

Lansing State Democrat.



# BEATRIX RANDOLPH

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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## CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WAS GOING ON ELSEWHERE.



"It's all damn nonsense; but I'll do it to oblige you," said Inigo.

Jocelyn and the impresario staid over night at the Randolphs', and completed the details of the agreement for Mademoiselle Marana's appearance. She was to come to the city in a few days, take up her abode at a hotel, and begin rehearsals immediately. Before leaving Inigo handed Mr. Randolph a check for \$3,000, as advance salary, to enable him to make the necessary arrangements; and the two gentlemen took their departure with many professions of good will on both sides.

Late in the afternoon a tall, rather stern looking young man, with grave blue eyes under thick level brows, and a short, dense brown beard covering the lower part of his face, walked into Gen. Inigo's office, and was informed that the general was expected every minute. He seated himself at a table, undid the roll of paper that he carried, and proceeded to busy himself in making calculations and sketches.

This young man, whose name was Geoffrey Bellingham, was a New Englander, whose family had lived for many generations in an ancient town not very far from Boston. From the early part of the present century, however, their prosperity began to recede, along with that of the town with which they were so closely allied. Large families of children divided and dissipated the property; many of them moved to other parts of the country; those who remained, and unwilling to descend to a lower level in search of new ways to fortune, gradually faded out of sight or existence, retaining to the end the old traits of character, rendered harsher and gloomier by their more restricted circumstances. At length, about thirty years ago, Geoffrey Bellingham was born. He was a child of unusual intelligence, and with a strong appetite both for reading and adventure. But the monotonous and lifeless existence of the sluggish old town vexed and wearied him; he wished he had come into the world a hundred years earlier, when men went forth to battle, and to sail the seas, and the days were full of novelty, activity and excitement. His heart stirred within him to bear a hand in the work and movement of the world, and such echoes as reached him of what was going on in other places and lands kept alive this longing and developed it. He met with no sympathy, however, from his own family circle, and at length ceased to make them confidants of his desires and projects; yet this discouragement to the utterance of his thoughts led him to cherish them not less but more ardently. Finally, in his twelfth year, he ran away to sea, taking passage on board a Boston vessel bound for the Pacific.

He was absent three years, and he came home first mate on board an English blockade runner from Liverpool. It was in the midst of our civil war; the blockade runner was captured, and Bellingham was taken prisoner. On his announcing his readiness to take service under the federal flag, however, he was allowed to join the crew of a government war vessel. He had the good luck to see a great deal of fighting, and was promoted for gallantry and general efficiency. Before the year was out he met a Confederate bullet, which put an end to his participation in the war, and very nearly severed his connection with all human affairs. Nevertheless he recovered and made his way to the north with \$1,000 in his pocket. On reaching his native place he found his father and mother both dead, and his sister (the only child besides himself) married.

He was at this time about 17 years old, but as tall and robust (barring the temporary effects of his wound) as a much older man; with a premature gravity and dignity of demeanor, and a strong, penetrating and resolute mind. After remaining quiet for a month or two, to recuperate his physical powers and to think over his position, he determined to be an architect. He set to work at once, with his usual energy and persistence; and after having familiarized himself with the rudiments of the profession at the best scientific school in the country he entered an architect's office in New York, and worked there from twelve to fifteen hours a day for seven years. Unremitting application such as this, rendered physically possible as it was by an invincible constitution, and turned to the best advantage by a powerful and comprehensive intellect, could not fail to have its effect.

When Bellingham, at the end of his apprenticeship period, set up in business on his own account, there were few men in the country who possessed a broader and sounder knowledge of architecture than this young man of 23, or who had

so much taste and originality in matters of design. The remainder of his professional history, being mainly a record of well deserved and increasing success, has little interest. At the epoch of his entrance into this story he had had a hand in many of the best buildings of our large cities, both private and public, and incidentally he had been brought in contact with a great number of people whom it might be deemed socially expedient to know. But Bellingham scarcely seemed to have the ordinary social instinct. His manners were abrupt and reserved, and he had a very disconcerting glance for those who seemed disposed to attempt to be familiar with him. He seemed to have a temperamental antipathy against aristocratical or exclusive pretensions of any kind, though in a certain sense no one was more exclusive and aristocratic than he.

The type is no uncommon one, as the critics say; and it is perhaps a pity, nowadays, that it is not a great deal commoner. Though repellent in several ways, it has some qualities of almost infinite redemption. It includes everything that we call masculine. Its exemplars are often deficient in humor; but they have a sternness and simplicity that are to the other parts of human nature what sea salt is to water. They are often unjust, but they are never complaisant. They may be bitter, but they are never sweet; or hard, but never soft. And yet there is another side to them—only very few—perhaps only one—ever comes to know it. Enough of generalizations.

Geoffrey Bellingham had not the air of being susceptible to feminine charms. His manner, when he was brought in contact with the gentler sex, underwent no gentle and illuminating change. The elements of his nature seemed averse from harmonizing with those of women. When he happened to speak with a woman he would express himself in his usual curt, laconic way, keeping his eyes fixed upon her face while, with a sort of unsympathetic inquisition, the impression conveyed was that he considered women insufficient and untrustworthy. On the other hand he never raised against them, as self-conscious misogynists do; his indifference seemed not to be the result of an exhaustive or mortifying experience of them in the past; it was scientific or temperamental rather. He recognized their functional uses to the race and to society, but did not care to be personally concerned with them more than was necessary.

But his professional reputation was so high and so well attested that his social disqualifications did not injure his success; and when Gen. Inigo conceived the idea of a grand new opera house Bellingham was among those to whom he applied for a plan and an estimate, and it was Bellingham who got the contract. The result was a building which many judges considered to be second to none of its kind in the world. It was beautiful, it was luxurious, it was fireproof. Incidentally a number of artists achieved renown and made money by the decorations which they executed, under Bellingham's supervision, for its inner and outer walls. New York boasted of it, the papers contained descriptions of it, and the illustrated journals published pictures of it, and endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to obtain a portrait of the architect. But, as a compensation, there was engraved a dignified and imposing representation of Gen. Inigo, and a record of his brilliant and typically American career.

Bellingham had been waiting in the general's office fifteen minutes when the latter appeared, with Jocelyn on his arm, both in the best of spirits. The architect did not rise from his chair or make any other response than a preoccupied nod to the expansive greetings of the gentleman. "If you have your wits about you," he said to Inigo, "look at this plan and tell me your idea about it."

"What's it all about, anyhow?" returned the impresario, removing his cigar from his mouth and pulling himself together. "Stage entrance! What's the use of that? Just make it so as they can get in and out, and the gals can see their fellows!"

"No, sir," interposed Bellingham quietly. "I want to stop that."

"Stop what, in the name of gracious?"

"Fellows hanging round the stage door for the girls to come out. I don't like it, and I mean to give the girls a chance to get off free if they choose."

"Your saving clause will cover ninety-nine cases in a hundred, I fancy," remarked Jocelyn with a laugh.

"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Bellingham, looking at him; "and what have you to do with it, either?"

"Oh, I was only startled to see you turning missionary," replied the other, moving away.

Bellingham paid no further notice to him.

"By connecting the window above the lower door, by means of an iron bridge of fifteen feet span, with the corridor in the building on the opposite side of the alley," he said, referring to his drawing, "you give additional means of exit either by the stage door of that building or by the upper passage leading to the elevated railway station. Well?"

"What'll it cost?" inquired Inigo.

"Not more than eight hundred, or I'll pay the difference."

"It's all damn nonsense; but I'll do it to oblige you," said Inigo.

"That way, if you like," said Bellingham, folding up his plan. "Good day."

"Odd fish, that fellow," observed Jocelyn when the architect had gone out.

"I just tell you what," said Inigo, "if that odd fish was an impresario the

divas wouldn't go back on him—not much!"

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Oh, maybe they wouldn't dare; but they wouldn't, anyhow."

"What do you know about that?"

"I know a man when I see him," returned the other, wagging his head. "and so do they."

## CHAPTER V.

HOW EVERYTHING WAS MADE PLEASANT AND EASY FOR HER.



"What are the services for which this is the payment?" Mrs. Bemax inquired.

Two or three days afterward Jocelyn betook himself to a small and rather shabby looking house in East Eighteenth street, and asked if Mrs. Bemax were at home. The woman who opened the door said, in a weary and discontented voice, that Mrs. Bemax was in, and Jocelyn went upstairs. He entered the front room on the first floor. This room had a dingy and brownish aspect. The furniture was meager and rickety. Upon the wall between the windows hung askew a print of the Prince of Wales and his family, taken from some illustrated paper and framed in a wooden frame stained black and varnished. The only pretty thing in the room was a photograph of a chubby little child about 4 years of age. It was mounted in a tasteful standard frame of stamped leather, and a small vase containing two or three flowers stood in front of it. The photograph itself was much faded and was in the style of ten years ago.

In a few minutes a tall, middle aged woman, with a square shaped face and rather strongly marked features, came into the room. Her eyes and brows were dark; her hair was light and touched with gray. The corners of her large mouth had acquired an indrawn look, apparently from a habit of pressing her lips together; her general expression was studiously impassive. She looked like one accustomed to meet with rebuffs and disappointments, and to put up with them when necessary, though never with meekness and resignation. There was an air about her that showed she had once been familiar with the handsome side of the world, but from whatever cause, had discontinued to enjoy or practice its refinements. There were more hard and unpleasant things in her memory than the contrary, and these memories and experiences had worn away her former comeliness and made her skeptical and somewhat malicious, instead of gentle and engaging.

"Well, Hamilton," she said, as she came in, "I hope you've brought me some money."

"Money, my dear Meg! Didn't I send you some last week?"

"Yes, enough to pay up my arrears of board. I've had none to spend on myself for a month, and I have only one other dress to my back, and that is not fit to be seen."

"Things are more expensive here than in England. I told you that when you insisted on coming here. You would have been more comfortable at home."

"Home is where the heart is," she replied, with an intonation of somber sarcasm. "My heart is not in England, wherever else it may be."

"Well, I've been very busy," said Jocelyn.

"So you always tell me; but I presume, as usual, it is no business of mine."

"Well, my dear, it's only the money aspect of my business that you feel any interest in."

"If you must, there is no longer any sentiment between us I cordially admit it," was the answer. "I don't care the snap of my finger for you or for any one else now alive. But I have some claims upon you, and I've come here to enforce them."

"You have the photograph there still, I see," remarked Jocelyn, turning to the table. "Poor little fellow! If he'd lived I'd have made a man of him."

"Yes! You'd have made the same sort of man of him as you've made woman of his mother. I'm glad he's dead, if it's only to save him from knowing what sort of a father he's got! However, you said that to put me in a good humor, I suppose. What do you want?"

"I vow, Meg, you're too confoundedly sour for anything," exclaimed Jocelyn, twisting his wiskers. "I've come to tell you of an arrangement that will enable you to live at your ease the rest of your days, and this is the way I am received. Come, now!"

"It is impossible you should intend any benefit to me that would not benefit you ten times more," said Mrs. Bemax impassively.

"You do me gross injustice; you are like all women with a grievance!" returned Jocelyn, whose temper was certainly very easy. "My scheme is to put you in receipt of an income of \$1,200 a year. Have you any fault to find with that?"

"What are the services for which this is the payment?" Mrs. Bemax inquired.

"To chaperon a lady—nothing more."

"A lady!" repeated the other, a peculiar smile drawing down the corners of her mouth; "I begin to understand! Who is she?"

"The prima donna at the new opera house."

"Yes; in whom you are tenderly interested. Taking everything into consideration, Hamilton, that is very characteristic of you; a very delicate piece of kindness!"

"Bah! Meg, your cynicism is overdone; you are on a wrong scent entirely. In the first place, the lady is not the person she's supposed to be. She's the daughter of an old friend of mine; I once intended to marry her, but—I thought better of it. Circumstances which you will be fully informed of have led to her personating the Marana—name and all—the coming season. It's a grand secret, of course, and I selected you as the only woman who could be trusted to keep it. You are to confirm in every way that suggests itself the idea that she is the bona fide Marana; say you've lived with her for years in Europe, and so on. But she is wholly ignorant of the world, and you are to see to it that none of the young fellows gets ahead of her. You may invent all the adventures you like for her—in the past, but on no account let her get into any scrapes in the present. Do you see what I mean?"

"I think so. The young fellows you speak of are to be kept out of the way for your sake rather than for hers; and she is to be instructed that any scrape she gets into with you is no scrape at all, but a distinction and a blessing."

"Upon my soul I should flatter myself you were jealous if I didn't know you so well," said Jocelyn with a laugh; "I only wish to protect the girl from annoyance and to insure the success of the whole scheme. If you could make me believe in your disinterestedness and virtue the only result would be that I should serve you less efficiently than otherwise. But you always liked deception for its own sake, and you are the same Hamilton Jocelyn that I knew in Richmond twelve years ago. Well, I shall know what tone to take with her."

"Take any tone you like, in the devil's name, so long as you take the position and observe the conditions!" exclaimed Jocelyn, getting up, with some signs of impatience.

"I will take the position on condition of being guaranteed my outfit and twelve hundred dollars," said Mrs. Bemax. "It is not high wages for the devil to pay, but it's better than nothing, and to live as comfortably as I can, so long as I do live, is the best I have to look forward to now. I'm not so fastidious in other respects as you do me the honor to imagine."

"Well, Meg, when you've enjoyed a few months' luxury you'll take a more genial view of things, I hope. Above all things make as good an impression on the lady as possible. She must learn to confide in you, and to take your advice in all social matters from the outset. You can do anything with her if she likes you and trusts you, and nothing if she doesn't."

"I understand; I am to be another mother to her!" said Margaret Bemax, in a tone and with a look in her eyes so quiet and yet so repellent that Jocelyn made no attempt to reply, but took his leave without further ceremony.

Certainly Beatrix needed a mother at this epoch of her career. The peculiar conditions under which she was making her entrance into the world rendered her especially defenseless. She was not only ignorant (as any girl brought up in the seclusion of home is likely to be) of the ways and wickedness of mankind, but the strict necessity of her making out her own father and of all the other relatives and friends who should naturally be around her. She was not herself, and she was somebody wholly different from herself as well. Furthermore she was a singer, with all the sensitiveness and the liability to emotional impressions that the musical temperament implies. Upon the whole a young woman can select no career more dangerous than that upon which Beatrix had just entered, and the external circumstances which attended her entrance could scarcely have been more untoward.

Meantime the subject most constantly present to her thoughts, since it gave color to everything else, was her assumed character of the Marana. To be herself began to appear in the light of something criminal. Everything depended upon maintaining the deception. Nor could she disguise from herself that the men she met treated her with a sort of freedom to which she was quite unaccustomed. This perplexed and annoyed her, and Mrs. Bemax, when she appealed to her, only smiled and said she mustn't mind them. Finally she thought it would be a good idea to ask information of Mr. Jocelyn.

"Fellows bother you, do they?" said that gentleman in answer to her complaint, with a reassuring smile. "Well, ma'mselle, you know we mustn't be too particular about that. When we have been on the stage a little longer we shall learn to look upon all men as our brothers, and not mind a little fun. Besides, you know, you are the famous and invincible Marana, and are supposed to be able to settle all such Jack-a-dandies with one hand, so to speak!"

"I don't understand you," said Beatrix, with a slight flush.

"Well, my dear, the amount of it all is they mean no harm, and they've heard so many stories about the Marana's adventures that they feel justified in trying to find out what she's made of. The fact is, you know, she's said to be a little hazardous—dangerous—as soon ruin a man as look at him, and you mustn't out the character."

"Do you mean that I should pretend to be anything that is not—good?"

"Oh! no, no—not that, of course! Only a sort of give-and-take, live-and-let-live style—that's what you want."

"If they think I am different from what I am, in any bad way," continued Beatrix, "I will either tell them who I am or give up the whole thing." Her voice trembled.

"Now my good little prima donna, don't you say anything so foolish!" said Jocelyn, taking her hand in his and patting it. "Come, you know me, and don't you? You know whether or not Hamilton Jocelyn would permit any one to insult you? Very well, then; you're as safe, if the worst comes to the worst, as if you were sealed up in the corner of the pyramid of Cheops! But what I want you to learn is to have courage—to hold your own bravely, and not to be too squeamish about what the people you meet with say and do. The world always seems queer and a little disagreeable when one's first brought

in contact with it—full of people not a bit like our quiet folks out in the country. But we can't change the world, can we? All we can do is to take things as they are, and make the best of it. If we are all right nothing can really hurt us. But we must have courage, we mustn't be afraid, we mustn't talk of giving up! We must be a little woman of the world. Every woman must be who intends to accomplish anything, let alone to make such a reputation as lies before you. It's a little freemasonry we all have to learn, nothing more; and, as I said, though you won't love me—naughty child!—yet you can't help trusting your father's old friend; and as a matter of course you will come to me if you get into any real scrape. I shall be only too ready to assist you; but I don't want to seem officious either to you or to others, and I want you to fight your own way as much as possible at first. It will make it all the easier for you hereafter. Don't let yourself be put upon, of course, but don't altogether forget that you're the Marana either. If you manage it cleverly her name ought to be a help to you rather than the contrary."

"In what way?"

"Oh, the sharper the fight the sooner over, you know, and the more decisive," said Jocelyn, laughing. "Yes, it is an advantage in every way. If you were entered in the lists in your own name, with your father and all your friends to fall back on, you would be falling back all the time. You would be trusting to their strength instead of to your own. But since you're alone you'll discover your own force, and make it evident to the others in the bargain."

"But will not papa live in the hotel with me?"

"My gracious, no!" exclaimed Jocelyn, lifting his hands in half playful consternation. "In the eyes of the world, remember, he's nothing but a respectable old gentleman, in no sort of way related to you. To have him in attendance on you would be most—what shall I say?—inexpedient; and if it led to nothing else, it might lead to his true relationship being found out. No, you may see him occasionally, of course, but on the same footing as any other chance acquaintance. Ha, ha! You wouldn't want to compromise your own father, would you? not to speak of being compromised by him!"

"Well, I certainly am alone!" said Beatrix gravely.

"In appearance, yes; but so long as Hamilton Jocelyn is alive you'll have an unfailing resource."

"I should compromise you as well," said she, looking at him fixedly. He made a laughing gesture of depreciation.

"Oh, don't be afraid of that! I'm known; everybody understands me! We can do no possible harm to each other. It's an understood thing that I stand godfather to all prime donne on their entry into New York society. You may safely refer to me as an old friend on all occasions. And, by the by, I've taken the liberty to do you a bit of service already. You need a companion, and I've been so lucky as to secure just the person. She's an English lady, daughter of a clergyman; I've known her for years; an excellent creature; really a lady of great refinement and experience, and precisely suited to your needs. She will take perfect care of you, and keep you posted about everything you ought to do and all that sort of thing. I have let her into the secret, the only other persons who know it being your father, Inigo, and myself. The idea is, of course, that she's been living with you on the continent, and all that sort of thing. Mme. Bemax, she'll be here tomorrow morning. You'll be certain to like her immensely."

"Well, what must be, must, I suppose," said Beatrix, folding her hands in her lap and looking down. "It does seem hopeless to think of going back now I have come so far. But if I had understood beforehand." \* \* \* She paused, but went on after a moment. "I seem to be living in the midst of falsehoods, and it seems to me that that is more likely to take away courage than to give it."

"Pooh, pooh! things will very soon shake down, and then in everything but name you can be more yourself than you ever were before!" returned her father's old friend encouragingly.

The next day Mme. Bemax was introduced, and was very genial, helpful and agreeable.

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## A TENDENCY OF THE TIME.

The Work of Psychological Research and What It Is Likely to Accomplish.

It is at first glance remarkable that so skeptical an age as ours should be the time in which so thorough and extensive research is made into that misty region which of old was regarded as the supernatural, but which is now the custom to look upon as merely the unexplored; and yet upon the second thought it is apparent that it is precisely the skeptical age that is most likely to study this phase of nature. In a more devout age it would be thought that there was something half sacrilegious in prying into the hidden mysteries of creation; while in a more superstitious age a more or less conscious fear would do much to check investigation. It is in the calm and coolly investigating temper of the generation which is still in doubt that these things are sure to be most eagerly studied.

There is, of course, the widest difference of temper in the minds of those who in one form or another have thrown themselves into psychical research. It was said, with perhaps more epigrammatic neatness than accuracy, that the English Society of Psychical Research was established to prove that all ghost stories were true, while the American was established to prove that all were false; yet with whatever extravagance of statement there was at least a grain of truth in the phrase. The negative is never of a vitality equal to that of the positive, and in the end the American society went under, and its remnants have been annexed to the English body. That there are earnest workers in both is doubtless true, and it is no doubt true also that there is much work of value done by the society. Certainly many of the men connected with the movement would command respect for any enterprise in which they were engaged or to which they lent their support.

The thing which strikes an outsider, however, is the fact that it is the almost inevitable result of the following sort of study that the student is drawn from the real to the unreal, from the tangible to the intangible, and—alas, that it must be added—from the tenable to the untenable. The history of the vast majority of thinkers who have plunged into this sort of study has been that they have ended by being the dupe of illusions which they would have been the first to smile at when they were in a sane and normal condition, illusions of which the falsity has been demonstrated beyond peradventure. It has not infrequently happened that investigators for the power and clearness of whose mind at the outset, for whose fairness and integrity there could not be too much admiration, have in the end become the victims of the most vulgar trickery, the dupes of charlatans who had not the merit of extraordinary cleverness to recommend them, or the champions of vagaries begot in their own brains like maggots in sunbaked cheese.

The value of psychical research is too obvious to need remark, and it is in no spirit of cavil that this common danger of the study is touched upon. Why is it that investigators so often lose their balance in this field it is not easy to say, but of the fact, at least, there seems to be no reasonable doubt. Whether it be from the habit of mind induced by too much striving after the intangible, whether it be that the powers proper to the perception of this branch of investigation be not well developed in the race as yet, whether it be that contact with the class or phenomena dwell upon in these suggestions subtly changes the fiber of the mind, it is impossible to say; it is only possible to predict with approximate assurance that the man who goes into this business with a very level head will in nine cases out of ten come to the place where he will be a possible victim to the easiest and most transparent frauds of circumstances or of charlatans. He will come to the place where it is inevitable that he should either be tricked or trick himself.

It is possible that this is one of the phases through which this branch of science must go, and from which it will triumphantly emerge later. It may be that it is merely the natural result of hereditary tendencies, and that in a generation or two the impulse, brought constantly in contact with the hard face of fact, will be worn away. In the meantime it is not unnatural that the human mind, being called upon to believe scientifically so much that it has hitherto held to or rejected as belonging to the realm of the supernatural, should find it difficult to distinguish between the true and the false. This may come later when the atmosphere of investigation becomes cleared from the lingering mist of old superstitions. Meanwhile there is nothing to do but to push the investigations; although the outside world must look upon whoever goes deeply into this branch of study as a man who is likely to make a sacrifice of himself in the cause of science much in the same way as a man sacrifices himself who goes into a mine full of poisonous vapors for the sake of bringing back to light such gems as may chance to be mixed with the handfuls of pebbles which he gathers in the desperate haste that haply he may escape with his life.—Boston Courier.

**Stylish Jackets.** Sleeveless jackets with basques cut up in tabs are applied to smart dresses made high to the throat. One in tangerine yellow satin, brocaded, with black velvet over a loose fronted blouse of black lace, with long sleeves, is worn with a skirt of yellow crepe. Another coat, the basque of which reaches far below the hips, is called the Montecarlo. It has no waist seam, the bodice and the basque being cut in the same piece, and its elegance lies in the fit and its waistcoat resplendent with gold needlework on a white ground.—Chicago Post.

—Miss Gushington—"Is that Dr. Drake? What a splendid looking man! He's a perfect Achilles." Uncle George—"Yes, and like Achilles, he's all right except in his head."—Boston Transcript.

—Howland Hill once finished a charity sermon by requesting all persons who were in debt not to place any thing in the plate.

A foot race—Chiropractors.

## SEALSKIN TROUSERS.

They Are Worn By Eskimo Women—Belts Made of Wolverine Claws.

Under the outer pantaloons the Eskimo women wear a second pair of a thicker deer-skin, skin side out, with stocking feet. When the spring comes and the snow gets sloppy on the surface, they discard the outer pantaloons and put on water-proof boots like the men's, but held up by a draw-string just below the knee.

Later in the season, when there is a good deal of wet weather and they are knocking around in boats, they wear pantaloons made wholly of waterproof black sealskin. All these pantaloons, like the men's breeches, are rather short in the waist, and are held up by a girdle just above the hips. Like a sailor's trousers they need a good deal of hitching up.

The frock is always confined round the waist by a girdle, often merely a strip of skin. The men, however, often have handsome belts about an inch and a half wide, woven of the shafts of feathers. By using black and white feathers a very neat pattern is produced. The fashionable ladies' belt is made by sewing together bits of fur from the feet of the wolverine, each with a single claw attached.

Fastened to the belt behind, every man and boy wears the bushy tail of some animal. A wolverine's tail is the "correct thing," but those who can not afford this wear the tail of the wolf or the Eskimo dog. This fashion gave rise to the story, told by the old Russian voyagers, of men with tails on the American coast.

It is also very fashionable to wear the skin of an ermine dangling from the frock between the shoulders, or an eagle's feather in the same place or on the back of the hood. These are amulets, and are supposed to bring good luck, like the dried birds' heads, bears' claws and other such things which the men wear dangling from the belt.

The only head-covering is the hood of the frock which comes forward just far enough to cover the ears. In very cold weather, or when they are sitting on the ice watching for seals, the men wear cloaks of deer-skin over their other clothes. When it rains, or when they are out in the boats in rough weather, both men and women draw over their other clothes a frock made of stripes of the entrails of the seal dried and stitched together. This frock has a hood which fits close round the face, and is quite water-proof.

Since these people have had so much to do with the white men, they have taken to wearing a good deal of brightly colored calico. Of this they make long frocks without hoods, which they wear over their furs in blustering weather to keep the snow from getting on to them.—N. Y. Journal.

## HIS FAVORITE DISH.

A Youthful Capitalist Who "Blowed" Himself on Pie.

A very small and ragged boy climbed on a stool in one of the busiest of downtown lunch-rooms the other day. He held three dimes tightly clasped in one grimy hand, and with the knuckles of the other, he rapped impatiently on the counter. Through the clatter of china-ware, the bawling of the waiters and the general confusion and uproar he confided to his middle-aged neighbor, who was so sedately eating baked beans, that he had his month's wages and cherished the reckless purpose of "blowing himself in fer a square feed."

Then he turned his attention to the waiters, and as they shot by in the way lunch-counter waiters have, with the coffee cups and bread plates in their hands, he saluted them in a shrill pipe with: "Hi, there! Gimme some beefsteak. Beefsteak, ye duffer. Hay, Charley, beefsteak!"

Presently a colored gentleman sailed up to the counter before him and bent his head.

"Gimme beefsteak 'n'——" But the colored gentleman shook his head and disappeared.

"Wat's the matter vid the coons, anyhow?" he demanded of his demure neighbor.

"They do not serve meats here," the man replied, trying to look benevolent.

"Huh! Whatta they got 'ere, anyhow?"

"You could get corn rolls for five cents. The youth sniffed disdainfully. "Or griddle cakes for ten cents." He considered a minute, but shook his head. "Or apple dumpling for ten. He visibly softened, and even smiled a little.

"I want 'tirty cents' worth," he finally decided, firmly.

"Well, they have pie."

"Wat kinda pie?" suspiciously.

"Apple, custard, lemon, mince—" The soiled features of this young epicure expanded in an ecstatic grin. He hooked his elbows on top of the counter and drew himself up.

"Hi, there, Charley. How much yer mince pie?" he cried.

"'F' cent a cut, sah."

"How many a yer cuts in a pie?"

"Foah, sah."

"Bully—gimme a pie."—Chicago News.

## HIS SPIRIT RETURNED.

He Kept His Word and Turned Into a Kicking Mule.

I distinctly remember the first hanging I ever saw in a Nevada mining camp, and as I put in ten years out there, and as hangings came to be of weekly occurrence, I rather pride myself on this feat of memory. A lazy, quarrelsome miner named Rattebone struck a man with a pick one day and killed him, and after a fair trial was found guilty and condemned to hang. On the night preceding the execution he sent for me. I had once given him a pipe and had also written two or three letters for him, and he reasoned that I was his friend. When I entered his presence he held out his hand and said:

"Say, now, you don't believe I'm afraid to hang?"

"Oh, no."

"Hain't no idea I'll weaken?"

"None, whatever."

"'Cause I propose to hang with a grin on my face—if I've got to hang. There is just one reason why I don't want to, however, and I want you to do me a favor."

"Well?"

"Go to the boys and state the case. There's an old fellow down the creek named Champlin. A month ago I got into a fuss with him, and he said I'd be hung inside of three months. This thing will tickle him almost to death. He'll say: 'I told you so!' and he'll go on about the wicked being cut short in their career, and all that, and I want to disappoint him."

"But you are to hang in the morning."

"Yes, I know; but I don't want to, you see. Just go and talk to the boys and tell 'em about old Champ and get me off."

I didn't do any thing, of course, and next morning when he was led out, he pleaded his own case, but without avail. Just before he was swung off he saw the old man in the crowd and he called him up and said:

"Champ, you pie-bald, knock-kneed old cuss, you'll go around bragging that you predicted this, and you'll wear your hat on your ear and step high. Durn your old hide, but it's on your account I hate to go! I've got to, however, but I'll get even with you. Hang me if I don't turn into a mule and kick you to death afore the year is out!"

Five months later a speculator came into our camp on a mule. The animal stood tied to a tree, and when old Champ lounged up to pick up a frying pan the brute shot out and hit him in the temple and keeled him over stone dead.—N. Y. Sun.

## MINIATURE PAINTING.

Specimens Found on the Papyrus Rolls of Ancient Egypt.

The fashion of painting single portraits "in little," or miniature, undoubtedly took its origin in the grand art of the illuminator—an art which was practiced by all nations, both eastern and western, from the rubrication of capitals and headings, and occasionally true miniatures found on the papyrus rolls of ancient Egypt, as far back as the eighteenth dynasty, down to the magnificent missal in the Rouen library, completed in the year A. D. 1682. Every collection affords abundant evidence of the introduction of individual portraits among the gorgeous surrounding of the general illuminated work. The Flemish illuminator, especially, carried the drawing and coloring of the heads to a degree of perfection which came very near that attained by the greatest masters who subsequently practiced the art of miniature painting, as the term is understood in these latter days. The first Englishman who devoted himself entirely to it, with distinguished success, was Nicholas Hilliard, 1547-1619. He began when 13 years old. The most interesting specimens of his work are the portraits of Elizabeth and the Duc d'Alencon on the respective covers of a prayer-book intended as a present from the Queen to the Duke.—Toledo Blade.

## TIME'S CHANGES.

Things Got Rather Mixed Since Sonny Went Away.

The other day he returned. He stood again in his native village. He found the can where he had hid it. He procured a pint of milk. He went to his old familiar boyhood's home, entered in a hesitating and trembling voice said: "Father and mother here's your milk." He was given a warm welcome, but he noticed there was a change in his parents' appearance; they had not the old familiar look. He questioned them; explanations followed. The young man discovered that, though the good people were still his parents, the change in their personal appearance was easily accounted for. Shortly after his sudden and mysterious departure from home, his father died and his mother married again. Then his mother died and his new father married again.

Thus on his return the wandering boy found the dear old home as he had left it, the only difference being that he had a new father and a new mother. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—Old Colony Gazette.

—There is a grim humor about some of Judge Lynch's executions. A bank president in Southwestern Texas made away with all the funds under his charge, and then posted on the door of his institution: "Bank suspended." That night he was interviewed by a number of depositors, who left him hanging to a tree with this amended notice pinned to his breast: "Bank president suspended."

—Breakfast Rolls.—Sift two quarts of flour, mash two large boiled potatoes and mix in with a tablespoonful of lard, one cup of yeast, one cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar. Knead all together, set to rise; make in rolls, put in a greased pan, set in a warm place until very light and bake quickly.—Ladies' Home Companion.

—Warned-over biscuits can hardly be told from new ones if they are set dry in a close pan and covered while reheating.

—A stingy man does the devil's work for nothing.—Ram's Horn.

Must have have a "pull"—The trigger.

## HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—For duchess potatoes use cold boiled potatoes cut in dice, season to taste with salt and pepper, dip in butter (melted), sprinkle with flour and bake in a hot oven.

—A man's way of patching a hole in a tablecloth would probably be to sew on a piece; a woman's way is to patch the piece on with starch on then smooth it with a hot iron.

—Macaroons.—Mix one-quarter pound almond paste and the whites of two eggs together. Beat with a fork. Then add five ounces powdered sugar. Bake in a slow oven.—Boston Herald.

—Egg Balls.—Pound the yolks of hard-boiled eggs (when cold) to a paste or mash them in a bowl with a sponge, beating in a little salt, pepper and the white of a raw egg. Mold thin into shape, dredge with flour and fry in batter.

—Small fancy cakes that are easily made may be prepared as follows: Cut any kind of plain cake into rather thick squares and remove a portion of the center of each; then fill with almonds and raisins chopped and mixed together; cover with the cake that was removed and ice the whole.—N. Y. World.

—Amber Pudding.—Half a pound of suet, one-half pound of bread crumbs, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a little candied lemon peel, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, four well-beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of apricot marmalade; mix these ingredients well together, pour into a mold and boil three hours; serve with sauce and jelly.—Boston Herald.

—Household Pudding.—Ingredients: One cup currants, one cup raisins, one and one-half cups flour, one cup bread crumbs, one teaspoonful spice, one teaspoonful extract nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful dripping, one cup hot and one cup cold milk, a little lemon peel. Mix the currants, raisins, bread crumbs, flour, spice, extract nutmeg and lemon peel; dissolve the soda in the cold, the dripping in the hot milk; mix all together. Boil in cloth or mold for three hours.

—Soupe Purée de Pommes de Terre Liee.—Cook in salted water the weight of a pound and a half of potatoes, peeled and cut. When they are nearly done, strain, and put in the oven to dry; then pass through a sieve, a little at a time. Put the puree thus obtained in a saucepan, and dilute with boiled milk or stock; let it boil up once, and then stir well and put to the side of the stove, season with salt and pepper, and add a lump of sugar and some nutmeg. Then stir in the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and a tablespoonful of butter. It is then ready to pour into the soup tureen.—Demorest's Monthly.

—Egg Baskets.—These should be made for breakfast the day after you have had roast chicken, duck or turkey for dinner. Boil six eggs hard, cut nearly in half and extract the yolks; rub these to a paste with some melted butter, pepper and salt, then set aside. Pound the minced meat of the cold fowl fine, in the same manner, and mix it with the egg paste, moistening with melted butter, or with a little of the gravy if you have it to spare. Cut off a slice from the bottom of the hollowed whites of the eggs, to make them stand; fill them with the paste, and stand them close together upon a flat dish. Pour over them the gravy left from yesterday's roast, heated boiling hot and mellowed by a few spoonfuls of cream or rich milk. Set into the oven for about five minutes and serve.—Housekeeper.

## THE MOTHER'S WORK.

Her Love Is Not to Be Measured By the Number of Stitches She Takes.

We notice an article on home dress-making in one of our family journals, the advice to mothers to cultivate the art of hand sewing, especially on children's clothing. One reason given for this is that no decoration is so fashionable and suitable as the stitches placed by a mother. Then the statement is made, "We are all apt to sew in great ambitions and loving wishes, and isn't it possible there may be greater hope for all we pray for coming to the little people if work and devotion are combined?"

We really think no sensible woman will, after a moment's thought, be disturbed by such remarks as this. But there may be some young mothers who may be striving to so plan their work and sewing that they may have some time left for other things. Just when this has been accomplished by dispensing with a little trimming here, making the children's dresses by plainer pattern, so the work can be done on a machine instead of by hand, she comes across the article referred to. Her heart sinks. Every mother likes to see her children daintily and appropriately dressed. But to have this, she must put hand work on them, feather-stitching, embroidery, etc., we suppose.

We should like to be informed also wherein exists the superiority of ambitious and loving wishes laboriously worked in by weary hands over those which kept time to the swift motion of the treadle of the sewing machine.

Is, then, one's love and interest to be measured by the amount of work put upon the children's garments and not by the tender care and watchfulness, the sympathy with their pursuits, their disappointments and successes? Women and mothers of the present generation have many of them learned that these things are more important than the extra ruffle on the dress or the extra finish of hand work on the little garments. If time and strength are lacking to accomplish both, the latter and not the former is the one to be neglected, and the children themselves, as they grow older, will be the first to acknowledge this.

Let no one, then, be discouraged by articles which would persuade us that our children can not be properly dressed or cared for unless a certain number of stitches are taken and a certain model followed. Circumstances alter cases and no one can be a judge for another. Only let us be sure that the more important things of life are not overlooked while our attention is given to those which are not to be neglected entirely, but only given their proper share.—Western Rural.

Some chronic "kickers"—Miles.

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## MASONIC DIRECTORY.

**ANN ARBOR COMMANDERY, No. 13,** meets first Tuesday of each month. B. F. Watts, E. C.; John K. Miner, Recorder.  
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## Republican State Ticket.

For Justice of the Supreme Court,  
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## SAPLESS ISSUES.

As Viewed by the Republican Press of The State.

The COURIER promptly took occasion to dissent from the new doctrines promulgated by the new management of the Detroit Tribune, in its editorial reciting what it was pleased to term "Sapless Issues" of the republican party. That our readers may better understand what these issues are, we quote them from the Tribune:

1. The war of the rebellion. The war is over.

2. The solid South. The unfortunate condition of things in that section does not properly give license to demagogic appeals to prejudice in the North.

3. The bloody shirt. The day of this garment's usefulness as a political argument has gone by.

4. The Golden Club. The bugaboo of British gold in American elections has been seen so often that it doesn't frighten anybody now. One logical argument for the protective policy is worth 100 columns of invective against the free trade campaign fund.

5. The Rebels in Congress. Every one of these men was restored to the full privilege of citizenship with the sanction of the republican party, expressed in its National platform and given effect by the acts of its representatives in the National legislature. But a great many republican orators do not know the history of the republican party.

That this paper does not stand alone in its position is proven every day by our state exchanges. Although every democratic paper in the state puts the Tribune on the back and calls it a "good boy," and on the right track, yet almost without exception, the republican papers, (the Coldwater Republican, for years a free trade mugwump sheet, being the only exception noticed) have condemned the Tribune's position. That our readers may know how the republican press of the state feel about these issues several quotations are given below:

The Detroit Tribune under its new management is very generally denounced by the republican press of the state, in its advice to drop, what it calls dead issues of the party. The editor is evidently, as reported, fresh from the mugwump columns of the Detroit News, and shows himself too ignorant of the political issues to occupy the position he has undertaken.—Hillsdale Standard.

The Detroit Tribune, in its reconstructed form, is so radically republican that it receives (and merits) a complimentary endorsement, half a column long, from our democratic cotemporary, the Lansing Journal. We understand that the Free Press management is contemplating an entire relinquishment of the field.—Lansing Republican.

It seems to many good republicans hereabouts, that the Detroit Tribune, under its present management, is no longer of any use as a representative of the republican party. If the old republican war-horse of Michigan, Zachariah Chandler was on earth how long do you suppose such a nondescript could pose as a representative republican organ? Well, we reckon it would be no longer than it would take to pi it, and that would be P—D—Q.—Hillsdale Leader.

The Detroit Tribune's editorial regarding "sapless issues" is an ideal position which the present unregenerated condition of the democratic party forbids the republicans assuming. When Cleveland proposed to give back the southern flags, should we remain silent? When fraud, violence and ballot box stuffing are made the practices of democracy in the southern states shall no objection be raised? Just as soon as these evils are removed, the index finger of the republican party will no longer be directed toward them. If this be bloody shirt, make the most of it.—Owosso Times.

When a newspaper comes to issue its 18,794th number it may be supposed to have had some variety in its editorial experience. This is emphatically true of the Detroit Tribune. Its variety of editorial writers includes some who have wielded sharp and able pens, and others of a different yet agreeable sort, varied also by examples of feebleness. It is edited now as well, perhaps, as could reasonably be expected of one trained and habituated to a very different political school. And if its utterances are not fully in accord with the

genius and principles of republicanism, nor responsive to the utterances of republican leaders, its readers can content themselves with the conviction that according to the habit and history of that Tribune a change will come before their patience suffers a long strain. Indeed, ever since eight years ago, the Tribune proved itself false to its position and promises, in the senatorial contest then current, its readers have been compelled to content themselves with its feeble leadership and its occasional advocacy of republicanism.—Grand Haven Herald.

The Allegan Journal has a very exhaustive and very able editorial upon these issues, a quotation or two will give an idea of its position:

The bloody shirt is a terrible reality to-day in the South, as the editor of the Detroit Tribune ought to know if he pays any attention to the news of the day and Congressional investigations. We wonder if the man who penned the sentiments published in the Tribune ever heard of the assassination of Congressman Clayton in Arkansas, or the murder of Postmaster Matthews in Mississippi, to say nothing of hundreds of other outrages that have occurred in those sections. The blood of murdered Southern republicans, irrespective of party, calls to heaven to be avenged and the republican party has pledged itself, in its National platform, to use every power in its means to put a stop to these outrages and protect our citizens in every part of the country.

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As to the Rebels in Congress, the republican party pardoned their transgressions, it is true, and restored them to citizenship, only to be rewarded for clemency by renewed treachery. These pardoned rebels are now trying, in the fields of legislation, to gain the ends they failed to attain in the arbitrament of arms, and at the present time are trying to block the wheels of government and by filibustering, to defeat needed legislation.

The Ypsilantian has a ringing editorial upon the subject, speaking in no uncertain tones. It devotes a column to an exposition of republican principles, in a manner that betokens a man thoroughly in earnest. We quote a couple of paragraphs, giving an idea of its position:

This is the platform of the Detroit Tribune under its new management. It is not the platform, and will not be the platform, of the republicans of Michigan.

That the Tribune has "marched on" in the last month, is quite evident but we think it will become clear to that paper that the direction of its march is not the direction which the mass of the republicans are pursuing—those of the generation since the war no more than those who lived through the war.

The Grand Rapids Eagle has a word to say:

"The issues of the war" will be dead when the South accepts in good faith the verdict of the war and not until then. So long as the South insists upon virtual nullification of the constitutional amendments guaranteeing equal rights to all citizens, so long will the issues of the war remain living issues. This palaver of the democratic and quasi democratic press, to the effect that these issues are dead and buried, is a hypocritical expedient, designed to gloat over and apologize for a great conspiracy against civil liberty and constitutional law. It is not the fault of the republican party that certain questions which were supposed to have been decided by the war are still prominent in national politics. It is the fault of the south, which has obstinately refused to accept the verdict at Appomattox. In this refusal the South has been aided and abetted by the democratic party of the North. Without such aid, the virtual nullification of the constitutional amendments in the ex-Rebel states would have been impossible. The democratic press in its apologies for and attempted defenses of the disfranchisement of southern citizens, wages covert warfare against the federal constitution. It is humiliating to find, occasionally a newspaper calling 'itself Republican and assuming to speak for the party, which calmly joins hands with the democracy in this deliberate conspiracy against civil liberty and constitutional law. Such journals are recreant alike to the traditions and the principles of the republican party. They do not represent its views nor define its issues, and can hold no secure place in the party's councils.

The Lansing Journal, whose editor is a democratic office holder under Gov. Winans, has an opinion also:

"The little radical organs in the interior of the State may kick as much as they please against the Detroit Tribune's new departure, but that doesn't alter the fact that that paper is everlastingly right. The ragged remnants of the mildewed bloody shirt can now be buried forever. The era of sectionalism in politics ended with the death of force and fraud bill."

For unadulterated gall; for thievishy superb; for a total disregard for all law, all honor, all respectability, the democratic members of the state senate take rank as the champions of the world, politically.

It will be noted by our former friends, as they read the list of delegates elected by the democratic county convention last Thursday, that the horny-handed sons of toil from Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, were sent to Lansing unanimously to represent them in convention.

Republican victory is in the air this spring. Breathe that air in, gentlemen.

## 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.

The work of the republican state convention at Jackson yesterday will be ratified by the people of Michigan. The work of the democratic members of the state senate at Lansing at the same time, will not only be condemned, but will be so thoroughly "set down on" by the fair minded people of Michigan, that all parties will hesitate before attempting any such dishonesty again.

The democracy of Washtenaw county assembled at the court house last Thursday, but no word came in it regard to the great and living questions of the day. Not one of the delegates made a speech, although Mr. Whitman, Mr. Sheehan, Mayor Manly, Mr. Norris, Mr. Cramer, and others who usually have something to say for their party, were all present. There was no lack of oratorical ability in the convention. Resolutions were adopted reshaping the old, mildewed, and musty condemnation of the republican party, but not one word about the live issue of the day, the silver question. Grover Cleveland's manly letter upon that subject had not yet the ink fairly dry upon its pages, yet the democracy of the great county of Washtenaw, in convention assembled, with anywhere from 1,000 to 2,000 majority at its back, dare not utter a word of approval of that courageous leader. The fact is the party is not united upon the question, and it was let alone the same as a hot poker would be. Then again there was a scramble among the faithful, and those who were chosen delegates were only chosen after a hot fight. Our friend of the Argus, had he ears to hear and eyes to see his own party action would find some issues that were full of sap right here at home in his own ranks. It isn't necessary for him to chew over the sapless issues of the Detroit Tribune with such keen relish.

## The Store

## MONEY SAVED

## PREVAILING LOW PRICES

## AND RELIABLE QUALITIES

Are recognized and appreciated at

## MAK & SCHMID

You have an opportunity of buying from the most extensive lines of

## NEW DRESS GOODS

Plain cashmeres in all The Latest Colors and Shades. Our stock was never so complete and prices the lowest in the State.

## DON'T MISS

To see our plain and fancy Dress Goods before you buy.

FEBRUARY 9, 1891

By actual count we have only

THIRTY-FIVE

## MEN'S OVERCOATS

In stock to sell from \$10.00 up

## AND THEY MUST GO!

If prices will do it.

SELL CHEAP AND THE PEOPLE WILL BUY.

## GREAT CUT IN MENS' AND CHILDRENS' SUITS AT

## J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

The Mammoth Clothiers & Hatters.



## HOSIERY.

"Burlington" Fast Black. 25c, 35c, 50c.

"Cleanfast" Fast Black, 35c, 44c, 50c, 68c, 75c, \$1. Above brands are best in the market. We are sole agents.

## Childrens' Hosiery.

Our line for Spring now in and acknowledged the best to be found.

## E. F. MILLS & CO.,

THE WHITE FRONT,

25 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

## SPRING OF '91

IS ALMOST HERE AND

## B. F. SCHUMACHER,

No. 6 S. Main St.,

Is ready to supply the people with

## GASOLINE STOVES

And all suitable supplies therefor.

People building new residences will find it to their interest to buy

## Schumacher's Royal Furnace!

Hot Air or Combination Heater. The best in the world. Thirty-three of these were put in in Ann Arbor last season, and every one giving the best of satisfaction, and every one an advertisement for its virtues.

**Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH**  
THE POSITIVE CURE.  
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

## W. F. LODHOLZ

IS OFFERING

BARGAINS

## Groceries and Provisions

FIRST-CLASS GOODS A SPECIALTY.

New Teas at 25c, 30c, 40c and 70c a pound.

Kettles, Porcelain lined, FREE with 1 lb. Baking Powder at 50c.

China Ware FREE with 1 lb. Coffee at 25c per lb.

The best goods at the Lowest prices. Always full weight and measure.

Delivered to any part of the city.

You will save money by trading with

## W. F. LODHOLZ

4 & 6 BROADWAY.

**\$3000** A YEAR! I undertake to briefly

teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn this amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

TO KEEP THINGS

## MOVING

MARKED DOWN TO

## Rock Bottom Prices!

—AT—

## J. J. GOODYEAR'S

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Prescriptions a Specialty!

We desire your patronage and will give you satisfaction.



# The Ann Arbor Courier.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1891.

FRIENDS OF THE COURIER WHO HAVE BUSINESS AT THE PROBATE COURT, WILL PLEASE REQUEST JUDGE BARRETT TO SEND THEIR PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE.

## OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE MAILS OFFICE HOURS.

General.	7.30 A. M. to 6.00 P. M.
Carrier Windows.	6.50 P. M. to 7.30 P. M.
Money-Order and Registry Departments.	8.00 A. M. to 6.00 P. M.
Sundays—General Delivery, Stamp and Carrier Windows.	9.00 A. M. to 10.00 A. M.

GOING EAST.	MAILS CLOSE.	MAILS DISTRIBUTED.
Express to Chicago R. P. O.	7.30 A. M.	7.30 A. M.
Express Pouch to Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O.	7.45 A. M.	7.45 A. M.
Express Pouch to Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O.	11.00 A. M.	11.50 A. M.
Express Pouch to Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O.	5.25 P. M.	6.50 P. M.
Express Pouch to Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O.	8.00 P. M.	8.00 P. M.
GOING WEST.		
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O.	7.30 A. M.	7.30 A. M.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O.	9.45 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O.	8.55 A. M.	9.45 A. M.
Express Pouch from Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O.	3.00 P. M.	
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O.	5.55 P. M.	6.30 P. M.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O.	8.00 P. M.	8.00 P. M.
GOING NORTH.		
Copeland & Toledo R. P. O.	7.40 A. M.	8.30 A. M.
Express Pouch from Toledo R. P. O.		5.45 P. M.
GOING SOUTH.		
Express Pouch to Toledo R. P. O.	11.30 A. M.	
O. Train 14.	11.30 A. M.	
Express Pouch from Detroit & East Saginaw R. P. O.		12.30 A. M.
Copeland & Toledo R. P. O.	8.00 P. M.	7.30 A. M.

EUGENE E. BEAL,  
Ann Arbor, Mich., January 1891. Postmaster.

## LOCAL.

### Motor Line Time.

In effect February 4th, 1891.

Leave Ypsilanti at 7:30, 9:30, 10:30, a. m., and 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30, p. m.  
Leave Ann Arbor from Court House, at 7:55, 9:55, 10:55, a. m., and 1:10, 2:50, 4:30, 6:10, 7:50, 9:50, 10:50, p. m.  
SUNDAY TIME.  
Leave Ypsilanti at 1:30, 2:40, 4:25, 6:05, 7:45, 9:30, p. m.  
Leave Ann Arbor from Court House, at 1:30, 3:10, 4:55, 6:35, 8:10, 9:50, p. m.  
Cars run on City Time. Coupon tickets, 10 cents, entitles passengers to a continuous ride over both roads. For sale by conductors on all streetcars.

The cold wave flag is up.  
The School Master's club will meet next Saturday.

It wouldn't make a person hereabouts unhappy to lose his "grippe."  
Foley Guild tendered Hon. John F. Finerty a pleasant reception Monday evening.

Company A had a large crowd at its annual masquerade ball at the rink Monday evening.

The flags of the city were quite generally raised Monday in honor of Washington's birthday.

Rev. J. M. Gelston will occupy the pulpit of the Third ave. Presbyterian church next Sunday.

Monday being the legal holiday for the 22d of Feb., which came on Saturday, the schools were not well attended. The University closed.

About 3,000 persons in University hall listened last Sunday evening to the intensely interesting lecture of Prof. Harper, on the prophet Joel.

The congregation of the M. E. church was greatly pleased Sunday morning by the appearance of Rev. W. S. Studley, of Evanston, Ill., in the pulpit.

Gov. Winans, Hon. Terrence J. McDonald, of Toledo, Ohio, and Congressman Weadock, of Bay City, will deliver addresses at the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in this city on the 17th of March next.

On Thursday night or Friday morning, the high water on the Huron river carried away about 150 feet of the Swift mill dam, to the depth of some five or six feet. It will cost about \$1,000 to repair the damages.

Gus Wilkie, who was the contractor for the museum building in this city, was a contractor upon the Texas capitol building, and it is said has a judgment of \$60,000 standing over him for a violation of the alien contract law.

Rev. J. M. Barkley, of the Third ave. Presbyterian church, of Detroit, will give the next lecture before the Tappan Training Course, next Sunday evening, at the Presbyterian church. Subject: "A Kemps' Imitation of Christ."

The streets of our city appeal to every driver upon them every day of the year for a stone crusher. One of the farmers near this city said to us yesterday: "I have seen the streets in your city worse than any road between here and Manchester. Ann Arbor needs to pay some attention to macadamizing."

The prominent republicans of this section were all taken to Jackson yesterday. Don't get alarmed over the announcement, my democratic friends. The M. C. R. took them, and they went there to attend the republican state convention to help nominate the next justice of the supreme court and regents.

Monthly meeting of Washtenaw pomological society, March 7, in court house, at 2 p. m. Topics: Report on Collections, by J. C. Schenk; To increase the interest in our society, by J. Austin Scott; Sale of fruit, by J. Ganzhorn; Best spraying pump, by W. F. Bird; Change of name of the society, by J. J. Farshall. Question box: Who has a Ben Davis apple to show?

Prof. James R. Sage has a singing class at Howell.

New telephones have been put in by H. L. Ferguson, State street, and by Dr. Moore, Jefferson street.

The Fifth ward Sunday school gave an enjoyable entertainment last Friday evening, at the 5th ward church.

A progressive whist party was given Mr. and Mrs. B. F. and W. W. Watts, Thursday evening last at their residence on S. Fourth ave.

If Evert H. Scott would shave the whiskers off his face he might easily pass for his brother, Austin, the president of the Rutgers College.

The Sewing Circle of the Congregational church is now ready to fill orders for all kinds of sewing. Inquire of Mrs. Henry S. Dean, East Liberty st.

On Monday morning Edward Burns, of State st., died at his home, of pneumonia, aged 64 years. Funeral services at St. Thomas this a. m., at 7 o'clock.

Richard E. Kearns, more familiarly known as "Dick," has left the railway postal service and taken a \$1200 situation in the land office at Lansing. He is to be congratulated upon his good fortune.

Mrs. Isaac Bisbee, of Ann Arbor town, died Monday, February 23rd, of pneumonia, aged 75 years. The deceased came to Michigan as early as 1833, and has lived on the farm where she died since 1843.

Harper's Weekly of Feb. 21st, has a fine portrait of Austin Scott, Ph. D., president of Rutgers College, and also many illustrations of buildings and scenes about the grounds. President Scott is a son of J. Austin Scott, of this city, and took his master's degree here in 1870.

The latest craze is a rope craze—it doesn't appear to have struck the legislature at Lansing, however. Rope tables and rope ornaments of every description are made. This rustic fad should be quite popular now, of course, since the patrons, and farmers alliance, etc., have come into vogue.

The Woman's Charitable Union wish to acknowledge the receipt of \$25 from the firm of Joe T. Jacobs & Co. We have repeatedly received like favors from them, but never at a time when it was more needed than now, as an unusual amount of sickness has nearly exhausted the treasury. They have our hearty thanks.

A letter from James Ross, formerly of this city, but who is now with his brother in a silver mine about forty miles north of Salt Lake City, to John Boylan, states that the thermometer has been as low as 17° below zero there this winter, but the cold weather does not last long. He likes it there pretty well, but proposes to come back to this Athens again next summer. There are other things than mining in the world, he thinks, that are desirable.

The address of John F. Finerty before the law department at University hall, Monday p. m., was one of the most patriotic and eloquent orations that has ever been delivered in that place. It was full of patriotism, full of noble sentiments, full of the brotherhood of man, which he correctly stated was above all, even his great republic. No person could listen to the excellent words of this natural born orator without being moved by his eloquence.

Mrs. Elvira M. Sperry, widow of the late David Sperry, of this city, died very suddenly Friday evening last. While returning from the Baptist church, and near her home, on E. Washington st., she suddenly fell to the walk. Her daughter Mrs. Irish, who was with her called assistance, and she was carried into the house; but only breathed once or twice afterward. The trouble was heart disease. Mrs. Sperry was an old pioneer of this city, and for many years the family resided in a house at the corner of E. Huron and State sts., which was demolished to make way for Harris Hall. Three daughters, Mrs. Bowdoin, Mrs. Irish, and Mrs. Prof. Hennequin. Funeral services were held from the family residence at 10½ o'clock, and the remains were taken to Forest Hill Cemetery.

The inspectors of jails for the county of Washtenaw, consisting of Judge Babbitt, superintendents of the poor, Masson, Kemp and Loomis, and county agent D. B. Greene, visited the county jail yesterday and reported everything in excellent condition in and about the building. They found eleven in jail, of which six were detained for trial and five serving sentence. For the first time in the history of the county, after "No. IV. Employment," the words "breaking stone," are placed. The record for the past six months is found in the following table:

	Male.	Female.
Drunk	85	1
Disorderly	27	27
Larceny	14	39
Vagrancy	14	56
Insane	6	6
Burglary	1	2
Assault	2	2
Seduction	1	2
Manslaughter	1	1
Murder	1	8
Rape	1	1
Adultery	1	1
Barstardly	1	1
Infanticide	1	1
Total	205	3

### Marriage Licenses.

No.	Name.	Age.
1123.	John B. Landwehr, Freedom.	25
	Matilda Davidler, Sharon.	30
1124.	Franklin J. Fletcher, Ypsilanti.	31
	Abbie Jane Gooding, York.	28
1125.	Harry Howling, Augusta.	28
	Estella Crane, York.	22
1126.	Frederick J. Korn, Manchester.	22
	Mary Altemer, Freedom.	25

## PERSONAL.

S. S. Blitz is still very sick.  
Miss Kate Jacobs is expected home from Europe this week.

Mac C. LeBeau went to Bannister Monday, to visit friends.

Wm. G. Doty, who has been ill for the past week is about again.

Fred Cutler, of Lafayette, Ind., has been in the city during the week.  
Mrs. and Miss Gould, of Chicago, are the guests of Mrs. H. W. Rogers, of E. Huron st.

Miss Clara Mack was called to Manchester Sunday by the death of a relative, Mr. Lehn.  
George E. Bliss and wife, of Jackson, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bliss over Sunday.

Thos. Birkett was in the city Saturday on his way home from a trip to the northern part of the state.

A. M. Pett, of Minneapolis, Minn., has been in the city for a few days, the guest of Walter S. Hicks.

Miss Alice Beal, of Detroit, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. A. Beal and other relatives in the city.

Rev. Dr. Studley of Evanston, Ill., was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Breakey, during his visit to the city.

Charles Sessions, of Shelby, Oceana Co., has been visiting his mother, Mrs. H. Sessions during the past week.

Mr. James and Miss Maggie Donovan went to Lansing yesterday to attend the funeral of their brother William's wife.

Will R. Payne was in the city Saturday. He came direct from Nashville, Tenn., where his father and family are.

Miss Abbie A. Pond spent Sunday in Jackson, the guest of Mrs. Harriet Martin, formerly Mrs. Harwood, of this city.

Albert M. Clark, of S. Division st., has been confined to his home for two or three weeks by a form of the grippe. He is convalescing now.

S. N. Warren and wife, of Albion, are visiting R. L. Warren and family. Mr. Warren was a member of the first legislature that met at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Denton, of Gregory, and Miss Johnson, of Ypsilanti, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Howlett, during the week.

T. A. Bogle, of 49 S. University ave., is slowly recovering from a siege of inflammatory rheumatism. He returned about six weeks ago from a short trip to Seattle, Wash., and has been confined to the house since then.

H. Wirt Newkirk, of Luther, was one of the pleasant callers, Saturday. He visited friends and relatives in this city and Dexter, and attended the republican state convention at Jackson, as a delegate.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The play of "Josephine," which will be given at the Grand Opera House, on Friday evening, February 27th, by the renowned Rhea, has been completely remodeled, two new characters added and the final climax entirely changed, making a great improvement upon the production of last season.

The first annual prize masquerade ball given by the X. Y. Z. Club at the rink last Thursday evening was a brilliant success. Prizes were awarded to the best costume and to the most comical, both for lady and gent. A flash light negative was taken of the dancers.

Who are they who have not heard of the great Napoleon Bonaparte? How many are there who had any correct understanding of his methods, mannerisms, moods, character and general bearing until that handsome, brainy actress, Mlle. Rhea, brought out her great historical play, "Josephine, Empress of the French?" We all know that he was one of the greatest military tacticians since Caesar's time; that he sported with crowns and sceptres as the babies of children; that he rode triumphantly to power over the ruins of the thrones with which he strewn his pathway; that vast armies melted before him like wax; that he moved over the earth as a meteor traverses the sky, astounding and startling all by the rapidness and brilliancy of his career; but we did not know the flesh-and-blood man, as created, until he was put upon the stage and surrounded with the characters who played such important parts in his domestic life. Mr. Wm. Harris will play this strong part in "Josephine," which is to be presented here next Friday evening. From all accounts of this actor's make-up as the Little Corporal is one of the most correct and lifelike that has ever been seen on the stage.

It may not be generally known that Edwin Booth at one time thought of playing the part of Napoleon Bonaparte. In fact he even went so far as to have a play written for him, but after reading over the part, decided that he was physically unsuited to portray the Emperor. Mr. Wm. Harris is now playing this part in Mlle. Rhea's great historical production, "Josephine, Empress of the French." The play will be produced here Friday evening, Feb. 27. In it Mlle. Rhea is doing the work of her life as Josephine. Common report says that even her wonderful piece of acting in "Camille" is not to be compared to what she does in "Josephine"—a play that has evoked more favorable criticism than any historical drama that has been seen on the modern stage.

### Card of Thanks.

We desire to return thanks to our friends and neighbors for their kindness and assistance in our recent affliction.  
JAMES A. CLARK.  
MATE A. CLARK.  
WM. A. CLARK.

The great majority of cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.

## Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all other medicines. Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's. Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "goodname" at home,—there is now more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly. Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

## GRAND INAUGURAL SALE

## NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

### And New Wash Goods.

The greatest number of pieces. The latest and most exclusive styles. The most superb line of Shades ever offered by any House in this City. New, Neat and Pretty Styles.

### Black Dress Goods.

A close Fine Serge at 50c, worth 75c.  
A fine 46-inch Serge at 75c worth \$1.00.  
Fancy Stripes in Blacks at 50c, worth 75c.  
Black Silk Warp Henrietta at \$1.00, worth \$1.25.  
Black Silk Warp 46-in. Henrietta at \$1.25 worth \$1.50.  
40 inch Black Mohair Brilliantines at 40c.  
46-inch Pure Black Mohairs at 50c, worth 75c.  
Extra Fine 40-in. All Wool Henriettas at 50c.  
Beautiful Quality 46-in. Black Henriettas at 75c.  
Then Comes about 200 Pieces Fine Imported Dress Goods.

Choice of the lot 50c a yard, consisting of Spring Serges, Henriettas, Silk and Wool Plaids, Homespins, Boucle Plaids, Scotch Plaids, Black and White Plaids and Checks. American Wool Novelties and many styles, worth 75c, all 50c a yard.

### Spring Wash Goods.

This will be the greatest Gingham Season ever known. The styles are very pretty and the prices are so low, starting at 8c and 10c. Then comes the Fine Gephyrs at 12 1-2 and the Scotch Zinghams. Wonders of beauty at 25c.

With this lot of Wash Goods we place on sale 50 pieces of the celebrated DRAGON FAST BLACK PLAIN and PLAID LAWNS at 10c, 12½c, 15c to 25c a yard. The only make of Fast Black Lawns worth buying.  
25 pieces Plaid and Check White Muslins at 6c a yard.  
2 cases pretty, new Challies for 5c a yard.  
50 pieces new Indigo Blue Prints, 5c a yard.

Always the Cheapest.

## Schairer & Millen.

### SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Friday, Feb. 27th, 91.

First Appearance of that Tragic, Emotional Actress and Beautiful Woman,

## RHEA

In her new Historical Play, by Albert Roland Haven (founded on the lives of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Empress Josephine),

## JOSEPHINE,

Empress of the French,

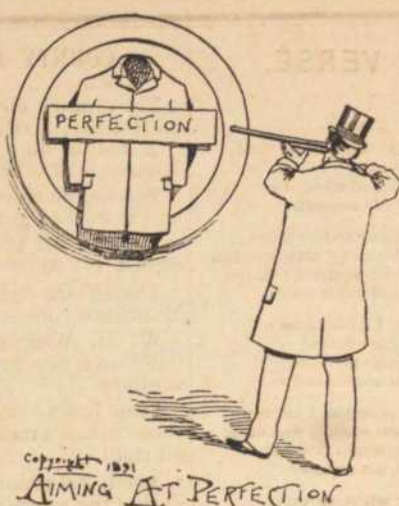
Supported by

WILLIAM HARRIS as Napoleon Bonaparte and an Excellent Company.

The Costumes are Superb. The mounting of the play magnificent.

PRICES, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

Seats on Sale Wednesday morning.



We all have targets of our own, that is we are all aiming at something. These targets may not have a visible bull's eye with rings around it, but every object that we have in life is a sort of mark at which we are constantly aiming. The illustration shows what our particular target is, and we have been firing at it for some time. We are not always aiming at the same thing in kind, but always the same in quality. At present our target is PERFECT SPRING OVERCOATS, perfection in fit, perfection in style, perfection in tailoring, perfection in material. Sometimes in life we aim, but fall far short of the mark. We, however, have struck the bull's eye. You will miss the target entirely if you fail to see the Spring Overcoats at The Star Clothing House shown by

A. L. NOBLE,  
LEADING CLOTHIER AND HATTER.

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A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL FEMALE DISEASES.  
SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS: A tired, languid feeling, low spirited and despondent, with no apparent cause. Headache, pains in the back, pains across the lower part of bowels. Great soreness in region of ovaries, bladder difficulty, frequent urinations, Leucorrhoea, Constipation of bowels, and with all these systems a terrible nervous feeling is experienced by the patient. THE ORANGE BLOSSOM TREATMENT removes all these by a thorough process of absorption. Internal remedies will never remove female weakness. There must be remedies applied right to the parts, and then there is permanent relief obtained.  
EVERY LADY CAN TREAT HERSELF.  
O. B. Pile Remedy. \$1.00 FOR ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT. C. B. Stomach Powders  
O. B. Catarrh Cure. Prepared by C. B. Kidney Cures.  
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## WILLIAM HERZ,

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## FRESCO PAINTER!

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Shop, No. 4 W. Washington St., Ann Arbor.

## A NEW SUPPLY OF THE

## GAME

## Tiddledy Winks

JUST RECEIVED AT

## Wahr's

## BOOK - STORE

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.



## GEMS IN VERSE.

## La Mort D'Amour.

When was it that love died? We were so fond,  
So very fond a little while ago.  
With leaping pulses, and blood all aglow,  
We dreamed about a fairer life beyond.

When we should dwell together as one heart,  
And scarce could wait that happy time to come,  
Now side by side we sit, with lips quite dumb,  
And feel ourselves a thousand miles apart.

How was it that love died? I do not know.  
I only know that all its grace untold  
Has faded into gray! I miss the gold  
From our dull skies, but did not see it go.

Why should love die? We prized it, I am sure;  
We thought of nothing else when it was ours;  
We cherished it in smiling, sunlit hours;  
It was our all; why could it not endure?

Ah! we know not how, or when, or why  
This dear thing died. We only know it went,  
And left us dull, cold and indifferent—  
We who found heaven once in each other's sigh.

How pitiful it is, and yet how true,  
That half the lovers in the world one day  
Look questioning in each other's eyes this way,  
And know love's gone forever, as we do!

Sometimes I cannot help but think, dear heart,  
As I look out o'er all the wide, sad earth,  
And see love's flame gone out on many a hearth,  
That those who would keep love most dwell apart.

## One Day's Command.

The plumed staff officer galloped  
Along the swaying line,  
That shrank as he passed by, halting  
Shakes the loaded autumn vine,  
And the earth beneath is reddened,  
But not with the stain of wine.

The regular shock of a battery  
The rattling tumult stuns,  
And its steady thrill through the hillside  
Like a pulse beneath it runs;  
The many are dead around it,  
But the few still work the guns.

"Who commands this battery?"  
And Crosby, his clear, young eyes  
From the sliding gun sights lifting  
As the well aimed death bolts flies,  
"I command it today, sir!"  
With a steady voice replies.

Answer as heroes answer,  
With modest words and few,  
Whose hands and hands to duty  
Even in death are true,  
Though its awful light is breaking  
Full on the blanching view.

The officer passes onward  
With a less troubled eye,  
The words and the look unshaken  
Bids every wild doubt fly;  
He knows that young commander  
Is there to do or die.

To do and die; for the battle  
And day of command are done,  
While stands unmoved on the hillside  
Each shattered, blackened gun,  
And Crosby in death beside them  
A deathless name has won.

## Thy Touch Upon the Palm.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforth in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life I shall command  
The use of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before.  
Without the sense of that which I forbore—  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I see  
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

## With Clearer Vision.

I saw tonight the man I loved  
Three little years ago;  
I did not think so short a time  
Could change a mortal so!

There were none like him in those days—  
So strong, so true, so wise;  
He had a lofty marble brow,  
And tender, soulful eyes.

A voice of music; hair by which  
The raven's wing would seem  
But pale indeed; a face and form  
To haunt a sculptor's dream.

But when I looked at him to-night  
I saw no single trace  
Of the old glory; only just  
A very common face.

No marble brow, no soulful orbs;  
The face was round and sleek,  
That once to my love haunted eyes  
Was so intensely Greek.

I know full well he has not changed  
So very much;  
But I was blind in those dear days,  
And now, alas! I see.

'Tis very dreadful to be blind,  
Of course, and yet to-night  
I should be happier far if I  
Had not received my sight.

One little thought will bother me—  
I only wish I knew  
Whether he still is blind, or if  
His eyes are open to me.

## A Sigh.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,  
Nothing but a rose,  
Any wind might rob of half its savor,  
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers  
With a hand as chill—  
Ah! the flying touch upon their fingers,  
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,  
Crumpled, fold on fold—  
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages  
Cannot make it old!

## Old Friends.

The old, old friends!  
Some changed, some buried, some gone out of sight;  
Some enemies, and in this world's swift flight  
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—  
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave,  
And one from the far off world on the daily wave  
No loving message sends.

The old, old friends!  
One passes daily, and one wears a mask;  
Another long estranged cares not to ask  
Where careless anger ends.

The old, old friends!  
They hover round me still in evening shades;  
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,  
And life on God depends.

## Life.

Forenoon and afternoon and night—forenoon—  
And afternoon and night—forenoon and—  
The empty song repeats itself. No more!  
Yes, that is life! make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

## True Love.

Alter! When the hills do  
Falter! When the sun  
Question if his glory  
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit! When the daffodil  
Doth of the dew;  
Even as herself, O friend!  
I will of you!

## Figuratively speaking—Mathematics.

Alter! When the hills do  
Falter! When the sun  
Question if his glory  
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit! When the daffodil  
Doth of the dew;  
Even as herself, O friend!  
I will of you!

Alter! When the hills do  
Falter! When the sun  
Question if his glory  
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit! When the daffodil  
Doth of the dew;  
Even as herself, O friend!  
I will of you!

## COUNTY AND VICINITY.

The charter election of Wayne occurs on Monday, March 17.

A motor line between Dundee and Monroe is now being talked up.

The Saline river overflowed its banks, and acted bad generally, last week.

Rev. D. H. Conway, of Chelsea, received \$57.60 by a donation, last week.

The electric light companies are after Manchester for street lighting purposes.

W. H. Whitmarsh talks strongly of building a new brick block at Milan this summer.

Lima has no contingent fund any more—but it has a member of the legislature, all right.

About 200 people have been converted during the protracted meetings at Milan this winter.

James Vescelius has retired from the firm of Hinkley & Vescelius, cigar manufacturers at Milan. Hinkley will run the business alone hereafter.

The Masonic party at Manchester Friday evening was attended by about 70 people, and was very pleasant.

Patriotic services, appropriate to Washington's Birthday, were held at the Saline M. E. church last Sunday evening.

Miss Sadie L. Coe, an estimable and popular young lady of Milan, was married Feb. 18th to Edward M. Weston, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Conrad Lehn, of Manchester, died last Friday morning. He had been a merchant there since 1854, and as a business man was greatly respected.

A. G. McIntyre has purchased the timber on twenty acres of land west of Mooreville and has eight teams busy drawing logs to his mill.—Milan Leader.

The winter thus far has been very favorable to fruit in this state and it is believed the peach belt of Michigan will give a larger yield than ever before.

Elwood Biddle will remove to Sanilac county April 1st, and will sell his farm implements at auction March 10th, on the Chas. Ellis farm, five miles south of Saline.

It is stated that a new church will be built at Rogers' Corners, the result of a split in the congregation of the Lutheran church some time ago.—Chelsea Herald.

Dundee has selected what is known as the Rawson site for its agricultural fair, paying \$1,500 for twenty acres, and now proposes to show this section how to have a fair.

The Dearborn correspondent of the Plymouth Mail has five good-sized items in the issue of Feb. 20th, four of which were about fights. Dearborn must be a pugilistic town.

W. H. Sweet, of Ypsilanti, gave a banquet last Thursday evening at the Occidental hotel, to the dry goods and clothing merchants of Ypsilanti, and a very pleasant time was the result.

J. L. Newkirk, a gentleman who recently started a paper at Munith, has graduated into theology and has become a minister. A newspaper office affords the necessary training for the pulpit.—Jackson Star.

Messrs. Smith of Jackson and Plummer of Saginaw are to build a four-story roller process mill with a capacity of 100 barrels per day at South Lyon, providing the people of that place raise \$1,500 and give them a site. One would think that was a sight to give them.

At about 1 o'clock Friday a. m., last, fire destroyed the blacksmith shop of John Reddaway, and Goodman's second hand store on Congress st., east Ypsilanti. Reddaway's loss was about \$1,000 with \$400 insurance, and Goodman's, about \$2,000 with \$1,600 insurance.

The regular annual meeting of the Chelsea Recreation Park Association was held at the town hall Saturday, and the following directors were elected for the year: C. H. Kempf, H. Boyd, Frank Staffan, H. S. Holmes, William Judson, Geo. Turnbull and Jas. Taylor.—Herald.

A. A. Wood, of Saline, attended the annual meeting of the Sheep Breeder's and Wool Grower's Association at Jackson last Thursday and Friday. He read an excellent paper entitled: "Is it profitable for the Average Farmer to Keep Registered Sheep?" You can depend upon it that it is.

What have become of our old friends (?) who were wont to remember us with their "comps" on the 14th of February? Have they come so far into the region of forgetfulness as to take no lingering look behind? Do they, while reveling on the sunshine of new loves, have no thought of their old ones?—Stockbridge Sun. They have all faded and gone. But their memory is all right. Wait until you hit them once in the Sun.

Our village is building a lock-up, and this is causing a good deal of outside comment, and well it may, for a soberer community or one better behaved than Stockbridge is hard to find. The question is, what are we going to do with a lock-up? We don't need one once a year, but when it is like a dose of physic and when needed it is needed bad. It is to be hoped that there may be one cell at least, fitted up in princely style for "high muck a mucks," when they get a "little off the perpendicular." It would be too humiliating to lodge them with common tramps, vagrants, etc.—Stockbridge Sun.

Now labor on the farm means the same as labor in the shop. In either case it is a direct expense. The man who performs it must be paid for it and the man who hires it must do the paying. But in the case of the farmer the same man is often the employer and the employed. He works for himself, and must look to himself for his pay. If he works faithfully and directs his work wisely he may secure large returns. If he idles away his time, or misdirects his work, he will receive but little. The labor is equivalent to money and it is as unwise to waste, or poorly invest the one as it is the other.

Our readers will remember that in October of last year Miss Maggie, fourteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jackson, was accidentally shot with a spent rifle ball, the bullet entering the left arm at the elbow. The wound was probed but the leaden messenger could not be located. The wound healed and everything was apparently getting along all right until recently the young lady has complained of severe pains in that arm. She was brought over to town Monday morning and had the bullet cut out; it was found deeply imbedded in the fleshy muscles below the elbow.—Milan Leader.

Pickert, the man who sold tea in Detroit last summer at a dollar a can and

then "gave away \$10 bills and diamond jewelry" with the same, was arrested for violating the law. He skipped the city and forfeited his bonds. A few weeks ago he was located in the East and a detective sent after him, and at an expense of nearly \$300 he was brought back to stand trial. It is said that the Prosecuting Attorney made an appeal in his behalf for leniency and he was let off with a fine of \$219. The law has been maintained, but at the expense of the tax payers instead of the convicted offender.—Plymouth Mail.

## LEE'S SURRENDER.

How the Confederate Army Finally Succumbed—The Apple Tree Myth.

The following graphic description of an historical event was written by a Confederate Chaplain by the name of Davis. It will be found interesting reading to the general public but more especially to the boys who once wore the blue:

"The eventful day, Sunday, April 9, 1865, dawned upon us. A night's rest had greatly refreshed the worn-out confederates. The line of march was taken up just after the first gleam of light showed itself in the east. Early's old division, composed of two North Carolina brigades and one from Virginia, took the front under Brig. Gen. Walker. Fighting was expected. The confederate sharpshooters who composed the skirmish line, had scarcely passed the Court House, which is a small village, when they came in contact with the Federal pickets. A lively fusillade ensued. The line of battle was quickly formed under the eye of Gen. Gordon. The battle soon became furious. The first line of federal troops was soon broken and driven back with loss. I was sitting upon a bank by the roadside noting events in my diary, when at 8:30 o'clock, two captured batteries of federal artillery—eight guns—were driven by me going to the rear. In a few moments the fire in the rear ceased, and I could discover our troops falling back, and taking up new positions by brigades to the rear.

At the same time a white flag, borne by a couple of federal officers at full speed, came out from the Court House, and went to the rear and met Gen. Lee where our baggage wagons were packed at the commencement of the action. In a few minutes another white flag, borne by a couple of confederate officers, was dispatched to the Court House. The road was quickly cleared of every obstruction, and guards placed along it to keep everybody out of it, that the flag-bearers might pass from one point to another at full speed. At this period the excitement among the confederate troops became intense, as it was well understood the confederate army was on the point of being surrendered. Many seemed anxious of being led forward to conquer or die on the field. Desperation seemed to take hold of the men, or else the men were overcome by desperation. I quickly resolved that I would not be included in the surrender, and formed a plan with a choice spirit to escape from the field and take care of myself. One o'clock p. m. was the hour at which I was to strike for liberty or safety. Unwilling to act covertly in the matter, at 12 o'clock a. m. I went to my brigade commander and asked him if he thought such a step on my part would compromise my honor in the brigade. He replied: "Considering the relation you sustain to your regiment, I think you would better maintain your honor by abiding its fate." His answer surprised me, and at once I abandoned my plan of escape.

But numbers did escape, and in no case did I hear of a failure on the part of any who made the attempt. The first flag from Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee came at 8 o'clock a. m. by watch. These flags continued to pass and re-pass until 4 p. m. History often represents things strangely. History gives Gen. Grant's first letter on this day to Gen. Lee at 12:30 p. m., when I have no doubt Gen. Lee received Gen. Grant's first note at 8:30 a. m.

The morning had been bright and fair. By noon dark and gloomy clouds had gathered over the whole face of the sky. All nature around us seemed to harmonize with our feelings. Sadness and gloom were impressed upon all things, both animate and inanimate. Men were growing desperate; officers were breaking their swords to pieces to avoid the dishonor of surrendering them. Maj. Gen. G. W. Pickett, who had led the storming column of the third day at Gettysburg, tore up his flag and wore it around his shoulders. Men have feelings. They cannot control these feelings at all times and under all circumstances. My brigade surgeon came to me and urged me to preach a discourse to the troops. I, too, had feelings, and declined what I could only regard as a duty.

At 4:30 p. m. the Second army corps was formed in a close column to hear the terms of surrender. We were addressed by Gen. Gordon, who sat upon his horse in front with his hat in his hand in the most moving and impressive speech to which I ever listened. Circumstances gave it force and character. During his delivery men could be seen weeping upon every side. Men who had faced death on many battlefields, and had fought with manly firmness from Bull Run to Appomattox, were breaking down under the force of that terrible word, surrender. But the brave can weep as well as fight for their country. Upon going to the division ordnance wagons I found the lieutenant-commander weeping like a child. Addressing me, he said: "I have fought the Yankees from the beginning until now, and to surrender to them is more than I can bear. It seems like it will break my heart." Hope was dead. The grave was ready. Its funeral solemnities were too weighty for the brave.

Night came on. But what a night! Such stealing as took place I never read or heard of before. It seemed as if everything that could be stolen was stolen. Just before the sun went down a subaltern of the quartermaster's department, whose condition bespoke an excess of whisky, stepped up to me and with much earnestness said: "I tell you the confederacy is gone up. Now Jeff Davis owes you and me a pretty good sum of money. Suppose that, as soon as it gets dark, we go to the wagons, get a horse apiece, and strike out for home? If we don't do that we will never get a cent." I had to decline the offer of my would-be friend.

On the next day I bought a horse for \$1, a bridle for \$5, and a saddle for \$60. My \$1 steed would have borne, with the exception of his eyes, some resemblance

to the charger rode by the Knight of La Mancha. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 12th, our parole papers were announced as ready, and were all duly signed, and by the surrender we were permitted to go home. On Wednesday morning the confederate army was to stack arms. At sunrise the Second army corps was paraded for the last time. Early's division led by Gen. Walker, took the front. He rode one of the finest horses I saw in the whole army, and placed himself in the march at the head of the division.

My place was in the rear of my brigade with the surgeons. But we were not passing under the yoke, and I had become infected with the demoralization prevalent. I fell in just behind Gen. Walker upon my \$1 horse, no man saying a word or nay. The march was as solemn as a funeral procession. Not a man spoke a word. The federal army, at the point of it was drawn up between our camp and the Court House on our left, about forty steps from the road, and stood at order arms. When our division had reached the left of this line the word "halt" was given. "Left face, forward march," followed. When the advancing line had approached within ten paces of the federal line the command "halt" was heard. Then came the order "stack arms." The rifles were stacked in the customary style, and the cartridge boxes hung upon them.

Then came the last order I heard given in the Army of North Virginia. "Fall in—forward, march." As the columns reached the village where the public roads diverge, every officer and man struck for home by the most direct route. Not a word of cheering was heard from the federal troops. Perhaps this was Gen. Grant's order. They looked on in silence.

An idle myth has been invented that "Gen. Lee surrendered under an apple tree." Pieces of wood have been shown about as pieces of the identical tree. Gen. Lee surrendered in the hotel at the Court House. Here he and Grant met, and nowhere else. Here at Gen. Grant's writing table he signed the stipulation in the afternoon. Lee's notes were sent from where our baggage train was packed by the roadside in the old field, and my opinion is that there was nothing bearing the semblance of an apple tree within half a mile of the place. Small, scrubby pine bushes were plentiful. Everybody ought to know that if Gen. Grant had come within the confederate lines he would have lost his life, or if Lee had gone within the federal lines he would have met with the same fate.

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Jas. N. Wallace to Bert Lambert, Ypsilanti. 750  
Henry West to Jennette S. West, Ann Arbor. 1  
Mary Baumgartner to Louise Visel, Ann Arbor. 300  
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John Howard to Martin McMahon, Manchester. 450  
Elnathan Skidmore to W. H. Howell, Lyndon. 4,500  
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J. E. Knapp to Jacob W. W. Ann Arbor. 1,700  
Richard Wanger, by sheriff, to Helen Swift, Ypsilanti. 1  
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John P. Judson to Sarah Judson, Ann Arbor. 2,000  
John P. Judson to M. S. Judson, Ann Arbor. 1,000  
Sarah Judson to John P. Judson, Ann Arbor. 700

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright. Her face was all pimply and red. Though her features were good, and her blue eyes were bright.

"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said! But now, alas! plain Nellie has grown As fair as an artist's bright dream. Her face is as sweet as a flower new-blown. Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.

As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light, Her beauty attracts every eye. And as for the people who called her a fright, "Why, Nellie is handsome!" they cry.

And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

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A PRODUCTIVE FARM OF 150 ACRES ADJOINING THE VILLAGE OF WALLED LAKE, MICH.

Within 1/2 mile of P. O., School, Churches and in sight of Depot. 2 1/2 miles of Wixom and cheese factory there. On this farm there are 22 acres timber, 28 acres wheat, and the balance of improvement mostly in grass, also two orchards. The building consists of a nice cottage of 8 rooms besides closets, pantry and woodhouse, a barn 36x46 full stone basement under whole, Ice and milk house, hog pen 24x28, windmill and water tanks, all built within the last ten years, also a house, barn and shed, these old. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, well fenced into small sized fields, a large proportion of fence built within three years. A reliable home. Terms made easy, apply to

M. D. LADD, Milford, Oakland Co., Mich. Feb. 3, 1891.

## SULPHUR BITTERS

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 125 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for \$1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease, Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such eruptions and deep seated diseases. Do not kidnap your stomach and never take any other medicine ever made.

BLUE PILLS. If you are sick, no matter what ails the purest and best you use medicine ever made. Sulphur Bitters. If you are sick, no matter what ails the purest and best you use medicine ever made.

Try a Bottle To-day! Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

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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.

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Do you want to keep thoroughly posted on the effects of the New Tariff Law, as shown from week to week?

Do you want to know all about the policy of Protection and have an answer to every false statement of the Free-Traders?

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The yearly subscription of the ECONOMIST is \$2, but we have made a special arrangement with the publishers by which we can send you the ECONOMIST for one year and

THE LITERATURE FOR ALL.

The AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE is publishing a most valuable series of Tariff documents. These are prepared with a view to state the facts and arguments for Protection, whether in the interest of farmers, laborers, merchants, or professional men. Each issue of the series appeals to those engaged in separate industries, and presents indisputable facts—comparisons of wages, cost of living, and other arguments showing the benefits of Protection.

Any single one will be sent on receipt of 2 cents in stamps except "Wages, Living and Tariff," which will be sent for 4 cents.

The whole list will be sent for 30 cents or any five for 20 cents, or any five for 10 cents, postage paid. Order by number.

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No. 26—"Protection and the Farmer." Senator S. CULLUM. 12

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## The Farmers' &amp; Mechanics' Bank

CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$10,000.

Additional Liabilities of Stockholders \$50,000

Report of the condition of the FARMERS' & MECHANICS' BANK at Ann Arbor, Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 19, 1890.







## UNIVERSITY.

An indoor "field day" is talked of for next month.

Monday the 23d was observed for Sunday, the 22d.

The Applebee lecture netted \$100 for the gym fund.

The base ball men have all signed the pledge, tobacco included.

It is hoped to have McMillan hall ready for occupancy by the middle of April.

President Gillman, of Johns Hopkins University, is to deliver the commencement day oration.

The Amherst Glee and Banjo Club are announced for a concert at University hall on the evening of April 17th.

Prof. Trueblood attended the inauguration of Henry Wade Rogers as President of the Northwestern University.

The gymnasium fund is growing gradually all the time, it is thought Mr. Waterman's generous offer will be secured.

The base ball teams will have but six days leave of absence, and a new schedule has been made out to conform thereto.

The board of editors of the Chronicle-Argonaut changed last week, and the new team takes hold with vigor and enthusiasm.

Professors who have served in Columbia for fifteen years and are above 65 years of age, are pensioned at half their regular salaries.

The highest salary paid any college professor in the United States is said to be \$5,000 while by far the greater majority receive less than \$3,000 per year.

The class of '89 hope to multiply their \$100 pledge for the gym fund by five. W. S. Holden \$18-19, 1st National Bank Building, Chicago, receives subscriptions.

Michigan University now boasts of furnishing three presidents of prominent Universities: Adams, of Cornell, Rogers, of the Northwestern, and Scott, of Rutgers.

The senior dents have elected the following officials: President—P. P. Nelson; Vice president—C. P. Stone; Secretary—M. V. del Valle; Treasurer—C. R. Metcalf.

The University of Michigan was the first of all the universities and colleges in America to form a Young Men's Christian Association, and also the first to hold a Bible Institute.

The game liable to attract the most attention in college sports this year is the American game of base ball. Some of the Eastern college clubs are going so far as to hire professional players. That spoils the game.

The University Glee and Banjo Clubs gave an entertainment at Jackson, Saturday evening, and were right royally welcomed, one of the largest audiences of the season greeted them, and they gave excellent satisfaction.

Wherever Stepniak, the Russian nihilist has appeared he has been well received, and his lecture favorably spoken of. He will appear before an Ann Arbor audience on Saturday evening next, at University hall. Reserved seats Thursday morning.

The Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti motor road is already producing happy results. A short time since, Miss Ada Thomas, a junior lit, and her brother Herman, gave a generous spread to some Normal friends, who after a very enjoyable visit, returned on the last train the same evening.

A western man who was touring it through the East, in passing a meadow heard the driver say: "Abandon the direct progression to the straight thitherward, and deviate by inclination and aberrant dextrogyration into a dextral incidence." It was an amateur Boston farmer saying "Gee Buck," to his yoke of oxen.—Ex.

Secretary J. H. Wade went to Lansing last Wednesday to explain to the legislative committees and others interested, the necessities of the University. He expects a pleasant time and a cordial reception by the legislators. The effort to create a feeling about the medical department does not appear to be bearing fruit very prolifically.

The Republican Club of the U. of M. is a thoroughly live organization. The following officers have been elected: President—W. C. Tichnor; Vice-president—D. E. Burns; Secretary—C. C. Spencer; Treasurer—J. W. Browning; Executive Committee—H. D. Jewell, J. E. Barcus. Delegates to the State League—W. F. Hubbard, G. A. Brown.

The joint meeting of the Webster and Jeffersonian societies last Friday evening at the law lecture room was a pleasant affair, and those present were highly entertained. By a vote of 8 to 7 it was decided that the debaters who favored the resolution "that the laws governing marriage and divorce in the United States be made national," had the best of the argument.

It was a great disappointment to the Student's Lecture Association not to have Mr. Conwell here Saturday evening last, but it was one of those unlooked for and unavoidable events for which the association is in no way to blame. Mr. Conwell telegraphed Saturday that he had contracted a severe cold and had lost his voice. Another date will be announced in the near future.

The death of Dr. Winchell removes another of the early pioneers. He did not endear himself to the general masses as did Dr. Frieze, but he was such an earnest student, such an admirer of his special line of research, such an untiring

worker, often devoting eighteen of the twenty-four hours of the day to hard study that every one without exception admired him. To listen to his lectures was always a great pleasure, and the fact was proven by the last lectures he delivered, when University hall had to be opened to accommodate all who desired to be present. Dr. Winchell will be missed more and more as the days go by, and to just fill the niche occupied by him will be an impossibility.

## Democratic County Convention.

The democratic county convention met at the Court House Thursday, p. m., and was called to order by the chairman.

Fred. A. Howlett was called to the chair, and Gus. Brehm was made temporary secretary.

On resolutions—S. W. Beakes, Chas. R. Whitman, J. W. Babbitt.

Credentials—E. Duffy, John Terns, Albert Davenport.

Permanent organization and order of business—John P. Kirk, James R. Bach, M. J. Lehman.

The convention then adjourned to 2 o'clock, p. m. Upon reassembling the various committees reported, the temporary officers were made permanent, and delegates reported.

The following delegates to the State convention were then chosen:

At large—Thos. D. Kearney of Ann Arbor; J. Willard Babbitt of Ypsilanti.

1st District—Fred. A. Howlett, Ann Arbor; S. W. Beakes, Ann Arbor; C. L. Tuomey, Ann Arbor; Fred. H. Belser, Ann Arbor; James Kearney, Ann Arbor; John V. Sheehan, Ann Arbor; Philip Duffy, Ann Arbor; Gus. Brehm, Ann Arbor.

2d District—J. Lutz, Ypsilanti; J. L. Lowden, Ypsilanti; Marvin Davenport, York; C. Woodruff, Ypsilanti; J. Kirk, Ypsilanti; L. M. Duggan, Ypsilanti; S. J. Hammond, Ypsilanti; Lester Sweetland, Lodi.

The crowd expected a speech or two, but failed to be accommodated. The delegates were altogether too intent on who should go to the state convention to pay any attention to speech-making. And although things looked quite smiling on the surface there were some bitter rumblings underneath. In the first district the delegates, it will be noticed, are all from Ann Arbor, and the farmers are not numerous. In the second district there are more farmers, but Ypsilanti bore off the delegates by a large majority.

The result was claimed to be a knock out for Champlain, and a victory for spoilsmen who believe in carrying politics and Johnny Enright into the Supreme court. While that was true it was only incidentally true. The real cause lay in another direction, and Johnny happened to be a convenient lever to assist the scheme. There were some old-time democrats who wanted to go as delegates to the state convention at Lansing, who were knocked out by younger and less modest men, who believe the only way to get to the front is "to get there."

The following resolutions were presented by Mr. Whitman and adopted without a quaver:

The democracy of Washtenaw county, in convention assembled, congratulates the state of Michigan upon the triumph of democratic principles at the last state election, which was given to the people, for the first time in 36 years, a legislature democratic in both branches, and an unbroken line of democratic state officials headed by that sturdy, honest, unflinching and conscientious democrat, Governor Edward B. Winans. We recognize in this victory the legitimate result of a long-continued and, at times, seemingly hopeless struggle of the friends of good judgement against a party which stood and yet stands for everything which is corrupt in its methods, subversive of liberty in its aims, and existing only as the agent of wicked and oppressive monopoly. We feel that the people have recognized our cause as just and righteous and that by a continuance of our principles we may retain our new found friends to aid us in putting down the foes of political liberty; and to that end:

Resolved: That we demand short sessions of the legislature, the abolition of all unnecessary offices, rigid economy in the administration of state affairs, reduction in taxation, a just and equal assessment of taxes, careful scrutiny of the action of all boards, and a rigid accountability to the people for all official actions.

Resolved: That we reaffirm our allegiance to the principles contained in the last democratic state and national platforms.

The silver question, and Grover Cleveland were both ignored. A hot poker would not have been left alone more completely.

## Farmers' Opinions.

The New England Homestead of Springfield and the Farm and Home of Chicago and Springfield, recently conducted a postal card canvass among farmers and received 110,099 replies from all parts of the country. Here is a summary of their views on the tariff and reciprocity:

Will the new American farmer be as a whole?

YES. NO.	YES. NO.	YES. NO.
New Eng., 20,579 9,408	21,742 8,760	8,235 30,968
Mid States, 12,437 12,651	22,982 8,359	8,128 22,245
Central S. 10,812 9,283	13,415 6,009	9,106 10,472
Northwest, 1,405 901	1,474 664	1,241 824
Western, 3,773 3,553	4,058 3,425	3,842 3,333
Pacific, 359 116	307 135	73 247
South, 1,296 3,241	3,240 1,091	1,682 2,148
Total, 57,258 39,133	68,405 22,743	32,902 69,237

Thus all sections except the South give majorities for the McKinley bill and for reciprocity with Spanish America, while the vote is nearly two to one against reciprocity with Canada. Farmers are no

## By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

## Ayer's Pills

prove effective. "In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was certain would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

## The Best

I have ever used for headaches, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."—Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pullens, Va. "I was a sufferer for years from dyspepsia and liver troubles, and found no permanent relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure."—George W. Mooney, Walla Walla, W. T.

## Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

## Death of Mrs. James Clark.

After an illness extending over a long period of time, Mrs. Mary Ann Clark, wife of James Clark, died at her residence on N. Main st., last Wednesday afternoon, aged 70 years.

Mrs. Clark was the daughter of William and Ann Allaby, and was born November 4, 1821, at Spalding, Lincolnshire, England, where she spent her youth. In June, 1841, she was married to James Clark, and in 1851, with her husband, removed to Ann Arbor. Their union was blessed with seven children, of which her son James lost his life in the union army, during the late rebellion, and her daughter Carrie died several years ago. The following children survive her: William A. and Mate, of Chicago; Mrs. Eva Hillis, of Pittsburgh, Kas.; and Kirk H. J. Clark, of Portland Oregon. She also leaves her husband four brothers and two sisters; William Allaby, of Ann Arbor; James Allaby, of Manston, Wis.; David Allaby, of Chicago; George Allaby, of Oundle, Eng.; Mrs. Elizabeth Wall, of Mattlock, and Mrs. Eliza Brelsford, of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England.

Her death was not unexpected, as she had been visibly failing for the last few weeks. She was a consistent and devoted member of the M. E. church, very kind hearted, and always ready and anxious to help those needy and in trouble. To her family she was a devoted wife and mother, and her friends and neighbors will long miss her kindly voice and friendly offices.

The funeral was held Sunday p. m., at one o'clock from the family residence, No. 48 N. Main street, Rev. Dr. Rust, of the M. E. church conducting the service. The pall bearers were Chas. H. Worden, L. Gruner, Milo S. Pulcifer, Richard Kearns, Steels Proctor, Chas. B. Davison. The remains were placed in the vault at Forest Hill cemetery.

The Mount Clemens Press, although strongly democratic, reads its party this lesson: "There is not a newspaper or an individual but condemns the use of free passes by our legislators, yet our legislators accept and use them just the same. The day of reckoning will surely come."

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility find great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.

Lakewood—Pines and cedars. "Familiar quotations"—Stock lists.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Eberbach & Sons.

\$5000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, 709 N. 2nd st. work for us. Leaders you quickly learn to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All particulars, send for our free booklet. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STISSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1891, six months from that date were allowed to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 10th day of August next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Saturday, the ninth day of May, and on Monday the 10th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, Feb. 9th, A. D. 1891. J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

## NEW HATS! NEW HATS

## SPRING SHAPES.

A pleasing subject to most men, as a New Hat will brighten up the clothes you have worn for the past season. We have the New Spring Blocks in

## YOU MANS, KNOX and SILVER MANS

The leading shapes and makes, and they are beauties. Call and see them.

## SOFT HATS.

This season there will be more Soft Hats worn than ever, and we have made extra preparation by buying all the new shades and in all qualities. You will need a new Hat.

## Call and See what We Have.

## THE TWO SAMs. L. BLITZ.

## Jerome Freeman!

## POSTOFFICE

## Barber Shop and Bath

## ROOMS.

## GOOD SHAVING and HOT BATHS!

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Security held for the protection of the policy holders.

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Represents the following first-class companies, of which one, the Etina, has alone paid \$65,000,000 fire losses in sixty-five years:

Etina, of Hartford	\$9,192,644
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Germania, N. Y.	2,700,729
German American, N. Y.	4,065,968
London Assurance, London	1,416,788
Michigan F. & M., Detroit	287,608
N. Y. Underwriters, N. Y.	2,906,676
National, Hartford	1,774,505
Phoenix, Brooklyn	3,759,696

Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid. Policies issued at the lowest rates of premium. 1891

## ESTATE OF HANNAH M. CATE.

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 Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

In the matter of the estate of Hannah M. Cate deceased, Rufus Cate, trustee, comes into court, and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such trustee. Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing said 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 trustee 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 Courier, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County, two successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.

WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register.

## CHANCERY NOTICE.

IN the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in Chancery.

Josie Bartlett, complainant, vs. James A. Bartlett, defendant. It is satisfactorily appearing to me that the defendant James A. Bartlett is a non-resident of this State, that he resides in the State of Colorado. On motion of E. B. Norris of counsel for complainant, ordered that said defendant do cause his appearance in this cause to be entered on or before the 9th day of June next, in default thereof that the bill of complaint herein be taken as confessed, that said complainant do cause this order to be duly published or personally served pursuant to law.

Dated February 7th, 1891. E. B. NORRIS, Solicitor for Complainant.

E. D. KINNE, Circuit Judge.

## The Ann Arbor Savings Bank!

Organized 1869, under the General Banking Law of this state.

CAPITAL \$50,000. TOTAL ASSETS \$673,660.12. SURPLUS \$100,000

Business Men, Guardians, Trustees, Ladies and other persons will find this Bank a

## SAFE AND CONVENIENT PLACE

At which to make Deposits and do business. Interest is allowed on all Savings Deposits of \$100 and upward, according to the rules of the bank, and interest compounded semi-annually.

## Money to Loan in Sums of \$25, to \$5,000.

Secured by unincumbered Real Estate and other good securities.

DIRECTORS—Christian Mack, W. D. Harriman, William Deubel, David Binney, Daniel Kiscock, W. B. Smith and L. Gruner. OFFICERS—Christian Mack, President; W. D. Harriman, Vice-President; C. E. Kiscock, Cashier.

## JACOB HALLER

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

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## Hutzel's Water Back!

A very important invention which will be hailed with delight by everybody using a stove or range for hot water circulation. After years of experience we have succeeded in producing a simple and perfect WATER BACK.

It overcomes all the present troubles of extracting lime and other sediments which accumulate in water backs, often making them useless and in great many instances becoming dangerous.

The outlay of dollars is reduced to dimes. No household using a range can afford to be without it.

No more trouble by using city water for hot water circulation.

Can be used in any stove. Ask your stove dealer for Hutzel's Water Back.

Mason & Davis Co's. ranges for sale at C. Eberbach are provided with our improvement.

Everybody call and examine this useful invention.

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Plumbers and Steamfitters.  
ANN ARBOR, MICH

West Huron St., Ann Arbor.