

THE ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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Sevon Years Ago.

Seven years have passed, my darling, since I sang thy baby-grace, Praising then the winsome beauty of thy "little serious eye."

The hot, impulsive temper answered instantly, without a thought: "It is for this very reason that I hate it. And then she understood him. This daughter of America had been slow to suspect or comprehend the pride of the French aristocrat, but she saw all clearly now; and she would not marry the man who thought he could force her to love him."

A BRIDAL VEIL.

A pretty, dark-eyed girl began to work it, whose lover was over the sea. She was a French girl, and came to a family of lace-makers.

"I will work my own bridal veil, in my own hand," she said. "So, Walter comes to marry me, I shall be a gay bride."

But she never finished the veil; Walter came too soon. She married her English lover—as poor as herself—and went with him to London and France. America; and the half-finished bridal veil went along, carefully folded away at the bottom of a trunk, and for the time being, quite forgotten.

It may have been forgotten in earnest during twelve years, for aught I know certainly it lay that long unnoticed. A lovely little ten year old girl was the fairy that broke its long sleep at last. She had dark eyes, like the peasant of twenty years ago, but Walter's eyes were blue and bright.

"Oh, the charming lace!" she cried, clapping her hands and dancing delightedly, as Elsie took it out of the folds. "Dear mamma, what is it and who made it? Is it for a bride-dress for my old mamma?"

The pretty dark-eyed man laughed and shook her head, and half-sighed, as she pressed the dark fabric to her lips. Then she told the child the history of its making.

But it shall not be hidden so long from the little girl, she said so tenderly. "I will finish it, and when the time comes for my little Adele to be a bride, she will have a veil to be proud of."

Again the little taper fingers told merrily and busily over the delicate lace, and fairy-like ferns and masses of graceful flowers grew steadily under the hand. Adele watched the progress of the work with keenest interest.

"My fingers are much finer and tinier than yours." After that she would bring her little work-basket to her mother's side and work at a veil for her doll. At the age of fifteen she was an expert, and she did not fear to let her hand part in the creation of the famous bridal veil itself, but they worked at it only now and then, as the fancy seized them.

Louis Riviere, was from France, like Adele's mother—that had been a French name, and the first—of Adele loved her mother's country for her mother's sake, though she herself was proud of being called American; and she also loved the young Frenchman.

her, she scarce knew how or why. Indeed, she had wondered often, lately, at a subtle and unpleasant change in Louis. Could it be possible that she was about to discover its cause?

"You ask a singular favor," she said, "but forced quietness. And you aware that my dear mother worked this veil?"

"You did not know, when first you sought me for a bride, that mamma was a lace-worker in France; if you had perhaps you would not have loved me, since you have learned this fact, you have regretted our engagement—you need not say; I have seen a change in you—I feel that this is so! But there is no harm done," she went on, with simple dignity, "since that I have learned the truth before it is too late, and so," she held out to him a little, trembling hand, which he took mechanically—and so I will grant the favor you covet, my friend. Your bride shall not wear my darling mother's veil—here he bowed, and she drew it quickly away—but that is because I shall not be your bride!"

No need to dwell upon what followed. His prayers, his protestations—humbling at first, then angry—his tears, that had power in them to sap the strength of her resolution. They parted coldly at last—lovers still in heart, for love dies not so easily, but outwardly seeming scarcely even friends.

She looked proudly as she left the room—when the sound of the street door, closing after him, struck like a keel of hope to her young passionate heart, she flew to the window and watched him out of sight.

"Go!" she cried, dashing away the tears that blinded her. "Go from my eyes, hateful tears, and let me see my love for the last time! My love! My love! And I have lost him!"

"Oh, go!" she cried, dashing away the tears that blinded her. "Go from my eyes, hateful tears, and let me see my love for the last time! My love! My love! And I have lost him!"

Her parents questioned her in vain. She had quarrelled with Louis; that was all they could learn. And before a chance for reconciliation came, Elsie was smitten with mortal illness, and died in three days. Adele, overwhelmed by the awful calamity, was comforted by brain fever.

At this juncture a summons came from France, demanding his immediate presence there. Strange changes had taken place. Two of the three lives that had stood between him and the little maid of ten years, the Marquis de la Riviere had been suddenly swept away, and the third, a French nobleman, had died in a duel. The present Marquis, himself, a feeble old man, was also at the point of death, so they sent in haste to Louis, as the heir.

The news bewildered him. His heart swelled with exultation and delight, but it sank again, when he learned that he was to go to France. "I care not for rank or wealth unless she shares them!" cried his heart.

"I will go and implore her pardon." He made the attempt, but in vain. He sought her father, and she had heard him; but she never did. When her long and wasting sickness was over at last, and she began, slowly and feebly, to take hold on life, she had learned the late lady's story. Walter had followed Elsie to a better world.

Not even then had she drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs; her father's affairs had been terribly involved; when all was settled she was penniless.

the wealthiest of them all, and her golden hair was not unlike Adele's—it was this that had attracted him towards her more than the others—the memory of an old love.

She never suspected that, however, her vanity made her think that he was in her, she arranged changes, tal leaux, plays—in which he should sustain a part with her. It never occurred to her that he was at once too good-natured and too indifferent to refuse.

It was Adele's bridal veil! "I borrowed it of a lace-maker," Miss Hale said, in reply to his anxious questioning. "I had ordered one like it, but her health is poor, and she failed to have it finished in time. So then I made her lend me this. She was quite unwilling, too," she added, putting, "just because it was her mother's work. Such fancies for a poor person!"

"A young girl?" "Oh, very thin and worn, and sad—with the eyes, but too dull and pale to be called pretty. But an exquisite lace-maker. I shall be glad to give you her address if you have any work for her."

"Yes, he would share together—the blessed work of binding up an almost broken heart, of restoring love and happiness to both their lives!"

Miss Hale never received her veil—the Marquis claimed it. In his haste he sent it to her, and she found it in a frame that cost him over \$100. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull he just took a look at that phiz of yours and always said, 'I wish you were a little more obliged to turn 500 people away at the door.'"

"How came he to get hold of my picture?" "Oh, he begged it of Dr. Murks or Mankus, or that Dr. Morris, I don't know. She hated him thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress \$10,000 once to buy a wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was never called she came in to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to describe my show by mangled up descriptions of their own, but they might not let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of eagles containing wild beasts, with 12 new varieties of elephants, and a recently discovered monster from Africa called Club-footed, which weighs 3,000 pounds."

"Indeed!" "Yes, sir! and a man like you, with a fine descriptive ability and inexhaustible command of language, which has made you famous in two continents, can't you describe it better?"

"How many columns do you want?" "Oh, as many as you please." "When will the show be here?" "Perhaps not for two months; it takes such a long time to move the show across the continent, and it takes a long time to get it across the country is slow."

"Just so. Well, our figures for big shows like yours are \$150 a column, cash down and 30 per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success." "I'll be glad to accept of that, but I don't like to see the show go into the hands of a man who has a bad name for being a swindler." "Isn't that rather steep?" said he.

"It would be, perhaps, for a small provincial journal like the New York Sun or even the London Times, but we circulate such a mammoth edition, and the price is comparatively trifling. Fourteen freight cars come up every day with paper for our edition, which is worked off on five big water presses lightning gear. Our expenses for steam alone, sir, are \$200 a day. We have many carriers that you could pack into your large tent. Our eastern circulation has been increasing at the rate of a thousand a day for the last two years. By simply cutting down the size of the paper an eighth of an inch, we could save you enough money to build four school-houses worth \$20,000 each and endowed an orphan asylum in each county in the state. He doesn't run the paper for money, but just simply for his health and because it is a congenial case. So I bought two gallons of forty-rod whisky and three gallons of no-lasses, and obtained a hog-trot that would hold it when mixed. Bears are powerful fond of sweets, and I knew, if I got old Club drunk, I could fix him."

At this point Aleck the Big was interrupted by a thin, cadaverous figure, in tattered clothing, who had entered from the hill outside air, and was tending over the small sheet-iron stove to absorb heat. His form curled over the radiator in a half circle, like a drooping snail, and he murmured: "I heard about you, Aleck, in them days; and night my chance was there for a bar to get drunk with you standing near the trough of rum and molasses. You'd take three drinks to his'n one."

"B. A. looked at the attenuated figure that was bending closer over the stove, and—merely remarking in an advisory tone, 'You'd better turn the other side of the trough, or you'll warp all out of shape; and I'll likewise observe that you'd rather tell a lie on credit than tell the truth for cash'—proceeded calmly to relate that C. F. fell before the temptation placed in his path, and was executing a drunken dance on his hind feet when B. A. appeared in the distance with his squirrel rifle, and commenced to load it. "But, gentlemen, the bar saw me, and, if he was drunk, took my way so quick that I dropped the rifle and eluded a tree. And—would you believe it?—that bar-picked up the gun, examined it carefully, and blew down the muzzle to see if it was loaded. He then winked at the face, and beckoned with his fore-paw for powder and a bullet."

"As it was late, and to our own cabin half-mile distance, I left that depraved miner still continuing his miserable story."

The Circus Agent Pooled. From the Virginia City Chronicle. Yesterday afternoon, a dapper little man, with a two-ounce cane and a half-pound cluster diamond, came into the Chronicle office and asked if the amusement-reporter was in. All of a sudden he sought was pointed out, the stranger grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking: "Delighted to meet you, sir—really I am. I've heard of you at every place I've stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curiosity to see you that I got off at Reno and took a run up. But really I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of that portion of it I was sure and see you, if I didn't get aboard of anything else in the town."

"Ah," said the reporter, blushing in four colors, "I'm glad to see you. My name is Lacy, and you may know me before—Clarence De Lacy, agent of the Sebastian Van Buena Vista circus and menagerie. This is by far the largest combination of gigantic circuses ever put on the road. We started out about five years ago in a small way, with not over 400,000 feet of canvas, only 50 tents and a few menagerie animals, but we have since absorbed all the small fry-shows. They'd go into bankruptcy along the route and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on earth. He'd buy their outfits and he'd pay double price just to help the poor devils along. Money is of no account to him. He's right-travelling the great west and a desire to see the place."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the reporter. "He knows you—that is, by reputation. He has your picture set in a frame that cost him over \$100. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull he just took a look at that phiz of yours and always said, 'I wish you were a little more obliged to turn 500 people away at the door.'"

"How came he to get hold of my picture?" "Oh, he begged it of Dr. Murks or Mankus, or that Dr. Morris, I don't know. She hated him thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress \$10,000 once to buy a wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was never called she came in to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to describe my show by mangled up descriptions of their own, but they might not let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of eagles containing wild beasts, with 12 new varieties of elephants, and a recently discovered monster from Africa called Club-footed, which weighs 3,000 pounds."

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The Marvels of Half-Moon Canyon. From the Leadville Chronicle. About a dozen miles from the famous Twin Lakes, which are the wonder of the mountains in regard to scenery, and perhaps twenty-five miles from the magic city of Leadville, the traveler on the road to the new mining district surrounding Independence gulch, comes to a clear, sinuous stream known as Half-Moon creek, which flows down the Eastern slope of the great divide, through beds of snows, whose undermost layer has never felt the warm rays of the sun, and over grassy plots where fragrant and delicate flowers are nursed in the mountain storms. Follow its course downward and it will lose itself in Lake Creek, which feeds the twin mentioned, and by following it up perhaps an hour's ride from where the road strikes the creek, it is lost sight of in a deep, narrow canyon, and whose overhanging pines and cliffs the sun's rays never fall to the shadowed waters.

The mouth of the canyon is burred shaped, and the entrance over the first hundred yards is made by a swing from one rock to another in the stream by means of overhanging boulders and branches. At every step the scene becomes more enchanting, the luxuriant undergrowth of vines reaching nearly to the water's edge, and again quiet shutting out the view a few rods to the front. The enchanted explorer on coming to these parts might readily believe that he had reached the end, were it not for the fact that the waters, which may be heard seemingly miles away coursing down through the shadowed cavern, all sound being thrown out through the canyon to its mouth. When in about the distance named the canyon opens out before the size of that portion of it now passed, and the right bank the traveler comes to a trail, which ends at a great boulder here, but is well defined as it reaches into the canyon, as if made by the constant tread of an armed sentinel, whose duty it might be to halt intruders below. In this break in the canyon, and for perhaps another hundred yards, the trail has been followed by the gold-seeker and huntsman, when both are turned back through the trail is all well beaten at this point, as over the part past, but again the pines overhang the canyon, the stream widens, and the traveler loses his determination to see further.

More than a man, professing greater courage than those gone before, has gained this point, wondered at what might be unfolded to him beyond, and, like the rest, retraced his steps, congratulating himself that he was allowed unmolested to return. The condition is inhospitable only bears and mountain lions, and that the beaten path was made by them to the great boulder, where it ends, and that these wild beasts are now, and perhaps always have been, virtual lords of the canyon. A gentleman who lately visited the wonderful and mysterious canyon, was interviewed by a reporter from the Chronicle, and he related the following others, he went to see and perhaps discover the unknown, but his heart failed him, and he was quite satisfied to hear related the strange stories of those who had made bold enough to reach the top of the mountain, and he related that miners had brought out quartz picked from the sides of the canyon which contained more gold than rock; that many of them believed that its walls were made of such stuff, yet no one was bold enough to pass on to ascertain the truth, because of the stories told in regard to the canyon. One of these was to the effect that some years ago two prospectors lured on by what they had found up to the second wall spoken of above, passed on, and to your informant, declares there is no doubt that two men passed in search of gold, and that they never returned, but this idea was exploded by the statement to our informant by those who were left behind, that if they had lived they would certainly have returned and reported.

What to Do When You Are in Trouble. Don't try to quench your sorrow in riotous merriment. If you begin this, you must keep right on with it till it leads you to ruin; or, if you pause, you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched conditions in life, this is the most pitiful, who having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his delirium with self-shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first a painful and contemptible weakness, soon becomes unbearable. Ten to one, the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till its victim sinks, a hopeless, pitiful wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, lie in bed some days, but then get up and do something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake, calculating and worrying, and to your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go a loafing all day, to tell to Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake, and keep your way away by your tossings, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some troubles that only time will cure, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea—work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left behind their Eden. It is an official remedy. All good physicians, in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable sequelae; and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it, with the most beneficial effects. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. As it will not sicken you, if you do not take it sugar-coated.—Dr. Hall.

A Hint to our Census Enumerators. The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported children who were not really in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and accompanied by a band of boys, were carried through the streets of the district. At the first crowd of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters they took their names and addresses. They found that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about 200 boys and girls.

The Paris Globe says that three of the Kings of Europe are about to have an interview; but as they don't intend to declare war against any country or to fight anybody, their Majesties' project is almost unnoticed by the European press. The King of Sweden and the King of Greece are to visit the King of Denmark, who invited them to enjoy a period of sporting.

BOWING THEMSELVES OUT. The earnest protest of the more respectable New York Republicans against the nomination of the "machine politician" Cornell for Governor, having proved unavailing against Conkling's corrupt manipulation of the caucus, an extensive bolt has been organized which is spreading and growing more formidable every day until it is beginning to create something like a panic among the party leaders. The journals which countenance the bolt and advise dissenting Republicans to "scratch" the ticket include such staunch and influential Republican papers as the Evening Post and Harper's Weekly. In consequence of some dissatisfaction with the outspoken editorials in the latter the editor, Mr. George William Curtis, has sent a letter to the Republican organization in Richmond county resigning the presidency, in order to ascertain if its acceptance or rejection whether the Republicans of that county approved his position or not.

Mr. Curtis has for a long time believed in reforming the party on the inside. He has vigorously protested against the insolence, coarseness and the quality of politics given to the machine. But at the late State convention at Syracuse, where he was welcomed with applause, he let the machine do its work. Then he wrote a succession of editorial articles in Harper's Weekly, regretting the nomination of Cornell and advising respectable Republicans to scratch him, but vote for the rest of the ticket "to save the party." His course has filled "loyal" Republicans with astonishment and anger. The expression of his own county, where he has been regarded with respect and pride as a scholar and orator, were calculated to wound him to the quick. But now he learns to his dismay that his resignation was almost unanimously accepted. The Republicans do not want a scratcher at the head of a county organization.

The following is Mr. Curtis' letter, and according to his statements in the Weekly there are hundreds of Republicans in every county in the State who hold the same sentiments and who will follow his example in scratching Cornell's name from the ticket. If so, the election of Robinson who is not a machine politician, but a man of real and proved beyond doubt. Mr. Curtis says: "MY DEAR SIR: I am very sorry, as I wrote you some time since, that I am unable to return to the island before the 15th inst., and that I shall, therefore, be absent at the reassembling of the County Convention on the 11th inst. I regret my absence the more as I understand that serious dissatisfaction has been expressed with some recent articles of mine in Harper's Weekly. These articles assert the right and duty of every Republican to scratch the name of any candidate upon the ticket whose election he thinks would be injurious to the Republican cause, with the specific advice to exercise that right at the pending election. This is the course which I have most earnestly advocated, for the only effective way to correct and purify the management of parties lies in the independent action of the individual voter. It is in my opinion, the only way to secure a coarser salt may not be in the right. The best salt for preserving fish is undoubtedly the Lisbon and Cadiz salt. You may go almost any time to Gloucester, where more care is taken in preserving fish than in any other county, and you will generally see a ship unloading there with a cargo of fish. There can be no desire to teach dilettantism or fastidiousness in these columns, but whoever has not tasted freshly-ground pepper, has no idea how unpalatable a condiment it is. Freshly-ground pepper one buys at the best of grocers, though it may be unadulterated, has been probably in stock for months. To eat pepper in perfection it should be ground a few moments before use, and a condiment of great value. Old-fashioned houses in Europe, a small pepper mill, something dating back from the 17th century, which antiquated machine is still in use. Instead of using the pepper caster the pepper is ground in a mortar, and the whole is made into a dish, or for perfecting a salad, the delicate aroma which freshly-ground pepper gives, when tried, will convince the most unimpaired diner of the great difference between a fresh and a stale condiment.—New York Times.

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The White-Throated Sparrow. This little songster frequents the forests of central and northern Michigan every summer, and is especially sweet and plaintive call. But little seems to be known by the settlers there about the bird or its habits, and during a trip last year we were unable to find a single person who could tell us anything about it, though we inquired most diligently. In the last number of the Poultry Bulletin we find this reference to it: "Of the flocks of white-throated sparrows that passed over our place, only one solitary bird remained all winter, and he was from the White Mountains. Our little pets arrive from more northern latitudes as soon as the leaves begin to fall, and although rather large for a sparrow, being seven inches long, they are not very easily discerned, as they have a great habit of creeping about near the ground under bushes or fences, but if no one well-known by sight, many people know them by their plaintive song, which is kept up incessantly in a clear, high-pitched whine, and is very strong and shrill. To other birds' notes, somewhat resembling the sound of the meadow-lark, but quicker and higher pitched and is much more familiarly recognized than the bird itself. They breed abundantly in the White Mountains, and are there called "Peabody" birds, where their songs are so constantly uttered, as to be considered by some monotonous. Although said to be a retired bird, the one which remained near our house last winter was so tame as to come for its crumbs when near its feeder called it, and become very tame.

As its name suggests, our little pet wears a white bill with a dark edge, a white stripe separates two black ones over his crown; from the upper part of the bill over the eye is a light line that is yellow near the eye; backward from the eye is a broad black line, belly whitish, back reddish, with dark brown stripes, and two light narrow bands across the wings. This little creature of old weather, as most northern birds do, but lingers late into spring before taking his final departure.

Massachusetts. The following is the letter of the Hon. John Quincy Adams to the chairman of the Massachusetts State Democratic committee accepting the nomination by the convention of the Massachusetts Democracy, for the office of Governor of the Commonwealth, reached me this day. I am sensible of the compliment and recognize the duty assigned me by the convention. It seems to me to be a service which under existing circumstances I do not feel at liberty to decline.

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Blaine and Sherman.

Although it is easy to forecast the nomination of Gen. Grant, two distinguished politicians, Blaine and Sherman, are his rivals for the candidacy. Blaine came near winning the prize at Cincinnati in 1876, and from that day of defeat he has not relaxed his ambition to secure the coveted distinction. Sherman, the financier of this administration, builds his hopes largely upon re-nomination, assuming to himself the credit in the main of successfully accomplishing that long-coveted but welcome period in the history of our finances. In the race for the white house Blaine depends upon his long services in Congress, his labors upon the stump and the magnetic qualities of a successful politician which he possesses to a rare degree. Besides re-nomination the base of Sherman's expectations, he holds the key to a large amount of federal patronage, which he is quietly making effective in the southern states, from none of which does he expect an electoral vote; still, their strength in a nominating convention is of importance. In the matter of patronage Sherman it must be observed has a great start of his rival.

In the opening of this campaign there appeared upon the surface beautiful harmony between Blaine and Sherman; in fact it looked as if they had pooled their issues against Grant. The old ring down in Maine, broken last year, was destined to have another hard and closely contested race; it was staggering under the blows of Soton Chase and "the steamers"; there was disaffection all round Maine's sky. To help Blaine out Sherman stretched forth his bony hands to encourage him imagining that his little bow might receive an impetus away down in Maine; indeed it is in the range of possibilities her delegates might be found voting in the national convention for Sherman. It soon began to be whispered about that Sherman did no good in Maine; that his efforts were directed with too much study to finance, ignoring the bloody shirt, Blaine's most powerful weapon, and it would be well for him to move on; and he moved, determined to return the compliment when Blaine should come to Ohio. Says the N. Y. Sun:

When Blaine arrived in the domain of the Sheremans he was sent to country towns, where he was expected to expend his eloquence upon small audiences. But the populace poured out for twenty miles around every meeting place. The woods were full of Blaine men; the country roads were thronged with wagons bringing shouting multitudes; the bands played and the banners waved wherever he went. At Canton, twenty thousand people surged and shouted around Blaine of Maine, and his banners bore various devices, such as "Welcome to our next President," "For President, James G. Blaine," "Ohio sold for Blaine of Maine!" Sherman's skeleton legs rattled in his boots when the wires told the tale. Something must be done or Ohio would be lost. They sent Blaine into a district where there was a matinee, and it was supposed there would be no large meetings. But the numbers took charge of the meeting, and Blaine, with the regular committee aghead, and the regulars, with the rest of the population, trudged away half a mile in the country to the favor of a little speech. Thence he was turned loose in Lewing's district to be buffeted, and here he took a signal revenge. "Vote," he cried, "for the men who fought for you," and then he was a slip of the tongue. This meant Ewing and Rice, of course, and the Democrats shouted themselves hoarse, and vowed that Blaine was the best stumpster they had in the field.

Blaine touched the height of his audacity when he touched Lancaster the home of the Ewings. A great crowd had gathered to hear him, and the railway company had agreed to stop the train twenty minutes for a speech. But Mr. Blaine did not speak. He allowed his way through the throng to a carriage, in which sat Mrs. Ewing, his relative and a very agreeable woman, with whom he whiled away the precious moments allotted by the State Committee for him to discourse to the Republicans of Lancaster. Cincinnati, Springfield, Cleveland, Dayton, begged for Blaine. But the State Committee said "No." Blaine's speeches would not do for Ohio. And finally, his engagements were cancelled, and he was shunted out of the state by the nearest route. It is now reasonably certain that Sherman will not be delegates from Maine; but in the far off settlements of Ohio, where the machine is least felt, and in the rich valleys of the Scioto and the Muskingum, there is a sullen determination that Blaine of Maine shall have a few delegates from the Buckeye state.

The advent of Thurman upon the national stage of politics retired bluff old Ben. Wade, who died as many other ambitious men before him, without grasping the Presidential scepter. Thurman's time to retire will come in March, 1881, and Garfield, Matthews, Tatt and Roster are each on the seat for the senatorial succession. Thurman, president pro tem of the senate, entered that body when only twelve Democrats were members, and remained there to see a Democratic majority of ten. For several years he resisted the "Ohio Idea," but fearing his constituency were swinging away from him, gave in his adhesion. A leader of great ability, brilliant in debate, strong upon the stump, and a thorough gentleman he, along with the majority of the voters of Ohio to political graves.

Among the best evidences of improvement in business circles is a reduced number of failures with less liabilities for the nine months of 1879, compared with a corresponding period of 1878. The number of failures in the first nine months of 1878 were 8,678, with liabilities of \$197,511,120. For the corresponding period this year the figures were respectively 5,820 and \$81,054,040, showing a decrease of three-eighths in number and of one-half in amount. For the third quarter of 1878 the failures were 2,853 and the amount \$60,378,363; while the corresponding period just passed shows but 1,202 failures, with liabilities of only \$10,275,350, a reduction in the number of bankruptcies of more than half, and the amount of li-

Prizes Awarded at the County Fair.

Table listing prizes awarded at the county fair, including categories like Stock, Poultry, and various agricultural products with their respective values and winners.

STOP AT THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.

This House has just been refurnished and refitted in the most up-to-date style. Travelling and Business Men stopping in the city give us a call and we will be glad to show you our new and improved Hotel in Detroit, only one block from Woodward street.

STOP AT THE FRANKLIN HOUSE. Theatrical Goods and Wardrobes. Personal attention given to the production of AMATEUR PLAYS AND MASQUERADES.

M. WHEELAN, THEATRICAL and MASQUERADE COSTUMER IN MICHIGAN. 120 Griswold Street, DETROIT, Mich.

The People's P. p. n. The Detroit Evening News is a weekly publication of over 2,000 copies. The News is published by the proprietors of the Evening News, and is now entering its 10th year.

The Echo for 1880. The Echo is the best and cheapest weekly newspaper in the State. It is published by the proprietors of the Evening News, and is now entering its 10th year.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Venereal Disease, delivered by Dr. J. C. HARRIS.

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO. 41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4586. HALL'S BALSA. Cures Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Breathing Organs.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE. The Most Powerful Healing Agent ever Discovered. Henry's Carbolic Salve cures the worst cases of Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, and all other skin diseases.

In exhibiting his combative traveling troupe to the inland cities of New York, John Kelly sadly misses Darsheimer and Cox, announced upon the bills as special attractions to the show. Darsheimer is a first-class orator; Cox is witty and versatile; they, with the boss might have created enthusiasm, but with eleventh hour wisdom backed out to save themselves from complete political suicide. Kelly is compelled to go it alone. Undaunted and a third rate speaker, he is making poor progress in alienating voters from the regular ticket. Large audiences greet him, people turning out to see a real boss, but leaving after five minutes after he begins to relate his grievances against Gov. Robinson. Those remaining are Republicans who lend their presence to swell the crowd, and cheer Kelly who is doing all he can to elect their candidate, Cornell.

There is no doubt in our mind from a personal acquaintance with Courtney that he is a man of no small talents, and that his shell was sawed in two by some of his friends so that he might be able to escape a contest with him. So many accidents of this or that nature have happened to Courtney that his best friends have no reasonable claim upon the public for further consideration as an orator. He has descended into a first-class fraud, and the wonder is that there are fools enough, even among the low class such as assembled upon the banks of Chautauque lake, willing to spend money by following him up, after repeated failures to row.

TO THE FARMERS OF WASHTEWAS! It is a well-known fact and has not been denied that the Farmers of Washete was have a large number of acres of land in the county of Washete was, which is now being sold by the State.

LEGAL NOTICES. Estate of Edward Gardner. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTEWAS. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for the County of Washete was, made on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1879, six months from that date were allowed for the creditors of the estate of Edward Gardner, late of said county deceased, to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor.

LEGAL NOTICES. Estate of Selden Marvin. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTEWAS. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for the County of Washete was, made on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1879, six months from that date were allowed for the creditors of the estate of Selden Marvin, late of said county deceased, to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor.

LEGAL NOTICES. Estate of John George Schierle. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTEWAS. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for the County of Washete was, made on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1879, six months from that date were allowed for the creditors of the estate of John George Schierle, late of said county deceased, to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor.

LEGAL NOTICES. Estate of Charles E. Burlingame. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTEWAS. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for the County of Washete was, made on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1879, six months from that date were allowed for the creditors of the estate of Charles E. Burlingame, late of said county deceased, to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor.

LEGAL NOTICES. Estate of William Myers. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTEWAS. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for the County of Washete was, made on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1879, six months from that date were allowed for the creditors of the estate of William Myers, late of said county deceased, to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor.

LEGAL NOTICES. Estate of Maria Ford. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTEWAS. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the Probate Court for the County of Washete was, made on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1879, six months from that date were allowed for the creditors of the estate of Maria Ford, late of said county deceased, to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor.

Those who sometimes want a little credit and pay when they say they will, can always borrow the money (if they haven't got it) and then get advantage of what is saved by not trusting those who will not pay.

Don't buy a DOLLAR'S WORTH of goods until you have seen my stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods, which is SIMPLY IMMENSE, never so large.

JOE. T. JACOBS, The Clothier. P. S.—Come in and get prices whether you wish to buy or not, and convince yourselves as to the truth of the above. Ask to see our 40 ct. Underwear.

BARCLAY & BLACK'S CARPETS AND MATS. WASHTEWAS. Consisting of everything to be found in a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF DRY GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c. To be sold during the next ninety days at prices that defy competition. 20 South Main Street, Ann Arbor. J. C. WATTS—The Jeweler. Having re-fitted his store has added to it one of the Largest Stocks of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE, &c., &c. Which has ever been exhibited in Ann Arbor, and is bound to sell them. Call and see the display before purchasing. The prices shall suit you. REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING promptly executed in a workmanlike manner. People visiting the Fair are invited to give us a call. B. F. WATTS, Supt.

STOP AT THE FRANKLIN HOUSE. THEATRICAL and MASQUERADE COSTUMER IN MICHIGAN. 120 Griswold Street, DETROIT, Mich. The People's P. p. n. The Detroit Evening News is a weekly publication of over 2,000 copies. The Echo for 1880. A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN. THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO. HALL'S BALSA. HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE. TOWNSELY'S TOOTHACHE AND RHEUMATISM CURE. DOBBS' CARBOLIC TROCHES.

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