldn't sell off at that; for there's a dent down close to the handle, an' I expect it leaks. Your Aunt Hannah better look out; it's pretty hard to carry for money and work for love!"

But the evening was without a flaw for Aunt Hannah; and when, at last, the guests were gone, the dishes washed and put away, the house "red up," the presents inspected for the last time, and she and Elvira had dropped into their old places upon the doorstep for a moment's rest before going to bed, she breathed a gentle sigh as she said: "Well, Elvira, it's all over, an' I've had a real good time; too; if only your Uncle Jed could a' been here to enjoy it with me!"—Peterson's Magazine.

—Violins are very susceptible to changes of the weather. The strings of the violin always become more taut, and thus give a sharper tone, when a storm is coming on.

—Rabelais was the most acute satirist of the renaissance period. His biting sarcasm of the follies of his time has never been excelled.

## FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.

The Cretan Struggle for Liberty and Independence.

Heroism Displayed by the Poorly-Fed Patriots of the Island of Crete—Turkish Cruelty Gives Renewed Strength to Their Cause.

[Special Letter.]

Recently the cable brought the terrible news that in Canea, the principal city of the island of Crete, 1,000 persons had been massacred by Turkish troops. Five hundred women and children escaped from the infuriated mercenaries of the sultan by seeking refuge in the Christian churches, where they would have starved to death had not the English and French warships stationed in the harbor come to their rescue and furnished them with the necessities of life. All the bodies of the slain were mutilated, and in many instances the eyes of the victims had been gouged out. And all this in the face of the fact that six great powers—Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy and Austria-Hungary—are pledged to protect the port's Christian subjects.

The Turkish government excuses the horrible crime on the protest that the Cretans are in revolt against the pashah, that 15,000 armed patriots are fighting to overthrow the Mussulman domination established in 1669, and that they have been guilty of murdering Turkish troops in cold blood. While it is true that the Cretans are endeavoring to secure freedom, the charge that they have been guilty of anything like the atrocities committed by their taskmasters is absolutely silly. The natives of Crete love liberty, are remarkable for their agility, activity and swiftness, noted for daring and bravery, are by some reputed to be vindictive, but they are not cruel. Whenever the patriots have met their opponents on the field of battle they have treated them fairly, and the Turkish governor has been unable to prove a single case of barbarity against them.

The Cretan is a classic people. History tells us that the island of Crete, or Candia, which forms the southern limit of the Grecian archipelago, was anciently settled by colonists from the Phoenicians, Pelasgians and Dorians, and fable has it that it was first governed by Minos, whose laws are familiar to every student of Greek literature.

Should the Athens government condescend to comply with the popular demand and interfere in favor of the patriots, Turkey would have to give up

the struggle, for although the Greeks are poor, they are rich when compared with the Turks. King George, who is republican form of government, which continued until 67 B.C., when the island became part of the Roman empire. In the partition of the dominions of Rome Crete fell to the Byzantine, or Eastern, empire, by which it was held until A. D. 823, when it was conquered by the Saracens. These daring soldiers held possession until the tenth century, when the island became a Genoese province. From the Genoese it passed by gift to the marquis of Montserrat, who sold it to the Venetians in 1204. Venice, then in the height of her glory, held it for four centuries, in the course of which Crete developed into one of the most prosperous and wealthy states in Europe. After a terrific struggle, which lasted 24 years, and in which a number of Italian states took active part, the country was wrested from the Venetians by the Turks, and made a Turkish province in 1669.

The natives were oppressed by their conquerors and the numerous industries established under the mild Venetian rule were taxed out of existence. From being the most affluent people in the Greek archipelago the Cretans became the poorest. But persecution did not extinguish their national pride, nor did wanton cruelty succeed in compelling them to renounce the Christian religion. The fire of hope burned in their hearts, and scores of revolutions attest that they preferred death to slavery. In 1821, and again in 1841, popular insurrections taxed all the resources of the Turkish government. In both instances the patriots were defeated only after fierce struggles, but after the conquest the hand of the oppressor rested upon them heavier than ever. In 1842 the sultan placed such unjust restrictions on the commerce of the island that the few industries which had survived the discriminations of years were completely paralyzed. In 1858 another insurrection marked the history of the island. It was under the leadership of remarkably able men and conducted with such skill that the sultan granted many of the requests made by the patriots. But the concessions then made on paper were never carried out, and the deceived patriots inaugurated another revolt in 1866 and demanded annexation to Greece. They were compelled to submit in 1869, without obtaining any relief. Since 1869 a part of the population has been in constant revolt; but

not until the beginning of the present year did the uprising assume proportions of such magnitude that the Turkish war office had to send special troops to Canea and other strategic points.

Nothing could give the reader a more comprehensive idea of the misgovernment of the fact that the population of Crete, which was 500,000 when the Venetians lost control of the island, had fallen to 210,000 in 1870, and to 200,000 in 1890.

The massacre at Canea is seriously embarrassing the government of Greece. The Cretans have always had the sympathy of the people of the Hellenic states, and several times the royal



GEORGE I. KING OF GREECE.

treasury at Athens has been compelled, by popular clamor, to assist the rebellious islanders with cash and provisions. The present premier of Greece, M. Delyannis, is trying very hard to continue a policy of neutrality in the Cretan question, but the chances are that, unless Turkey is willing to make far-reaching concessions, he will be forced to recede from his position. There is no doubt that the port will no longer be averse to granting partial self-government to Crete, but the patriots have been deceived so often by their oppressors that reforms which would have been hailed with delight a few years ago are no longer attractive. Like the Cubans, they are fighting for complete independence and eventual annexation to Greece.

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A STREET SCENE IN CANEA.

ture. He was succeeded by a line of chiefs famed for wisdom and liberality, and they in turn gave place to a semi-republican form of government, which continued until 67 B.C., when the island became part of the Roman empire.

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But whatever the diplomats may say or do, the poorly-fed, shabby-clad patriots of Crete will continue the holy warfare against their Mohammedan oppressors. And the same can be said of the heroes of Macedonia who are even now driving the sultan's troops out of the land of Alexander the Great.

In itself the war in Crete is of trifling interest to the people of America, but as it may, any day, lead to a general European misunderstanding it is well to be familiar with the events which led up to the massacre at Canea. The sympathies of the American nation are with the brave patriots who, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, know how to die for liberty and lofty principles; who, to accomplish a great end, are not tempted by gold or promises or preferment; who cry out to all the world the words of Patrick Henry: "Give us liberty or give us death." The efforts of such men are worthy of our serious consideration and should have the prayers of Christian men and women everywhere.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

The Living and the Dead.  
A minister having walked through a village churchyard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate-post the following: "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie!"—Tit-Bits.

A Youthful View.  
Professor—When is the best time for gathering apples?  
Young Student—Please, sir, when the farmer's back is turned and there is no dog in the orchard.—Tit-Bits.

## Something Entirely New on Wheels and Superior to Anything of the Kind Seen at the World's Fair.

The "New North-Western Limited" train via "The North-Western Line," new from engine to rear coach, the engine after the famous 999 pattern, and the Compartment Cars and Sleepers in style and finish surpassing anything heretofore attempted in our construction. In fact, this train in point of richness, comfort and security, cannot be surpassed and travelers of all classes are invited to inspect and make comparison with any other train in existence. This train leaves Minneapolis 7:30 and St. Paul 8:10 every night for Chicago; try it when you travel. Excursion and other classes of tickets good on these trains. Pamphlet giving full description of this new train will be mailed free on application to T. W. Pennington, Gen'l Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"—Truth.

"Where does the weather forecast man go for his vacation?" "He doesn't go anywhere; he doesn't dare to come down out of that tower."—Chicago Tribune.

Travel with a Friend  
Who will protect you from those enemies—nausea, indigestion, malaria and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of the ill laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ocean mariners, yachtsmen, commercial and theatrical agents and tourists testify to the protective potency of this effective safeguard, which conquers habit, rheumatism, nervousness and biliousness.

Doctor—"The matter with you is that you want to be out of the office. Patients will be out enough when I get your bill, doctor."—Yonkers Statesman.

Temperament is but the atmosphere of character, while its groundwork in nature is fixed and unchangeable.—A. Heaps.

In Olden Times  
People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently overcome habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones.—Hosca Ballou.

He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtue.—Blair.

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THIS VAST TRACT OF LAND Now thrown open to settlers. Come and buy while you have a chance to make your own selection. For information, call on or address, RUDOLPH FINK, Gen'l Manager, Little Rock, Ark. Little Rock and Memphis Railroad.

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There is a remedy, thoroughly reliable, called "Allen's Vegetable Extract," that we will guarantee will cure you, or it shall cost you nothing. If you will write us fully about your case, we will gladly consider it, and send you our medicine if we feel sure it will cure you; not otherwise. 1.00 doses by mail for \$1.00. THE ALLEN SARRAS PARELLA CO., Woodford, Me.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, "Bacon Good, Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

DR. RISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION



# WAR REMINISCENCES.

## A WAR EXPERIENCE.

The Exciting Escape of Gen. Greely from a Southern Raider.

Youth is the age of thrilling emotions, and my thoughts turn at once to an episode of December 13, 1862, when the army of the Potomac under Burnside crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. A boy of 18, scarcely recovered from wounds at Antietam, I had marched with the advance, serving as orderly sergeant, Company B, Nineteenth Massachusetts infantry, in Howard's division. The construction of pontoon bridges being prevented by Confederate sharpshooters, as a "fortiori hope" the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts crossed the river in pontoons, and I reached the south shore in the fifth boat. About 40 men, under Capt. Mahoney, rushed into the city as far as was possible, and were told to hold the enemy in check at any cost until the bridge was built. More than a third of our small command were killed or wounded before the order to withdraw to cover was given. It was hard to leave our disabled, before whom a southern prison surely opened, but as our army had a foothold and our position was clearly untenable, the order was imperative. A brave soldier and staunch friend, George Dew, and myself were the last two to go, tarrying a moment to say good-by to our wounded comrades and fire a last shot, knowing full well that a gauntlet of fire lay between us and safety. Dew started some ten yards ahead, and we followed the main thoroughfare in order to turn down the next cross street to the river. Noting the retreat, the Confederates pushed forward, and, appearing at points that commanded the street, commenced firing rapidly at the squad in front of us. Dew and I now realized the extreme danger our delay had placed us in, and that escape under constant fire was barely possible. Suddenly a Confederate soldier emerged from a yard some 50 feet in front, and, not seeing us, fired and killed a man of our regiment at the very corner of the street ahead. Our rifles were unloading, the cross street unattainable, and capture at least in prospect. Just then Dew espied a chance for escape down a yard, where the unsheltered path ended at a brick wall that promised safety. As we turned from the street we passed the body of Chaplain Fuller, formerly Sixteenth Massachusetts, who crossed as a volunteer in the same boat with us. Meanwhile our Confederate foe, with his eye fixed



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

on us, was reloading his gun — fortunately a muzzle-loader. We felt that the race down the path was one against death. Could we pass the wall before the gun was reloaded, and if not, who would fall? With a burst of speed born of desperation, I drew ahead of Dew, and, tossing my rifle over the wall, gave a leap and rolled head-first to the ground beyond. While I was in the air I heard the crack of a gun, the buzzing of a bullet, and a cry from Dew: "I am hit." Gathering myself up, half stunned, and clambering to the top, I helped my seriously wounded comrade over the wall, just in time to avoid another bullet from the gun of our persistent enemy.—Gen. A. W. Greely, in Outlook.

## The Troubles of a Veteran.

It was a battered war-scarred veteran that ambled into the pension office one day lately, and, slowly approaching the clerk of the office, asked, in a quavering voice, where he could get a pension.

"In what company did you serve?" asked the clerk.

"Company G, of the Sixth volunteers."

"Ever injured in battle?"

"The veteran drew himself up to his full height, which was distressingly little, and exclaimed, in as loud a voice as he could muster:

"Yes, sir, I was hit by a shell in the battle of Bull Run and knocked all to pieces."

"Dear me!" said the clerk, smiling. "You're a wonderful veteran. Where do you live, and how do you manage to keep alive your many pieces?"

"That's the trouble, sir, and the very reason I want a pension, 'cause I've had trouble ever since taking up my quarters wherever I could find them."—Harper's Round Table.

## Not What He Wanted.

At the close of the civil war a volunteer officer informed a regular officer of his acquaintance that he had applied for a commission in the regular army and asked for a letter endorsing the application. The regular officer assured the volunteer that he could say nothing that would be of service in the matter, but the applicant persisted, and extracted the promise of a letter to be delivered to him at once. The letter was in these terms: "Having been applied to by Lieut. Col. — of the Pennsylvania volunteers, to state my knowledge of him, I beg to say that I know him to be a liar and I believe him to be a coward."—Chicago Chronicle.

## HE FELL FROM GRACE.

Experiencing Religion Did Not Prevent the Captain's Escort from Stealing.

"While our regiment was encamped at Harper's Ferry in 1862," said an officer of the volunteer army, "one of the posts was some four miles up the Potomac. The officer of the day, when he went to visit that post, was allowed to ride a horse, to save time, and as it was a lonely road a private of the guard was detailed as an escort at night. The private walked.

"Now, it happened that the day before I became officer of the day a clergyman, an old friend of mine, had visited our camp and had held a prayer meeting



"WE STARTED ON THE TRIP."

ing in front of my tent. The meeting was well attended and seemed to be beneficial. My company, by the way, was called 'the Sunday school company.'

"I went on as officer of the day, made my rounds as usual, and after dark mounted my horse to make my second trip to the outpost. I got my escort and started. Out of sight of camp where no one could see any breach of dignity, I made the private give me his musket and climb up behind me, and we started on the trip. We had hardly begun when the private began:

"O captain, he said, 'that was a very refreshing prayer meeting yesterday—real manna in the desert,' and so on. I didn't like the way he talked; I thought there was too much cant about it, but as I had got up the prayer meeting, I had to agree with his ideas, though not with the way they were expressed.

"Before we reached the outpost was a hollow, through which ran a stream crossed by a bridge, and there, if anywhere, was the place for a shot at the officer of the day. I made that horse hurry past that place, and my escort was jolted so his teeth chattered. Once by that place the road was safe, and as we drew near the outpost I made my escort dismount, and we approached in a properly dignified manner.

"We started back the same way, but though I saw him edge up as if to mount, I made the private walk and run until we had passed the bridge. Then I let him mount again and we rode up to camp. Just before I made him dismount for the last time he had informed me again that he had enjoyed thoroughly the prayer meeting, that it had been of great spiritual sustenance to him and to others, and he hoped the meeting might be repeated soon.

"In a day or two it was my duty to go on as one of the garrison court-martial, a sort of police court which tries petty offenders. One of the first prisoners brought up was my escort, and the charge against him was stealing! Unfortunately for me I had told my officers about my escort before I realized what an opening it gave them to chaff me, but they seized it, and for the rest of my service 'the captain's convert' was a favorable subject of conversation."—N. Y. Sun.

## ROUTED BY BEES.

The Painful Predicament of a Federal Brigade.

One of the funniest sights ever seen by the writer was in 1862 near Danville, Ky. A brigade of federal soldiers was making an "armed reconnaissance" with the intent to interview any Confederates who might be lurking near the town. The brigade, in advancing in line of battle, passed through the grounds of a large plantation in which there were some 25 or 30 hives of bees. When the skirmish line reached the hives they broke for them, turned over every hive, grabbed each a piece of honey and ran, quickly getting into line again, and advancing with their pieces trailing under their arms and every man munching a comb of honey. The bees just had time to get over their astonishment when the main line reached their headquarters, and every bee in every hive proceeded to make practical application of the doctrine of vicarious atonement on the persons of the unoffending soldiers of the brigade. Anybody who has ever seen a single person in active combat with a single bee can imagine the antics cut by about 1,000 soldiers each engaged in private warfare with 100 bees. The mounted officers turned tail and ran for dear life, all making detours and coming in ahead of the line, instead of in the rear, where they belonged just then, and every soldier looked out for himself as best he could. It would have been rare fun for the Confederates if they could have seen us, although it is doubtful whether any of them would have cared to take advantage of our demoralized ranks to attack us except from a safe distance. But there were no Confederates there. Only bees.—American Bee Journal.

George Mason Lee, the 19-year-old son of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the Confederate cavalry commander, who is to enter West Point in June, will be the first representative of the family in the federal army for 34 years. For more than 150 years the Lees had occupied prominent places in the history of the colony of Virginia or the United States government.

## WOULD INJURE ALL.

Chairman Fairbanks Says Free Coinage Would Mean Ruin.

Before the republican party at St. Louis adopted its clear-cut sound money plank Temporary Chairman Charles W. Fairbanks said in his opening speech: The republican party has not been unfriendly to the proper use of silver. It has always favored and favors today the use of silver as a part of our circulating medium. But it favors that use under such provisions and safeguards as shall not imperil our present national standard. The policy of the republican party is to retain both gold and silver as a part of our circulating medium, while the policy of free coinage of silver leads to certain silver monometallism. It is an immutable law that two moneys of unequal value will not circulate together, and that the poorer always drives out the better.

Those who profess to believe that this government, independent of other great commercial nations, can open its mints to the free and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one when the commercial ratio in all the great markets is thirty to one, and at the same time not drive every dollar of gold out of circulation, but deceive themselves.

Great and splendid as powerful as our government is, it cannot accomplish the impossible. It cannot create value. It has not the alchemist's subtle art of transmuting unlimited silver into gold, nor can it, by omnipotent fiat, make 50 cents worth 100 cents. As well undertake by a resolution of congress to suspend the law of gravitation as attempt to compel an unlimited number of 50-cent dollars to circulate with 100-cent dollars at a parity with each other. An attempt to compel unlimited dollars of such unequal value to circulate at a parity is bad in morals and is vicious in policy.

Upon opening our mints to the independent free coinage of silver foreign credits would be withdrawn and domestic credits would be greatly curtailed. More than this there would be certain and sudden contraction of our currency by the expulsion of \$620,000,000

of gold and our paper and silver currency would instantly and greatly depreciate in purchasing power. But our result would follow this—enterprise would be further embarrassed, business demoralization would be increased, and still further and serious injury would be inflicted upon the laborers, the farmers, the merchants and all those whose welfare depends upon a wholesome commerce.

A change from the present standard to the low silver standard would cut down the recompense of labor, reduce the value of the savings in savings banks and building and loan associations; salaries and incomes would shrink; pensions would be cut in two, the beneficiaries of life insurance would suffer; in short, the injury would be so universal and far-reaching that a radical change can be contemplated only with the gravest apprehension.

A sound currency defrauds no one. It is good alike in the hands of the employe and the employer, the laborer and the capitalist. Upon faith in its worth, its stability, we go forward planning for the future. The capitalist erects his factories, acquires his materials, employs his artisans, mechanics and laborers. He is confident that his margin will not be swept away by fluctuations in the currency. The laborer knows that the money earned by his toil is as honest as his labor, and that it is of unquestioned purchasing power.

## Why Minnesota Is for Gold.

Minnesota democrats declared unequivocally for the gold standard. They did so unexpectedly. The big delegations from Minneapolis and Duluth were pledged for sixteen to one, and it was taken for granted the country delegations would favor free silver. Why did they vote for gold?

Several reasons have been suggested. The one most often met with is that the farmers are composed largely of honest and intelligent Scandinavians and Germans who cannot be caught with free silver sophistry. As over 75 per cent. of Minnesota's population is foreign-born, this answer may be partly true. A more reasonable explanation, however, is found in the reported statement that a large portion of the farm mortgages in Minnesota are made payable in "gold coin of the United States of the present standard of weight and fineness." Being compelled to pay their debts in gold, the farmers wish to receive as good money when they sell their products.

The fact that a far larger portion of mortgages will contain the gold clause next November than now may spoil many votes for the sixteen to one scheme.

## DISHONESTY NEVER PAYS.

Free Coinage Would Hurt Debtors as Well as Creditors.

"He needs a long spoon who would sup with the devil" is a good old Spanish proverb. It is one which should be remembered by all the voters who have been deluded into favoring the free silver plan for robbing creditors by cutting the value of the dollar in two.

It is unfortunately true that the clearest proof of the dishonesty of a scheme which would enable men who have borrowed 100-cent dollars to pay back the loan in 50-cent dollars does not ensue the men who favor it to abandon their agitation. There was a time when the people had only to be shown that a certain policy was dishonest and immoral to secure its prompt condemnation. But through a shortsighted and foolish selfishness, which seems to have blighted their moral sense, a large number of persons now openly declare their willingness to repudiate debts. "Free silver will cheat creditors?" they say. "Then all the more reason why we should have it."

Such men can only be reached in one way. This is by showing them that stealing from creditors is exactly like stealing from any other property owner, and that if this country once inaugurates a policy of confiscating one-half of the property of some men, it will not be long before all property rights will be assailed. How will this suit the great majority of the American people, who all have some property and are trying to get more? Are they ready to start in robbing on a wholesale scale by debasing the currency?

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We imitate only what we believe and admire.—Willmott.

# Half A MILLION DOLLARS To be Given Away in Articles of Real Value to the Users of Mail Pouch

"Chewing and Smoking" TOBACCO.

(The Only ANTI-NEUROUS and ANTI-DYSPEPTIC)

SAVE YOUR COUPONS (OR EMPTY BAGS UNTIL COUPONS APPEAR) AND GET IN EXCHANGE FREE THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE AND USEFUL ARTICLES!

## VALUABLE PICTURES.

- Handsome Water Color Fac-similes, Landscape and Marine, size 14x28, 12 subjects.
- Fine Pastel Fac-similes, Landscapes and Figures, size 20x36 inches, 12 subjects.
- Beautiful Venetian Scenes, Works of Art, size 20x36 inches, 4 subjects.
- Magnificent Water Color Gravures, after famous artists, size 24x36 inches, 4 subjects.

NO ADVERTISING ON ANY OF THE ABOVE. Such excellent Works of Art have never before been offered. Except Through Dealers, at very high prices. They will wear and reflect well for a life time if only ordinarily cared for. Coupons explain how to secure All Articles. One Coupon in each 5 cent (2 ounces) Package. Two Coupons in each 10 cent (4 ounces) Package.

## CHOICE BOOKS.

Cloth Bound Standard Works, over 150 selected titles by Eminent Authors. Popular Novels, 500 titles by Favorite Authors.

## TOBACCO POUCHES.

Rubber, self-closing. Convenient and useful.

## PIPES.

French Briar (Guaranteed Genuine). POCKET KNIVES, Jack Knives and Pen Knives, first quality, American manufacture, Razor Steel, hand forged, finely tempered Blades, Stag Handle.

## RAZORS.

Highest Grade Steel. Hollow Ground. Finest Quality Lather, Leaf and Gentle.

## CYCLOMETERS.

1000 Mile Repeating. For any size Bicycle. EXCELLENT Open Face WATCHES.

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Mail Pouch Tobacco is sold by all dealers. Packages (over on each) containing no coupons will be accepted as coupons. "3 oz." Empty Bag as one Coupon, "4 oz." Empty Bag as two Coupons. ILLUSTRATED. See "Mail Pouch" on application, giving complete list and description of all articles and Titles of Books and Pictures; also how to get them. The Black Box, Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va. No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897.

A. N. K.—G. 1613.

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THE FREE COINAGE HOLD UP.

## How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if you possess Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

"A Bicycle Built for Two."

# BATTLE AX

## PLUG

Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two chewers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

# WAR REMINISCENCES.

## A WAR EXPERIENCE.

The Exciting Escape of Gen. Greely from a Southern Bullet.

Youth is the age of thrilling emotions, and my thoughts turn at once to an episode of December 13, 1862, when the army of the Potomac under Burnside crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. A boy of 18, scarcely recovered from wounds at Antietam, I had marched with the advance, serving as orderly sergeant, Company B, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, in Howard's division. The construction of pontoon bridges being prevented by Confederate sharpshooters, as a "forlorn hope" the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts crossed the river in pontoons, and I reached the south shore in the fifth boat. About 40 men, under Capt. Mahoney, rushed into the city as far as was possible, and were told to hold the enemy in check at any cost until the bridge was built. More than a third of our small command were killed or wounded before the order to withdraw to cover was given. It was hard to leave our disabled, before whom a southern prison surely opened, but as our army had a foothold and our position was clearly untenable, the order was imperative. A brave soldier and staunch friend, George Dew, and myself were the last two to go, tarrying a moment to say good-by to our wounded comrades and fire a last shot, knowing full well that a gantlet of fire lay between us and safety. Dew started some ten yards ahead, and we followed the main thoroughfare in order to turn down the next cross street to the river. Noting the retreat, the Confederates pushed forward, and, appearing at points that commanded the street, commenced firing rapidly at the squad in front of us. Dew and I now realized the extreme danger our delay had placed us in, and that escape under constant fire was barely possible. Suddenly a Confederate soldier emerged from a yard some 50 feet in front, and, not seeing us, fired and killed a man of our regiment at the very corner of the street ahead. Our rifles were unloaded, the cross street unattainable, and capture at least in prospect. Just then Dew espied a chance for escape down a yard, where the unsheltered path ended at a brick wall that promised safety. As we turned from the street we passed the body of Chaplain Fuller, formerly Sixteenth Massachusetts, who crossed as a volunteer in the same boat with us. Meanwhile our Confederate foe, with his eye fixed

## HE FELL FROM GRACE.

Experiencing Religion Did Not Prevent the Captain's Escort from Stealing.

"While our regiment was encamped at Harper's Ferry in 1862," said an officer of the volunteer army, "one of the posts was some four miles up the Potomac. The officer of the day, when he went to visit that post, was allowed to ride a horse, to save time, and as it was a lonely road a private of the guard was detailed as an escort at night. The private walked.

"Now, it happened that the day before I became officer of the day a clergyman, an old friend of mine, had visited our camp and had held a prayer meeting in front of my tent. The meeting was well attended and seemed to be beneficial. My company, by the way, was called 'the Sunday school company.'"

"I went on as officer of the day, made my rounds as usual, and after dark mounted my horse to make my second trip to the outpost. I got my escort and started. Out of sight of camp, where no one could see any breach of dignity, I made the private give me his musket and climb up behind me, and we started on the trip. We had hardly begun when the private began:

"'O captain,' he said, 'that was a very refreshing prayer meeting yesterday—real manna in the desert, and so on. I didn't like the way he talked; I thought there was too much cant about it, but as I had got up the prayer meeting, I had to agree with his ideas, though not with the way they were expressed.'"

"Before we reached the outpost was a hollow, through which ran a stream crossed by a bridge, and there, if anywhere, was the place for a shot at the officer of the day. I made that horse hurry past that place, and my escort was jolted as his teeth chattered. Once by that place the road was safe, and as we drew near the outpost I made my escort dismount, and we approached in a properly dignified manner.

"We started back the same way, but though I saw him edge up as if to mount, I made the private walk and run until we had passed the bridge. Then I let him mount again and we rode up to camp. Just before I made him dismount for the last time he had informed me again that he had enjoyed thoroughly the prayer meeting, that it had been of great spiritual sustenance to him and to others, and he hoped the meeting might be repeated soon.

"In a day or two it was my duty to go on as one of the garrison court-martial, a sort of police court which tries petty offenders. One of the first prisoners brought up was my escort, and the charge against him was stealing! Unfortunately for me I had told my officers about my escort before I realized what an opening it gave them to chastise me, but they seized it, and for the rest of my service 'the captain's convert' was a favorable subject of conversation."—N. Y. Sun.

## ROUTED BY BEES.

The Painful Predicament of a Federal Brigade.

One of the funniest sights ever seen by the writer was in 1862 near Danville, Ky. A brigade of federal soldiers was making an "armed reconnaissance" with the intent to interview any Confederates who might be lurking near the town. The brigade, in advancing in line of battle, passed through the grounds of a large plantation in which there were some 25 or 30 hives of bees. When the skirmish line reached the hives they broke for them, turned over every hive, grabbed each a piece of honey and ran, quickly getting into line again, and advancing with their pieces trailing under their arms and every man munching a comb of honey. The bees just had time to get over their astonishment when the main line reached their headquarters, and every bee in every hive proceeded to make practical application of the doctrine of vicarious atonement on the persons of the offending soldiers of the brigade. Anybody who has ever seen a single person in active combat with a single bee can imagine the antics cut by about 1,000 soldiers each engaged in private warfare with 100 bees. The mounted officers turned tail and ran for dear life, all making detours and coming in ahead of the line, instead of in the rear, where they belonged just then, and every soldier looked out for himself as best he could. It would have been rare fun for the Confederates if they could have seen us, although it is doubtful whether any of them would have cared to take advantage of our demoralized ranks to attack us except from a safe distance. But there were no Confederates there. Only bees.—American Bee Journal.

George Mason Lee, the 19-year-old son of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the Confederate cavalry commander, who is to enter West Point in June, will be the first representative of the family in the federal army for 34 years. For more than 150 years the Lees had occupied prominent places in the history of the colony of Virginia or the United States government.

## WOULD INJURE ALL.

Chairman Fairbanks Says Free Coinage Would Mean Ruin.

Before the republican party at St. Louis adopted its clear-cut sound money plank Temporary Chairman Charles W. Fairbanks said in his opening speech: The republican party has not been unfriendly to the proper use of silver. It has always favored and favors today the use of silver as a part of our circulating medium. But it favors that use under such provisions and safeguards as shall not imperil our present national standard. The policy of the republican party is to retain both gold and silver as a part of our circulating medium, while the policy of free coinage of silver leads to certain silver monometallism. It is an immutable law that two moneys of unequal value will not circulate together, and that the poorer always drives out the better.

Those who profess to believe that this government, independent of other great commercial nations, can open its mints to the free and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one when the commercial ratio in all the great markets is thirty to one, and at the same time not drive every dollar of gold out of circulation, but deceive themselves.

Great and splendid and powerful as our government is, it cannot accomplish the impossible. It cannot create value. It has not the alchemist's subtle art of transmuting unlimited silver into gold, nor can it, by omnipotent fiat, make 50 cents worth 100 cents. As well undertake by a resolution of congress to suspend the law of gravitation as attempt to compel an unlimited number of 50-cent dollars to circulate with 100-cent dollars at a parity with each other. An attempt to compel unlimited dollars of such unequal value to circulate at a parity is bad in morals and is vicious in policy.

Upon opening our mints to the independent free coinage of silver foreign credits would be withdrawn and domestic credits would be greatly curtailed. More than this there would be certain and sudden contraction of our currency by the expulsion of \$620,000,000 of gold and our paper and silver currency would instantly and greatly depreciate in purchasing power. But one result would follow this enterprise—demoralization would be increased, and still further and serious injury would be inflicted upon the laborers, the farmers, the merchants and all those whose welfare depends upon a wholesome commerce.

A change from the present standard to the low silver standard would reduce the value of the savings in savings banks and building and loan associations; salaries and incomes would shrink; pensions would be cut in two; the beneficiaries of life insurance would suffer; in short, the injury would be so universal and far-reaching that a radical change can be contemplated only with the gravest apprehension.

A sound currency defrauds no one. It is good alike in the hands of the employe and the employer, the laborer and the capitalist. Upon faith in its worth, its stability, we go forward planning for the future. The capitalist erects his factories, acquires his materials, employs his artisans, mechanics, and laborers. He is confident that his margin will not be swept away by fluctuations in the currency. The laborer knows that the money earned by his toil is as honest as his labor, and that it is of unquestioned purchasing power.

Why Minnesota is for Gold.

Minnesota demagogues declared unequivocally for the gold standard. They did so unexpectedly. The big delegations from Minneapolis and Duluth were pledged for sixteen to one, and it was taken for granted the country delegations would favor free silver. Why did they vote for gold?

Several reasons have been suggested. The most often met with is that the farmers are composed largely of honest and intelligent Scandinavians and Germans who cannot be caught with free silver sophistry. As over 75 per cent of Minnesota's population is foreign-born, this answer may be partly true. A more reasonable explanation, however, is found in the reported statement that a large portion of the farm mortgages in Minnesota are made payable in "gold coin of the United States of the present standard of weight and fineness." Being compelled to pay their debts in gold, the farmers wish to receive as good money when they sell their products.

The fact that a far larger portion of mortgages will contain the gold clause next November than now may spoil many votes for the sixteen to one scheme.

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OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

on us, was reloading his gun — fortunately a muzzle-loader. We felt that the race down the path was one against death. Could we pass the wall before the gun was reloaded, and if not, who would fall? With a burst of speed born of desperation, I drew ahead of Dew, and, tossing my rifle over the wall, gave a leap and rolled head-first to the ground beyond. While I was in the air I heard the crack of a gun, the buzzing of a bullet, and a cry from Dew: "I am hit." Gathering myself up, half stunned, and clambering to the top, I helped my seriously wounded comrade over the wall, just in time to avoid another bullet from the gun of our persistent enemy.—Gen. A. W. Greely, in Outlook.

## The Troubles of a Veteran.

It was a battered war-scarred veteran that ambled into the pension office one day lately, and, slowly approaching the clerk of the office, asked, in a quavering voice, where he could get a pension.

"In what company did you serve?" asked the clerk.

"Company G, of the Sixth volunteers."

"Ever injured in battle?"

The veteran drew himself up to his full height, which was distressingly little, and exclaimed, in as loud a voice as he could muster:

"Yes, sir, I was hit by a shell in the battle of Bull Run and knocked all to pieces."

"Dear me!" said the clerk, smiling. "You're a wonderful veteran. Where do you live, and how do you manage to keep alive your many pieces?"

"That's the trouble, sir, and the very reason I want a pension, 'cause I've had trouble ever since taking up my quarters wherever I could find them."—Harper's Round Table.

## Not What He Wanted.

At the close of the civil war a volunteer officer informed a regular officer of his acquaintance that he had applied for a commission in the regular army and asked for a letter indorsing the application. The regular officer assured the volunteer that he could say nothing that would be of service in the matter, but the applicant persisted, and extended the promise of a letter to be delivered to him at once. The letter was in these terms: "Having been applied to by Lieut. Col. —, of the Pennsylvania volunteers, to state my knowledge of him, I beg to say that I know him to be a liar and I believe him to be a coward."—Chicago Chronicle.

## How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.



"A Bicycle Built for Two."

# Battle Ax

"BATTLE AX" is worth more than its name. It is a large high quality pipe.



TWILIGHT.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long. How often on the western window seat I leaned my book against the misty pane...

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Passing within the gates and across that one bridge and then another, we were astonished and utterly confused by the noise and hubbub through which we rode.

But presently we had to stop. A crowd had gathered to watch a little cavalcade of six gentlemen pass across our path.

"Ah!" he replied, as if slowly enlightened—the hypocrite! "Ah! I see!" and he smiled grimly.

"I could have sworn," exclaimed Croisette, "that that was Louis himself—M. de Pavannes!"

"That?" I answered, as we began to move again, the crowd melting before us. "Oh, dear, no!"

"No! no! The farther man!" he explained. But I had not been able to get a good look at the farther of the two.

The thought that we were at the end of our long journey, and in time to warn Louis of his danger, made us forget all our exertions, our fatigue and stiffness.

vannes of your arrival," he said, respectfully, and passed behind a curtain, which seemed to hide the door of an inner apartment.

"He has company supping with him," I said, nervously. I tried to flip some of the dust from my boots with my whip.

"I began to wonder some minutes passed by—the gay company we had seen putting it in my mind, I suppose—whether M. de Pavannes, of Paris, might not turn out to be a very different person from Louis de Pavannes, of Caylus;

"Welcome, gentlemen!" he said, smiling at us—and never had the cast been so apparent in his eyes.

CHAPTER IV. ENTRAPPED!

There was a long silence. We stood glaring at him, and he smiled upon us—as a cat smiles. Croisette told me afterwards that he could have died of mortification—of shame and anger that we had been so outwitted.

He recovered his composure very quickly, however; and turned carelessly towards the door. "If you will follow me," he said, "I will see you disposed of. You may have to complain of your lodging—I have other things to think of to-night than hospitality. But you shall not need to complain of your supper."

He drew aside the curtain as he spoke, and passed into the next room before us, not giving a thought apparently to the possibility that we might strike him from behind.

"Then," I retorted, "how do you come here?" He glanced at Croisette and shrugged his shoulders, as if I had been a spoiled child.

"Ah!" he replied, as if slowly enlightened—the hypocrite! "Ah! I see!" and he smiled grimly.

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understand it. I folded my arms and gave up the game in despair, and but for very shame I could have put my hands to my face and cried.

"Now perhaps you will listen to me," he went on, smoothly, "and hear what I am going to do. I am going to keep you here, young gentlemen, until you can serve me by carrying to mademoiselle, your cousin, some news of her betrothal. Oh, I shall not detain you long."

For a moment the mask was off. His face took a sombre brightness. He moistened his lips with his tongue as though he saw his vengeance worked out then and there before him, and were gloating over the picture.

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some course on his host, which the latter declined to take.

Once Beziers raised his voice. "I have my own ends to serve!" he broke out angrily, adding a fierce oath which the priest did not rebuke, "and I shall serve them. But there I stop. You have your own. Well, serve them, but do not talk to me of the cause! I have my cause, and you have yours, and my lord of Guise has his! And you will not make me believe that there is any other?"

"The king's?" suggested the priest, smiling slyly.

"Say rather the Italian woman's!" the vidame answered recklessly—meaning the queen mother, Catherine de' Medici, I supposed.

"Well then, the cause of the church?" the priest persisted.

"Bah! The church? It is you, my friend!" Beziers rejoined, rudely tapping his companion—at that moment in the act of crossing himself—on the chest. "The church?" he continued; "no, no, my friend. I will tell you what you are doing. You want me to help you to get rid of your branch, and you offer in return to aid me with mine—and then, say you, there will be no stick left to beat either of us. But you may understand once for all—and the vidame struck his hand heavily down among the glasses—"that I will have no interference with my work, master clerk! None! Do you hear? And as for yours, it is no business of mine. That is plain speaking, is it not?"

The priest's hand shook as he raised a full glass to his lips, but he made no rejoinder, and the vidame, seeing we had finished, rose. "Armand!" he cried, his face still dark, "take these gentlemen to their chamber. You understand?"

We stiffly acknowledged his salute—the priest taking no notice of us—and followed the servant from the room; going along a corridor and up a steep flight of stairs, and seeing enough by the way to be sure that resistance was hopeless. Doors opened silently as we passed, and grim fellows, in corselets and padded coats, peered out. The clank of arms and murmur of voices sounded continuously about us; and as we passed a window the jingle of bits, and the hollow clang of a restless hoof on the flags below, told us that the great house was for a time a fortress. I wondered much. For this was Paris, a city with gates and guards; the night a short August night. Yet the loneliest manor in Quercy could scarcely have bristled with more pikes and muskets, on a winter's night and in time of war.

TOMBS AND TEMPLES.

The Earliest Architecture an Outcome of Ancestor Worship.

The earliest architecture bequeathed by ancient nations was an outcome of ancestor-worship. Its first phases were exhibited in either tombs or temples, which, as we have long ago seen, are the less developed and more developed forms of the same thing.

An illustration which may be put first is yielded by ancient India. Says Manning: "Architecture was treated as a sacred science by learned Hindus." Again we read in Hunter:

"Indian architecture, although also ranked as an up-veda or supplementary part of inspired learning, derived its development from Buddhist rather than from Brahmanical impulses."

In Tennent's Ceylon there are passages variously exhibiting the relations between architecture and religion and its ministers. By many people, the cave was made the primitive tomb-temple; and in the east it became in some cases largely developed. A stage of the development in Ceylon is described as follows:

"In the Rajavali Devenipattissa is said to have 'caused caverns to be cut in the solid rock at the sacred place of Mihintala,' and these are the earliest residences for the higher orders of the priesthood in Ceylon, of which a record has been preserved."—Herbert Spencer, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Betrayed by His Child. A publican who had a house a few miles out of London told me the following story not long since: One day a little girl, about seven or eight years old, came in for a pint of four ale in a tankard.

Edith—What a wonderfully entertaining man that Mr. Carling is, to be sure! He always has something to say.

Ethel—Yes; I've just been coming to the conclusion that if he had a little less to say other people might have a little more.—Town Topics.

Held by the Enemy. Upon the bench he sat and sat. While others came and went. His face, half hidden 'neath his hat, showed doubt and terror blent; His sweetheart passed; he didn't rise; She knew not what he meant.

Gave It Up. "My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?"

COMING DOWN TO BUSINESS.



Young Lady—I love your son and he loves me, but he's weak-livered and hasn't got the sand to ask your consent. We'd like to hear from your side of the house!—Bay City Chat.

Forgot Herself.

Briggs—You knew Mangle recently married a widow and went on a wedding trip, didn't you? I saw him yesterday on his return.

Very Likely.

"Man wants but little here below"—Some rascal's sharp device: He craved for wealth himself, you know, And went to selling loaves.—Chicago Record.



CAN'T REACH IT. WALES WINS THE DERRY, BUT THE PRINCIPAL PERSIMMON STILL HANGS OUT OF REACH.—Chicago Tribune.

Strange New Experience.

Mr. Hiram Daly—Has the new cook made up her mind to stay? Mrs. Hiram Daly—I think so. Mrs. Hiram Daly—Then discharge her at once. Mrs. Hiram Daly—Discharge her! What for? Mr. Hiram Daly—We've never had a chance of discharging one yet. I want to see how it feels.—N. Y. Herald.

Managing a Boy.

Husband (a literary man)—I wish you would stop watching little Dick for awhile. Wife—But if I don't watch him he'll be in mischief. "Yes, that's what I mean. When he's in mischief he's quiet, and I want to write."—N. Y. Weekly.

Important Distinction.

"You've been going to see her three years and don't dare to call her by her first name? Well, you are wasting your time. You're courting the wrong girl."

Bad for the Others.

Edith—What a wonderfully entertaining man that Mr. Carling is, to be sure! He always has something to say.

No Doubt of It Now.

"Just think!" exclaimed Stopaklok, "dear little Maggie May admits that she loves me."

Scholarly Attainments.

"My maw understands French and German." "Pooh! My maw kin talk bicycle and baseball."—Chicago Record.

Another Napoleon.

He—That man Napoleon, they say, has had nine wives. She—He must be the Napoleon of matrimony.—Yonkers Statesman.

Never Descends to Details.

"No," said Mrs. Tret, "I always do my own shopping, and always buy the supplies for the kitchen. I can't trust my husband to do anything of the sort. He hasn't a bit of judgment. A dry goods clerk or a grocer can poke any kind of stuff off on him at twice its value."

Enforced Repose.

"Angels all have wings, haven't they, mamma?" asked Bobbie. "Yes, dear." "And they fly with 'em every day, don't they, mamma?" "Why, yes; I suppose so." "Hm," said Bobbie, after a thoughtful pause; "I guess they lay off during moulting time!"—Brooklyn Life.

Taken Literally.

"This woman's paper," he said, looking up from it, "says that a woman should never, under any circumstances, wear a street gown in the house."

He Meant It.

"Look here," said the cynical friend, "you don't mean to tell me that you really meant what you said in your speech to-night when you said it afforded you genuine delight to take off your hat to a workman?"

The Mother-in-Law Joke.

Wallace—For the life of me, I have never been able to laugh at one of these mother-in-law jokes yet. FERRY—If you had a mother-in-law worth \$85,000, as mine is, you would laugh at every joke she made.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Likely.

"Man wants but little here below"—Some rascal's sharp device: He craved for wealth himself, you know, And went to selling loaves.—Chicago Record.



CAN'T REACH IT. WALES WINS THE DERRY, BUT THE PRINCIPAL PERSIMMON STILL HANGS OUT OF REACH.—Chicago Tribune.

Unquestionably True

Neighbor—Well, Patrick, I'm glad your master is dead. He was an old skin-flint, anyway. Patrick (indignantly)—Faith, and Oi bet if he wor alive you'd not be after sayin' your wor glad he wor dead.—Bay City Chat.

It Pleased Algy.

"Oh, Algy, isn't it cruel? Papa has decided to move just when a new ice cream parlor is to be opened in the next block." "Dearest," exclaimed Algy, convulsively, "this is equal to a raise of salary!"—Detroit Free Press.

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.



She—When I marry, I hope my husband will do young—I want to be a widow. He—How barbarous! How cruel! She—Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral.—Truth.

Men of Few Words.

Jollyfellow (after an absence)—Hello, Meak! Married yet? Meak (sadly)—No; not married yet. Jollyfellow (after another absence)—Hello, Meak! Married yet? Meak (sadly)—Yes; married yet.—N. Y. Weekly.

Proper Course.

"I shall apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog, and he makes me work like a horse." "Well, then, you should make your complaint to the Society for the Protection of Animals and not to the courts."—L'Espresso de Poole.

