

THE Tecumseh Herald comes out in a new dress, as neat as a new pin. The Herald would be a credit to a town very many times the size of Tecumseh, and we are glad to know that it is in a healthy condition with a host of admiring readers.

THE Adrian Press calls attention to the fact that the republicans carried Michigan this spring with 20,000 less votes than last fall and with 84,000 less votes than in 1888. When it is remembered that the republicans smarting under defeat were driven to make extra exertions it will be seen that their record need not make them feel very good.

FOR the first time in many years a democratic assembly was elected in New York State last fall. They adjourned a couple of weeks ago and the tax rate of New York was reduced from 2.34 to 1.375, a reduction of 56 per cent. Our Michigan legislature can study this record to advantage. We believe that they will not break the democratic record for economy.

WE confess to being not at all pleased with the Bastone Congressional reapportionment bill, and the sentiments of the democracy down this way likewise seem to be against it. The trouble seems to be in the way in which Washtenaw is placed. The proposed district is Genesee, Oakland, Livingston, Ingham and Washtenaw. The district is an exceedingly irregular one. It has twelve sides. Washtenaw is placed among entirely new neighbors. Only one railroad connects us with the district, and that only runs through Livingston and touches the borders of Genesee. If this doesn't look like a gerrymander, we don't know what is. Washtenaw is separated from old associates and tacked on as the tail end of a district with which she does not geographically belong. We hope that the democrats of the house will see to it that the Bastone bill is amended so far as Washtenaw county is concerned.

AN ENEMY TO THE CITY.

The deadliest foe a man can have is one who goes about in the guise of a friend, but who secretly knives him at seasonable opportunities. As with a man, so with a city. A city's reputation builds it up or tears it down. Ann Arbor city has had a good reputation, a deservedly good one, and to-day, nowhere in the state of Michigan can be found a more orderly or a better governed city, and yet a paper which subsists through the subscriptions of our citizens, and the patronage of our business men, has for a long period been endeavoring to tarnish the fair fame of the city, to blacken its reputation abroad and to make it a stench in the nostrils of respectable law-abiding citizens of the state. We refer to the Ann Arbor Register, which may with truth, be said to be acting the part of an enemy to the city and the University in whose welfare that of the city is bound up. Here, where the facts are known its utterances are taken for what they are worth and nothing need be said. But misrepresentations long continued and undenied, have begun to bear ill fruit outside. Papers throughout the state, eager to injure the University or devoted to the interest of some denominational school, or hopeful of cutting down University appropriations, have taken up the Register's utterances and use them to deter parents from sending their children here. Silence, at last, has ceased to be a virtue. The Register richly deserves to be held up as the traducer of the fair fame of the city, a traducer which can live only by the patronage of the

citizens, who are injured when the city is injured, a traducer which smites the hand that nurtures it.

Is Ann Arbor a modern Sodom and Gomorrah? One would think so, who carefully reads the Register, unless he looked for specific charges instead of general denunciations. Of course there is drunkenness here. But what town in the United States can boast otherwise? Of course there are infractions of the law, greatly to be deplored, here as in other cities. What we want to say right here is that no city in Michigan is better governed than Ann Arbor, no city has less of a criminal element, no city has less drunkenness. If men were perfect, laws might be perfectly enforced. We regret that they are not, but we fail to see just cause for the endeavors of the Register to blast the fair fame of the city. The very night before the Register reached its readers complaints were made by saloon frequenters that they could not get in saloons. What is gained by the Register's tirade against the present officers? Absolutely nothing and worse than nothing. To deprive the officers of the support of the law abiding element which is unquestionably in the great majority in this city, is not to strengthen them in their efforts to enforce the laws. Without waiting to see what the policy of the new mayor is, without giving the officers he appointed any opportunity to show what their efforts towards the enforcement of the liquor laws would be, the Register quotes approvingly, "evidently the lowest elements of saloonism will hold the reins of city government." A more palpable, bare-faced and utter falsehood never found place in public print.

To show to what extent the Register goes we quote from its temperance column of last week: "Ann Arbor citizens last year dug the graves and filled them with the soulless bodies of two hundred drunkards." When it is remembered that there were not more than as many deaths as that here last year and that many were women and children, the sweeping character of the Register's statement may be felt.

THE ARGUS does not desire in any way to uphold infractions of the liquor law. It hopes they may be much more infrequent in the future, but sees no reason or justice for the Register's tirades, unless the Register aims to be what it is, perhaps, let us hope, unwittingly, an enemy of the city.

Proceedings of the Board of Public Works.

[OFFICIAL.] OFFICE OF BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS. May 6th, 1891.

Regular meeting. Called to order by President Keech.

Roll call. Present—Schuh, McIntyre and Keech.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Mr. Keech was chosen President for the ensuing year.

A petition signed by sixteen residents and property holders of the Third Ward, City of Ann Arbor, asking that the Board order the construction of a sidewalk on the south side of Miller Avenue, from Main to Seventh Streets on to the present city limits; and also build crosswalk on First and Chapin Streets. Received and referred to Mr. McIntyre and Street Commissioner.

Mr. Keech moved that the Summit Street controversy be referred to Mr. McIntyre and City Attorney.

Yeas—Schuh, Keech, and McIntyre.

Board then adjourned.

W. J. MILLER, Clerk.

Lodi.

Wm. Schenk will build a large barn this spring.

Miss Hattie Knight is quite ill with rheumatism.

A number of people were taken in by a street fakir in town Saturday night. I think they will profit by the experience.

S. Fay and J. Geddes have been wrestling with the rheumatism this spring. They are getting better at present but are not able to be out yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Waters, of Salem, visited friends in Lodi over Sunday. Bert Waters will soon move into his new house on his father's place.

As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness and grayness.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

[OFFICIAL.] COUNCIL CHAMBER, May 11, 1891.

Special meeting.

Called to order by Pres. Cooley. Roll call. Present, Aids. Mann, Martin, Allmendinger, O'Hearn, Ferguson, Rehberg, Kitson and Pres. Cooley.

Absent, Aids. Wines, Herz, Taylor.

The call for special meeting was read and the following business was transacted:

Bond of City Treasurer, S. W. Beakes, with Moses Seabolt, Am-Kearney, Edward Duffy, John R. Miner, Frederick Schmid and J. D. Ryan, as sureties, was read and approved, a majority of all the Aldermen elect voting therefor, by yeas and nays as follows:

Aids. Mann, Martin, Allmendinger, O'Hearn, Ferguson, Rehberg, Kitson and Pres. Cooley—8.

Nays—0.

Ald. Ferguson: Resolved, That the Board of Public Works having advised the same, the sum of four hundred dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated from the street fund for the purpose of widening and grading Division street, between North and Detroit street, and for constructing crossings, sidewalks, fences, as per agreement of this council with John F. Lawrence, Esq.

Yeas—Ald. Mann, Martin, Allmendinger, Fillmore, O'Hearn, Ferguson, Rehberg, Hall, Kitson and Pres. Cooley—10.

Nays—None.

By Ald. O'Hearn:

Resolved, That the Mayor be and he is hereby authorized and empowered to appoint for the term of twenty days Lewis Hutchinson, E. Nicholson, Charles Bowen and L. D. Carr, special policemen for the purpose of guarding the property of and conserving the peace at "The Ann Arbor Art Loan," to be held at Newberry Hall in this city, such policemen, however, to perform such service without costs to the city, and also the city to be without liability for any neglect of duty on their part. Which motion prevailed.

Communication from Mayor Doty and City Clerk of Detroit was read.

Ann Arbor, May 11th, 1891.

To the Honorable The Common Council:

There is pending in the State Legislature a bill introduced by Senator Park for the repeal of such charters and laws as exempt railroad property from local taxation.

I would most respectfully call your favorable attention to the action taken by the Common Council of the city of Detroit in support of said bill, of which action a copy is herewith submitted, and would suggest if the same meets with your concurrence that you memorialize our Senator and Representatives in behalf of said bill.

"No kind of exemption has ever been so much criticized in this state as that which withdraws corporate wealth from contributing to pay the current expenses of the State and which relieves it entirely from any part of the local burdens," Mr. Justice Campbell.

Respectfully,

WM. G. DOTY.

Received and placed on file.

By Ald. Mann:

Whereas, There is now pending before the legislature of this state, a bill permitting among other things, the local taxation, for local purposes of the railroad property in this state, the passage of which has been and is being strongly urged by the Common Council of the City of Detroit, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Council said bill ought to pass and be enacted into a law of this state.

Resolved, That the members of the House of Representatives from this county and the Senator from this Senatorial district be and they are hereby requested to use their best endeavors to secure the passage of the same.

Resolved, further, That the City Clerk be and is hereby instructed to certify a copy of these resolutions to each of said Members of the State Legislature and also to the Clerk of the City of Detroit.

Yeas—Ald. Mann, Martin, Allmendinger, Fillmore, O'Hearn, Ferguson, Rehberg, Hall, Kitson, and Pres. Cooley—10.

Nays—None.

The Council adjourned.

WM. J. MILLER, City Clerk.

The new stocking, "Waukenhose," is meeting with much favor. There is no good reason why the stocking should not be shaped to fit the foot as well as the shoe, and it is somewhat remarkable that this idea has never been practically realized before. "Waukenhose" are certainly correct in shape and a radical improvement upon the old style stocking.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Columbia Safety Bicycle, in first-class condition. W. W. WATTS, 10 S. Main St.

FOR SALE.—Three and a half lots and house, No. 27 N. Ashley street. House two rooms, cistern, water works, barn, all in good repair. Lots sold separately if desired. Lower lots \$250. Lot with house. A decided bargain. Enquire of F. J. Schiede, State st., or 25 N. Ashley st.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, ANN ARBOR, MAY 4TH, 1891.

At Ann Arbor, in the State of Michigan, at the close of business

MAY 4TH, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Table with 2 columns: Resource Name and Amount. Includes Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, Other stock, bonds and mortgages, Due from approved reserve agents, Premiums Paid, Due from State Bank and Bankers, Bills in transit, Real estate, furniture and fixtures, Current expenses and taxes paid, Checks and other cash items, Bills of other National Banks, Fractional Currency (including nickels), Specie (including gold Treasury notes), Legal-tender notes, Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation), Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund.

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Liability Name and Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Other undivided profits, National Bank notes outstanding, Dividends unpaid, Individual Deposits subject to check, Demand certificates of deposit, Certified Checks.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, I, Sidney W. Clark, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. W. CLARKSON, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this eleventh day of May, 1891.

DENSMORE CRAMER, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: JAMES CLEMENTS, EDWARD TREADWELL, PHILIP BACH, Directors.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

JUST ONE NIGHT. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 15th.

Welcome Sham, Great Tycoon of Japan.

Appearance Positive of WILLARD SPENCER'S American-Japanese Comic Opera Success

The Little Tycoon, Presented on a scale of Matchless Magnificence

BY THE Author's Own Company and Orchestra of 52.

Headed by America's Favorite Prima Donna, MISS TELLULA EVANS,

Assisted by a Large Chorus of College Students and Tourist Maids.

PRICES, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25

Seats on Sale Tuesday morning, May 12 at Post Office News Stand

A. C. NICHOLS, DENTIST

Late of Nichols Bros. Over Adams's Bazaar No. 13 South Main street.

MARTIN & FISCHER, PROPRIETORS OF THE WESTERN BREWERY, ANN ARBOR, MICH. Brewers of Pure Lager Beer.

Great Closing Out Sale. Hats trimmed according to Paris, New York and Cleveland styles.

Hats in all shapes and sizes both large and small. Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Veiling, gilt and silver Lace. Everything in the line of Millinery will be sold at the very lowest prices from now on. Please call and examine our line of goods before purchasing elsewhere. Respectfully, MRS. A. OTTO, 19 Fourth Ave.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

FREE GOLD WATCH. GOLD WATCH. Worth \$100.00. Best gold watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy. GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free.

Do it to show what we send you. Those who call our friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which helps us to keep our mill and this we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can save \$100 per week and upward. Address, Scitson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

W. F. LODHOLZ IS OFFERING BARGAINS

Groceries and Provisions.

FIRST-CLASS GOODS A SPECIALTY.

New Teas at 25, 30, 40, and 50c per pound. Kettles, porcelain lined, free with 1 pound Baking Powder at 50c. China ware free with 1 pound coffee at 25c per lb.

The best goods at the lowest prices. Always full weight and measure. All goods fresh and warranted. Delivered to any part of the city. You will save money by trading with

W. F. LODHOLZ, 4 and 6 Broadway.

THE TWO SAMS,

CLOTHIERS.

- Dressing is an Art. -

Why not let us help you?

That we can do something, better than common is evident.

How?

Look at the hundreds of men wearing OUR TAILOR MADE GARMENTS and speaking our praise to-day.

Are you of and among them? Or are you still paying fancy prices for Custom Made Garments at your tailor's? Do you value your appearance—and your dollars. You'll go far to find our equals.

Look at our present business, acquired not in a year or two, but years of meritorious labor in our line.

How Meritorious?

Lifting the Clothing business above the evils of the past unto the broad gauge methods of to-day.

Avoiding shoddy goods at any price and all the time aiming to give the most and best service for the money, whether it be \$5.00 or \$25.00 for a suit, \$1.00 or \$5.00 for trousers.

Our large assortment, combined with our knowledge of your wants, is one of our helpers to you and to us.

Inspection invited.

THE TWO SAMS, L. BLITZ.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

D. CRAMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SEWARD CRAMER, Clerk and business partner. Office front room over First National Bank

E. B. NORRIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Does a general law collection and conveyancing business. A moderate share of your patronage respectfully solicited. Office in the Court House.

G. R. WILLIAMS, Attorney at Law and Pension Claim Attorney, MILAN, MICH. Conveyancing and Collections.

ELIHU B. POND, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

And Notary Public. Conveyancing done and REAL ESTATE bought and sold on commission. Patronage solicited. No. 6 N. Main St.

DENTISTS.

LOUIS P. HALL, DENTIST.

Office South State street. Over Sheehan's Book Store. Hours 9 a. m. to 12 and 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

W. W. NICHOLS D. D., DENTIST.

In the old St. James Hotel Block. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of vitalized air.

WM. HERZ, NO. 4 W. WASHINGTON ST.

House, Sign, Ornamental and Fresco Painter, gilding, calcimining, glazing and paper hanging. All work is done in the best style and warranted to give satisfaction.

TONY SCHIAPPACASSE, NO. 5 N. MAIN STREET.

FRUITS, NUTS and CONFECTIONERY TOBACCO and CIGARS.

Oysters and all kinds of fruit ALWAYS ON HAND

C. W. VOGEL, ANN STREET.

CHOICEST CUTS OF STEAKS. MEATS AND SAUSAGES.

Fresh lard always in stock. Poultry in season.

D. A. MAC LACHLAN, M. D. Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office in Hangsterfer block. Residence, 26 S. Division Street. Hours.—1 to 5 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

W. F. LODHOLZ IS OFFERING

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Groceries and Provisions.

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New Teas at 25, 30, 40, and 50c per pound. Kettles, porcelain lined, free with 1 pound Baking Powder at 50c. China ware free with 1 pound coffee at 25c per lb.

The best goods at the lowest prices. Always full weight and measure. All goods fresh and warranted. Delivered to any part of the city. You will save money by trading with

W. F. LODHOLZ, 4 and 6 Broadway.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME TABLE (REVISED) NOV. 30, 1890. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS: Mail, Day, Shre, N.Y., N.Y., N.Y., Atl., Kal. Exp. Lim. Exp. Ex. Exp. Exp.

Chicago, Lv. 7:05 A.M. 9:02 P.M. 3:10 P.M. 9:25 P.M. 10:10 A.M. 4:30 P.M.

Jackson, 8:10 A.M. 4:25 P.M. 3:55 P.M. 8:47 P.M. 4:40 P.M. 6:15 P.M. 9:40 P.M.

Chelsea, 9:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M. 4:00 P.M. 9:50 P.M. 5:30 P.M. 7:13 P.M. 10:43 P.M.

Dexter, 10:45 A.M. 6:45 P.M. 5:15 P.M. 11:05 P.M. 6:45 P.M. 8:28 P.M. 11:58 P.M.

Deshi Mills, 12:00 P.M. 8:00 P.M. 6:30 P.M. 12:20 P.M. 8:00 P.M. 9:43 P.M. 12:13 P.M.

ANN ARBOR, 1:15 P.M. 9:15 P.M. 7:45 P.M. 1:35 P.M. 9:15 P.M. 11:00 P.M. 1:30 P.M.

Ypsilanti, 2:30 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 9:00 P.M. 2:50 P.M. 10:30 P.M. 12:15 P.M. 2:45 P.M.

Wayne June, 3:45 P.M. 11:45 P.M. 10:15 P.M. 4:05 P.M. 11:45 P.M. 1:40 P.M. 4:10 P.M.

Detroit, Ar., 5:00 P.M. 1:00 A.M. 9:15 P.M. 5:20 P.M. 1:00 A.M. 2:50 P.M. 5:20 P.M.

Buffalo, 6:15 P.M. 2:15 A.M. 10:30 P.M. 6:35 P.M. 3:25 A.M. 4:10 P.M. 6:40 P.M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS: Dtr, Chi, Exp, Lim, Mich, N.Y., N.Y., N.Y., Pac, Mail. Exp. Exp. Exp. Exp. Exp. Exp.

Buffalo, 6:00 A.M. 12:30 P.M. 6:30 P.M. 9:45 P.M. 3:15 P.M. 12:50 P.M. 6:00 P.M.

Detroit, Lv., 7:05 A.M. 9:02 P.M. 3:10 P.M. 9:25 P.M. 10:10 A.M. 4:30 P.M.

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Buffalo, 6:15 P.M. 2:15 A.M. 10:30 P.M. 6:35 P.M. 3:25 A.M. 4:10 P.M. 6:40 P.M.

*Daily. *Sunday excepted.

O. W. RUGGLES, H. W. HAYES, G. P. & T. A. Chicago. Ag't Ann Arbor

Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway.

Time Table going into effect, Monday,

USE



CLARK'S MILE-END SPOOL COTTON

BEST SIX CORD

FOR

Machine or Hand Use

FOR SALE BY

Mack and Schmid

CITY AND COUNTY.

Look out for the Key!

There are nine inmates in the county jail.

Chelsea village will raise \$1,000 by direct tax this year.

The Manchester school has an enrollment of 349 pupils.

The grounds about the Disciples church have been graded.

The court house lawn was freed from dandelions yesterday.

John Zahn and Miss Mary Drussle were married in Saline, Thursday.

Peach prospects were not injured last week as much as was expected.

Rev. Ferdinand Schlessinger delivered his farewell sermon in Saline, Sunday.

Daniel Butler will build a new house on his farm in Sharon this summer.

Csn the Key be found?

The Manchester creamery turned out 1550 pounds of butter in three days, last week.

Selva E. Twist died in Manchester, May 2, of pneumonia, aged thirty-six years.

A new ordinance just passed by the Chelsea council closes the saloons at nine o'clock.

A number of the members of the Wolverine Cycle Club took a trip to Bridgewater, Sunday.

Mrs. Maulthop died in Green Oak April 30. She formerly kept a hotel at Walsh's corners in Northfield.

The city expenses of Ypsilanti last year were \$53,356.01, including \$16,476.04 bonds and interest paid.

The Normal school base-ball nine defeated the Ann Arbor high school nine Friday, by a score of 14 to 10.

Mrs. T. Sayle, of southern Manchester, died May 1, of consumption, leaving a husband and four children.

President Angell delivers his lecture "A Visit to Pekin" at the Orchard Lake Military Academy this evening.

N. J. Kyer, of the City Mills, is having a frame addition built on the south side of his brick residence near the mills.

An addition to the Psi U. house, to cost \$4,500, will be built this spring. It will include library, study and chambers.

Look out for the Key!

A very large number of chickens near Whitmore Lake have died of chicken cholera this year. Whole flocks have been carried off.

Yesterday afternoon in the circuit court a motion for a new trial was made in the case of Kate L. Thompson vs. W. B. Thompson, argued and denied by the court.

Can the Key be found?

Some bills cover a long period of time. The Clinton Cemetery Association has just been presented with a bill of \$250 by George Morton for twenty-five years' services.

All the breaks in the Swift dam structure have been closed and the water now flows only over the dam proper. The raising of the race banks has not yet, however, been completed.

Last Sunday was one of the quietest in Ann Arbor. Marshal Murray and Patrolmen Collins and Tice saw that the saloons were closed on that day. They are also seeing that they are closed after hours.

Dr. Edward Pick will lecture in the room of the Philosophical society in University hall upon Memory and the Rational Methods of Improving It. He comes highly recommended by Presidents C. K. Adams and Andrew D. White.

Jacob Knapp, of Freedom, met with an accident a few days ago which came near being serious. In plowing, the limb of a tree caught on the harness, and when released it sprang back striking him across the nose and cutting a deep gash.—Manchester Enterprise.

The M. E. church in Willis was dedicated Sunday before last, free of debt. There was \$800 of debt left on the morning of the dedication, but that was all raised after the sermon of the presiding elder and in the evening \$100 was raised towards buying an organ.

A number of the carpenters of the city went out Monday on a strike for a ten per cent. advance in wages and nine hours work. W. F. Abrams, of Detroit, vice-president of the Carpenters' National Union, addressed a large crowd from the court house steps, last night, and urged them to remain out until their demands were acceded to.

One day last week while alone in the house, Hrs. Norgaard (the aged mother of Mathew and Thomas Jensen) put her hand in a pot of boiling cabbage, and then went down cellar and put it into pork brine. The result is that the flesh is coming off, and the old lady is a great sufferer. About five months ago she did the same thing.—Chelsea Standard.

Died, May 2, 1891, Mrs. Sarah Killam, at her house about four and a half miles south of this village. Sarah Rockwell was born June 1st, 1817, in Canada, and at the age of six years removed to Peru, N. Y. She came to Michigan about 1832, and was married to Elijah Killam in 1837, since which time her home has been on the farm on which she died.—Chelsea Standard.

Look out for the Key!

In order to save himself from loss Bro. Beakes, of the Ann Arbor Argus has to have his paper delivered by carrier. The new law on papers other than weekly papers, makes the postage one cent upon each paper, and knocks the profit off of all papers delivered by mail. Because Bro. Beakes, like all other newspaper publishers, is surrounded by gold and United States bonds, it is no sign that Post-Master General Wanamaker should rob him for the benefit of the government. The tariff is a tax.—Monroe Democrat.

S. D. Allen of this city, is visiting the towns on the Michigan Central as far as Albion, and G. E. Dibble, the towns on the Toledo & Ann Arbor, in the interest of the Student's Christian Association Art Loan excursions. It is hoped that every village will embrace the opportunity to visit Newberry hall and the beautiful exhibits, which will include many of the best specimens of art that can be found in the State of Michigan. All departments of the University will be open to visitors. Reduced fares will be given by the railroads.

Look out for the Key!

The Ann Arbor Commandery, Knights Templar, decorated the graves of those of their commandery who have gone before, Sunday after-

noon, and held appropriate services in charge of Eminent Commander John R. Miner and Prelate Levi D. Wines. Three Sir Knights passed away during the past year, Thos. F. Hill, Geo. N. Sutton and Sedgwick James. The other graves decorated were those of H. J. Beakes, John N. Gott, Frederick Sorg, Morgan O'Brien, Robert Price, A. F. Hangsterfer, Simon O. Ball, L. C. Risdon, E. J. Johnson, W. H. Potter and James H. McGoffin.

Mamma (to her little boy). "Now, Bennie if you'll be good and go to sleep, Mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.

Can the Key be found?

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Arthur J. Sweet is visiting friends in Ionia.

William Eldert has been visiting in Saginaw and Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Clarkson were in Macon over Sunday.

Mrs. Cadwallader, of Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Royer.

Miss Henriques goes to New Haven, Conn., for a visit this week.

Walter Hawkins, of Detroit, recently of Ypsilanti, was in the city yesterday.

Otto Behr, of Detroit, was in the city on business, the latter part of last week.

Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit, took a drive about the city Friday afternoon.

Hon. Fred A. Maynard, of Grand Rapids, son of John W. Maynard, leaves for Europe this week.

Justice E. B. Pond was in his office yesterday for the first time since his recent seige with la grippe.

Mrs. John Burg, of Illinois, and Mrs. Miller, of Ypsilanti, were visiting friends in this city last Friday.

Joseph T. Jacobs returned Saturday evening from New York, where he had been attending a meeting of the Indian Commission.

Mrs. Wm. Allaby has returned from her week's visit at Lowell, Mich. She was accompanied by her cousin, Paul Dehner, who will spend a few weeks here.

Capt. Bortle, the genial landlord of the Franklin House, returned last Friday from Utica, N. Y., where he had been visiting his daughter and many old friends for a week.

Look out for the Key!

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts.

Report of the Condition OF The Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank AT ANN ARBOR, MICH. At the close of business, May 4, 1891.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$24,507.27
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	73,191.67
Overdrafts	2,460.96
Due from banks in reserve cities	\$9,435.49
Bills in hand	4,334.40
Furniture and Fixtures	3,600.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,642.37
Interest paid	2,334.22
Checks and other items	816.78
Nicksels and Pennies	51.40
Gold	7,712.20
Silver	1,534.15
U. S. and National Bank Notes	10,415.09
Total	\$392,468.50
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$40,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits	11,612.74
Dividends unpaid	30.00
Commercial deposits	264,634.01
Savings deposits	56,191.75
Total	\$392,468.50

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. County of Washtenaw, ss. I, Frederick H. Belser, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. F. H. BELSER, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of May, 1891. W. W. WHEEDON, Notary Public. CORRECT—Attest: REUBEN KEMPF, A. KEARNEY, CHAS. E. GREENE, Directors.

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirt, grease, and preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like the fretful porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor.—The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, in being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Richard Brown and Catherine Brown to Thomas Kearney, dated March 5, A. D. 1885, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan, on the fifth day of March, A. D. 1885, in Liber #4 of Mortgages, on page 438 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of two thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine dollars and fifty-nine cents, and an attorney's fee of thirty dollars, provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or process has at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Friday, the tenth day of July, A. D. 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the North front door of the Court House in the City of Ann Arbor (that being the place where the Circuit Court for Washtenaw County is holden), the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with seven per cent. interest, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of thirty dollars covenanted for therein, the premises being described in said mortgage as follows: The certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate in the Township of Webster, in the County of Washtenaw and State of Michigan and known and described as follows: The east half of the north-east quarter of section, number one in township number one south of range number five, east.

THOMAS KEARNEY, Mortgagee.

THOS. D. KEARNEY, Attorney for Mortgagee.

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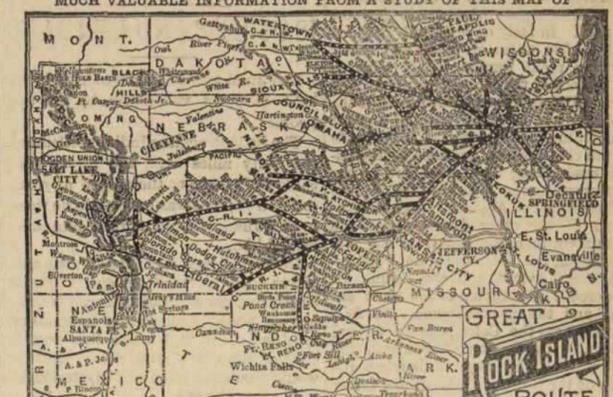
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ANCIENT ROMAN ROADS.

Jno. Glimmer Speed Draws a Lesson from Their Construction.

It is claimed that the Incas of Peru were the greatest road makers the world has ever known. Montaigne tells of a road from Quira Cuazo, 300 leagues long and twenty-five paces broad, made of stones ten feet square, with a running stream and a row of trees on each side, and there is so little reason to doubt this statement that it can be accepted as literally true. Prescott, in his "History of Peru," in speaking of this road says that "it was conducted over pathless sierras covered with snow; galleries were cut through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed, and ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry." The Incas of Peru are doubtless entitled to the palm for road making, but nevertheless in the popular mind the ancient Romans will probably always be regarded as pre-eminent in building permanent means of communication from one part of the empire to another. The history of ancient Peru strikes the average mind as about as real as the tales of the "Arabian Nights," but there is a verity about Roman history, due to the fact that in all schools it has been conned over and over, until even the man of the dullest imagination has lived in the great deeds of the founders, idled with the sybarites of its too ripe days and suffered with those who vainly attempted to check its decadence and prevent the overthrow of its glory.

Therefore I think that in this era of road improvement agitation there will be more interest to learn how the Romans worked than that of any other people. It is said that they learned their method from the Carthaginians, but wherever they learned it they carried it out with no regard whatever to the cost entailed. In Italy only the old Romans built 14,000 miles of road, and many of their roads remain today either as the surface or the foundation of modern roads. The antiquaries have divided the roads leading from the gates of ancient Rome into several systems. Directly to the sea the Romans traveled by the Ostian road; along the sea shore to the northwest by the Aurelian, and to the southeast by the Appian. Next the Aurelian in the other direction was the Flaminian, then the Salarian, the Nomentarian, the Tiburtine, the Praenestine, the Lavinian and the Latin. Of these roads the Appian is the most ancient and the most famous. Its first stretch, from the Colosseum to Capua, was built by Appius Claudius in the 443d year of the city. This was a distance of 142 Roman miles. Julius Caesar extended this highway from Capua to Brundisium. We are indebted to Horace for a very minute description of a journey to Brundisium. Sir William Gell, too, in this century, in a book called "The Topography of Rome and Its Vicinity," has traced out the road as it originally was, and located many of the monuments and sites of ancient villas along either side of this noble highway.

In laying out a highway the old Roman engineers seemed to practice a plan which would seem very strange to us. Whether or not they made a preliminary survey for the purpose of observing the topographical features of the country the records do not speak, but it is manifest to my mind that they did not. They knew whither they wished to go. Standing at the starting point, some landmark in the proper direction would be selected, and the road located on an absolutely straight line to that point. Then a trench was dug the entire length until some kind of solid foundation was found. When a foundation of solid rock was found the lowest course of masonry was omitted. This masonry consisted of three courses, each about 12 inches thick. The lowest course was of large flat stones, put in with reference to bearing, the interstices filled with spawls and the whole grouted with cement. The second course was of concrete—that is, small stones mixed with cement mortar, and the surface of this was smoothed very carefully. On top of this the third course was laid, and this consisted of polygonal blocks fitted with the utmost nicety. These roadways were from 16 to 26 feet wide from curb to curb, and beyond the curbing on each side of the road was a foot pavement 2 feet wide. The stone of which these roads were built was usually of volcanic origin and very hard and black in color. Notwithstanding the substantial character of these roads, the utmost weight which each class of vehicle was permitted to carry was regulated by law, and these laws were strictly enforced. The consequence of this careful building is that, though there were periods centuries ago when Italy was sunk into almost universal barbarism, and that it is now taxed almost to death to maintain a navy and army, the roads compare favorably with the best in Europe. This is not the case where one wanders off from the main highways, which are still maintained by the government. In Italy as in America, where the maintenance of the country roads is left to local care, the roads are bad. Those in Italy are practically impassable.

But in this country we don't need to build such roads as the Romans built. In the first place we can exercise more ingenuity than they did, and lay out our roads with some reference to heavy work and to easy grades. And then in the second place we have no need for such solid masonry as they saw fit to use. Telford and MacAdam have taught us how we can build roads as solidly as roads need to be built if we will only attend to one cardinal principle in building and to another in maintenance. We cannot build a solid roadbed unless we have perfect drainage. No foundation, however carefully laid, will resist the loads on the pavements unless the earth beneath is dry and the metal covering impervious to water. The Romans may not have drained perfectly at all times, but I am persuaded that they understood it in theory. Our telford and macadam pavements will answer our purposes quite as well as any roads the Caesars ever planned, or, for that matter, be for practical use as substantial as the ten feet square blocks of the Incas of Peru.

JNO. GLIMMER SPEED.

A LOST LEGEND.

St. Wilfrid once, aware of love grown cold, And faith but lukewarm in his northern fold, While ev'n the few who failed not to be shriven Sought less for peace than feared to forfeit heaven.

Announced for an approaching festival Tidings of infinite import to all. And when the close packed church expectant stood, Down from its place he threw the holy rood, Crying: "My brethren, know that Armageddon Is fought and lost! The saints of God, though led on

By Michael and his angels, were o'erthrown: And Satan occupies the heavenly throne. All is reversed: 'tis sinners who will dwell Henceforth in heaven, while saints must burn in hell.

Myself, alas! too zealous have I striven On the Lord's side—no hope for me of heaven. But you, my brethren, I have little doubt May yet find entrance, if you turn about. Only be speedy, for I have sure word That Judgment day will be no more deferred: And Satan's hosts are on the road to bind Whomever in the house of God they find.

Go, sin while there is time! Forsake the church, And leave me as your scapegoat in the lurch!" All stared astonished; and on many a face, Smug, smothered and sanctimonious, a grimace Grew slowly, while the open sinner's laughter Rang loudly from the rood loft to the rafter. Then, swift as ants swarm from their threatened heap,

Or from the opened pinfold rush the sheep, Forth streamed the congregation, thick and fast. Each only fearing to be found the last. The church was empty, and St. Wilfrid stood, Most grimly smiling, by the fallen rood; When in a darkened corner he was ware Of some one kneeling, and a sobbing prayer:

"O, dear Lord Jesus! I have followed thee So long, and thou hast loved me. Let me be Where thou art, for I have sure word Than with thy foes in heaven with thee in hell!"

Then cried St. Wilfrid: "Blessed be thy name, Woman, that puttest my weak faith to shame! I thought but to convict the careless herd Of vain religion by an empty word. But now of thine example will I make A lesson that all sinners' souls shall wake, All saints' rekindle; and that word of thine Shall to the world in golden letters shine."

He stepped toward the woman; the white head Lay on the withered hands: she knelt there dead.

—F. W. Bourdillon in Spectator.

ISA'S LOSS AND HER GAIN

San Juan was 105 years old, and was held in great veneration by all the people.

The little straggling Indian settlement was sixty miles from the priest, who could only come to them once a year; so when any one was in trouble he went to San Juan, who comforted him and helped him.

He had always seemed so strong and active until a few months ago, when he began to show signs of failing. He did not go about from house to house as much as usual, and when the women chided him for staying from sight he would shake his head and mysteriously look up at the sky.

When pressed by the women, who could not conceal their anxiety, he would tell them that before the apples were ripe again in the cactus hedge down by the old mission he would go away from them all never to come back. Then the women would humor him and take him to their houses, and send for old Mariana, who lived a little distance down the valley, who made the medicine for the settlement. Wonderful medicine it was, out of roots and herbs and seeds, but it never did San Juan any good.

When Isa, Antonio's wife, saw that the old man was indeed getting weaker she told him that he must come to her house and live. San Juan shook his head and said that he had a place on the side of the hill, where the sun was always shining; he could sit in the door and watch the children playing in the valley, and he was always the first one to see the priest when he came riding over the hills. He loved that place and wanted to stay there.

But Isa entreated him, and finally he lodged in her house one night. That night Antonio stayed at home with Isa and the children, and when San Juan would again have gone away Isa begged him to stay longer, because Antonio was good to her when he was in the house. So San Juan, for the good he might do, spent another night in Isa's house.

After they had eaten their supper of beans Antonio brought in more manzanita roots and piled them high, so that the flames leaped and the fire crackled and filled the house with light. Little Pedro clapped his hands and tried to catch some of the queer figures that danced upon the adobe walls.

Isa watched San Juan's face. It was drawn and cut by deep wrinkles. His eyes were small, deep set and dim. His straight, tangled gray hair hung about his face, and made one think of coarse torn cobwebs hanging from dirty ceilings in abandoned rooms. Isa begged San Juan to take a blanket and lie down, for he was tired she knew.

But he only stretched himself out before the fire and gazing absently at the flames drew San Juan (Isa's eldest son, who had been named for the old man) to his side.

The child sat down on the earthen floor beside him and listened while the aged San Juan, slowly and with quivering voice, told him stories about the early days in the valley.

Many miles from Caliente stand the walls of the old mission, fast crumbling into ruin and decay. In the niches where the crucifix used to rest the birds build their nests and the bees swarm about the western windows. In the hall which echoed the solemn chant, or the voices raised in prayer, there is only a silence, unbroken save as a piece of the wall crumbles and falls to the earth. It is deathly now at the old mission. The wind sighs through the dead grasses as the work of destruction goes on, giving earth back to earth.

San Juan tells the boy about the days when he was there working up and down the valley for the padres, and going to the mission at night. From the window in his low, bare room

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he used to look down the valley, all smiling with the river and gardens and olive orchards, and see at the end a narrow strip of the ocean. San Juan closed his eyes. Clear and plain was the picture of his fading sight tonight; the sun as it went down made the sea look like a tongue of fire, and it colored the valley pink, and changed the mountains from pink to blue and soft purple.

The old man opened his eyes, and raising himself on his elbow, more now to himself than to any one else, told how the bells calling to matins would awaken him, and when he went out to work the whole world seemed full of peace. But once—San Juan shook his head as he told it—he had to take some sheep over the hills to keep for the day, and when he came home that night there were six missing. The padres were much disturbed and very angry, and they shut him up in the mission prison, where you can still see the iron bars at the windows. They kept him there for ten days, and yet San Juan could tell nothing of the sheep. He confessed to having slept at noon under a live oak, but the sheep were never found, and many weeks of penance did hardly atone for his great neglect.

San Juan would like to creep back to the old walls once more and kneel by the western windows, but he never could go, and he sighed.

It was hard to talk now. He almost whispered as he told Antonio to be good to Isa and the children and stop gambling. There were no padres now to watch him, no mission where he could go and pray, and temptation was great, but he would ruin his soul and kill Isa, and make bad men out of the children if he did not stop going down to Moreno's. Antonio bowed his head on his hands and did not speak, San Juan had talked to him like this before.

The old man slowly raised himself, and beckoning to Isa to give him a blanket, crept through the narrow doorway into the other room of the house.

That was all. The next morning they found him holding the crucifix in his hands, but he neither spoke nor stirred. San Juan was dead, and the whole village was in mourning. The women wailed and cried, and the men did not go to Moreno's, but stayed at home with the women.

For three days the dead San Juan lay wrapped in his blankets outside Isa's house, and then they buried him over on the hill where he had lived when the beautiful Spanish bayonet lifted its white head to the sun.

Isa went home, unfastened the black shawl that framed her dark, sad face, with the large eyes, and put it away in the box where she kept the earrings and the beads that Antonio had given her when they were married five years before. Antonio was good to her then.

She cooked the supper, and stepped outside the door to call little San Juan and Pedro. She saw Antonio going around the house to the corral, and she waited patiently for him to come in. At length she followed him, and left the children eating their supper on the

bench by the little window.

Isa stopped, caught her breath, and then walked with quick steps toward the corral, where Antonio was fastening a cord around a sheep's neck.

Too well Isa knew what it all meant, and she caught Antonio by the arm and begged.

"Oh, not tonight, not tonight! And the last sheep but one! Antonio, surely you will not take that down to Moreno's!"

He shook her roughly off. "Because that old San Juan died in your house you are a coward! Think you I care for all he said, who thought himself as good as the priest? You women made a fool of him."

"O, no, Antonio!" Isa's eyes were full of tears. "But see, wait, stay with me now. And you will lose all, every thing at Moreno's, and then you'll come home and strike me and curse!"

She had put her arms about his neck and hung there, looking at him with her sorrowful eyes.

The sheep pulled on the cord and tried to get away. Antonio drew it nearer, and with his other hand pushed Isa from him. She staggered backward, her bare ankle struck against a gnarled root of wood, and she fell with a cry of pain into the roots piled high against the house.

Antonio hurried away down the path bordered with sage brush; the horned toads ran before him and the lizards darted across the sand. The sun had just gone down behind the mountains, and there was a soft amethyst tint to sky and hills and valley, while the air was freighted with the fresh smell of the sage and the delicate odor of tiny flowers that blossomed in the sand.

Isa slowly crawled into the house. The children had fallen asleep on the floor by the bench. She covered them with a blanket, and then went into the small, low room where old San Juan had died.

Throwing herself down in the corner she lay there, hoping that Antonio might return, and yet knowing in her heart that she would not see him again for two days. She did not sleep, but tossed and prayed until day began to break, and then her baby was born.

The mother called little San Juan, and told him to cross the road and beg Rica to come to her. Rica was Isa's cousin, and she followed the boy to where the baby girl was crying.

Isa smiled upon the child, and then turned her face to the wall and prayed that Antonio might come home and be good. Perhaps he would be good to the little girl. He was angry when Pedro was born, and went away and staid a week, but now Isa was sure he would be happy when they told him that the child was a beautiful girl. If some one would only find him and tell him, she said.

Rica went to the door, but Isa called her back. "Not Jose," she whispered. Rica understood and shook her head; but when she stepped into the road and looked up and down she only saw Jose, old San Juan's grandson, who was carrying his olla down to the river-bed for water.

Rica hesitated, looked behind her, then silently stepped to his side and touched his arm. He turned, and in-

stinctively glanced toward Isa's house. Rica drew her shawl closer over her head.

"Go get Antonio," she said, "Isa's baby is a girl." Jose looked into the face of the woman before him, bowed his head and started off down the path which Antonio had taken the night before with the sheep.

As he neared Moreno's he heard loud talking and cursing; now he heard something fall heavily against the wall; then the door burst open and four men rushed out dragging the fifth by the throat. They kicked him out into the road and leave him there—then turn again to their table.

Jose knows that the figure in the road is Antonio. This thing has happened often, and it is no use now trying to get him home. But there is Isa waiting with her baby. Poor Isa! Jose loved Isa. Why did she marry that thing lying there in the sand, who only brought her suffering?

Jose stood a moment thinking, then went up to Antonio and touched him. The drunken man stirred and groaned with pain. Jose lifted him, but Antonio fell back without speaking. An instant, then raising himself with Jose's help he staggered to his feet and turned toward Moreno's door.

Jose held him. "Not there, you fool! They'll kill you! Go home!" But Antonio, afire with thirst and wild with anger, tottered back into the low, close room full of men, and reeling toward the table drew from his belt a club and struck the man who had won his sheep.

A murmur, a hiss, a volley of curses, and then they flew at Antonio, pounding him with benches, wood, anything they could lift.

Jose struggled to drag Antonio out. A club struck his wrist, he writhed with pain, loosened his hold, and in an instant Antonio lay bleeding and gasping on the floor. They kicked him out again, but when Jose turned him over he had stopped gasping.

Marie, Isa's baby, was eight months old, and it was time for the priest to come again.

Isa had washed the blankets and built a bed in the corner of the small room where the priest was to stay. Great strings of bright pepper hung on the south wall of her house, making a deep fringe of scarlet and green on the gray adobe. The pepper tree in front of the door, with its long, willowlike branches, was gay with its white blossoms and its long stems heavy with red berries. The ground around the house was sweet and clean as the floor within. Above the rough fireplace hung a broken crucifix. Antonio had stepped on it once when he was angry.

Ah, Antonio! Isa shivered when she thought of him and covered her face. She was glad that she heard just now the sound of happy voices and children laughing and men talking, for she knew that the priest had reached the village. She brought him proudly into her house; he looked at Marie and called her a beautiful baby, and said she was like her mother. Isa smiled and was very happy. Rica lived with her now, and together they cooked the supper of beans and rabbit and cakes.

The priest had been in the village for six days, going from house to house and blessing the people and bringing them

peace. The men had promised to stop gambling, and now this morning he would baptize the children, and tomorrow he would go away for another year.

Isa had put a scarlet skirt on Marie, and pinned around her waist, close up to her arms, a brown band.

She was standing in her door holding her child, hugged to herself, with a corner of her own shawl thrown over the baby's head. She was waiting for Rica, for the priest had gone on with San Juan and Pedro to the place where he was to administer the sacrament.

It was a large, open square. The men had cleared away the bushes and built walls of sticks and boughs, and made the roof of branches of the live oak.

"Isa!" The woman started, for it was Jose, who came quietly up behind her and spoke to her. She had only seen him three times since that awful day when Antonio was killed, and each time he had brought her roots to burn. "Ha! the priest goes away tomorrow." Isa's eyes fell. She only held Marie closer to her and answered nothing. Jose's brown foot traced a figure in the sand. He looked up and then held out his arms for the baby.

"I will be good to you, Isa," he said. She turned as though she would go into the house, hesitated, stepped back again and out into the sunshine. She laughed as she placed Marie in Jose's arms.—M. Y. H. in Washington Post.

Returned with Thanks. Spacer—What are your returns from joke writing? Liner—The jokes, chiefly.—Munsey's Weekly.

What is lacking in truth and confidence. If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it wouldn't be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a \$500 guarantee. They say—"If we can't cure you (make it personal, please,) of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you \$500 for your trouble in making the trial." "An advertising fake," you say. Funny isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute. Wise men don't put money back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

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