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It usually contains items of importance either  
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## HARDWARE. STOVES.

### Monroe Furnaces.

Boydell Bros. Prepared Paints.

Steel Roofing and Metal Works

## Grossman & Schlenker.

## Cleaning up.

We have been having a general "clean up" in  
our stock the past month. In Pianos we have  
a few more odd ones yet to go.

### Especially

Two Boardman & Gray brand new Uprights—  
one each Walnut and Mahogany—three pedals,  
latest styles and improvements. We do not  
intend to carry this make of instrument and  
will sell them TWENTY per cent below regu-  
lar spot cash price. Everyone knows that the  
"matchless" Boardman & Gray is first class in  
every respect. We mean just what we say about  
closing them out. Here are TWO bargains for  
some one.

### The Ann Arbor Organ Co.

51 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

SOLE AGENTS:  
CHICKERING BROS.,  
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## ENVELOPES

AND

## PAPER

AT THE ARGUS OFFICE.

Prices that defy all competition. Envelopes of good quality, 25 in a package,  
3 cts. per package, 2 packages for 5 cts. First class envelopes, 5c per package.

First class, cream laid, plate finish, Writing Paper, 100 sheets  
for 10 cts.

Best quality of Linen Paper, ruled, 100 sheets, 15 cts.

These are but sample prices.

Investigate and be convinced that we can save you 100 per cent. on goods in  
this line.

## ARGUS OFFICE,

Opera House Block,

ANN ARBOR, - MICH.

## THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW

Cuts Up a Number of Didos With a Thirty-  
eight Mile Wind.

### ELECTRICITY FOR YPSI-ANN MOTOR LINE.

The Summer School at Ann Arbor.—Good  
Prospects for a New Factory.—Ar-  
rested for Forgery.—Gov. Ash-  
ley Seriously Ill.

### Charged With Forgery.

C. W. Ricketts, of the senior  
class of the University of Chicago,  
was arrested on Tuesday last in  
Chicago on the charge of forging  
the name of F. B. Harris to two  
notes amounting in all to \$35.  
Ricketts gave bail to the amount of  
\$500. He claims that Harris gave  
him the notes for work as business  
manager of the Calumet Magazine.  
Harris claims that he did not. The  
case is put down for trial tomorrow.  
Ricketts will be remembered as cor-  
responding secretary of the Students'  
Lecture Association here last year.  
He also held numerous other offices  
while in college here but it is whis-  
pered that he received a quiet tip  
not to come back this year.

### A New Factory Promised.

It looks as if Ann Arbor would  
secure another manufactory. The  
wagon factory, which was looking  
for a location, as mentioned in last  
Friday's Argus, has made a contract  
with the Ann Arbor Agricultural  
company, under which the com-  
pany takes \$5,000 stock in the wagon  
company and furnishes the power  
and leases them ground to put up a  
factory for five years, with an agree-  
ment to sell the ground at the end  
of the five years. The men who  
in the company are practical men  
who have an order for 1,500 wagons  
from one St. Louis firm. They de-  
sire to have \$20,000 more stock  
taken here. They have been man-  
ufacturing their patented wagon  
gears in Toledo, but intend to build  
entire wagons here.

### A Narrow Escape from a Burning House.

What came very near being a triple  
fatality occurred Friday night about  
11 o'clock at the old Charles Stan-  
ley place six miles southeast of this  
city. Fire broke out in the dwell-  
ing and had got so far under way  
that Mrs. Dolby and another lady  
living there barely escaped before  
the rafters fell with a crash. Had  
they remained five seconds longer  
they would have been buried in the  
ruins. In the meantime John Dolby,  
the young man of the place, who  
had given the alarm had thrown a  
trunk and other things from the  
window and had come forth from  
the building when recognizing his  
nearly nude condition he rushed  
back inside for his clothes and was  
overcome by the heat and smoke.  
He was eventually rescued with  
difficulty and is now under the doc-  
tor's care. The loss on the build-  
ing is about \$1,000 with no insur-  
ance.—Ypsilanti Correspondence of  
the Times.

### Must Not Trespass.

James and Emma Webb, of Pitts-  
field, had John Steward arrested  
recently for hunting on their prem-  
ises in violation of the statute mak-  
ing it unlawful to hunt for game  
with firearms, dogs or otherwise on  
any enclosed lands or premises of  
another in any county of the state  
without the consent of the owner or  
lessee.

Mr. Steward was brought before  
Justice Pond last Friday morning  
and plead guilty, whereupon he was  
fined \$5 and \$2.70 cost, which he  
paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb claims to  
have been greatly annoyed by hunt-  
ers, and in order to protect them-  
selves they have placed signs at  
various places on their premises,  
warning people not to trespass.  
Notwithstanding this, persons have  
continued to hunt over the lands  
until they have become convinced  
that the only way to prevent the  
nuisance is to prosecute all offenders.  
This they intend to do in the future.

### He Wants the Deed Set Aside.

Mr. John McMahon, of Manches-  
ter, filed a bill in chancery yester-  
day asking that a deed of his real  
estate to his son, Joseph, may be  
declared void.

The bill sets forth that in settling  
with his sisters a dispute relative to  
the estate of Joseph McMahon, his  
father, he considered that his prop-

erty was in danger and "in an evil  
hour" he determined to cloud the  
title of his property so that he made  
out a deed for it to his son, Joseph.  
His son never saw this deed and  
knew nothing of it, and he did not  
intend to deliver it. He placed  
it in the keeping of A. J. Waters,  
who, without his knowledge had it  
recorded. He claims that the deed  
is a cloud on his title, making it im-  
possible to pay a mortgage on it and  
he fears the property will be sold  
before his son comes of age, on the  
mortgage, and also that his wife  
whom he married after the deed was  
executed but before it was recorded  
may be deprived of her rights. He  
therefore asks that the deed may be  
set aside and declared void.

### The Blizzard.

The wind played "high jinks"  
yesterday. It brought business to a  
dead stand-still. It put a stop to  
news-gathering. It kept people in-  
doors. It sent backs to the school  
houses for the school children. It  
blew the snow this way and that, up  
and down. The man who got a  
dose of snow in the face and ducked  
his head to avoid it found that this  
only gave entrance to the snow down  
the back of his neck. The wind  
blew through the whiskers of the  
man who was out yesterday after-  
noon with the velocity of thirty-  
eight miles an hour. At least they  
so reported it at the University Ob-  
servatory. Trains were delayed.  
The play at the opera house was de-  
layed until near nine o'clock. The  
Ypsilanti motor started for Ann Ar-  
bor this morning, but got stalled on  
the way and stayed stalled. Some  
men were favored by having their  
walks swept clean, while their neigh-  
bors had great snow banks piled on  
their walks.

The wind at Detroit blew with  
such force that it sent the ice up  
stream. The storm reached from  
Kansas to the Atlantic coast.

### What Came Out of the Sewer.

The students of anthropology will  
find something of interest to them  
in their work in the stone knife  
which was taken from the sewer on  
Depot st. on Saturday. It is about  
eight inches long and tapers to a  
point. There seems to be some dif-  
ference of opinion as to its use,  
Ald. Wood believing it was used by  
the Indians in making arrow heads.  
Others think it was used in skin-  
ning game.

Other interesting relics were also  
found. At a depth of seven feet a  
swamp oak stump was discovered on  
the top of which laid a horse shoe.  
Street Commissioner Sutherland dis-  
covered an ox shoe which at the  
present day is a curiosity in Ann  
Arbor. A surveyor's grade stake  
was also thrown out of the ditch.

The ground along Depot street  
was originally a swamp covered with  
underbrush. Daniel Hiscock was  
the first settler to break it up. Op-  
posite Tolbert's lumber yard the  
water in the spring of the year  
would back up and cover the low  
ground. John Nowland recollects  
the time when a boy he with others  
caught many large pickerel at this  
place. The street has been filled up  
over seven feet for a long distance.  
—Washtenaw Times.

### The Motor Line May Use Electricity.

Steps were taken on Friday after-  
noon last looking towards the con-  
solidation of the electric street car  
line with the motor line between  
this city and Ypsilanti. At a meet-  
ing of the stock holders of both  
lines, Friday, committees were ap-  
pointed to prepare plans for the  
consolidation, the committee on the  
part of the motor line being J. E.  
Beal, H. P. Glover, Wm. H. Deubel,  
and Dr. W. B. Smith; and on the  
part of the Ann Arbor street rail-  
way Charles E. Hiscock, Hud-  
son T. Morton and Moses Sea-  
bolt. The committees are to investi-  
gate the cost of equipping the  
motor line with electricity which is  
a prerequisite of a consolidation of  
the two lines and in pursuance of  
this investigation a large number of  
letters have been sent out to the  
different electrical manufacturers.

There can be no doubt but that  
the receipts of the motor line will  
be increased if the change to electricity  
is made, while its running expenses  
will be decreased. The first cost  
of making the change is the stum-  
bling block. If the consolidation is  
made there will be no changing of  
cars between this city and Ypsilanti  
and the trip will be much more  
pleasant. Open electric car rides  
through the country during the  
summer will prove a very delightful  
recreation which would result in a

very largely increased summer traf-  
fic. Then cars, under the proposed  
change would be run every hour.

It is hoped that the plans for con-  
solidation and the proper equip-  
ment of the motor line, may be  
successful as certainly the change  
would prove of great benefit to  
both cities.

### Gov. Ashley Dying.

Last night's Detroit Evening  
News contains the following dis-  
patch from Toledo:

Ex-President James M. Ashley,  
of the Ann Arbor road, which is  
now in the hands of a receiver, is ly-  
ing at the Monticello, an apartment  
boarding house erected last summer  
by his son.

A general breaking down, together  
with, or possibly caused by, the  
great financial losses sustained by  
the family during the recent panic,  
is reported as the cause of his seri-  
ous illness. It is now given out  
that he can not last many days.

Gov. Ashley has been among the  
more prominent men of Ohio for  
many years, having served in the  
militia, prior to the war, and later  
having been appointed as governor  
of Arizona, whence he was removed  
by President Grant. He was promi-  
nent in the impeachment trial of  
President Johnson, having thus re-  
ceived at times the title of "Im-  
peachment Ashley."

He has been for years a striking  
figure in Toledo, where his family  
reside, and where it was supposed  
he had accumulated a large fortune.  
His eldest son married, it will be  
remembered, a daughter of W. R.  
Burt, of Saginaw. The latter is  
now the receiver of the road.

Gov. Ashley was an intimate friend  
of the late D. R. Locke, the "Pet-  
roleum V. Nasby," of journalistic  
fame, and delivered a touching ad-  
dress at the funeral of his friend.

### Death of a Pioneer.

On last Thursday evening occurred  
the death of Mr. Daniel E. Wines,  
father of Prof. Levi D. Wines, of  
the Ann Arbor high school. Mr.  
Wines was a native of Connecticut,  
having been born at Canterbury,  
Windham county, in 1812. He  
was, therefore, at the time of his  
death in his eighty-third year. He  
came to Michigan with his parents  
in 1837 and settled in Ann Arbor.  
In the years immediately following  
he was a witness of the growth and  
rapid development of this part of  
the then new state of Michigan. It  
was no uncommon thing for him  
in those days to start out and walk  
to Detroit. He was twice married, first  
to Miss Anna Maria Baker, daugh-  
ter of Abraham Baker, of South  
Hampton, Long Island. Mrs. Wines  
died in 1850, leaving two sons,  
Charles A. and Abraham. His sec-  
ond wife was Mrs. Phoebe Douglas,  
who bore him two children, Levi D.,  
of this city, and Anna, now Mrs.  
Hale, of Detroit. Mrs. Wines,  
Abraham, Levi D., and Mrs. Anna  
Wines Hale survive him. Mr. Wines  
was a contractor and builder and  
ranked high in his vocation. Many  
of the finest residences of Ann Ar-  
bor are monuments of his skill and  
workmanship.

In all the relations of life he was  
known as an upright, honorable  
man, and he leaves behind a large  
circle of friends who will sympathize  
with his family in their bereavment.  
Mr. Wines' death occurred at the  
home of his son on South State  
street. The funeral was held from  
his son's residence at 2:30 o'clock,  
Saturday afternoon.

### The Summer School.

The committee having in charge  
the summer courses of instruction at  
the U. of M., with the authority of  
the regents and the faculty of the  
department of Literature, Science  
and the Arts have announced the  
program for the term. The term  
will begin Monday, July 9, and  
close Friday, August 17. The sev-  
eral courses announced will be five  
hour courses, one hour per day, five  
days in the week unless the contrary  
is specified. The committee has  
assumed that a large proportion of  
the students will be superintendents  
and principals of schools, and teach-  
ers in high schools and academies,  
and it has accordingly sought to  
arrange the program with immediate  
reference to this end. In general  
the elementary courses will be given  
with a conscious pedagogical purpose  
and aim. As the term is short it is  
desirable that work should be con-  
ducted upon the intensive plan.  
Students are therefore advised not  
to attempt too many courses and  
also to consult with their instructors  
before making up their program.

The courses will comprise the fol-  
lowing:

Preparatory Greek and Greek drama,  
by Mr. DeCon. Elementary Latin,  
Cicero and Virgil, by Mr. Meader,  
and Caesar's Gallic War, by Prof. Kelsey.  
Beginners course in French and com-  
position and translation from English  
into French, by Mr. Levi. Beginner's  
course in German, advanced course  
in German grammar and history of  
German literature from the middle of  
the eighteenth century to the death of  
Goethe, by Mr. Mensel. English liter-  
ature and the study of Shakespeare,  
by Professor Demmon. Old English,  
(Anglo-Saxon) and English grammar  
on an historical basis, by Professor  
Hempl, and English composition, by  
Professor Scott. American history and  
civics, and general history, with spe-  
cial reference to medieval history by  
Mr. Dow. Psychology, history of philo-  
sophy, philosophy of the sciences and  
philosophy of religion by Dr. Lloyd.  
The theoretical, practical and histori-  
cal study of the science and art of  
teaching by Professor Hinsdale. Prin-  
ciples of political economy, recent de-  
velopments in economic theory by  
Professor Taylor. Geometry, algebra,  
trigonometry and analytical geometry  
by Mr. Lyman. Differential and in-  
tegral calculus by Professor Cole. Me-  
chanics by Professor Ziwet. General  
physics and laboratory work for begin-  
ners, by Mr. Reed. Primary and  
secondary batteries, by Professor Pat-  
terson. Laboratory work in general  
chemistry, by Mr. Hegley. Analytical  
chemistry and organic chemistry, by  
Mr. Edwards. General descriptive and  
practical astronomy, by Mr. Lowrey.  
Animal biology, by Mr. Jennings.  
General anatomy and physiology of  
plants and histology, by Professor  
Newcombe, Miss Morrow and Mr.  
Pieters.

### The Heinrich Concert Friday.

Prof. Stanley's lecture last even-  
ing in Music hall on "The Piano-  
forte" was highly enjoyed by all  
present. The talk, though com-  
plete and adequate itself, was in-  
creased in interest by the exhibition  
on the platform of all the various  
parts of the pianoforte. Two  
pianos, a grand and an upright,  
were completely dissected and the  
parts shown and explained to the  
audience. The harp, the sounding  
board, the key-board, with all its  
accessories, and a single key with  
hammer, clasper, muffer and its  
complete action, were separately  
viewed and discussed. The won-  
derful minuteness and delicacy of  
mechanisms in the construction of  
the hammer and its appurtenances  
is simply marvelous to the uninitiated.

The principle of the piano is a  
combination of strings stretched  
over a sounding-board with a me-  
dium for setting the strings in motion.  
The nearest hints among the ancients  
to the modern pianos were the  
Egyptian lyre and the Assyrian  
Azor, but the immediate predeces-  
sors of the piano were the clavichord,  
or spinet, and the harpsichord. The  
principle of these is the same as  
the piano but the tone was not  
sustained.

The speaker had drawings to  
illustrate the action of these instru-  
ments and to compare the same with  
that of the piano.

Bach, the first of the great masters,  
composed for the harpsichord and  
this gives his music its peculiar fea-  
ture.

In 1711 an Italian constructed a  
crude pianoforte but its invention is  
usually assigned to Schroder, of  
Saxony, in 1717. The piano is an  
instrument of greater possibilities  
than the violin. It is not so much  
a part of the personality of the per-  
former as the violin is, that is, the  
instrument and performer are not  
in such close communion, but where  
this relation is closest there is the  
most perfect touch and technique.

Some of the latest improvements  
in the piano have been made by  
Americans and among these inven-  
tors Messrs. Steinway and Chicher-  
ing hold first rank. The former  
perfected the iron harp-frame, giv-  
ing to it the requisite strength and  
resonance. Few persons would  
think that the strain on the piano  
frame is 60,000 pounds. The intro-  
duction of the piano was the begin-  
ning of modern music and to this  
period belong the great masters.

Many lingered after the lecture to  
inspect more closely the parts of the  
piano.

Michigan Club Banquet at Detroit,  
February 22nd.

For the above occasion, the T.,  
A. A. & N. M. R'y will sell excu-  
sion tickets February 21st and 22nd,  
limited for return to February 23rd,  
at one and one-third fare for the  
round trip.

Attention, G. A. R.

For the Annual State Encamp-  
ment to be held at Owosso, March  
20 to 23, the T., A. A. & N. M.  
R'y will sell excursion tickets on  
March 19, 20 and 21, limited for  
return to March 24, at one and one-  
third fare for the round trip.

The Ann Arbor Argus.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

Entered at the Post-Office, in Ann Arbor, Mich., as second-class matter.



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1894.

A farmers' institute is to be held in Morrice on February 20 and 21. The programme of the same announce that Governor Rich will deliver an address before the institute on "Our State Government." Just at this time there can be no doubt but that our good Governor possesses knowledge about that subject that is of interest not only to the farmers of the state, but all other citizens as well. For instance, we should enjoy listening to that part of his address in which he shall explain the process by which the three good men and true, constituting his canvassing board, transformed a majority of 11,000 against into one of 1,600 for the constitutional amendment increasing their salaries from \$800 to \$2000.

The action of County Clerk May, of Detroit, in leaving the tally sheets and book containing the transcribed records of the votes on the constitutional amendments of 1891 and 1893 where they could be gotten at so easily by any one who might be interested in their destruction, was, to say the least, extremely careless. It would seem that ordinary caution should have suggested that these records which were being used as evidence in the effort to fix responsibility for the worst political crime that ever disgraced the fair name of Michigan be diligently guarded. Especially would it seem to be true after it had been suggested that he leave them in the safekeeping of the clerk's office at Mason and May's alleged response thereto. No one supposes, of course, that there was any collusion between Clerk May and the rascals who committed the theft, but his apparent failure to appreciate the low character and desperate straits of those to whose interest it would be to have this incriminating evidence out of the way, does little credit to his experience and sagacity as a public man.

In dealing with the rascals who conceived the crimes of 1891 and 1893 whereby the constitution of this state was debauched by the insertion therein of amendments which were never ordered by the people, there should be no respect shown to any on account of his prominence or political affiliations. If Attorney General Ellis is responsible for these frauds or either of them, or if he aided and abetted the same in any manner, he should receive the full benefit of the penalty provided for such offenses. On the other hand, if Messrs. Jochim, Hambitzer and Berry or any others, are shown to be responsible for the crime of falsifying the returns of 1893, they should not be shielded from the penalty provided for their offense because of the position they hold or because they have a "pull."

It should make no difference who the men are or what party label they wear. Whoever the conspirators are, they must be taught that it is not healthy to override the will of the people in Michigan. The good name of the state demands that they be brought to justice and that no guilty man be allowed to escape. If the authors of the shameless act, which has dishonored the state, are allowed to slip through the meshes of justice, it will indicate that the people of Michigan are but fit subjects for the contemptuous treatment which their servants have heaped upon them.

THEY MUST BE CONVICTED.

The latest developments in the amendments scandal at Lansing indicate that the conspirators who succeeded so easily in defeating the will of the people and placing a foul blot upon the fundamental law

of the state, are prepared to resort to the most daring and desperate measures to escape the consequences of their criminal acts. In the light of the villany committed in the Downey House, at Lansing, last Thursday night, those who have been charitably inclined and willing to believe that nothing more serious than a stupendous blunder had been committed, must now join the ranks of those who have from the first held that we have here in our midst one of the blackest political conspiracies that has disgraced American politics. No one can for a moment believe that men guilty of nothing more than an unwitting error in footing election returns, would think of resorting to such a desperate act as burglary to hide their blunder. The irresistible conclusion is that the persons responsible for the false returns entered into a bold conspiracy to overthrow the expressed will of the people; and that they will not now hesitate to commit even more dastardly crimes in order to destroy the evidence of their guilt.

The possibility that these conspirators may be in the very household of the guardians of the state's most sacred interests, and that they have violated their official oaths and betrayed the public confidence, has roused the people to such a pitch as to make their detection all the more certain. Public sentiment demands of the legal and judicial machinery of the state that no possible effort be spared to run these men to earth. There is no mistaking the temper of the people in the matter and they will tolerate nothing short of the speedy discovery and conviction of the men who brought this disgrace upon the state. It matters not to what party these men belong or how high they may be in the party councils, they must be brought to justice, and when convicted given the extreme penalty of the law. They must be taught that it is no light offense to override the will of the people in Michigan.

Not Available.

A certain "funny man," whose name is familiar to those who read the comic papers of the day, was making a deposit of some checks at his bank when the receiving teller remarked:

"Oh, well, Mr. B—, I suppose the hard times don't affect men of your profession? People must have poetry, I take it."

"Yes," said Mr. B— cheerfully. "We poets thrive in hard times or easy times."

"I presume so," continued the teller. "It must be a pretty good business. I imagine that a poem of yours must be good for a hundred dollars anywhere you please to offer it."

"Ye-e-e-s," said Mr. B— thoughtfully. "Oh, of course, of course," he added.

Two days later he went into the bank again and handed a deposit slip to the teller. It read thus:

Cash..... \$14 80  
Checks..... 36 10  
Four poems..... 400 00  
Total..... \$450 90  
But Mr. B—'s bankbook showed a deposit of only \$50.00.—Philadelphia Times.

Diplomatic.

"Well, the cook's gone at last, John," said Mrs. B.

"Good. You must have had more courage than I gave you credit for to discharge her."

"I didn't do it. She discharged herself. I flattered her so about her cooking that she thought she was too good to stay in the country, and off she went."—Harper's Bazar.

A Choice of Woes.

Mrs. Nervus—Johnny, quit thumping on that tin pan. I've got a frightful headache.

Johnny—If I quit, you'll hear sister Nell up stairs playing the piano.

Mrs. Nervus—Go on thumping, Johnny.—Chicago Record.

Hard Questions.

Mrs. Shortt—How do you expect me to buy things for you to eat if you don't give me any money?

Mr. Shortt—And how do you expect me to earn money for you if you don't get anything to eat—say?—New York Weekly.

Troubles.

"My valet keeps me in hot watah all the time, don't you know?"

"Mine doesn't, drat him! I'm blest if his carelessness didn't cause me to be shaved by a beastly barber this morning."—Washington Star.

A Satisfactory Explanation.



Scientist—What do you suppose is the cause of the cyclones and tornadoes being so strong out here?

Citizen—Waal, stranger, I reckon it's because they take so much exercise.—Puck.

Community of Interest.

Some are short, and some are tall,  
And some are 'twixt and 'tween;  
But nearly all, big or small,  
Are after the long green.—New York Sun.

Adrian Press Washmenawisms.

Ypsilanti's colored minstrels, who recently escaped from Milan, will brave fate with another exhibition tonight.

Nearly 100 conversions are reported at Azalia as the result of a recent revival. The Azalians were never so well prepared for a cyclone as now.

The Saline botany class is now digesting "esculent succulents," and can already distinguish a turnip from a radish without a microscope, just by the taste.

Carrie S. Bugg, of Lodi, declares that her husband, Henry Bugg, is a humbug, being cruel and negligent of her support. She asks the divorce court to step on him.

A chunk of copper ore, weighing 6,400 pounds, has been received at the university. It will be alloyed in the usual manner, and used to braze the cheeks of law students.

Piles of skunk skins deposited on the walks of Manchester, have set the olfactories of Matt Blosser in such a state of indignation that it requires two men to hold his nose.

Jordan Begole, of Stony Creek, is engaged in manufacturing wooden spectacle cases. They are probably designed to inclose the leather specs of high tariff editors in Washtenaw county.

Chelsea now has a guitar club. The village cats listen with mournful interest, not knowing how soon they may be called on to render up what in them is, for the cause of music, notably that of the E-string.

The \$1.25 wheat promised us under Cleveland doesn't materialize, does it?—Ann Arbor Courier.

No, the protection placed on it by the McKinley tariff, didn't work. And say!—where is that "50-cent wool?"

There were forty-seven applications for divorce in the Washtenaw court last year. The county clerk is obliged to send out a soliciting agent to keep the divorce calendar from beating the marriage license business.

"City Clerk Miller," says the Ann Arbor democrat, "has found nearly 100 unrecorded deeds among old papers in his office." There is something grand and beautiful in the sublime trust of providence, shown by these unrecorded papers.

The contestants in the sixth annual oratorical prize fight at the Normal have gone into training, and at the still and solemn hour, when graveyards stretch can be heard the grinding gutturals of heavy tragedy, proceeding from the dens of the gladiators. 'Blood!

R. J. West, near Sylvan, says he has slaughtered and utilized the flesh, hide and bones of eighty-five superannuated horses.—Chelsea correspondent Argus.

Does this account for the Sylvanite boast of enjoying the choicest cuts of steak in the county?

We actually believe that one good, noble young woman and pretty as a picture, has more influence than 99 men.—Ann Arbor Democrat.

How much better, then, it is to be surrounded by one "good, noble young, woman as pretty as a picture" than by ninety-nine men.

Rev. Napoleon Smith is the overwhelming name of a gentleman who is to render the "Miff Tree" at Milan, this evening. He also gives a voice imitation of the cornet, which is said to out-cornet the cornet itself. He should be suppressed, lest at any time he raise the dead, by counterfeiting a blast from Gabriel.

The dress stay business at Ypsilanti has been pinched so closely by competition that the factory there will put in a pinking machine which will do the work of forty girls. This will not throw the girls out of business. They can become typewriters and take the places of young men. The young men—well, they can tramp.

One of our readers wants to know if it is the proper thing for the S. C. A. to have ExGov. Luce lecture to them on farming on Sunday morning. We should say why not? It is one of God's own vocations. The best on earth.—Ann Arbor Courier.

If the ex-governor's lecture parallels that made by him at an inter-county farmer's picnic, the overruling powers should not judge him harshly. He said: "Fellow citizens, in spreading your barn fertilizer, spread it on a damp day. It is wanted on earth—not in heaven."

The Courier states that John A. McDonald, the "heavy weight" of the two John's comedy company was a former resident of Ann Arbor, and now weighs 541 pounds. It is said that conductors collect one fare of him, on one side, and then go around and extort another fare on the other side. Hardly fair, but then—

The agricultural college, in a bulletin, calling attention to celery interests, mentions the little "negro bug" that attacked the Tecumseh celery last season, and says he can be driven off by the use of offensive odors. The Press desires, then to recommend Ypsilanti mineral water. Douse the plants with it and you cooper the "nigger bug."

Let us see, it was Grover who coined the sentence, "My Policy." Certainly it was.—Ann Arbor Register.

Certainly it wasn't; but we would not be severe on the editor. No man can walk a cold floor, nights, with a new baby, and keep the correct run of political history. The author of "My Policy" was Andrew Johnson, a republican president.

In placing his damages at \$1,000, Gebhardt Hummel, in bringing suit in the Washtenaw circuit court against George Guenther, for assault and battery, sets forth in his declaration that defendant assailed him "with swords, staves, ropes, fists, knuckles, stone, weapons, hands and feet," and yet Guenther claims that when the scrap closed he wasn't fairly wounded up, otherwise the spectators would have seen "a fight as was a fight."

The Farmers' and Merchants bank of Milan, sues Edward K. Chase on two notes, amounting to \$47. A stiff array of eminent counsel on both sides, gladiated the judicial arena. Chase set up the startling accusation that the bank shorted his deposit \$24 on its books and raised the checks he drew, one of them being raised from \$2 to \$62, and others for smaller sums. But a jury said this astonishing allegation was "no go" and gave judgment against Chase.

Whatever may be thought of the merits of the case at issue, no one can fail to be impressed with the magnificent size and sublime grandeur of the gall, perpetrated by attorney H. Waldron, of Ann Arbor, who stood up in court the other day and submitted a motion to set aside a verdict for the compound reason that the jurors had been bribed by the defense, and that by connivance between the court and opposing counsel, a motion different from that agreed upon, had been entered on the record. When the court remarked that "if this was true, the court and everybody except the plaintiff's lawyer ought to be in jail," Waldron coolly replied, "I think so, too." All present shaded their eyes expecting the offender to be struck with judicial lightning; but the court calmly answered, "Your motion is denied."

Under contract with the Choral Union of Ann Arbor, one, DePachman, appeared there last week and held a disturbance with the piano. Of his performance, the critique of the U. of M. Daily says:

In every delicacy of touch, every variety of shading, and every intricacy of harmonic form, he thrills and enraptures his auditors. \* \* He is a phenomenon of absolute technic, the incarnation bravourea, the embodiment of virtuosity. Not ethical delicacy alone is at his command, but with perfect technique there are glittering passages, surging arpeggios, scintillating staccatos and furiously fast octave runs.

Shades of the nodding harpist of Brutus, the vibrating vertebra of blind Boone, and the dazzling nimbus of the red-headed Paddy Screw-eye!—what a player that DePachman must have been! We had heard of him as a phosphorescent monster of musical mutations, bristling all over like a porcupine, with crotchets and quavers, (—decorated with dashing finales (pronounced fee-nollys) nocturnal etudes, faint furiosos and tempestuous dulcets; but when it comes to "ethical delicacy, surging arpeggios, scintillating staccatos and furiously fast octave runs," it is evident that DePachman must have been a bad cat. It is just possible that some of the brilliant fox-fire effects which the U. of M. musaccio, thought he saw, were caused by somebody having slipped an overripe mackerel in his coat pocket. Critiques may be imposed upon.

Heartless Relatives.

Mistress—Did you learn how Mrs. Upton was?

Servant—Please, mum, I pulled at the doorbell half an hour and couldn't make anybody hear. I think the bell had been muffled.

Mistress—The idea! How is the poor invalid to know that her friends are anxious about her if her heartless relatives have muffled the doorbell?—New York Weekly.

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CUT THIS OUT

**WM. ARNOLD**  
JEWELER.  
36 Main Street.  
The Price of Silver  
is lower than ever and Sterling Silverware in proportion. Look at our **SOLID STERLING SILVER TEASPOON, \$4.50**, \$5.00 and \$5.50 per set (1/2 doz.) plain or fancy pattern. \$6.00, \$8.50 and \$7.00 for a very fine hand engraved pattern, per set (1/2 doz.)  
Coffee, Table Dessert, Olive and Sugar Spoons at reduced rates. **COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.**  
A handsome new style **SETH THOMAS EIGHT DAY CLOCK**, with Cathedral gong, half-hour strike, for \$7.00. Special Price  
Repairing done as usual, First-Class and Moderate in Price.

**WM. ARNOLD, Jeweler,**  
36 S. Main St., - Ann Arbor.

**LOCAL BREVITIES.**

D. Tyler has put in telephone No. 56.  
William Stiegelmaier has a twelve pound boy at his house.  
Cut out your coupons for a trip around the world for ten cents.  
The Wolverine Cycle club admit three new members, this evening.  
Hon. R. Rempf will build a fine barn on his premises on Ingalls street.  
The Harugari Maennerchor give a concert in the A. O. U. W. hall, March 1st.  
Remember the Max Heinrich concert in the Choral Union series next Friday evening.  
There were two candidates for the postal service examined by the civil service board here Saturday.  
Five new members will be initiated in the Geothie Commandery No. 28, U. F. of M., Thursday evening.  
W. F. Bird reads a paper on "The Apple Question," before the Charlotte Farmers' Institute this week.  
John Laughlin will build a \$4,000 house on the corner of Washington and Twelfth streets, this summer.  
The Young Ladies' Missionary society of the Presbyterian church meet at the parsonage Thursday afternoon.  
The Knights of Honor will hereafter meet in the hall of Johnson Tent, K. O. T. M., over Seyler & Son's store.  
Prof. Lockhart begins a series of lectures in Newberry hall at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon in Methods of Christian Work.

Prof. J. B. Steere has presented the Ann Arbor high school with a large number of valuable coral specimens from the Philippine Islands.  
The name of the Morgan Alcohol Time Signal Co., of Ypsilanti, has been changed to the Morgan Alcohol Time and Block Signal company.  
One of the flues in the boiler which furnishes the steam to heat the Germania hotel, burst Sunday morning, but was repaired in a few hours.  
W. E. Walker has been working all winter on a new boat for Zukey lake. It has been suggested that the boat should be named the "Opossum."  
The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church will give a social at the church, Saturday evening, Feb. 17, at 7:30, to which all are cordially invited.  
B. F. Watts and J. Q. A. Sessions have been elected by the Ann Arbor lodge, representatives to the Grand Lodge Knights of Honor, which holds its sessions in Lansing this week.  
The Ann Arbor Sporting club have elected the following officers: President, W. E. Walker; vice-pres., Ernest Eberbach; secretary and treasurer, Frank Vandaworker; steward, W. F. Lodholz.  
George E. Osborne has been granted an injunction against Randolph K. and Emily Fellows, restraining them from cutting the timber on the land owned by Fellows and mortgaged to Osborne, on which a decree was taken requiring the payment of \$4,793.33 on July 31, 1894. The property is located in Sharon.

A. D. Seyler received a telegram Saturday from Tampa, Fla., stating that his son John was very low. Dr. W. B. Smith has gone to Tampa for the purpose of bringing him home.  
The ladies society of Bethlehem church meet at two o'clock Thursday at the parsonage and the young ladies' society meet Thursday evening with Miss Lydia Mayer, of West Seventh street.  
Part No. 2 of the Photographs of the World, which may be had at this office by cutting out coupon and bringing ten cents, are pronounced better even than part No. 1. Call and see them.

Samuel Brickford, of Superior, died of old age, Saturday, aged eighty-three years and ten months. The funeral services will be held at two o'clock this afternoon at his residence in Superior.  
Mrs. Christian Schall, mother of Deputy-sheriff Paul Schall, died Friday evening, aged eighty-one years and nine months. The funeral services were held in Bethlehem church, Sunday afternoon.

Baumgartner's bakery had a narrow escape from fire early yesterday morning. When his bakers got there for work at one o'clock in the morning they found the bakery full of smoke. The fire department was called out and put out the fire with the chemical. The floor under the stove had taken fire. The damage was very slight.  
Lyman H. Phillips died of old age Saturday, at his residence 37 East University avenue, having reached the advanced age of eighty-four years and six months. He came to this city from Grand Rapids about five years ago. The funeral services were held at two o'clock yesterday afternoon from the house, the burial being in the Duxbury cemetery. Seven children survive him.

Mrs. William Goetz, of 101 South Main street, died Saturday of consumption, aged twenty-seven years. Her maiden name was Miss Anna Haas. She leaves a husband and three children, the youngest being only four months old. The funeral services will be held this afternoon at two o'clock at the house, followed by the funeral sermon by Rev. John Neumann at Bethlehem church.  
Miss Flora G. Morrison, who it will be remembered, sang at the social entertainment given by the Sons of Veterans last November, sang three beautiful solos at the installation of officers of the Foresters of St. Clair, recently. In commenting on her singing in the presence of one of our reporters, High Chief Ranger Collins, of Detroit, said: "I have heard many so-called sweet singers in Detroit, but have yet to hear of one who can come up to Miss Morrison." She will be here in June.

According to the crop report sent out from the office of the Secretary of State, Michigan farmers marketed during the month of January, 1,350,601 bushels of wheat, and in the six months from August to January inclusive, 9,249,636 bushels, or 107,108 less than the reported amount during the same months last year. No wheat was marketed during the month at twenty-six elevators, making reports. Correspondents are about evenly divided as to whether wheat on the ground has been injured during the month.  
Solomon Zebbs, colored, is again in limbo, having just been sent up for the fourth time. This time he was arrested for assault with intent to do great bodily harm upon J. E. Stillson, of the steam carpet beating works on Detroit street, Friday night. The assault grew out of the refusal to give Zebbs a chew of tobacco. Zebbs tried to use a knife. His sentence was sixty-five days in the Detroit House of Correction, whether he has been taken. Zebbs was first before the court on the charge of an assault on Will Jones, the second time he answered to the charge of stealing coal from the Michigan Central and the third time for stealing cigars from the Cook House.

Adolph Spring spent Sunday in Detroit.  
J. D. Willitt, of Flint, was in the city, Friday.  
L. C. Noble returned from Chicago Saturday.  
C. B. Munger, of Toledo, was in the city, Friday.  
Frederick Schmid was in Manchester yesterday.  
L. C. Noble returned from Chicago Saturday evening.  
J. H. Birgee, of Mishawaka, Ind., was in the city, Saturday.

**PERSONAL.**

D. B. Taylor, Esq., of Chelsea, was in the city yesterday.  
City Engineer Key and family spent Sunday in Ypsilanti.  
Chas. Graser, of West Bay City, was in Ann Arbor, Friday.  
Mrs. John H. Grant, of Manistee, is visiting Mrs. J. E. Beal.  
F. Hirsheimer, of Cleveland, O., was in Ann Arbor, Friday.  
John Costello, postmaster of Dexter, was in the city, Friday.  
Newton McMillan, of Chicago, was in the city over Sunday.  
Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Brown gave a reception on Friday evening.  
Mr. E. L. McAllister, of Detroit, is visiting Mrs. H. M. Tabor.  
James Corrigan and son, of Traverse City, are in the city.  
D. C. Goodspeed returned from Richmond, Indiana, Saturday.  
Matt A. J. Gilmore, of Ypsilanti, was in the city Friday evening.  
Martin and Peter Bufka, of Manistee, are in the city on business.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Vandaworker returned from New Hudson.  
D. C. Goodspeed left Sunday for Rochester, N. Y., on business.  
M. A. Reynolds, of Lansing, was in Ann Arbor Friday, on business.  
P. O. Frick, of Philadelphia, was in Ann Arbor yesterday prospecting.  
John F. Lawrence, Esq., has returned from New York City and Boston.  
E. H. Townsend, of Chicago, was in the city Friday, to see Henry Richards.  
Nicholas Birdinger, of Cincinnati, O., was registered at the Germania, yesterday.  
Mrs. C. A. Gilbert and daughter, of Glenn Falls, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. C. K. McGee.  
Ex. Gov. Luce visited Col. H. S. Dean, while in the city and returned to Gilead yesterday.  
G. T. Gruber, of Rochester, N. Y., formerly a merchant here, was in the city, Saturday.  
Ald. and Mrs. Christian Martin were surprised by a large party of friends, Friday evening.  
John P. Nelson, of Toledo, Ohio, attended the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Nelson.  
C. J. Beatty, one of the prominent lawyers of Saginaw, was in Ann Arbor, Friday, on business.  
George Kelly, Michigan Central engineer, of Detroit, has been visiting his brother-in-law, A. R. Peterson.  
Fred Besimer, Jos. Parker and John Heintzmann have been spending some days at Strawberry lake fishing.  
Clinton DeWitt, of Columbus, Ohio, on Saturday joined his wife, who is visiting her father, John Andrus.  
Herman L. Barrie, of Detroit, formerly a student in the university, was in Ann Arbor, visiting friends Sunday.  
S. L. Stanley, of Buffalo, N. Y., was in the city securing agents to handle a side line for dressmakers and milliners.  
Harvey Holmes, of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting his brother, A. H. Holmes, returned home Monday.  
A. C. Marshall, of Corruna, Mich., is looking over our city, with a view to purchasing property and removing here.  
Mrs. L. Perkins, of Kansas City, who has been visiting Wm. P. Baillie, of 18 South Thayer street, returned home yesterday.  
Master Clyde Elliott, the boy solo singer, of Owosso, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Elliott, of 86 South Main street.  
Mrs. Julius Ziegler, mother of Mrs. W. K. Frank, of the Germania, returned from a week's visit to Detroit and Plymouth, Saturday evening.

**UNIVERSITY NOTES.**

The annual election of the S. C. A. will be held March 28.  
At a meeting of the Canadian club Friday night the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, H. C. Walters; vice-president, Mrs. J. E. Pettigrew; secretary, G. R. Stone; marshal, J. R. LeTouzel.  
Prof. Lockhart will offer a series of lectures on Methods of Christian Work in the Bible Chair and S. C. A. course in Newberry hall, beginning Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 3 p. m., continuing with one lecture a week until April 1st.  
The members of the class of Ninety-three and the many friends of the deceased will be pained, to learn of the sad death of Miss Lucy S. Andrews, in Durango, Colorado. The death of Miss Andrews was sudden, being caused by pneumonia. She has been teaching in Colorado since last September. Miss Andrews was a most estimable young lady and had scores of friends in the University, who will mourn her loss.

**A MOMENT OF SUPREME PERIL.**

**How Courage and Presence of Mind Saved Hundreds of Lives.**

There are still persons living in London who can recall the magnificent Chinese museum collected by Mr. Nathan Dunn, a magnificent merchant of Philadelphia and Hong-Kong, which was first located in Philadelphia, and then brought to London in the early years of the queen's reign. It was intended as a donation to the public, but was unfortunately burned. The building first erected—now the site of the Philadelphia Continental hotel—for this display of the treasures of the then sealed kingdom had an upper room which was about 35 feet high and very long and narrow. In the center part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about 3,000 persons. At near 9 o'clock the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with fright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tenants of the joists might be out of their sockets. The floor would then fall through on to the Chinese museum, and the walls, 60 feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly.  
This might have caused the death of those present—the foremost people in Philadelphia. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people. The reply to this was that his family was in the audience, and that he must get them out first.  
"You shall not," said the leader; "a hint of danger—a rush—and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."  
As a boy in the audience, I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front, the flooring rose six inches. The people were entertained, partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed. Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. Three thousand persons were saved from being buried under two side walls 60 feet high, pressed down by a heavy roof.  
The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man. All use of the room was of course suspended till it was effectually strengthened. So well was the secret kept that I only learned it long afterward. I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now. The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level was such that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for 40 years afterward. I know not if the self possession of M. Dupuy, when the bomb exploded in the French assembly, was greater than this hitherto unknown act of heroism.—R. P. S. in London Spectator.

**A Valuable Paperweight.**

A student at Jefferson college owns a highly prized paperweight, inherited from his father, who was a student at Heidelberg university, which is said to have no counterpart except one owned by W. W. Astor, who was also a student there.  
It is a limestone stalactite about a foot high, obtained from a cave near the upper Rhine, mounted on a pedestal of onyx and encircled with a narrow silver band, whose whorls, like that of a slender shaving, extend the whole distance at irregular intervals from base to summit.  
These intervals mark the different stages of the stalactite's growth, scientifically calculated, and on the band, which was affixed by a learned Heidelberg professor, are engraved the various periods of time. First come the geological eras, when the whorls are widely separated. Then narrowing into the historic periods come the Babylonian and Egyptian, the Roman and renaissance or modern epochs. The first periods are marked by widths of varying inches, the latter by varying halves, quarters and eighths of an inch.—Philadelphia Record.

**Standing Room Only.**

I was intensely amazed and amused when in a cable car in New York one day to hear the conductor call, just before the car turned onto Fourteenth street, "Hold fast!" and the way standers made wild grasps for straps made one think perhaps the car was about to perform some sort of pas seul. But not at all! It merely slewed around the corner as one cars do every few minutes without the warning of any conductor, and not until it was humming well on its course up Broadway did people relax their holds and the fixed tension of their expression.—Cor. Boston Advertiser.

**A Graduate.**

He was suffering with a pain and slight swelling in his breast and visited the doctor for relief, who turned him over to the kid, one of the hospital assistants, with instructions to have the swollen parts painted. The kid dipped his brush into the iodine, and with a flourish drew a circle around the swollen part and proceeded to fill it in, when the patient remarked, "You are an expert at making a circle." "Yes," was the reply, "I was born and raised in a shooting gallery." The patient fainted.—Stillwater (Minn.) Prison Mirror.

**Aluminum Flashlights.**

The use of aluminum in place of magnesium for the production of flashlight is strongly advocated by Professor Glase-napp. He states that aluminum, if employed in the form of bronze powder, is not only equal to magnesium as a source of light in taking photographs by flashlight, but that it is really much cheaper than the latter. The following is stated to be the proper mixture for the purpose: Aluminum powder, 21.7 parts by weight; sulphide of antimony, 13.8 parts and potassium chlorate, 64.5 parts, the same precautions being taken in preparing the mixture as in the case of the magnesium flashlight.  
In regard to the rapidity of combustion of such a mixture one-seventeenth of a second has been found out. Two grams of the mixture were burned in a small heap, 2 centimeters long and a centimeter wide. And in respect of chemical intensity Professor G. states that he found by exposing gelatin plates beneath a Warnerke actinometer to the light of said mixture and to that of other mixtures prepared with magnesium the employment of equal quantities of the metals resulted in a superior light from aluminum, though not of considerable amount. The speed of combustion is ascertained to be slower—about one-fifth of a second—if a mixture is used composed of 30 parts, by weight, of aluminum powder and 70 parts of potassium chlorate.—New York Sun.

**She Reformed.**

A certain western senator had two sons, little fellows 9 and 11 years of age, when he came to the capital two or three years ago. Their mother had devoted herself to their education and pleasure almost exclusively, but here she found that the demands of society would not permit her to give quite so much time to them. So they were sent to school, and often they had to bed without the pretty story.  
One evening the mother noticed that the older boy seemed unusually grave. She was making preparations to go out to dinner. He said:  
"Mamma, are you going out again?"  
"Yes, my dear; mamma has to go. She dislikes to leave you so much, but papa wants her. Go to bed, my dears, and to sleep; you won't miss me then."  
"Mamma," said he, with all the gravity of a full grown man taxed to the limit of his patience, "mamma, how much longer is this thing going to last? What is to become of us if you neglect us so?"  
The mother did not go out to dinner that night. She staid at home, told and read stories to the boys and petted them. The result was, and still is, that the mother devotes all her Saturdays to the youngsters. They visit the art gallery, the museum, the capitol, the old houses and the zoo.  
"I enjoy it," she says, "as much as they do."—Capital.

**An Easy Mark.**

A woman's poker club flourishes in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati. They say that a cold, unfeeling man from an eastern city, where artistic poker flourishes as a green bay tree, wended his way to this same suburb one day. He had simply gone to call on a friend of his mother. The lady was not at home, but next door, the servant informed him. Innocently and as free from guile as a commercial traveler, he made his way to the neighboring house and asked for Mrs. ——. He was admitted and found the educational circle in deep study. He was invited and fell. Who can resist feminine wiles and pokers?  
He sat down and gave the ladies some highly valuable information, which cost them just \$60. Then he rose up with the conscious pride of a man who has not lived in vain and left them lamenting. Cold and unfeeling man! He left them in the hole and sought the city, where he bought and sent to a friend a handsome present. He said that that game was the sorriest snap in the universal hemisphere, which shows that after all woman's sphere is not a complete circle.—Cincinnati Tribune.

**The Postmaster's Subterfuge.**

"One of the most pathetic scenes that ever came under my observation," said a southerner, "was at a country store on the Big Sandy river in West Virginia. I was there as a special postoffice inspector and was sitting in the store one bitterly cold night. A feeble old woman, wearing a thin calico dress and a faded sunbonnet, came in timidly, as if fearing bad news. 'I don't reckon you ain't got nothin for me,' she said to the storekeeper. 'Yes; I've got a letter,' and the old woman clutched it to her bosom as if it was the dearest thing on earth to her, and with a quick step born of happiness she walked out. 'I wrote that letter myself,' said the storekeeper to me. 'Her son went down the river on a raft three years ago and was drowned. The old woman could never understand that the boy was dead, and she writes to him every week, just backing her letters. 'My Boy Bill, Down the River.' It hurt her so not to get any answers that every week I write to her and sign Bill's name.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Novel Use For Cranks.**

"The only way to dispose of the crank question," said the man with the long hair and soiled shirt front, "is to arrest all suspicious characters, examine them, and every one who don't know the difference between right and wrong confine him perpetually in the courthouses."  
"What for?" asked the prosecuting attorney.  
"What for? Under modern legal requirements where—I repeat—where would you find such a petit jury?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Poky Old Place.**

Lady Betty (proud of old ancestral mansion, where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry VIII)—Just fancy what papa's having done! He's having the electric light put in! Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago)—I'm real glad to hear it. It'll be the making of the place.—London Punch.

**Estate of Patrick McMahon.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the 13th day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.  
Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Patrick McMahon, deceased.  
William B. Osborn, the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator.  
Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the 19th day of February next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ann Arbor Argus, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.  
[A true copy.]  
WM. G. DUTY, Probate Register.

**Estate of John W. Hunt.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 13th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.  
Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of John W. Hunt, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Edward H. Hunt, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to himself or some other suitable person.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 19th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ANN ARBOR ARGUS, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.  
[A true copy.]  
WILLIAM G. DUTY, Probate Register.

**Estate of William Pringle.**

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 20th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.  
Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of William Pringle, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Elias Smith, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to himself, the executor so named, or to some other suitable person.  
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 19th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the ANN ARBOR ARGUS, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.  
[A true copy.]  
Wm. G. Duty, Probate Register.

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**Announcements.**  
George W. Cable will begin in the January number a romance entitled "John March, South Sea."  
Two other important serials have been engaged: J. M. Barrie, author of the famous "Little Minister," has written a new novel, the first since that famous story, "George Meredith, the great English novelist, has in preparation a novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage."  
**SHORT STORIES** will be abundant.  
W. D. Howells, Miss Elliot, W. H. Bishop, Ludovic Halevy, Paul Bourget, Joel Chandler Harris and many new writers will contribute.  
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COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Ernest Hutchinson, of Ypsilanti, has closed his store there and moved his stock of goods to Battle Creek.

Last Tuesday afternoon occurred the death of Henry, the little three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, of Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Verschoor, of Ypsilanti, lost their eight year old daughter by death one week ago Saturday. She had congestion of the lungs.

George H. Hammond, of Ypsilanti town, has sold his herd of Jersey cows to Mr. Easter, the Detroit milk and cream man, for \$50 per head.

An eight and a half pound baby girl is the latest attraction at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Barnes, Ypsilanti. It or she arrived last Tuesday.

Rev. J. O. Keck, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Milan Baptist church, is at present stopping with his parents in Tecumseh. He is in poor health.

Forbes Ballard, a resident of Ypsilanti town and a pioneer of Washtenaw county, died last Friday morning. He was 75 years old and had been a resident of the county for 65 years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Graves, of Ypsilanti town, entertained a party of Ypsilanti friends at their home one week ago Friday. Mr. and Mrs. G. did the entertaining in their usual happy way.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Freese, of Clinton, gave a pedo party at their new house on Chicago street, last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Freese are delightful hosts and the party was a very pleasant affair.

John Cabitt, of Pittsfield, who has been undergoing treatment in the Ann Arbor hospital for cancer, has been taken home. They did not cure the cancer nor add one Cabitt to John's stature.

The State Veterinary and Live Stock Commissioner was in Franklin, Lenawee Co., recently examining live stock afflicted with disorder. Some of the stock has been killed and it is hoped the disease will be checked.

One hundred sinners having been snatched like brands from the burning at Azalia, the revival meetings there, which have continued for two months, have now closed. The Rev. C. H. Gibson has conducted the meetings.

The revival meetings at the Tecumseh Baptist church have already convinced one sinner that to be saved he must go under the water, and accordingly he has been ducked, and it is thought that others will soon follow.

Ypsilanti kindly loaned a fire engine to the city of Marshall while the latter was having a row with the water company of that city. And now comes Marshall and makes Ypsilanti a present of a fine drop harness for her horse team in return for her kindness.

Mrs. Mary C. Spencer, state librarian, Lansing, received two thousand dollars from Ypsilanti Lodge No. 15, A. O. U. W., the same being the amount of insurance held by her husband, the late Capt. Clinton Spencer. Life insurance is an excellent thing to carry.

A round, plump, rosy twelve pound youngster of the male persuasion arrived on the 2nd inst. at the house of H. E. Stout, of Tecumseh. It is said that Hub in the ecstasy of the moment went out and stuck his head in a barrel and called "papa" just to see how it would sound. This is a mighty good beginning after so long a wait.

Captain Allen, of Ypsilanti, proprietor of the fog-horn voice, will deliver a lecture next Wednesday evening, at the Congregational church, for the benefit of the ladies' library. His subject will be "Abraham Lincoln." Admission to the church, 15 cents. The lecture can be heard outside quite as well, and there is no charge there.

The stockholders of Cleary Business College, of Ypsilanti, held their annual meeting a week ago last Monday, at which time the directors made their report. This institution was demolished, or a considerable portion of it was, by the cyclone last year, still it made a very favorable financial showing during the year. The outlook for the coming year is much brighter. P. R. Cleary is a hustler.

The Ypsilanti Commercial says that Chas. Alban, of Willis, unloaded a dressed shote at Banghart's, last Friday, which weighed 421 pounds. Shote, eh? Well, Mr. Commercial, you are telling some pretty big hog stories of late. Now don't take any offense at the above, as we do not question your figures on hog matter. We simply mean that your "stories" are about large hogs.

C. S. Burroughs, of Clinton, has made himself famous by inventing a new kind of gum. The girls who have sampled it are using all the superlatives to be found in describing it, and while C. S. is in the far west, attending to his duty as a government officer, his wife and a number of able assistants are kept very busy filling orders for firms in various parts of the country. The girls, bless the dear creatures, must have the gum, you know.

At the meeting of the Ypsilanti Grange, Saturday, February 3rd, the question "Wherein do Michigan farmers and their families fail to live up to their privileges?" was discussed. The discussion was good. Visitors were present from Fraternity and Superior granges. This grange will entertain the fourth degree members of the various granges of the county on Feb. 15. An interesting program is being prepared by Miss Jennie Buell, lecturer of the grange.

W. Irving Kelsey, formerly of Ypsilanti, had a yearning to become a missionary and accordingly he looked about for a suitable place to locate. At last he decided upon Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico. He writes home about his experiences as follows: "Fleas and ticks are innumerable. The latter are worse than the former and I have had thousands on me. I am literally covered with blotches. There are two varieties of these ticks, one very large and they fairly make you scream when they bite. The other is smaller, but dig right into the flesh. The fleas crawl all over me at night. The burrowing fleas enter the flesh, lay their eggs and die. Then the little ones hatch out and live on the flesh; unless you know it when they enter, you will probably not find it out till a considerable hole is eaten."

"This well that a man who can tell such a story as the above does not look for rewards in this world."

E. M. Rooke, of Superior, is extensively engaged in skunk farming. Now if our friend, Mat Blosser, of the Manchester Enterprise, whose esthetic olfactories have been so greatly offended by the aged and diluted odor arising from that pile of skunk skins lying on one of the streets of his town, will but visit the above named establishment, he will be enabled to enjoy his favorite perfume in its pure and unadulterated form.

Prof. Putnam's lost cane, which he has happily recovered, has an interesting history. Its whole history, its origin, is not known. What is known is that it was given to Prof. Putnam's grandfather in Vermont, by a relative of his who was in the Battle of Bennington, and picked up the cane on the field after the battle. There was a story that it was found beside the body of a Hessian officer, but that was not quite certain. It is a most interesting family relic, and it is not strange that Prof. Putnam should have been troubled by its loss.—Ypsilanti Commercial.

Mr. Geo. R. Holloway, of Lenawee Co., in a paper read before the Farmers' Union recently, said that the Clover Leaf Creamery had, during the past year, distributed among the farmers of the vicinity \$4,000 for milk. He thinks the wheat raised by the same farmers all bunched together would not be worth that much. He advises farmers to keep cows and send their milk to the creamery. He gives the following figures: Mr. John Schwab has had an average of twelve cows during the past year. I have paid him \$618.13 or an average per cow of \$51.53. Mr. Macham \$640.05, or an average per cow of \$53.31. Mr. McIntyre \$240.72, an average of \$48.46. Could give others, but that is a fair average per cow of what the milk has brought at the factory. Now the skim milk has got to be estimated. I claim that the milk and calf are worth \$15 per cow, and I think that a low estimate, but admitting that is what it is worth, we have the average of Mr. Schwab's cows at \$66.36, Mr. Macham's at \$68.31; Mr. McIntyre's at \$63.46.

Claude W. Temple, an old Tecumseh boy, now in the employ of a large manufacturing company of St. Paul, Minn., recently received a promotion for saving his firm \$3,500. He was sent to the bank, January 1st, to get \$3,500, and was informed by the cashier that the bank could not that day pay so large a sum. He demanded to see the president and was told by that official that he could have the amount provided he would take it in silver. This Claude consented to do, and getting a bag he had the money counted and placed in the same. He then called a dray and loading his 200 pounds of chink on the wagon he went to the office of his firm and dumped the money on the floor. His employers proceeded to roast him thoroughly for allowing the bank to impose upon him. A few days thereafter when the bank closed its doors, the firm took a very different view of the young man's transaction and proceeded to promote him on the spot. Had it not been for the persistence of the boy, the firm would have been out to the tune of \$3,500. It was a fine stroke for Claude.

THOSE FEELINGS OF HIS.

It Was Heartless, but He Had to Realize on Them.

While a Michigan avenue grocer was standing in his door the other day, a forlorn looking old chap turned in on him from a side street, with a plaintive expression working away on his chin. The minute the grocer got sight of him he called out:

"Now you go on, or I'll have you run in!"

"What am I doing?" plaintively inquired the old man.

"I know your game, and you can't play it on me! Just move right along, or I'll have you arrested!"

"I ain't got no game to play on you or anybody else. If I feel sad and heartbroken, I can't help it, can I? What's them turnins wuth? I never see turnins without thinkin how my wife got choked to death on one. Poor critter! She was out right down in the prime of life. That was the beginnin of my runnin down hill. She hadn't bin dead two weeks!"

"Are you going to move on?" demanded the grocer.

"Purty soon, my friend—purty soon," replied the old man as he leaned up against a post and wiped his eyes. "She was a good wife, and the recollection of her death saddens me. What'saters sellin at today?"

The grocer was looking around for an officer and didn't reply.

"I never see taters without thinkin of my son Bill. Bill was an awful good boy—too good for this world. I sent him to town with 10 bags of taters, and in litten them out of the wagon he busted a blood vessel and was brought home a corpse. I ain never think of it without weepin."

He leaned heavily on the post and wept, while the grocer walked down to the corner to extend his search.

"I see you've got red onions," continued the old man as the grocer returned. "They are athers a sad, sad sight to me. I sold my farm after Bill's death and was sold down to Florida to raise red onions for this market when I was throwed out of a wagon and broke my leg, and somebody stole every dollar I had. Red onions is only red onions to other folks, but to me they call up some awful recollections. I wish!"

"See here, old man," interrupted the grocer, "will you take 10 cents and go on?"

"I don't want no 10 cents, but yet if you object to my givin away to my feelin's!"

"I do object. If I could find an officer, I'd have you run in, but as I can't I'll buy you off this once. Take this money and go."

"It seems heartless to sell my feelin's this way, but I don't want to make you any trouble. I see you have some cabbages there. I never see cabbages without thinkin how!"

But the grocer turned him around, headed him across the street, and after two kicks he got away and was soon lost to sight.—Detroit Free Press.

Literary Item.

Financier—You literary men haven't the first idea about business. Here you have about 10,000 manuscripts piled up in this dark closet, and you say they are all paid for.

Editor of Great Magazine—Years ago, "Just think of it! Hasn't it ever occurred to you, sir, that you are losing the interest on all the money you paid out for these useless bundles?"

"Fah! You financiers haven't the first idea about literature. Every one of those manuscripts is from a different author, and the whole 10,000 of them will go on buying our magazine at 35 cents a copy until the articles are printed."—Texas Siftings.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

The span of life was all too short— A week or two at best— From budding time, through blossoming, To withering and rest. Yet compensation hast thou—aye, For all thy little weeps— For was it not thy happy lot To live and die a rose? —John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

PARSON TOM.

Saddle Hoss Pete's record in the mining camps of the San Juan district was as unsavory as his crouching form was unsightly and his hoarse voice disagreeable. He was a short, thick built man—if man he really was, for he had more the appearance of a boy—who shuffled about and leered at you with a devilish grin which made you feel uneasy in his presence.

His brain was quick, though his physical movements were slow, and he was strong as a beast. His record was that of tin horn gambler and all round thief. Added to this he bore the reputation of having been run out of Leadville for horse stealing, and having escaped from Tombstone's ready made justice, charged with a like offense. Thus he came to the mining camp lying in a pretty basin under the shadow of old King Solomon, one of the grandest mountains of southern Colorado.

Nine-tenths of the population had departed before the first storm had come, as was the custom in new camps in the early days before the railroads had broadened the trails and opened the passes through the Rocky mountains. Only about 100 men and women remained in camp that winter, and they had little else to do than amuse themselves. They were law abiding and had little use for peace officers. So the town and county officials took their usual vacation with others who did not feel like facing the rigid winter which was predicted.

Saddle Hoss Pete did not go out with the majority. In fact, Pete seldom acted with the majority. He usually formed a minority—one. But he was not disappointed at their leaving him. He thought he would be able to stand it for one season. But Paymaster Bill and Big Frank, who seemed to be looked upon as guardians of the affairs of the camp, plainly told him that he must get out—that the penalty of his return would be sudden death. So Saddle Hoss Pete departed before the second storm had come—whither nobody knew.

Parson Tom had come to the camp in the previous spring and had made a good impression on his own kind of people, though the present remaining population knew little of him and did not care whether he remained or not. None of them were churchgoing people. But as the parson said he had no idea of preaching nobody objected to his staying in camp. He gave as a reason for staying that in case of death his services would be needed. Beyond that he would not intrude his offices.

The extreme length of the winter had led Paymaster Bill to inquire into the parson's finances, and learning that there was a probability of his running short before his parishioners should return Bill proposed to the men in the camp that a purse be raised.

His suggestion was acted upon, and Paymaster Bill himself presented the hatful of money, accompanying the presentation with an appropriate extempore speech, in which he advised Parson Tom of the appreciation of the donors.

Parson Tom declared he could not accept the money unless he should have an opportunity to earn it.

"But we don't none of us want ter die," objected Bill, "just ter give ye a chance ter earn the money. We'd rather pay ye ter pray for our continued good health, just as we drinks ter your good health 'en we makes up that purse."

Parson Tom laughed and said he had no desire for the demise of any one, but merely wanted to give them some return for the money.

That night Parson Tom appeared in Big Frank's saloon, where the entire male population was endeavoring to break the bank, having cleaned up the corner saloon early in the evening.

The appearance of the parson created a flutter, and one or two superstitious players lost every bet they made for the balance of the deal. When the end of the deal had been reached, the parson asked their attention for a few minutes, and mounting the platform which held the lookout chair he thanked them kindly for their generous donation and said if they would come to the little school-house on Sunday evening for a half hour he would endeavor to entertain them without preaching a sermon. He declared that he could not accept their money without earning it.

The invitation was accepted, and the parson was asked to have a cigar, which he lighted, while the crowd drank "to the health of Parson Tom." He bowed his acknowledgments without further interruption of the game.

Upon entering his cabin, Parson Tom stirred the fire, thinking of his visit, and after sitting by its warmth till he had thawed himself he went to his trunk, which held his treasure, to look at the little hoard of gold and silver which these rough men of the mountains had so kindly donated.

It was not there! Perhaps in his excitement at his good fortune he had hidden it from himself and forgotten the hiding place. But, no, it was not in the cabin!

The parson was troubled. He could not believe that any of the men who had been so kind to him would be guilty of robbery. And yet the money was gone. The long buckskin bag in which he kept his money and which bore his name worked in silken thread he found behind the trunk.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished. He did not believe that any man in the camp was mean enough to steal, "at any rate, not a parson's money."

The story of the loss of Parson Tom's

money was told about the camp, and while it was a mystery to some the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited and that it would turn up all right in time.

On Sunday the sun shone out bright and clear, and old King Solomon was as glorious a sight as one might wish to see. His Biblical namesake in all his reputed glory could not have furnished a grander inspiration. But Parson Tom had promised not to preach. Besides, he was not quite sure that the incredulity concerning the loss of his money had entirely disappeared. So he must be careful what he should say to them that night.

Every male person was promptly on hand that night at the little school-house, and there was a sprinkle of the other sex—women who had not listened to a preacher's voice since they were little girls.

The half hour was devoted to reading stories which were responded to by hearty laughter and a few pathetic exclamations.

When Parson Tom had finished and was about to say good night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church. Then he added:

"I don't reckon none of ye has got a notion o' backin down on that ther' proposition. Ef ye has, let's hear it."

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty buckskin bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnin'."

The moon had dropped down behind the peak of King Solomon, leaving the camp in darkness, while soft snow fell with that steady monotony which indicates a heavier fall to come.

Parson Tom had just opened the door of his cabin to step in when a heavy hand was laid upon his throat and a hoarse voice demanded:

"Give me that money! Quick!"

The parson was by no means a coward. He struggled with his assailant, and together they fell into the cabin and rolled out into the light cover of fresh snow which had fallen on the frozen crust. Muttered curses and a tighter grip upon his throat met his resistance.

"D—n this snow; if this job could have been done an hour earlier, I'd 'a' bin all right," muttered the voice as the form moved away in the darkness.

That was the last the parson heard. The light snow fell straight from the sky. There was no wind to disturb its course, and the soft, fine flakes were hardly plentiful enough to furnish a bed for footprints.

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and despite the warmer temperature he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin. He was so completely overcome by the struggle with his assailant and the cold that he lay upon his bed in a stupor far into the night.

When he awoke, the snow was falling in great sheets like drifts from the gulch above. He opened the door and looked out. He could see nothing but the blinding storm and the darkness, which was scarcely subdued by the ghastly whiteness of the snow. He dared not venture out. No man could live an hour in that terrible storm.

Rebuilding the fire, the parson sat down and tried to think—tried to think where he had heard that voice before it demanded his money. If he could only recall that, he would be able to identify the man who had robbed him. Without that recollection his claim that he had been robbed the second time would be only laughed at by the men who had been so generous in their gifts.

But it was impossible to recall it, though he knew he had heard it and remarked its peculiar tone. And there he sat through the long, black night, hoping against hope.

It was broad noonday when he awoke, sitting by the dying embers on the hearth. The sun shone brighter than it had shone for weeks. Its hot rays melted the snow on the roofs of the houses, and the day was like a day in spring. But it brought no joy to the heart of Parson Tom.

The habits of Big Frank's saloon had hardly settled themselves down to the pleasures or pastimes of the day—their morning hour being the noontime—when they were startled by the ghost-like appearance of Parson Tom. In a trembling voice he told his story.

"He plays it well," sneered Big Frank. "That's a purty good make-up ye've got on yer face. Ye'd oughter be a performer. There'll be a chance fer ye when the variety show opens up in yer spring."

This speech was greeted with laughter by the crowd, and the poor parson was dumb—but not deaf—with mortification. How could he face these men who disbelieved his very first utterance? He turned to go.

"Hold on ther'!" cried Paymaster Bill. "This is twicet yer say yer bin robbed in this camp. Both times it was our money as ye was robbed of—money 'at we give ye. Now ye've got ter prove it, fer we don't 'low no man to accuse none o' us o' robbin him the second time 'thout he produces ther' proof."

"Ther' proofs w'at we wants!" shouted the crowd.

Parson Tom stood as still as death. He could not speak.

"An ther's another thing ye've got ter prove," continued Bill as he saw the parson would not reply. "Ye've got ter prove that ye didn't rob some other parties besides yerself. More'n one cabin was burglarized last night, an ef ye ain't ther' burglar then—prove it!"

But Parson Tom could utter no sound, save a groan of anguish. Could he but recall that voice! But, no! His memory failed.

There he stood as dumb as though he had been born without speech, while Paymaster Bill demanded that he prove his innocence, and the crowd, led on by Big Frank, sneered at and reviled the accused.

TO IDENTIFY THEM.

THE FRENCH SYSTEM OF MAKING SURE OF CRIMINALS.

Dr. Bertillon on His Anthropometrical Method Based on Anatomical Science. Would Enable the Police of All Countries to Hunt Down Malefactors.

Dr. Alphonse Bertillon, the author of the French system for the identification of criminals, writes as follows in regard to the best means for making it of general use by the police of the large capitals of Europe:

"The growing ease and rapidity of communication between the great cities of Europe have so lessened distances that the intercourse between the police of the various countries daily becomes more frequent. London, for example, may now be said to extend as far as Paris, and Brussels is practically a suburb of the French capital. In the midst of these daily exchanges of good services where is the officer who has not longed for the creation of an international descriptive—or distinctive mark, signal-eltiques—method and language?"

"In the other branches of human activity, especially in electricity, congresses have, in proportion to the necessity, supplied this want of a universal understanding. It is thus that the electrical units—watt, ampere, volt, etc.—have been created and unanimously adopted. Why should not the police of civilized—or policed, for it is all one—countries do as much for the description and notation of the different shapes of forehead, nose, color of the eye, etc.?"

"There exist under the name of hippology whole treatises filled with words of English origin for the description of the coat and the points of the horse. For the description of the human being all seems left to chance. Nothing was attempted in this direction until the appointment by Mr. Asquith of the commission for comparing the different methods of identification and description."

"This commission found at Paris, by the side of a system of measurement which has borne some little testimony everywhere, a very carefully considered method of describing the human body, and the face in particular. There is in this neither invention nor personal proprietorship. My intervention has consisted in transporting and adapting to the wants of the police the procedures of description in use in anatomical sciences, and particularly in anthropology."

"Anthropometry, properly so called, is only a part of that whole knowledge necessary in tracking criminals, and its sole aim is to supply a basis of classification." One is able by means of the metrical information supplied by it to classify several hundred thousand individual notifications. But let me hasten to say that these notifications should themselves always be accompanied by an abstract of particular marks found upon the person examined, and it is this last document much more than the agreement of measurements which is appealed to to give judicial certainty to an ulterior identification.

"At Paris photographs of the person in profile and full face are added, which by themselves also afford the certainty of identification. Thus the elements of certainty are not wanting. A photograph or impression of the ear would alone suffice to establish an identity. It is, as a matter of fact, impossible among 100,000 individuals to find two ears exactly alike—except in the case of twin brothers."

"The great advantage of adding to the anthropometrical notification a complete descriptive photograph of a person is that the police are provided with a document which, in case of a fresh offense, of escape, etc., can be looked to render the greatest possible assistance."

"It may be well to add to these elements of information, clearly independent of one another—measurement, particular marks and profile photograph—which, together, 10 years' experience has shown to be absolutely infallible—a fourth element, 'finger tip impressions' (l'impression des filigrammes du ponce). It goes without saying that I see no major difficulty in it. But I am afraid that the exercise of the process may at first sight appear much more simple than it really is. In the first place, let me repeat that the finger tip process neither does away with nor replaces in any way 'judicial anthropology,' for these delineations are so diversified that they do not offer an adequate element of classification—that is a point which no one disputes. Therefore the finger tip process should be considered as affording supplementary information only, capable at the most of replacing photography."

"Moreover, does not Mr. F. Galton himself say that the examination of these impressions can be properly made only by means of photographic enlargements? Then why not photograph the man himself whose measurements have just been taken?"

"I must own, however, that up to the present I have always postponed the full trial of the finger tip process on account of the unpleasantness of sending all my subjects before the court with their fingers more or less blackened, for everybody knows how viscous printing ink is and how difficult to get off. Nevertheless I have quite determined, if the process should become customary in England, to petition the minister of the interior and the prefect of police for the requisite authority to add it to the anthropometric description—so great is the importance that I attach to international uniformity in police communications."—New York Herald.

The Knife Was All Right.

Dumley (who had been asked to carve the duck and is meeting with poor success)—Whew!

Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground today.

Dumley—The knife is all right, Mrs. Henricks. You ought to have had the duck ground.—London Tit-Bits.