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A Very Desirable Medium for Advertisers

JUNIUS E. BEAL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ONLY ALL METAL CUTS INSERTED.

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ANN ARBOR COMMANDERY, No. 13, meets first Tuesday of each month, B. F. Watts, E. C.; John R. Miner, Recorder.
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BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS H. E. BUELL,
MODISTE,
Makes fine Costumes, Tailor Suits, also Misses' and Children's Suits.
—Cloaks Made and Repaired.—
113½ NORTH FIFTH STREET, ANN ARBOR.

Chas. W. Vogel,
Dealer in all kinds of
Fresh and Salt Meats.
Poultry, Lard, etc.
EVERYTHING NEAT AND CLEAN
No. 9 E. ANN ST., ANN ARBOR.

W. W. NICHOLS,
DENTIST.
Rooms over Ann Arbor Savings Bank, Opp Court House Square.

VITALIZED AIR.
Administered. It is agreeable and easy to take, and no prostrating effects follow, while teeth are extracted without pain.

WILLIAM HERZ.
House, Sign, Ornamental and
FRESCO PAINTER!
Papering, Glazing, Gilding, and Calcimin-
ing, and work of every description
done in the best style, and war-
ranted to give satisfaction.
Shop, No. 4 W. Washington St., Ann Arbor.

Jerome Freeman!

POSTOFFICE

Barber Shop and Bath

ROOMS.

GOOD SHAVING and HOT BATHS!

FOR SALE CHEAP.

The Baldwin twelve acre black-
berry and raspberry farm in the north-
west part of the city, by Mrs. E. F.
Baldwin, 51 S. Ingalls St., Ann Ar-
bor, Mich. Price \$3,000. Terms Cash.
Second full crop picked in 1890.

The Store

SPRING : :
: : HOSIERY

Hosiery and Socks,

MARCH 9 TO 14, '91

Good full sizes

Ladies' Hose
and Gents'
Socks
4c per pair.

The bulk of Spring Hosiery offered
is black and the

Onyx Stainless Black

Leads in popularity the world over.
Every pair will be sold with the fol-
lowing guarantee: Onyx Hosiery is
absolutely stainless, will not fade in
washing, nor crack, nor turn green.
We have full lines of infants', Misses',
Ladies' and Gents' and confidently
recommend the Onyx as the best for
purity of dye and wearing quality
ever offered to the public. Over 5
million pairs of this brand have been
sold.

Our Dress Goods Dept. is cramed
with New Spring Goods.

Our prices are always the
lowest.

MAK & SCHMID

GRAND OPENING!

MARCH 14, '91.

WADHAMS, KENNEDY & REULE

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

MENS' FURNISHINGS

TRUNKS, AND TRAVELING BAGS.

Everybody invited. Remember the place.

HANGSTERFER BLOCK

CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STS.

WADHAMS, KENNEDY & REULE.

AMONG THE PINES.

Last week we visited some of the lum-
ber camps of northern Michigan, and an
account of their life and methods may
be of interest to our readers who have
never eaten baked beans at the board
tables of a lumber camp.

Being in Alpena, where the deep
snows have given already ten weeks of
sleighing, the most noticeable thing is
to see the long lines of bobs laden with
birch and poplar wood being drawn to
the sulphite paper mill. They have pur-
chased some 9,000 cords of these soft
woods at four dollars a cord from the
farmers and lumbermen in the vicinity,
and the distribution of that money has
made the town lively this winter, to say
nothing of the bonanza it has afforded
the farmers thus to realize so hand-
somely on what had hitherto been a
worthless article.

Some enormous loads are hauled over
the iced roads. For instance we have a
photograph of a load which held six
cords of green wood weighing over thir-
teen tons, which was drawn eight miles
by one team of 2,900 pounds. To the
farmer used to hauling over our poor
roads one cord at a time this may seem
like a fish story, but we have the photo
to prove it, with the weights marked
thereon. This illustrates what can be
done on a road smooth and hard, and is
a powerful reminder of how much more
we could accomplish if we had a good
system of roads for summer as they have
in winter.

It is not our purpose to tell of the in-
teresting process of making paper out
of that wood, nor of the many saw mills
in Alpena, but of a seventy-five mile
ride back into Montmorency county,
where the vast lumbering operations are
driven along. With a lively team and a
jolly party of four Monday was spent on
the road threading the aisles of the fore-
st of pines through whose boughs the
soughing wind kept a strange accompa-
niment to the sleigh bells. At times
there arose all about us the ghastly
trunks of dead trees killed by the forest
fires, which have destroyed more good
lumber than has been gathered. Then
we glided among tall green pines whose
lofty tops towered upward over a hun-
dred feet. Grand they are, and true
monarchs, they seem!

No one lived in these woods for miles,
but occasionally a little settlement was
encountered in a clearing, then again
the dense forest. Finally there ap-
peared as if by magic, a large opening

hewn out of the woods, wherein was a
huge and handsome farm house sur-
rounded by immense barns. It was a
genuine surprise, for one would as soon
have expected to find an iceberg in Flor-
ida as a complete farm among the waste
of sands in the pineries.

Here Mr. E. O. Avery has a 1000 acre
farm run for his army of horses used in
the camps. Hay is from \$12 to \$20 a ton
and oats correspondingly high. More-
over, they have to be hauled an im-
mense distance, still further adding to
the cost. So he raises these essentials
and summers the horses after they come
out of their hard winter's work. Al-
ready he has spent over \$25,000 on this
farm, and is now about to build another
barn over 200 feet long. All through
houses and barns water pipes run and
no expense is spared for the comfort of
man or beast. Even in the winter a
large reserve of horses is kept here, as
well as cows, hogs, etc., and on another
farm Mr. Avery owns 40 miles away, he
has over 40 cows, mostly Jerseys. The
horses are a cross between the Clydes-
dale and Percheron, a combination of
the two, giving the strength of the lat-
ter without its clumsiness. In the sum-
mer time one cannot look anywhere on
the farm without seeing a horse.

The owner of the place received us with
a warm welcome as did the immense
log fire within the huge old-fashioned
grate. The supper was as good as could
be obtained at a first-class hotel, and
our sharpened appetites did it justice.

In the morning Mr. Avery accompa-
nied us across the country to three of his
camps on the river side, where strong
horses were hauling huge loads of logs
to pile up on the banks ready to be float-
ed down in the spring.

It is marvelous what loads they draw
over their roads, because they have
found the secret of good road beds. A
logging road requires considerable skill
in construction as it never makes a team
drag a load up a grade. When the snows
come the overseer lays out the roads,
winding about to avoid knolls. All
stumps are taken out and the ground
levelled off. The snow is packed hard
and sprinkled by a cart every night, un-
til it becomes well iced, so that one team
will haul a great many logs on the broad
low bobs. We saw a load of sixty-two
good sized logs drawn by one team.

Another thing which struck us was
the size and age of pine trees. Counting
a ring for each year's growth we counted
some of those old monarchs as having
lived when Columbus discovered Amer-
ica, 400 years ago. They would make
five or six 16-foot logs. How it would
make the forest ring when one of those
giants came crashing down to earth, car-
rying with it a lot of smaller ones!

The way a tree is felled is to decide first
which is the best direction to have it fall.
An axeman chops several chips out on
that side, then two men saw from the
opposite side with a long hand saw.
When the heart is sawn through wedges
are driven in to start it. At last the lofty
top sways and rocks, the bystanders get
back out of danger and their hearts stop
beating as the immense tree descends
exactly where the woodmen had
planned. Truly, it is a grand sight.

Owing to the shade of the woods and the
iced roads the lumbermen will be
able to work some three or four weeks
yet. These camps had already put in
4,000,000 feet and expect to get a million
more. When the rivers thaw out the
men will drive the logs down stream to
Alpena. But it is estimated that of this
5,000,000 only about three million will
get to the mill this year, and logs hung
up on the rapids and banks will depre-
ciate 25 per cent. by worms getting in
as well as by a season's knocking about
on the rocks.

The camps are interesting to see with
their log houses so low that one has to
stoop to enter. Here the men are
packed away in bunks at night to sleep
on hay and blankets. The men earn
from one dollar to three dollars a day
with their meals, and as they cannot
spend any money during the winter
they come out of the woods in the
spring with quite a hat full of money.
But usually the saloons and sporting
houses capture it in a week. This
makes things hum in the towns for a
time.

Deer are still plenty in the woods, be-
ing somewhat protected by the game
laws. Mr. Avery does not allow any
guns at his camps, so the pretty crea-
tures get a chance for life on his lands.

Having quite thoroughly inspected
this phase of life we returned by our
sleighs to Alpena at a lively pace, well
pleased with the novel scenes we had
witnessed.

There are no longer the large profits
in lumber which obtained when the
land was gotten at \$1.25 per acre and
the logs were close by the streams.
Moreover, it takes considerable nerve,
as well as cash, to put in \$30,000 or
more, through the winter, spring and
summer running a thousand chances of
losses, fires, poor markets, etc. The
team expenses alone are immense, when
you consider that one or two seasons
kills the horses by severe toil and ex-
posures.

The Junior's Speak.

On Thursday evening last at the high
school chapel, a large audience assem-
bled to listen to the annual exhibi-
tion, given by the students of the
high school.

The chapel was handsomely adorned
with the school colors maze and red,
great festoons hanging from the cen-
ter chandeliers to the four corners of the
room. This helped the acoustic prop-
erties of the hall, there is little doubt, for
the echo was not as bad as had hereto-
fore been noticed.

The platform was handsomely decora-
ted with plants which all the evening
divided with the members of the school
board who formed the background, the
honors of the stage. The motto of the
junior class *Μετρητό νῆα*, which is a
Greek to us, hung directly over the cen-
ter of the stage, while at the opposite
end of the hall hung the motto of the
seniors, "*Nil Sine Labore*," which when
rendered into English probable means
that the boys and girls cannot get there
without "boning." The audience were
ushered to their seats by young gentle-
men in full dress uniforms, and every-
thing passed off in the most approved
fashion.

The program for the evening was as
follows:

MUSIC. PRAYER BY REV. WATERS. MUSIC.
The Result of Arctic Exploration.
David E. Carman, Berrien Springs.
Echoes.
Gertrude M. Case, South Lyon.
Some Strange Prophecies.
Theresa A. Grube, Ann Arbor.
Forestry a National Necessity.
Conrad George, Ann Arbor.
MUSIC.
Bones.
Mabelle Halleck, Ann Arbor.
A Piece of Patchwork.
Eunice A. Janes, Ann Arbor.
What Our Boulders Teach.
Edson R. Sunderland, Ann Arbor.
A Peculiar People.
Emma C. Klais, Ann Arbor.
The Holy Vehm.
Johanna Neumann, Ann Arbor.
The Man who knows more than the Captain.
Bessie B. Stevens, Ann Arbor.
Castle Garden.
Theodore C. Williams, Stockbridge.
MUSIC.
BENEDICTION.

The Benedictions of the various young
ladies and gentlemen were pronounced
excellent by the audience. They were
short and pithy and almost without ex-
ception delivered in a tone of voice that
could be understood in all parts of the
hall. One or two of the young ladies,
however, appeared to be afraid of let-
ting their lungs have full play while
delivering their essays. But taken as a
whole the Junior Ex. of 1891 was not
inferior to any that has preceded it.

The music by the Chequamegon or-
chestra needs no good words, for Ann
Arbor people know so well its excellence.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Kate L. Moore vs. Wilfred B. Thomp-
son. Slander. Verdict for plaintiff,
\$2,500.

Irving S. Osborn vs. Wm. Lee, et al.
Attachment. Verdict for plaintiff \$230.
Usual time allowed to serve and file bill
of exceptions.

Martha Seitz vs. Frederick Trinkler.
Settled.

Jacob Ershelbach vs. Frederick Trinker-
ler. Settled.

Irving S. Osborn vs. Wm. Lee. Time
extended to first of next term to file bill
of exceptions.

Martha M. Smurthwaite et. al. vs.
Mary A. Thomas.

Albert Glatzell admitted to citizen-
ship.

Thos. J. Keech vs. William Burke.
Continued.

Henry M. Rorabacher vs. John Hil-
derbrandt. Judgment for plaintiff,
\$185.56.

Each season has its own peculiar mal-
ady; but with the blood maintained in
a state of uniform vigor and purity by
the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little dan-
ger need be feared from meteorological
influences. No other blood medicine is
safe and effective.

A DAY DREAM!

Which Includes a Summer Resort Hotel
and all that.

From time to time, enthusiastic writ-
ers have published communications in
the COURIER and various other city papers
relative to improvements in and for the
city.

One favored a new opera house.
Another favored a new hotel.

A third favored the extension of the
street railway to all parts of the city.

Others favored subsidising factories,
etc.

All those things are commendable,
and if capital would take hold and push
them to completion there is little doubt
but they would be instrumental in
building up the city and calling people
here to live who desire to find a quiet,
pleasant place for a home that possesses
all the luxuries of a large city.

While wandering over Cedar Bend
ave. a few days ago the thought struck
us, Why would not this be a delightful
spot on which to build a fine summer-
hotel?

A more slightly location, or a more
beautiful view it is not possible to find
in all Michigan. Everywhere, on all
sides, as far as the eye can reach, is a
sight that makes even the dull eyes
dance with delight; hills, valleys, woods,
streams, green fields, and city spires, all
before you. It is sufficiently removed
from the noise and bustle of the city, in
fact it is like being in the mountains for
that matter, and yet you would be in a
city with all the advantages that im-
plies—telephone, telegraph, railroads
reaching all points quickly—in fact a
man could carry on his business from
there if he desired to—electric lights,
beautiful and deliciously cool spring
water issuing forth from the hillside,
uncontaminated with anything impure.

Then the rapid motor cars—and cheap
fare—connecting with Ypsilanti, thus
throwing her mineral springs into the
attraction.

It would seem as if this day dream
might be practical, and become a reality.

It would seem as if those seeking rest
and quiet for the summer months could
be easily induced to avail themselves of
all these advantages which no north
woods summer resort possesses, and
which are really a necessity now to busi-
ness men and to business life.

To these might be added the nearness
of the numberless lakes in the Huron
river chain, furnishing all the sport in a
piscatorial line one would care for.

To make still more perfect the place
and scene, it would only take a few
hundred dollars to dam the Huron river
at Cedar Bend, and make here a deli-
cious sheet of water for boating and
rowing purposes. A bridge could be
easily constructed to the island, and
that made a bower of beauty also.

The possibilities of this scheme are
immense, wonderful! What are the
probabilities?

Notes from the State Encampment.

The state encampment, G. A. R., held
last week at Muskegon was one of the
largest and most enthusiastic ever held
in the state. Many of the influential
and solid men of the state were present.
Two judges of our supreme court
(Morse and Long,) several circuit
judges and ex-judges, lawyers, minis-
ters, physicians, bankers, merchants
and farmers rallied at Muskegon by hun-
dreds.

Everything was harmonious. The
encampment voted unanimously to hold
its next encampment at Ann Arbor.
Those in authority at the University say
the old veterans can have the use of
University Hall if they meet during the
April vacation. This will be about the
middle of April next year. The board-
ing houses can then take care of all who
cannot find accommodations at the
hotels. Thousands want to come to see
the University and our beautiful city.
They are neither beggars nor bummers,
but will pay for what they receive, ex-
cept a hearty welcome, which will be
freely given by our citizens.

A resolution was unanimously adopted
requesting the legislature to appropriate
\$50,000 to aid the national encampment
to be held in Detroit in August next. Those
who are expecting that the G. A. R. are
divided on this question should now
sing a different song or keep quiet.

There are 2100 members of the G. A.
R., in this state and nearly 400 posts.
J. Q. A. Sessoms.

BEATRIX RANDOLPH

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUCCESS AND GLORY OF HER CAREER.



"Thank you," she said, "and thank you for these flowers."

On the day appointed for the selling of tickets for the first performance the extent of the popular interest that had been aroused was indicated by the length of the "cue" of buyers, who made a line from the box office all the way round the block, and who began their session, or station rather, upward of twenty-four hours before the office opened. Accounts of their nocturnal experiences, their jokes, and their good humor appeared in the morning papers, together with plans of the interior arrangements of the opera house, the precautions against fire and panic, the unequalled splendor and perfection of the scenery, and the cost of the whole enterprise. The usual safeguards against the imposition of speculators were taken, and met with the usual success. By five in the afternoon the house was sold from ceiling to cellar, and the impresario, leaning in an insouciant attitude against the bar of the hotel, with his hat on one side and his face broader than it was long, treated his numerous friends to drinks and received their congratulations.

This was on a Saturday. On Monday the performance took place "before the most fashionable, cultivated and appreciative audience ever assembled on a similar occasion in the city of New York." So recent and eminent a triumph is not likely to have been forgotten by those who witnessed it. The opera selected was "Faust." It is perhaps the most satisfactory one for a first appearance, not only because of its musical merits, but because everybody is familiar with it, and can estimate the comparative success of the newcomer in "creating" afresh the immortal character of Marguerite. There had been a great number of rehearsals, and Mlle. Marana had grown somewhat weary of the repetitions, and latterly had begun to fear that when the great night came she would, if not unnerved by stage fright, at any rate be unable to go through the part otherwise than mechanically. All spontaneity of action and sentiment would be gone from her.

She staid in her apartment all day on Monday, refusing to see any one, and even dispensing the greater part of the time with the presence of Mme. Bemax. She wished to dismiss the whole subject of the opera from her mind, and to aid herself in doing so she fixed her thoughts upon her brother Ed, and recalled all his ways and escapades and the happy times they had spent together. She pictured him and herself running races, and climbing trees, and finding birds' nests, and tending their red and white roses, and going on hunting expeditions after woodchucks and squirrels, and she brought back to her memory the talks they used to have together, when they would lay out before themselves the course of their future lives—what they would do and what they would be. How different from their anticipation it had turned out! But he was her brother just the same, and she loved him none the less than she had ever done; on the contrary she loved him more, for he had given her an opportunity to show her love by repairing an injury which he had done.

It was pleasant to think that, when he returned home, expecting to meet only distress and reproaches, he would find instead prosperity as great, if not greater than before extravagance began, and all owing to his own sister! If he had done wrong, his sister thought, the discovery that she had worked to repair it would be more certain than anything else to make him henceforward do right. Then she began to speculate as to what sort of wrong he had done—whether it were anything more than thoughtlessness and extravagance. A few weeks ago she would have said that it could be nothing more; but she had been forced to see and hear certain things of late which made her hesitate. She had seen what some young men, possessed of money and freedom, were and did; why might not her brother Ed be like them? She put the thought away from her; she would not believe evil of her own brother. He was a Randolph and a gentleman. He might be selfish and reckless, but he would never do anything wicked or disgraceful. It was more to be feared that he would deem her to have disgraced herself in stealing another woman's name and reputation. It was all very well to plead that she had been persuaded into it half ignorantly, half against her will; the fact that she had done it remained. Well—it was too late to turn back now!

The long hours passed on, and as the evening approached she found herself thinking not of Ed, but of another person, who had come into her mind, not by her own invitation, but involuntarily; or possibly he had been in the background all the while, and advanced as the other receded. She had had no conversation with Bellingham since that day at the theatre, but they had met several times and exchanged a few words, and there had been something in his manner that had strengthened and reassured her, she knew not why—something that seemed to show that intuition was acquiring more weight with him than reason. And yet he had not seemed happy nor at ease; but his uneasiness was of a kind that soothed and inspired her. It was like the trouble of a cloudy dawn, out of which the sun at last rises clear. He was not treacherous nor intangible, like so many men; his qualities were large and firmly based; he could not play monkey tricks, and talk one thing while he thought another. The process of his feelings was honest and open; he was reserved and reticent precisely because he could not be insincere.

The prima donna languished all her soul to be as frank and undisguised as he. She felt that could she be so all would be well between them; but that until then all would not be well. And she said to herself, how perverse a mishap it was that this disguise of hers should have become necessary just when they met; had she met him at any other time of her life he would have known her as she really was, and his intuition and his reason would have been at one. But then, again, her pride arose, and she vowed that if he did not care enough about knowing her to discern her real self beneath the false disguise he should never know her at all. But did what she called her real self exist any longer? Had not the disguise destroyed it? And, if so, could she expect him to discover what was no longer there? She pressed her hands over her eyes and breathed heavily.

The time of waiting was now over, however. Mme. Bemax was knocking at the door, and coming in with mademoiselle's cloak and bonnet in her hand, and saying that the carriage was ready and that they must drive to the theatre at once in order that mademoiselle might have time to put on Marguerite's dress before the curtain rose. The prima donna stood up, and the realization of what lay before her came sweeping over her mind like a storm. She was slightly tremulous and felt cold and feeble. Mme. Bemax made her drink a glass of wine, and conducted her down to the carriage. She seemed hardly to know where she was, she could speak only with an effort; a benumbing preoccupation had got possession of her. At the carriage door a gentleman was waiting, clad in evening dress, with a light overcoat. Her heart beat for an instant, then became oppressed and tremulous again; it was only Jocelyn. He helped her into the carriage, and got in after her and Mme. Bemax. He began to say various things in a caressing, encouraging voice; she exclaimed sharply, "Don't speak to me! I must think my thoughts!" The rattle of the wheels on the pavement agitated her; she could not keep her hands or her lips still. Sometimes she fancied they had been driving for hours; sometimes that they had scarcely started. When at length they arrived at the theatre everything seemed at once familiar and strange; she had seen it all scores of times before, but never with the eyes she saw it with now. Several persons addressed her, but she walked on to her dressing room without appearing conscious of any one. The room was small, but prettily decorated; there were two full length mirrors in it, and it was fragrant with flowers. On the table was lying a bunch of Marguerite's, tied about with a narrow blue ribbon.

The knot by which the ribbon was fastened caught the prima donna's eye; she had seen something like it before. It was not an ordinary knot, but one such as sailors make. She took up the little white and golden cluster and looked them over; there was nothing to show whence they came—nothing but the knot. While she was putting on her dress her mind occupied itself with this little mystery, and the oppression of her heart was relieved. She put the Marguerite's in her girdle, feeling kindly disposed toward them, for they had done her good. Then a desire suddenly took possession of her to go out and see the audience. The overture was still in progress, and she might cross the stage and look through a peep hole in the curtain.

Mme. Bemax assented, and accompanied her. The stage was dimly lighted, and a number of people were moving hither and thither upon it; the scene shifters were giving the last touches to the arrangements. Mlle. Marana, with a light shawl over her shoulders, glided unobserved up to the great curtain and looked through.

The spectacle was like nothing else she had ever seen or imagined. The house was brilliant with light and alive with movement and murmur. But the thousands of faces, row after row and tier above tier; the glance of innumerable eyes, all turned toward her; all come there to see her!—it was astounding and terrifying! Those innumerable eyes—nothing could escape them, nothing be invisible to them. They were overpowered, hostile, exterminating! All impression of individual human beings was lost, and the audience seemed to be a sort of monster, without sympathies and responsibilities, immense, uncontrollable, omniscient—a merciless, multitudinous inquisition! How could a single girl

contend against them? By what miracle could her voice and presence reach and subdue them? Rather her spirit would evaporate from her lips before them and leave her inanimate.

As she stood gazing there some one crossing the stage from the wings passed near her. She knew the step, and turned. Yes, it was Bellingham. He recognized her and paused, apparently surprised to see her there, but his expression could not be discovered in the shadow.

"Does the house satisfy you, mademoiselle?" he said, approaching her. As he did so he glanced at the flowers in her girdle. The glance did not escape her, and then she knew where it was she had seen the knot before. It was that day of their interview in the corridor; his fingers had been busy idly tying and untying a bit of string.

"I didn't know you would be here," she said in a whisper. "I am glad." "They expect a hisser for the architect," he replied, "and I must make a bow."

"Will you be in the audience while I sing?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Show me which seat is yours."

He stepped to the peep hole.

"You see that chair half way down the center aisle? That is mine."

"Thank you," she said; "and thank you for these flowers. I feel made over anew! Now I can sing."

She put out her hand and Geoffrey took it in his.

For a moment it seemed to them as if they were alone together. When two persons meet in complete sympathy all other human association seems so trifling in comparison that they cease to be aware of it.

At this moment the overture came to an end, and the order was issued for the stage to be cleared. The prima donna found herself again in her dressing room, but not in the same mood as she had left it. She was warm, composed and happy. She looked in the tall mirror, and for the first time saw Marguerite reflected there. Then into her serene and awakened mind entered all the tenderness, simplicity and pathos of Gretchen's lovely story, and she felt the spirit of the German peasant maiden take possession of her. The appearances of the stage, the mechanism of the effects, the glare of the footlights, no longer had power to disturb her illusion. They seemed themselves an illusion, and only the story was real. And when the moment came that she stood before the mighty audience they were to her no longer a hostile and opposing presence, with which she must struggle in hopeless contest, but a vast reservoir of human sympathy, aiding her, supporting her, comprehending her, supplying her with life and inspiration, and responding a thousandfold to every chord she touched.

As her voice flowed out and abroad from her lips it seemed to owe its enchanted sweetness and resonance not to her, but to its echo in the hearts of her listeners. Whence, then, had come this marvelous change in the mutual relations between her audience and herself? She was conscious only of the joy of unrestrained expression; the audience, only of the delight of ear and eye; and Geoffrey Bellingham, sitting with folded arms and charmed pulses in the midst of the assemblage, had no suspicion that any part of this triumph of harmony and beauty was due to him. His eyes and all his senses were turned toward her, but how should he imagine that amid the crowd of that great amphitheatre her glances were conscious of no face but his, and that all the stupendous magnetism of their silence and their applause was centered and concentrated in him? He had even forgotten that his Marguerite's were in her girdle.

As he already been intimated, however, it would be superfluous to give any account of this memorable performance from the audience's point of view. Competent judges, who attended many repetitions of the opera, have declared that Mlle. Marana never afterward surpassed the standard of excellence she attained on this first occasion. It was the topic of the time, and the fame of it spread all over the United States, and was spoken of next day in London and Paris. The public, which is so inhuman and tyrannical in its apathies and antipathies, is like a child and a slave in its favoritism and its homage. It idolized the incomparable Marana, and would have built her a house of gold, with jeweled windows, if she had demanded it. The unknown girl from the upper reaches of the Hudson was crowned queen of New York for the sake of two or three hours' sweet singing.

It seldom that Adam, and even divine Eve, in the days of their youth, are wholly insensible to the worship of their fellow creatures. They may say and believe that flattery cannot make them alter their own estimate of their merit; nevertheless, the eye that sees admiration in all other eyes involuntarily grows brighter and more assured, and the presence before which others bow down, if it do not bear itself more commandingly, can at least scarcely avoid a graceful condescension. Doubtless it is not the merit but the homage which the merit causes that creates the elation. And by and by the suggestion will insinuate itself that there may, after all, be something exceptional in the nature gifted with such talents, apart from the talents themselves. From this point it is not far to the conclusion that exceptional natures demand exceptional treatment and consideration—should not be made accountable to ordinary rules; should be a law unto themselves. No position is more susceptible than this of being vindicated by plausible arguments, and a poor argument warned by good will has always been worth a dozen better ones chilled and torpid from the breath of disinclination.

Now Mlle. Marana, though she could not estimate the influence upon others of the personal quality of her voice, could not help knowing that she sung in tune and correctly; but, inasmuch as many other women could do this, she was forced to infer that her being made queen of New York must be due to some personal quality, as aforesaid. This just persuasion gave her pleasure on more accounts than one; but one account was that it seemed to justify in some measure the deception which she was maintaining before the world. Though still chargeable with purloining Marana's

name, she might, perhaps, acquit her conscience of damaging that lady in her musical reputation. If she were listened to with as great favor as the genuine Russian diva would have been, surely the latter could not complain of any very great practical injury. On the contrary she would have earned an American renown without being troubled to so much as open her lips. True, renown was all she would earn; but she had voluntarily given up the offer of other emoluments before the false Marana had ever been thought of. Of course a lie is a lie, after every excuse has been made for it; yet there may be cause for congratulation if a lie prove to contain no other mischief than the simple invasion of a truth.

In this opinion she was, it need scarcely be said, cordially supported by Hamilton Jocelyn and Mme. Bemax; nor was her father disinclined to take an optimistic view of the situation. The latter gentleman, by the way, seemed to have taken a fresh start in life, since his troubles came to head, therein following the example of many prominent citizens of New York and other places who, when other sources of supply run dry, are accustomed to tap with golden success the unfailing spring of insolvency. Mr. Randolph had taken rooms in a small but elegant flat on Fifth avenue, and was living the life of a rejuvenated bachelor and man about town. The possession of a momentous secret flattered his sense of self importance, and the incumbency of a minor sinecure in the municipal government, which he had obtained through Gen. Inigo's friendly interest with the Democratic mayor, enabled him to assume the air of one who is on confidential terms with statesmen. He had been at considerable pains to devise ambiguous explanations of his possession of ready money and of the singular disappearance of his daughter, and had been somewhat disappointed to discover that no one seemed to be aware that he had never lacked the former or owned the latter.

The world, Mr. Randolph thought, must be a barbarously large as well as a reprehensibly inattentive place, since it had failed to follow with solicitude the course of his domestic concerns. However, if there was neglect on one side of the account, it was balanced by convenience on the other, and the unsuspected father of the great prima donna made a virtue of impunity.

He visited his daughter twice or thrice a week, besides being present at her performances; but it afforded him a certain gratification to surround their interviews with an elaborate network of secrecy and intrigue, as if he were an enamored Montague seeking to commune at peril of their lives with a lovely Capulet. There was evidently a vein of romance in this old gentleman which, had it been properly cultivated in due season, might have considerably enlarged his character.

To return, however, to the prima donna's conscience. It would probably have subsided into a condition of comfortable acquiescence in destiny had it not been for the stimulus unconsciously applied to it by a gentleman of her acquaintance. She could never meet Geoffrey Bellingham without wishing that Mlle. Marana had never been born, or at least that she herself might have achieved her fame in some straightforward and unencumbered way. When a certain tender look and smile, very winning in one whose features were naturally severe, came into his face the pleasure it gave her was marred by the reflection, How would he look if he knew what I am? It is true that he believed her to be a woman whose moral character was currently supposed to be less immaculate than a good many aliases would render that of Beatrix Randolph; none the less she felt, when in his presence, that her own actual sin was more burdensome than all the vicarious naughtiness of the unknown Russian.

She told herself that Geoffrey had perhaps made up his mind to condone Marana's delinquencies, taking into account her foreign training, her temptations, and the loose standard of morals that prevailed in Europe, but that he never would forgive Beatrix for having deliberately misled him—she, an American girl, brought up amid all the enlightenment and fastidious rectitude of the great republic. This was the crumpled leaf in her bed of roses, and it chafed her restlessly.

But persons whose perception of their value—social, artistic or other—is on the way to beguile them into making a golden calf of themselves in the wilderness, may have reason to be grateful for the implicit criticism of some severe eyed young lawgiver, whose exhortations are none the less effective because they happen to be the utterance of the silent voice of character.

The Great Spring Medicine.

It will be gratifying to all who realize the vital necessity of purifying the blood, to know that Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup can be relied upon as a blood medicine. Mr. B. C. Robinson, of Marshall, Mich., says:

GENTLEMEN:—I have suffered intensely from biliousness and rheumatism for over three years, and had tried so many remedies that I had lost all faith. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup I bought a bottle and found it helped me. I have now used four bottles, and I have restored my liver and kidneys to healthy action, and done more to purify my blood than anything I have ever taken. I am pleased to recommend it as a wonderful blood medicine. Very truly yours, B. C. ROBINSON, Marshall, Mich.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by the Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Mich.

Top-column, next to reading matter on first page, with ample display, awaits little or nothing unless the advertisement is properly worded and set with taste.—N. Y. Blackwell.

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

GEMS IN VERSE.

Since she went home.
The evening shadows longer linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed,
Unsoothed the pillow that her dear head pressed,
My lonely heart hath wailed for its rest
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears
Since she went home.

—Round Table.

The Pass of Brander.

All along the pass of Brander,
Full many a year ago,
There trudged a slender woman
Deep through the blinding snow.

A weary slender woman,
With a sweet, soft English tongue;
A stranger in the highland glens,
Feeble and pale and young.

And with her simple story
She passed from door to door:
"Oh, give me just a piece of bread,
And a night's rest once more.

"My husband was a sailor;
He hailed from Olan bay;
I want to take his baby home,
And lay it where he lay.

"I'll lay it on his mother's breast,
And then I'll gladly go."
And she held up a thin, thin hand,
As white as any snow.

All along the pass of Brander
The wind sank soft and still;
The stars stood silently above
Ben Crauchan's mighty hill.

The Awa was like a river of glass,
And doubled in its tide;
The great black pass of Brander
Rose on the other side.

An eerie place to travel through;
But she was not afraid
Of ghost or wraith, of beast or man—
"I'm too near God," she said.

The path grew longer, longer—
Such poor, soft English feet!
But then it was an English heart,
Patient and calm and sweet.

At length her steps grew heavy as lead;
The baby woke and cried:
She stopped and fed it at her breast
Upon the lone moor side.

Then stranger, stranger thoughts came
Into her head;
She saw her cottage door;
She heard sweet English bells chime faint
Across the highest moor.

Deep sleep was stealing o'er her lids,
A soft sleep without pain;
She rose and clutched her baby tight
And tried to walk again.

But vain the struggle, vain the toil;
"It is too late," she cried,
And from Ben Crauchan's lofty top
She saw white angels glide.

"They'll robe me, without any lack,
In shining robes all new,"
So one by one, to wrap the boy,
Her garments off she drew.

Warm sheltered like young bird in nest,
She placed him by a stone,
Saying, "The angels watch the child,
Until the night be gone!"

Weeping—"If I should save thee, child,
No man will show me scorn."
Then lay down white on the white snow,
As bare as babe new born.

It is a brave young sailor;
He hails from Olan bay;
His granddame's pride, his shipmates' boast,
So handsome, bold and gay.

But his cheeks will pale of a sudden,
And his tears rush like a tide,
If you name the pass of Brander,
Where his English mother died.
—Dinah Maria Mulock.

So Goes the World.
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed, and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and a lordly train;
But on one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Caltness of Truth.
All truth is calm.
Refuge of rock and tower;
The more of truth the more of calm,
Its calmness is its power.

Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still;
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,
Like some eternal hill.

—Horatius Bonar.

Love.
Unless you can think when the song is done,
No other is sweet in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when unpraised by his breath
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through beholding and unbehaving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Books.
The past but lives in words; a thousand ages
Were blank, if books had not evoked their
ghosts,
And kept the pale-embodied shades to warn us
From fleshless lips.

—Bulwer.

Courage!
Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind;
He soonest reads the lesson right
Who reads with back against the night!

—Scribner's Monthly.

A historical character—Macaulay.

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BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE,
HEARTBURN, LIVER INDIGESTION,
DYSPEPSIA, COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE

Your BLOOD
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LIVER PILLS!
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LIVER
PILLS.

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SICK
HEAD
ACHE

Sick Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In retail 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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ANN ARBOR.

FAUNTLEROY IN DIFFICULTIES.

A Newsboy Who Could Not Stand Dudes Frees His Youthful Mind.

A number of passengers about to cross the bridge from Brooklyn witnessed an amusing scene the other day.

A gentleman who had just purchased a ticket, in gathering his change from the ticket seller's window let fall from his hand a quantity of coins—cents, nickels and dimes. They scattered in all directions over the muddy pavement.

A little urchin of a newsboy, from whom the gentleman had bought a paper for which he had not yet paid, went to the rescue of the truant coins. At almost the same moment another little fellow clad in the familiar costume of a little Lord Fauntleroy—leather leggings, gloves, long hair and all—hove in sight. He was accompanied by a fashionably attired lady, evidently his mother.

Human nature is very strong in a boy, even a Lord Fauntleroy. Espying a dime the newcomer forgot the dignity of his exalted rank. He stooped down and with his diminutive hand picked from the muddy pavement the coin, which he promptly pocketed.

The tatterdemalion saw the act and made a grab for Fauntleroy, who clung to his mother's skirts. "Wachee doin' wid de gent's money?" he said. "Don't know no better den to steal."

The mother of the little aristocrat was dreadfully shocked at seeing her offspring in the dirty hands of the newsboy. She flew to the rescue. "Take your hands off my child," she said, "or I'll have you arrested, you young scoundrel."

"I ain't no scoundrel," said the gamin, dropping his hands and releasing the little lord. "Make yer kid give up de money," he continued. "He ain't got no right ter keep it."

Little Fauntleroy was pleased enough to be released from the clutch of the two begrimed little hands of the newsboy. He gave up the money readily enough, and with his mother, who had brushed the dirt off the miniature box-coat sleeves, he hastened on his way to New York to make a society call. The newsboy watched the retreating forms contemptuously.

"Say, boss," he said, returning to the gentleman, who had watched the affair with interest and yet unable to take any part in it, so rapidly had the entire scene been enacted.

"Say, boss," continued the boy, "dat young feller wot da hooked yer money but fer me. Ain't yer going to give me de dime?"

The gentleman told him he might keep the money.

"Tanks," said the urchin. "I tell yer," he added, "Deez young Funtle-royz an' sailors wid long hair, dey makes me tired. I guess dey'll steal sooner den a noosboy. I ain't got no use fer fellers like dat. Dey don't have no fun, an' my how dey gets licked by us fellers, when we gets the chance. Dey gets licked too. If dey gets a spot on de close dey wears. Yer can bet I'd sooner be a noosboy nor a dude wid long hair wot gets licked fer nothin'."

The gentleman continued his trip over the bridge. He has been debating since, the occurrence, however, if there was not a great deal of truth in the newsboy's rude philosophy.—N. Y. Herald.

QUEER HIDING PLACES.

Where Women Sometimes Carry Their Money and Valuables.

The lamented Emma Abbot carried her most valuable jewels constantly with her, secured in a petticoat-pocket. A great many wealthy women out of the profession do the same thing. The chamois pocket in the undershirt is a favorite jewel-bag, and is often made use of in traveling. Women are still fond, however, of thrusting bills into an envelope and pinning them inside their stays. An amusing incident, growing out of this practice, was witnessed in a Fifth avenue stage, New York, very recently. Three young women, evidently strangers in the city from their talk, got on in lower Fifth avenue, finding separate places in the well-filled vehicle. Two made no move to pay fares, but the third, who was presumably the treasurer of the party, took out her purse and looked for a coin. There was none inside. She searched through twice, then caught the eye of each of her companions and rapidly telegraphed her dilemma. They had no money, and as the situation and its own relief dawned upon them their faces were divided between a desire to laugh and impending fear lest their dignity might be assailed. Meanwhile, the driver rang for attention, and the first young woman, endeavoring to assume a stolid appearance, began operations. Money she evidently had but it was in rather an inaccessible place. She wore a snug-fitting tailor-made jacket, whose buttons yielded stubbornly to her gloved fingers. Beneath was a still more snug-fitting tailor-made bodice. Confessedly nervous now, and with progress further impeded by the driver's importunities, a couple of the small bodice buttons were loosened and poking fingers endeavored to draw out the concealed funds. This did not answer, however, and, desperate at last, the girl peeled off her glove and succeeded in her quest, but not until the risibilities of the entire stage full of people had been severely strained.—Chicago News.

THE RICHEST MAN IN AMERICA.

Men in a position to judge of the fortunes of the wealthy men of the country are beginning to agree that Mr. Rockefeller is the richest man in the United States, and consequently in America. The collective wealth of the Astors or Vanderbilts is greater than his, but it is averred that no individual Astor or Vanderbilt is as wealthy. Jay Gould is reckoned many millions below him in actual riches. Judge Stevenson Burke, the Cleveland attorney, capitalist and railroad man, told me recently that Mr. Rockefeller was the richest man in America. The judge was formerly an attorney of the Vanderbilts and has had dealings with Jay Gould, so that he is in a position to judge. He thinks that Mr. Rockefeller's yearly income is now nearly \$10,000,000 per year. It has all been made out of the Standard Oil Company, of which great monopoly Mr. Rockefeller is the principal stockholder.—N. Y. Star.

Bust of a business man—Bankruptcy.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Use kerosene oil to clean your washboiler.

—Stuffed Eggs: Halve ten hard-boiled eggs; take out the yolks and season, adding minced meat of any kind preferred; fill the eggs, join and put in a dish. Use bread crumbs and milk with the remainder of the mixture, pour over all and bake.—Good Housekeeping.

—To mend china, take a very thick solution of gum arabic and water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges and stick them together. In three days the article can not be broken in the same place. The whiteness of this cement renders it doubly valuable.

—Chicken Hash: Mince cold roast or boiled chicken not very fine, and to one cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls good butter, one-half cup of milk, enough minced onion to give a slight flavor, and salt, pepper and mace to taste. Stew it and stir often, and serve with garnish of parsley. Every particle of bone must be subtracted.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—To make frosted chestnuts for a winter-evening confection, roast the nuts, shell them, and then dip them in the beaten white of eggs. Roll them in powdered sugar, and let them dry on an inverted sieve in the oven, which should be moderately heated. Almonds and walnuts may be frosted in the same way.

—Carrot Salad: Carrots boiled and sliced help to make a very good salad if used with fresh, cooked veal. Put a cupful of chopped celery in the salad bowl with a little over half as much boiled sliced carrot and one pound of chopped veal; add a very little raw, finely chopped onion, season with salt and pepper and a very little melted butter; pour over half a cupful of good vinegar and mix well.—Prairie Farmer.

—Coffee cream will furnish something new in way of a dainty dessert. It is made as follows: Make a tea-cupful of the strongest and clearest coffee. Put the coffee, when made, with two yolks of eggs and one ounce of sugar, into a double boiler or a saucepan, set into boiling water, and stir over the fire till the mixture thickens; then let it get cold. Whip a pint of good cream quite stiff, and then add the coffee to it by degrees, so that it is smooth and thick. Serve in pretty cups or glasses. It may be frozen if preferred.—N. Y. World.

—In every case of injury, in cuts, stabs and gun-shot wounds, in contusions, sprains, dislocations and fractures, in burns, frostbites and frozen members, the first measure to be adopted is the application of cold in the form of ice, snow or cold water. These substances are best applied in an animal bladder or a rubber bag. When towels wet in cold water are used, they require to be renewed every minute, for, unless frequently changed, they really act as poultices to the part, inviting what we wish to prevent. Cold not only stanches any bleeding which may occur, unless the hemorrhage is altogether too severe, but also moderates the ensuing inflammation.

—Coffee as well as tea should be made in an earthen pot. The best utensil for making chocolate in is a wide-mouthed porcelain pot, where the chocolate can be cooked very rapidly and where a large surface is exposed. By this method the oil does not separate from the chocolate as it does in a covered dish, or when the chocolate is cooked at a low temperature. Pour the chocolate in an uncovered china or earthenware pitcher and serve it with a bowl of whipped cream. Do not be tempted by a name to buy a so-called chocolate pitcher. They are good for coffee, or even tea, but chocolate should not be served in a covered pitcher. It retains the heat so well there is no excuse for covering it like tea and coffee.

WHY SHE LEFT.

She Preferred Starvation to the Possibility of Becoming Freckled.

A handsome young woman, who is well known for her philanthropy and who devotes a great deal of her time to making light the burden of poverty which other folks bear, recently found a family worthy of her assistance. It consisted of a mother and several children, the oldest a girl of twenty years, wretchedly dressed. The young woman cast about and finally secured a position in a wholesale candy store for the girl. The salary was fair, the hours were not long, and all the girl had to do was to pack candy. She accepted the situation gladly, and the young woman left the family, feeling that she had placed the girl in a position to earn enough money to support them.

About two weeks later she called at the tenement where the family lived, and was surprised to find the girl at home. "Why, what's the matter?" she asked. "Are you not working to-day?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "I'm not working at all."

"When did you leave your place?"

"Last week."

"What was the matter?" Didn't they pay you enough money?"

"O, yes, ma'am; the wages was all right. It wasn't that."

"Was the work too heavy for you?"

"No, ma'am; my work was light enough."

The young woman began to feel very uneasy. She dreaded what might follow. But she faced the situation bravely, and asked:

"Were you not treated right, then?"

"O, yes, ma'am; I was treated all right, but you see, ma'am, they put me to work in an alcove near a sunny window, and the sun came in nearly all day, and I was afraid I'd get freckled, so I left."—Chicago Journal.

PEOPLE WHO EAT ALONE.

In all thoroughly civilized countries the members of a family and their guests partake of meals while collected around a central board, but this is not so with the majority or even a fraction of the semi-civilized and barbarous nations. The Maldivian islanders dine alone, retiring to the most secret parts of their huts for the purpose of eating their food. This custom probably arose among them in an early period of their history, for fear, perhaps, that another with equally sharp an appetite and more bodily strength would deprive the feaster of his meal.—St. Louis Republic.

Not in the menagerie—The bug bear.

A FEW YEARS HENCE.

A Dreamer Conjures Up Tales of Hardship for His Grandchildren.

He was sitting before a great fire at the club, with eyes half closed, when a friend roused him.

"Dreaming, old man?" asked the friend.

"Half dreaming, half musing," was the reply as the young fellow stretched himself. "My grandfather has been telling of the hardships of early days, and I was wondering what I'd tell my grandchildren in that line."

"Couldn't think of much, could you?" "Well, I don't know. Hardship is hardship only by comparison with luxury. The luxury of one age is the hardship of the next. Now I conjured up a picture of my grandchild sitting on my knee asking me for a story."

Several men had gathered around the armchair and one asked:

"Did you tell a story?"

"O, yes," replied the dreamer. I remember I told him that about 1890 I had a brother in New York. One day I received a dispatch that he was dying. I took the limited, and for twenty-six hours I was in an agony of doubt, fearful lest he should die before I arrived. I dilated a little on the terrible suspense and told how my appetite seemed to have left me."

"And what did the boy say?" asked one of the party.

"The boy? O, he wouldn't believe it at first; wanted to know if it was possible that there was an accident that delayed me, and if there was, why it delayed me so long. He figured it out, too. He said:

"Regular time from here to New York, two hours. O, they couldn't have delayed you twenty-four hours, grandpa."

"And when I told him that twenty-six hours was the regular time he looked sorry for me and said:

"Poor grandpa. You must have had an awful hard time. And how slow you were in those days. Ate on a train, too! Dear me, I can go from here to San Francisco without getting hungry! Didn't the pneumatic tube work well?"

"And then?" was the query as the dreamer paused.

"Then I explained that the pneumatic tube route wasn't in operation at that time, and drew out a little more sympathy by telling him about an exorbitant gas bill that I had received and had to pay, because if I didn't the company would cut off the supply. O, but he was surprised!

"Gas!" he exclaimed. "What did you want of gas?"

"I explained that we used to light our houses with gas, and that light couldn't pity me enough; said it must have been awful to have to depend on gas for light."

"But it was when I told him about going home one night when the electric lights on Clark street went out that his heart bled for me."

"You must have had a terrible time, grandpa," he said. "I wouldn't have lived in those days for anything."

"My boy," I said, "we didn't have the comforts then that we have now, but those hardships are what made us the hardy race that we are."

Then the dreamer asked the crowd to leave him while he figured out another hard-luck tale for his grandson.—Chicago Tribune.

EUROPE'S ARMAMENT.

The Triple Alliance Vastly Inferior in Strength to the Opposing States.

According to a tabulated statement of the armed strength of the various European powers the triple alliance has 1,187,000 regulars and 3,973 guns to oppose the 1,347,000 regulars and 5,698 guns of Russia and France. These figures, however, give a quite inadequate idea of the number of men in the field in case of war, as no account is taken of the reserves and militia. A better idea of the gigantic dimensions of the coming conflict may therefore be got from the statement of each state's full fighting strength: Germany, 1,080,000 in line and reserves, 620,000 militia of the first call, 700,000 militia of the second call, that is, total without substitute reserves, 2,400,000; Austria-Hungary, 938,000 in line and reserves, and 438,000 militia, that is, a total of 1,375,000; Italy, 848,000 in line and reserves, and 872,000 militia, or a total of 1,720,000; France, 1,500,000 in line and reserves, 1,700,000 in the territorial army, or 3,200,000 altogether; Russia, 1,180,000 field troops, 892,000 reserves and substitutes, 193,000 troops for occupation, 154,000 Cossacks and 33,000 militia and border guards, a total of 2,309,000. Russia and France therefore can now place 5,590,000 men in the field against the triple alliance's 4,097,000. With even these figures, however, the hugeness of the great continental encampment is still inadequately described, for the land-storm of all five states has not been calculated. The landsturm is the militia of the very last call, which will not be summoned to fight till the final days of invasion and despoliation shall have come and the all but conquered people make one last effort to rally. In Germany and Russia the landsturm has not been counted. In Austria-Hungary it numbers 445,000; in Italy, 1,830,000; in France, 900,000. A moderate estimate, then, gives a total of 15,000,000 men ready to live or die by the sword. The universal liability to service, which keeps full the ranks of all five armies, varies somewhat in the different states. In Germany, Austria-Hungary, France and Italy active service lasts 3 years; in Russia, 5. The service in the reserves lasts in Germany 4 years; Austria-Hungary and France, 7 years; Italy 5; Russia 13. Service in the militia lasts in Germany 5 to 7 years; Austria-Hungary, 2; Italy, 4; France 6. Service in the landsturm lasts in Russia from the seventeenth to the forty-fifth year of a man's life; in Austria-Hungary, from the nineteenth to the forty-second. The total period of liability to service, including the landsturm, is, in Germany, 28 years; Austria, 23; Italy 19; France, 25; Russia, 23.—Chicago Post.

—Miss Knowlton—"They do say Fred De Smythe actually wears stays!" Miss Witsome (yawning).—"Well, he called last evening, and I concluded he was a stayer."

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WILLIAM CLAGGETT, SENATOR FROM IDAHO.

The election by a state legislature of four United States senators at a single session is a very good election record. The way it came about was this: When the Idaho legislature met this winter, it proceeded to the election of senators. There was a large republican majority and a great rivalry among aspiring candidates. It was finally agreed that, instead of two, three senators should be elected, one for the short term just now ended, one for the term ending in 1893, and one for the term ending March 4th, 1891. Accordingly Messrs. McConnell and Shoup were chosen to fill the vacancies, and Mr. Dubois was elected for the term to begin. Judge Claggett was a candidate at the first election, and his friends have claimed ever since that Dubois has no title to the seat. They finally succeeded in gaining republicans to form with the democratic minority, a majority of the legislature, and the recent joint session, and the election of Judge Claggett is the result of their labors.

Wm. Claggett is a Marylander by birth, but crossed the plains in 1850 and has since lived in Nevada, Montana, Dakota and Idaho practicing law, mining and attending to politics. He served in the 42d congress as delegate from Montana and was the author of a bill establishing the Yellowstone National Park. He served as president of the convention that framed a constitution for the state of Idaho.



J. H. KYLE.

One of the most observed men on the floor of the senate during its closing hours was senator-elect Kyle from South Dakota, who had come to learn what he could of his new functions. Mr. Kyle succeeds Senator Moody, who only held his seat a few months and was elected by a combination of democrats and alliance men; he will therefore be what is called an "Indocrat, an Independent." He was born in Feme, Ohio, in 1853, and is a very young man to achieve senatorial dignity. He was graduated from Oberlin College in 1880, and then studied theology in the Western Theological Seminary in Alleghany, Penn., where he finished in 1882. For a while he served as pastor of a Congregational church in Salt Lake City. Five years ago he went to Yankton, Dakota, and is at present financial secretary of Yankton College. He has been a member of state senate, and is said to favor free coinage of silver, and is also an advocate of all the remarkable theories of the Farmer's Alliance.

Literary Notes.

The announcement of a new book by the author of "A Social Departure," will enlist the immediate interest of a multitude of readers. Miss Duncan's new book is entitled "An American Girl in London," and it is to be issued shortly by her publishers, D. Appleton & Co. For those who have read "A Social Departure" it will be sufficient to say that "An American Girl in London" equally deserves to be called one of the brightest and wittiest books of travel published for many years. The book relates the experiences of a bright American girl who goes to London unattended, disregards the formal English conventions, sees all that is worth seeing with fresh eyes, and describes and comments upon English sights and the manners and customs of English people in a narrative always crisp, suggestive, and vivacious, and characterized by keen observation and appreciation of things worth knowing, as well as by irresistible humor. The book has been generously illustrated by F. H. Townsend, who furnished the clever illustrations for "A Social Departure."

When frail woman sighs, deploring

The charms that quickly fade away,

What power, the bloom of health restoring,

Can check the progress of decay?

The only aid that's worth attention,

For pains and ills of such description,

Thousands of women gladly mention,

"The Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specific for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses of women.

The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles \$1. Six for \$5.

Goes up in summer—Alpen stock.

An unwelcome visitor—Empress Frederick in Paris.

Smart weed and Belladonna, combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. and B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

VIGOROUS PERSUASION

Is generally required to sell life insurance; and yet it can hardly be out of season to urge a man to take such precautions as the best business custom of the day approves, viz: to protect his family and his estate. The defenseless wife and children need protection; necessities should go before luxuries. Too many men treat life insurance as the Arkansas fiddler did the roof of his house—when it rained he couldn't fix it, and when the weather was fair there was no need of fixing it.

If your health is good take an insurance policy while you can. Combine Protection and Investment; you can do this if you secure an Accumulative Bond, issued only by THE MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., of Detroit, Mich. Organized, 1867. Assets, \$3,007,553.13. Surplus, \$439,556.95. This bond affords the strongest possible combination of advantages. For example:

20-Year Bond. :-: Dividend Period 20 Years.

ISSUED AT AGE 35, FOR \$1,000.00.

Annual Premium.....	\$ 53 95
Total Premium paid in 20 years.....	1,079 00
Estimated Cash Value at end of 20 years.....	1,870 00
Estimated Profit.....	\$ 791 00

And Insurance for 20 years in addition.

MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.,

J. S. FARRAND, President.

O. R. LOOKER, Secretary.

W. M. O. BUTLER, Vice-Prest.

H. F. FREDE, Asst. Sec.

Agents wanted. Liberal contracts offered to men who can secure business.

J. H. ROBINSON,

General Agent for Michigan,

Office over First National Bank, DETROIT, MICH.

B. J. CONRAD, Representative, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Ann Arbor Courier.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1891.

Short advertisements not to exceed three lines, or Lost or Found. Houses for Sale or Rent, Wants, etc., inserted three weeks for 25 cents. Situations wanted, free.

HERE is your chance. Having broken my leg will sell, exchange, rent or take a partner, my school seat and wind mill factory, C. H. St. Clair, 33 N. Fourth ave.

FARM TO RENT—For cash or on shares, 2 1/2 miles from Saline, 200 acres plow land. Good barns and plenty of them. Water in barns, yards, and elsewhere. Fences good. Inquire of A. M. Clark, Ann Arbor or A. F. Clark, Saline.

FOR SALE—A small farm and one-half mile from Ann Arbor. Address, Farm, this office.

WANTED—Dressmaking at 9 Maynard st. Will go out by day if desired. Kellogg System used.

HOUSE TO RENT—No. 64 State st. Good house, excellent location. Inquire at the COURIER OFFICE.

FOR SALE—House in second ward. Two houses on Whitmore Lake road, and two brick stores and frame building on North Main street occupied respectively as grocery, saloon and barber shop. Inquire of Executors of JAMES KITSON ESTATE, 21 Geddes ave.

HOUSE TO RENT on Maynard Street. Fine large house. Apply at the COURIER OFFICE.

Republican State Ticket.

For Justice of the Supreme Court,
ROBERT M. MONTGOMERY,
of Grand Rapids.
For Regents of the State University,
HENRY HOWARD,
of Port Huron.
MAJ. PETER V. COOK,
of Shiawassee.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Fridlander finds the road to fame (?) pretty squawly.

The World's fair needs to get a hustle on for it will be '93 before you know it.

Gov. Luce characterizes the recent senate steal at Lansing by the democrats as an insult to the farmers of Michigan.

Hon. Henry Howard, of Port Huron, is one of the best business men in Michigan, and will make a grand regent of the University. Vote for him.

The Ypsilanti dry remarks: "The Argus promised to illuminate the late Lansing steal of two senators, but Wednesday morning concluded the more light, the less beauty, and so put his candle under a bushel resolving to wait till the clouds roll by,—a vain hope."

In New York state the Catholic clergy have joined in the fight against giving the saloons greater liberty than they now possess under the law, which the democrats propose to do. This is a snag the democratic politicians had not counted on, and they are in hot water over it.

"Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Squaw" is the name given the man who sets in the seat stolen from Senator Morse, at Lansing. There is nothing gained by fraud and corruption and this man is fast finding it out. He might better have remained quietly at Oscoda with his wife and family No. 2.

One of the best fitted men in this state for Justice of the Supreme Court is Robert M. Montgomery, of Grand Rapids. He is not only fitted by long service upon the bench, but by unusual legal attainments, and most excellent judicial ability. The people will make no mistake in choosing Judge Montgomery.

The tall Sycamore of the Wabash, otherwise known as senator Dan Voorhees, says that Grover Cleveland cannot carry Indiana. And some of the Kentucky statesmen of the same persuasion say that Grover could not carry that state even. The latter is simply a bluff. Anything labeled "democrat" can carry Kentucky, but it will be remembered that Grover did not carry Indiana the last time he ran.

The democrats of the country are crowing over the election of Gen. John M. Palmer to the United States Senate from Illinois. Well, for the benefit of the whole country the election of such a man as Palmer is preferable to some straddler who plays "Good Lord, good devil" for the sake of getting elected, and whose lack of ability would make of him a nonentity. Palmer is 75 years old, also, it must be remembered.

The latest revised roll of defaulting Democratic State Treasurers, since the hole in the Delaware treasury came to light the other day is as follows:

State Treasurer Churchill, of Arkansas.
State Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee.
State Treasurer Vincent, of Alabama.
State Treasurer Tate, of Kentucky.
State Treasurer Burke, of Louisiana.
State Treasurer Nolan, of Missouri.
State Treasurer Hemmingsway, of Mississippi.
State Treasurer Archer, of Maryland.
State Treasurer Woodruff, of Arkansas.
State Treasurer Herbert, of Delaware.

All of these defaulters have occurred within a period of five or six years.

The spring meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society will be held in Lansing, in the pioneer room of the state capital, March 23 and 24, beginning Monday evening and closing Tuesday evening. The program will embrace a variety of topics of interest to all fruit growers, but the most important, perhaps will be Michigan Horticulture at the World's Fair. Plans will be discussed for securing a complete exposition of Michigan interests in this respect, and it is hoped that so important a matter will cause a general attendance from all parts of the state.

A lot of Italians got together at Chicago Sunday and passed resolutions demanding of this government redress for the murder of the eleven Sicilian and

Italian murders by the mob at New Orleans. While in no way upholding or countenancing the action of the mob, we simply desire to suggest that this protest would sound better coming from these Italians if they were back in Italy and the sooner they return to that country the better. If they come here with the intention of being Americans, all well and good, they should be welcomed, but their action proves otherwise. If they do not like it here they are at liberty to return. We have no use for the mafia of the dagos in America.

Fridlander, the man whom the democrats placed in the seat of Senator Morse at Lansing, turns out to be a queer sort of a man. In his early days he says he got rolicking drunk one night, and in the morning when he woke up he found himself in bed with a pretty half-breed, who showed him a marriage certificate and proved that they were married on the night previous. He admits having lived with her for some time, and then went to war. Letters were exchanged for a long time when he finally quit writing. He then forsook her and when he returned home married another woman with whom he now lives. Now his first wife, who was the daughter of the old Chief Petoskey, by a French mother, comes to claim her own Fridlander and wants him bad. As she has the best claim to him, and has one son by him whom she brought up and cared for, she ought to have him. He is a fine specimen of a man to foist into a seat in the State senate to which an honorable gentleman was elected by the people. But the democracy are in desperate straits now and must gerrymander the state in some way.

New Orleans was at one time the scene of the most disgraceful political persecution in the history of this or perhaps any other nation. Still later it became the home of the most accursed gambling scheme in the world, which found and still finds protection there. And now, a new and terrible disgrace comes to the people of that city. On Saturday last some 80,000 people, all the more disgraceful from the fact that the best people of the city were in it, went to the parish prison and shot down like rats twelve Sicilians, charged with being the murderers of Chief of Police Hennessy, some months ago. These men were members of the terrible organization known as the Mafia, and six of them had just been tried for the murder and acquitted by a jury who could not find sufficient evidence to convict. These men no doubt deserved death. They unquestionably met the fate they ought to have met, but in taking the law into their own hands and wreaking vengeance upon these helpless criminals, New Orleans has not only placed another ineffectual stamp of disgrace upon her escutcheon, but her best citizens by their unlawful acts, have set a precedent that may be taken up by less law-abiding people and turned upon them in a way too terrible to even think of. No community can allow the diabolical acts that New Orleans has permitted within her limits without paying a fearful penalty.

Patrons Snubbed.

The following is the action of the Patrons of Industry at their recent meeting at Lansing, relative to the great theft of the democratic State Senate. Every patron and farmer ought to read it:

The committee on legislation to whom was referred the resolution relative to the action of the state senate on Tuesday afternoon, recommend the adoption of the following:

WHEREAS, The patrons of industry, in state association assembled, have learned with deep regret of the action of the members of the senate, of the state of Michigan on Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1891, in unseating Senator George B. Horton and Senator Benjamin C. Morse at the time when but two-thirds of the members of that body were present, and previous notice not having been made by the committee to whom the contest was referred, therefore,

Resolved, That this body emphatically condemn such action on the part of the senate of Michigan as irregular and without precedent in the legislature of this state; as beneath the dignity of the highest legislative body of Michigan; as unjust to the contestants, and subversive of those principles of equity and justice which should characterize the action of the senate of Michigan.

Resolved, That this body, in state association assembled, respectfully petition the senate of the state of Michigan to reconsider the action in the contested election of Senator George B. Horton and Senator Benjamin C. Morse and permit the cases to be conducted in accordance with the rules of equity and established precedent.

Resolved, That we heartily condemn the action of such members of the senate as absented themselves from their post of duty and thereby rendered it possible for such action to be taken.

This protest was offered in the Senate by Senator Bastone, a democratic P. of I. from Tuscola County and was sneeringly referred to the committee on fisheries. In the House it was immediately laid on the table.

This shows how much the democrats care for the men who gave them a victory last fall. How is it farmer friends? Will you do so any more?

Great Britain last year paid in postal subsidies \$3,500,000; France, \$6,800,000; Italy, \$3,500,000; Germany \$3,100,000, and even Spain and Brazil more than \$1,500,000 each. During the same year Uncle Sam paid \$100,000 for mail service to American ships, and \$400,000 to foreign vessels, and made a net profit on foreign mails of \$1,700,000. One of these days the old man will wake up and the sea as well as the school houses will float the flag.

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.

AMUSEMENTS.

The audience to hear Rev. J. Nelson Lewis's Brother Jonathan went to University Hall that evening, and the Rev. J. Nelson was quite sarcastic in his opening remarks, which the vacant seats took in a remarkable manner. The singing was excellent, and the show in every way one worthy of good patronage.

On Monday evening next there will be a return engagement of the famous "Limited Mail," that gave such satisfaction here a few months ago.

The Limited Mail is a graphically drawn picture of life on the rail, and in its unfolding are employed some remarkable and successful pieces of imitative realism. The play's greatest hold upon public appreciation is in its situations and climaxes, which are thrilling, and in its scenic and mechanical embellishments, which are extremely elaborate and pretentious. A train of railroad cars dashing across the stage in the space of six seconds, is a feature which elicited the unstinted applause of the audience. The saw-mill scene, in which the heroine comes within a hair of being cut in twain by a wicked looking "buzz" is excessively thrilling. A message flashed in blazing letters across the wires, forestalling and defeating a dastardly attempt to wreck a train about due, is far and away the best bit of the production. The audience was large and wildly enthusiastic. The Limited Mail had a tremendous metropolitan send-off.—N. Y. Dramatic News, Oct. 25.

At the council meeting Monday evening Ald. Miller presided. New sidewalks were ordered on Traver, Fifth, Packard, W. Catherine st., and Spring sts. Alds. O'Mara, Walker and Dieterle were appointed a committee to settle with the Nowland heirs in the matter of the Old Cemetery. Alds. Hall, Taylor, and O'Mara to confer with the University authorities relative to free beds at the new hospital. The T. A. A. & N. M. R. R. was severely censured for allowing the streets to be blocked; the question of closing the saloons according to law discussed, and the yearly report of City Treasurer Watt's read, the main points of which were published last week.

Protection to American industries has the effect to encourage capital and labor in this country, while a reduction of duties and free trade means to legislate in favor of English capital and laborers. I think the following a safe rule for the people of this country to be governed by in relation to the tariff: We can buy nothing cheap of foreign countries that has to be purchased at the expense of leaving our own good raw material unused and our laborers unemployed.—Peter Cooper.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

To show how free trade arguments are made we quote the following items in parallel columns. The first is from the Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette, Gov. Senator Hill's private organ, and the next a cable dispatch published in the dailies of the day previous:

Mitchell & Shepherd, London, Feb. 6.—The wholesale manufacturer's failure is announced by Bradford, Pa., Bradford of the firm of ascribe their failure to Mitchell & Shepherd. The McKinley bill. The with liabilities placed resumption of Jante at \$38,000. The firm was McKinley bill comping engaged in the manufacture of continually lecture of alpaca, money interrupted by little hair, woolen and worsted points of this charged goods, and its failing acture is attributed to the operation of the McKinley bill.

WHAT IS SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings, which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can IT BE CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofula, a sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Nauright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only 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 INVENTORY SALE

We have just finished our inventory and find we have a lot of

MEN'S SUITS

"Broken Sizes" that we will sell at

1-3 Former Price.

A Large Line of

Mens', Youths' and Boys' Single Pants at 1-3 Former Price!

A lot of Childrens' Suits at 1-2 Price. A line of Underwear at 1-2 price.

Also a great cut on other goods too numerous to mention.

Any one in want of clothing will do well to purchase now as this sale will positively close on March 14, 1891. Do not forget the place.

J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

27 and 29 Main St.

ONE YEAR OLD!

We are one year old this week. Not very old you will say, but still the events of the past year have probably impressed you with the fact that we are a growing infant in the Dry Goods business of Ann Arbor.

Our methods are winning us new friends, and customers every day.

ONE PRICE AND THAT THE LOWEST

to you and your neighbor.

Everything Guaranteed as Represented

In each and every sale.

The BEST assortment in the city of NEW FRESH GOODS.

COURTEOUS AND OBLIGING ATTENTION

From Competent Salespeople.

Would you like to trade with a house that is building up a large business on these methods as a foundation? If so we shall be pleased to make your acquaintance.

E. F. MILLS & CO.,

20 S. MAIN ST.,

ANN ARBOR.

TO KEEP THINGS

MOVING

MARKED DOWN TO

Rock Bottom Prices!

J. J. GOODYEAR'S

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Prescriptions a Specialty!

We desire your patronage and will give you satisfaction.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

A NEW SUPPLY OF THE

GAME

Tiddledy Winks

JUST RECEIVED AT

Wahr's BOOK STORE

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Main Street, Ann Arbor.

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. All Goods fresh and warranted. Delivered to any part of the city. You will save money by trading with

W. F. LODHOLZ

4 & 6 BROADWAY.

The Farmers' & 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. 31, 1890.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$230,401 80
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc..... 74,421 56
Overdrafts..... 4,159 89
Due from banks in reserve cities..... 5,085 77
Due from other banks and bankers..... 5,969 04
Due from Washburn County..... 28,236 60
Furniture and fixtures..... 5,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid..... 1,807 59
Interest paid..... 3,110 48
Checks and cash items..... 999 99
Nickels and pennies..... 235 96
Gold..... 6,762 50
Silver..... 1,730 15
U. S. and National Bank Notes..... 5,600 00
Total.....\$375,517 70

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in.....\$ 50,000 00
Surplus fund..... 10,000 00
Undivided profits..... 9,917 21
Commercial deposits..... 265,306 14
Savings deposits..... 49,285 71
Due to banks and bankers..... 499 04
Total.....\$375,517 70

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.

I, F. H. BELSER, Cashier, of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. F. H. BELSER, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 30th day of December, 1890. WM. W. WHEEDON, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: Chas. E. Greene, Reuben Kempf, D. F. Schaefer, Directors.
The Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank having died their certificate with the State Banking Department are now authorized to do business as a Savings Bank, and in pursuance thereof have opened a

Savings Department!

Interest allowed in the savings department on all deposits of \$1 and upwards, interest paid June 1st and Dec. 1st, of each year. The savings department is open Saturday nights from 7 until 8 o'clock. Money to loan in sums of \$25 to \$5,000 secured by unencumbered real estate or approved securities.

DIRECTORS—Reuben Kempf, Chas. E. Greene, E. Duffy, Ambrose Kearney, Wm. C. Stevens, W. F. Breakley, J. E. Beal, John Burg, D. F. Schaefer.
R. KEMPF, Pres.
E. DUFFY, Vice-Pres.
F. H. BELSER, Cashier.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE. ELYS BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 60 cts.

AUCTION! AUCTION! AUCTION!

126 Choice Building Lots

1000 Feet of Railroad Front,

1 Acre of Ground near New Hospital,

1 House and Lot on W. Huron St.

All of the above property is in the CITY OF ANN ARBOR,
and will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION,

THURSDAY, MARCH 26,

At 2:00 O'clock in the Afternoon, and 7:30 in the Evening at the

PALACE SKATING RINK

ANN ARBOR.

The 126 Lots are on Brook St., and Gott Ave., in the J. B. Gott and Spring Hill addition Subdivision, all inside of the City Limits.

1000 Feet of Land along the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Railroad, commencing at Miller Ave., and running north to Felch St., extending east from Railroad to First St., on Miller Ave. about 250 ft., and to Allen's Creek on Felch St., about 350 ft. Will be sold in one lot, or in 4 lots. This is a splendid location for a manufacturing plant, lumber or coal yard.

One Acre of Land just east of the new Hospital and north of the Observatory. Speculators, here is your chance!

Two-Story Frame House and Two Lots on West Huron Street.

We have been instructed by the owners, who are settling up their interest in this property, to sell every Lot and the entire property to the HIGHEST BIDDER, AND WITHOUT LIMIT OR RESERVE. Here is a chance of a life-time to buy choice Real Estate at your own price. When we advertise to sell property at AUCTION, WITHOUT RESERVE, we mean and do just as we say.

Workingmen, attend this sale. Buy yourself a home, that is the way to get rich. It is better than saving it up in Banks, for sometimes they burst, but Real Estate is sure if bought at slaughter prices.

Speculators, Bankers, Railroad Men, Farmers, Clerks, you should all attend this Sale, for here is a chance for making big money. Ann Arbor property is all right, and sure to advance rapidly before long, and this property must and will be sold.

Sale will take place THURSDAY, MARCH 26th, at 2:00 and 7:30 P. M., at the PALACE SKATING RINK. Music will be furnished.

Everybody come! Bring your wife and children and have a good time.

TERMS, One-Quarter Cash and Balance on Long Time.
Cash Deposit from All Buyers at Time of Sale.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO

O. WARDELL & SON,

AUCTIONEERS.

Agents for Trustee, Office 12 WALKER BLOCK, DETROIT.

—OR TO—

JAMES R. BACH, 16 Huron St., Ann Arbor.

COUNTY AND VICINITY.

Sickness has caused the schools at Pinckney to be closed.

City Clerk Morarity of Ypsilanti, spoke at a St. Patrick's banquet at Hudson last evening.

Mr. Beach, of Dexter village, father of Stephen Beach, of Lima, died on Friday last, aged 96 years.

Wm. Mass was convicted by Justice Crane at Dexter last Thursday, and sentenced to the county jail for 15 days.

The ladies of Dexter met last Wednesday evening and made preliminary arrangements for the formation of a Woman's Relief Corps.

Allie Stevens is getting his boats, fishing tackle, etc., ready for business at Whitmore Lake, as indications of spring continue to March on.

Grub-in-the-tongue is a new disease which affects cattle up around Hudson and Addison. It is apt to be fatal. Some farmers think it is caused by a deranged stomach.—Adrian Times.

A large delegation of masons, from this place, went over to Dundee Wednesday night to assist their brethren there in conferring degrees and having a good time generally. They "didn't get home till morning."—Milan Leader.

The Ann Arbor train except the engine, ran off the track about a mile out of town on Monday evening. Thomas Harker, who had been to Ann Arbor for treatment, was on board. They brought him to the depot on the engine.—South Lyon Picket.

There were only 48 votes cast at the charter election in Pinckney. Not enough interest to make it worth while to vote. Thos. Grimes—not the old Grimes of nursery rhyme fame by any means—was elected president and I. J. Cook, clerk.

A noble spectacle was a dog fight at the corner of Congress and Huron sts., Tuesday afternoon with a hundred men and boys standing around the brutes and watching the "sport." Al. Travis was the owner of one of the pups, and one Whitmore was sponsor for the other; and we suppose they were proud of it.—Ypsilanti.

At Milan they ran a citizen's and village ticket, and although the former polled 112 ballots and the latter only 109 yet the former was elected with one exception. David W. Hitchcock is president by ten majority; Charles M. Blackman, clerk by five; Wm. H. Whitmarsh, treasurer by fifteen; John M. Putnam, assessor by one majority.

Among the valuable old books owned in this vicinity are two, the property of John Joys, that are of no inconsiderable value. One is a copy of the holy Bible, printed by Brecher, in 1606. The text is old English and the book is in a good state of preservation. The other is a volume of "Hudibras," printed in 1726, by Samuel Butler. The books are family heirlooms and are very highly prized.—Dexter Leader.

The supreme court has decided that no city or town has a right to give a man a license or permit to sell any ware or merchandise on the sidewalk or on the street in front of the property of another person. The street in front of a man's place of business is held to be an appurtenance to the lot upon which his store is erected and situated, belongs to him and his business as against all others, except only the right to travel thereon.—Ex.

In comparing the price of farm produce one year ago with that paid to-day, we find everything considerably higher as will be seen by the following figures: March 13, '90; we quoted apples 50c, now \$1 to \$1.50; eggs 12c, now 14, butter 12@13c, now 18@20c; corn 26@25c, now 28@30c; oats 22@25c, now 45@50c; potatoes 30@35c, now 75@80; wheat 75c, now 95@98c. Pork was a little higher, being quoted at \$3.65@3.70 for live.—Saline Observer.

A Tuscola county farmer has applied the following method for removing stumps with good results. The plan is to bore four or five holes in the top of the stump, a foot or more in depth, and fill the same with kerosene oil, taking care to plug up the opening to prevent the oil from evaporating. As soon as the oil is absorbed, refill the holes two or three times. An ordinary stump will, in this manner, absorb perhaps a gallon of oil, which in about four months time will be found to have penetrated to the farthest root. Then fire the stump, and the whole thing can be burned without removing a shovelful of dirt. It don't cost much to try it, at least, and if a stump can be burned out in this manner, it is certainly much cheaper than to have them pulled. Try it, farmers, and see how it operates.

John Smith, the shoemaker, whose condition we referred to last week, died a few hours after the Observer was issued. Not a friend was near and not a tear was shed over his body as it was buried in the potter's field. Little is known of his history here. He came to Saline last fall, and with him a wife and two children, but their domestic relations were evidently not harmonious, and his wife soon left, the children following soon after. Since then he had lived in the old shop he occupied, barely existing from his meagre earnings, and it was probably lack of proper food and care that caused his disease, consumption, to terminate so suddenly. He evidently brooded much over his trouble, and his disposition was such that he made no friends, and seemingly cared for none. He is gone and will soon be forgotten by all, but nevertheless a lesson may be learned from the termination of his earthly career.—Saline Observer.

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where they always have Hot Springs—in Arkansas.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Eberbach & Son's Drug Store.

Wool Growers Becoming Prosperous Under the New Tariff Bill.

The adverse tariff legislation of 1883, arrested the development of our wool-growing industry, and started it on the decline which has since continued. The triumph of protection in the Presidential election of 1888, which gave the assurance that the errors in the wool schedule of the tariff of 1883, would be corrected, as has actually been done by the McKinley bill, has started wool growing on an upward course again. The latest issue from the Department of Agriculture brings the gratifying intelligence to farmers that "the increased interest in sheep and wool, noted a year ago, has been continued, and this has been probably the most profitable branch of our stock industry during the year," and that "decline in wool production, which began with the slaughter of flocks in 1884-'85 [i. e., after the adverse tariff of 1883 went in effect,] has been checked, the aggregate clip for 1890 (fall of 1889 and spring of 1890) being estimated at 276,000,000 pounds; an increase of 11,000,000 pounds over the previous season." Protection, and not free wool was the remedy for declining wool production.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Obediah Priest to Jas. Gillett, Manchester	500
Ed. Hewitt to Lucy P. Hewitt, Ypsilanti	500
L. Baessler to Jacob Baessler, Ann Arbor	3,500
S. S. Cowles, by ex., to Ann Arbor Gas Co., Ann Arbor	300
David Schauble to Jacob Schauble, Lodi	1,800
H. S. Platt to Wm. H. Platt, Pittsfield	2,000
L. Babcock to Martin Haller, Ann Arbor	1,500
John L. Harlow to Fred'k Warner, Dexter	670
L. D. Alley to John L. Harlow, Ypsilanti	1,000
Allice J. Nairy to John J. Nairy, et al, Salem	4,500
M. A. Lukins to Lizzie Henry, Ann Arbor	800
James R. Bach to Chas. A. Saur, Ann Arbor	700
John Ryan to T. A. A. & N. M. R. E., Northfield	400
George S. Wheeler to Thos. Grogan, Salem	481
E. H. Bell to F. A. Cobb, Ypsilanti	1,500
Jane C. Platt to W. B. Osborne, Sharon	85
Augustus High, et al, to Herman Strable	1
Sharon	1
Wm. H. Culver to Jas. Gauntlett, York	1
John and Mary Bibb to H. Goodspeed, Ypsilanti	600
G. S. Scott to Eliza C. Feleh, Ann Arbor	200
M. A. Knapp, by heirs, to N. W. Cheever, Ann Arbor	450
Catharine Donnelly to O. & M. Donnelly, Ann Arbor	650
Silas Trasher to Nellie Holmes, Webster	600
Jacob Rauchenberger to T. A. A. & N. M. R. E., Northfield	1
B. Baur to T. A. A. & N. M. R. E., Northfield	1
Henry Wesch to John Pfisterer, Ann Arbor	5,000
A. H. Gillett, et al, to J. P. Gillett, Sharon	1
John Pfisterer to Henry Wesch, Ann Arbor	4,700
E. E. Root to F. A. Rettich, Ann Arbor	1,700
W. Otto, by sheriff, to Gustave Otto, Northfield	1,300

Is this What Ails You?

Do you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery, and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal twang; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated you disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of the symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of \$500 for case of this disease which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

When you expect an advertisement to create business, word it for business. An advertisement has no life in itself—it depends for its efficiency upon the vigor with which you endow it.—"When."

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Eberbach & Son Druggists.

County Resident (to pedler)—Get away out of here, now, or if you don't I'll whistle for my dog. Pedler—All right, sir, but first won't you allow me to sell you a good whistle?—Fliegende Blatter.

Two Years Ago!

I was a sight to behold and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years.—W. H. Bowman, Manchester, N. H.

Without the newspaper great advertisers cannot exist. Without the advertisers, great and small (but mainly the small advertisers), the newspaper of to-day would be impossible.—James H. Beals, Jr.

WHY CONTINUE the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids. Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh, colds in the head, can be had for 50 cts. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant and is curing the most obstinate case. It gives relief at once.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Brave Love.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song.
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes nipped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes!
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

—Chicago Tribune.

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death closes his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life.
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still.

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it fails and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine,
thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn—
Lo, all things can be borne.

—Florence Percy.

The Private of the Buffs.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He drunken, quaffed and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before,
Today, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone;
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb;
Bring cord or ax or flame;
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kenilsh hop fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry blossoms gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddies hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on his dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England's name be named
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

—Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

Outgrown.

Nay, you wrong her, my friend, her love she
has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter translating her
heart by the light of one's own.

Two summers ago when you wooed her you
stood on the self same plane;
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming
your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely in the bloom
of her life's early May,
And it is not her fault I repeat it, that she does
not love you today.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either; they
either go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring, but how
has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired;
grown purer and wiser each year;
The stars are now further above you in your
luminous atmosphere.

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses,
down yonder five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God
and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes now are sweeter and calmer, but their
vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure
as a silver bell.

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser as the
months and the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the
triumphs of victory won?

Nay, hear me—the truth cannot harm you,
when today in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and
clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard, look
back on the years that have fled,
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that
the love of her girlhood is dead.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Dead.

Thick in the path the leaves lie dead;
The days of laughter are gone from me;
The blossom has dropped and the summer
fled;
Swallows are all flown over the sea.
Grieved we never the end—not we!
Of the songs we sang and the words we said—
Thick in the path the leaves lie dead.
The days of laughter are gone from me.

—N. P. Willis.

A Mother's Love.

One lamp—thy mother's love—
Amid the stars
Shall lift its pure flame changeless,
And before the throne of God
Burn through eternity.
Holy—as it was lit and lent thee here.
—N. P. Willis.

Come!

Come to my sun land! Come with me
To the land I love, where the sun and the sea
Are wed forever, where palm and pine
Are filled with singers, where trees and vine
Are voiced with prophets! Oh, come, and you
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl,
And kiss their hands to the cold, white girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.
—Joachim Miller.

Some men of note—Discount clerks.

UNIVERSITY.

On May 30th the Choral Union will present Gounod's "Redemption."

The festivities after Lent will be opened by the Junior Hop, for which elaborate preparations are being made.

The presentation of a portrait of the late Dr. Denton to the University by Judge Kinne is an act that is much appreciated by the University authorities. Dr. Denton was one of the early professors and a man very much respected in the community.

Those who have subscribed to the gymnasium fund but have not paid their subscriptions, are respectfully solicited to do so. Every morning this week from 9 o'clock to 9:45 subscriptions will be received by Secretary Wade at his office.

Secretary Wade has presented a handsomely framed view showing the restoration of the Acropolis at Athens, to the University and it is now in Room E. It ranks in size next to the large painting of Rome, and is an admirable counterpart thereof.

The route laid out by the Glee and Banjo Clubs for the season is as follows: They will appear at Ionia April 9, Grand Rapids April 10, Chicago April 11, Joliet April 13, St. Louis April 14, Kansas City April 15, Topeka April 16, Leavenworth April 17, St. Joseph April 18, Council Bluffs April 20, DeMoines April 21, Kalamazoo April 22.

It was remarked some days ago by one of our instructors, that the student of today at his font of knowledge is "a more civilized being" than his predecessor of some years ago. In proof thereof and as the cause for his remark, he added that the newer books of the library are much freer from the more or less sage comments of students, who take upon themselves the task of reviewing in marginal notes the volumes they read. There are a few of us who have not encountered these evidences of a past barbarism in the course of our reading, and it should always be a source of satisfaction for us to observe that the defaced volume is old, the defacement blurred and faded, and the vandal evidently of a past decade.—Chronicle-Argonaut.

The 3rd concert in the course given by the Choral Union took place last Friday evening, and was a success in an artistic and musical sense, likewise in point of numbers present, for University Hall was well filled, and all were delighted. An orchestra of 19 pieces under the leadership of Wilhelm Yunk, of Detroit, helped make up the musical feast, and the chorus was assisted by Miss Nellie A. Goodwin, soprano; Mrs. N. S. Hoff, contralto; Homer Warren, tenor; and Edwin C. Crane soloist. The presentation of Christoforus proves how much can be accomplished by continual and persistent push, such as Prof. Stanley gives to his classes and his work. It is by far the best entertainment yet offered by the Union.

The University of Michigan Oratorical Association gives its initial contest at University Hall on Friday evening, under the auspices of the Students' Lecture Association. There will be seven orations in all, four by literary students and three by law students. The literary department will be represented by Messrs. W. B. Kelley and W. H. Nichols of the senior class; W. H. Dellenbeck, junior; and A. J. Ladd, sophomore; and the law department by W. F. Wanless and A. C. Gornley, seniors, and A. E. Ewing, junior, in the following order: Kelly, Wanless, Gornley, Ewing, Nichols, Dellenbeck, Ladd. The one who comes out victorious will represent the University in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League, to be held in this city sometime in May. These oratorical contests are events to be fostered and encouraged. They are necessary to the proper training of a professional man. But the true orator is one who has something within him to say, and who gets up before an audience and says it.

LAW DEPARTMENT RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the students of the Law Department of the University of Michigan, held Thursday, March 5th, 1891, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we feel that the death of Wm. P. Wells, A. M., Kent Professor of Law, in the Law Department of this University has occasioned a great loss to the University, to the bar, and to us personally; therefore be it

Resolved, That we together express the sorrow that we individually feel and our appreciation of his labors here in our behalf.

We, in leaving this University, will each take with us a distinct remembrance of his dignified presence, his strong personality and the eloquent earnestness of his instruction.

We feel that the high ideal of his profession, which he ever showed, will help to make us all better lawyers and better men.

The sudden interpretation of his lectures has deprived us of the rich gifts of his broad learning which were ever laid before us without stint; but a much greater loss is suffered by his family and his intimate friends to whom our sincerest sympathy is extended at this time.

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and a copy be inserted in each of the college papers.

G. B. THOMPSON, } Com.
W. M. HARRIS, }
W. M. H. EICHORN, }

At a meeting of the students of the Law Department of the University of Michigan, held Tuesday, March 10th, 1891, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Detroit Bar and the Detroit Bar Association, at the time of the funeral of the late Prof. Wells, kindly extended to us an invitation to attend the funeral in a body, and while we were their guests, showed us every courtesy within their power; therefore be it

Resolved, That we at this time express our appreciation of their kindness and consideration.

G. B. THOMPSON, } Com.
W. M. HARRIS, }
W. M. H. EICHORN, }

"Precious little"—A drop of otter of roses.

Prof. Alexander Winchell a Benefactor.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Washtenaw Pomological Society desires to express its grateful tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Alexander Winchell as a citizen and as a foremost scientific promoter of all the interests which concern the resources and advantages the state of Michigan offers to agriculture and horticulture, and its appreciation of the services of Dr. Winchell to this society as officer of climatology for a number of years.

We therefore extend our innermost sympathy to the family of our friend, hoping truly, that they will yet reap the harvest partly denied to this noble and profound worker, during his life-time, by the authorities of the state of Michigan.

We would therefore remind ourselves, the citizens of Michigan in general, and our state authorities in particular, that Alexander Winchell is the foremost scientist who brought into notice the great climate facts of our state by which it was demonstrated that, from the peculiar climatic of Michigan, this state is better adapted to the interests of agriculture and horticulture and also to the comfort and health of its citizens than the climate of any other northwestern state, which facts were published in his report "On the Grand Traverse region" in 1890, and in his paper read the same year at the Buffalo meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science entitled "The Fruit Belt of Michigan and Michigan Condensed Popular Sketches on the Topography, Climate and Geology of the State in 1873" by Alexander Winchell, LL. D., Chancellor of Syracuse University, etc., etc.

That these papers, with the isothermal charts, were reproduced in "Der Michigan Wegweiser" in Hamburg, Germany, and also in "Der Zeitschrift, der Oesterreichischen Gesellschaft fuer Meteorologie in Vienne, Vol. VIII; and that these works of the late Dr. Winchell, representing the greatest interests of this state, were published and re-published, at home and abroad, by newspaper and magazine managers, emigration agencies, learned societies, medical journals and horticultural associations, while the public authorities of Michigan have neither instigated, aided nor endorsed their publications; but incredible as it may seem, have actually declined, with expression of derision, to publish them to their own citizens and the world. (See Michigan Legislative Proceedings, March and April 1871.)

And that it is our candid opinion that, from the above stated facts, the state of Michigan is owing a sacred debt to the heirs and to the memory of this great benefactor and noble citizen of this great state, which he fondly called Michigan! My Michigan!

J. AUSTIN SCOTT, Pres.,
JACOB GANZHOEN, Sec.
EMIL BAUR, Cor. Sec.

From the Illustrated Buffalo Express.
Prof. Winchell's Personality.

Coming from a small college to the University of Michigan, at the beginning of my junior year, I was very pleasantly disappointed to find that the relation between the students and the professors was in the most cordial and personal nature, in spite of the fact that the faculty had to divide their attention among 1,500 students. (The number is nearly 3,000 at present). My first few days in Ann Arbor were spent in visiting the professors for the purpose of getting credit for previous study in their branches. I found Prof. Winchell living in a commodious octagonal house across the street from the campus. Another member of the faculty once said of this house that it would not be wrong to worship it, for it was unlike anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Prof. Winchell was a man of commanding presence, tall, with a high, broad forehead and a flowing, iron-gray beard. I remember that his appearance and my knowledge of his reputation inspired me with a feeling that amounted almost to awe, but his cordial greeting and the kind manner in which he questioned me about my studies in his favorite science put me quite at ease while they added to my respect for the man.

Prof. Winchell was very popular with the students, and his courses, none of which were compulsory, were elected by large numbers. If any criticism could be offered upon his work as a teacher, it would be that his life-study was so absorbing that he was a very lax disciplinarian. The examination on one of his courses consisted in part in the presentation of a number of specimens collected by the students individually. Some of the students who were not sufficiently interested to take the time for field-work, would borrow the collections of others, which had already been passed over. Occasionally when it was presented to him for the second or third time, but his unsuspecting nature made it comparatively easy for the dishonest to impose upon him.

The fact that Professor Winchell's connection with two denominational institutions was severed on account of his teaching evolution and maintaining the existence of a pre-Adamite race, might give the impression that he was not a religious man. On the contrary, he was an earnest Christian, but his study of God's own writing in the rocks forced him to a figurative interpretation of the first few chapters of Genesis. No better indication of the progress of broad-minded views can be found than the fact that in less than a decade after his forced withdrawal from Vanderbilt University, he was conducting an advanced Bible class in the Methodist church in Ann Arbor, and in this class, whose influence for good was widely felt, religious doctrine and evolution were taught conjointly, and whether all who attended were won over to the leader's belief or not, they learned that scientific truth was not arraigned against Christianity and they were forced to reverence the earnest liberality of Professor Winchell.

A. L. BENEDECT, M. D.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, and uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of Pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, and Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Best

Blood Medicine

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is endorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."—R. S. Lang, Druggist, 212 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

Dr. W. F. Wright, Paw Paw Ford, Tenn., says: "In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood."

Dr. R. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I need highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O., certifies: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it."

"For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—D. A. Robinson, Neal, Kansas.

Don't fail to get

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. \$1, six \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Why?

It is universally admitted that the highways of this country are abominable, because of the way of working them. Last week in an interview President Harrison said:

"This subject of roads I suppose every man is familiar with who lived in the country as I did in my youth. I have worked myself on the roads among my neighbors. It was the custom to give a certain amount of our time or work to the road in place of taxes; the farm people generally worked out their road tax. I have been among them and we have shovelled the dirt as the supervisors ordered from the sides of the road in the middle, where it would stay till the next rain. Then it would wash down again and be about as bad as before. In that way we have probably spent enough money during a long period of years to have covered this land with a coat of roads. Had we commenced at one end of the road and put in our time there until we had a good sound piece of road, well drained or stoned or gravelled, it would have stood the test of time, and at the next road making lark or spree we should have put another piece upon it, and, in course of time, we should have finished roads in the nature of turnpike or macadamized roads. Every person on the road, however, wants work done before his property, and consequently it is scattered along the line, and our roads are hardly better than they were fifty years, except in particular places where there has been some scientific method."

The question is why do we not pass some effective measures for changing this system?

Marriage Licenses.

No.	Name	Age
1130.	Charles Koch, Ann Arbor	27
	Emily A. Zeeb, Northfield	22
1134.	Walter Thurn, Willis	19
	Louise Hurd, Martinsville	17
1135.	Eloped	
1136.	Gottlieb Elle, Ann Arbor	28
	Veronika Baehle, Ann Arbor	27
1137.	Ferdinand Siedberg, Salem	21
	Anna Wolske, Salem	21
1138.	Fred Reule, Lima	30
	Louise Reich, Unionville	22
1139.	Max H. Robbins, Ypsilanti	22
	Emma L. Stoup, Ypsilanti	19
1141.	John Seyfried, Ely	25
	Della Navrot	23

Grandmother Says!

When she was a girl that her mother always gave sulphur and molasses to purify her blood, but she now gives Sulphur Bitters to her grandchildren, as it is the best medicine she ever saw.—The Father.

Mrs. Blotter (of a literary turn)—And John, send up a gallon of midnight oil. All of our best writers I'm told, burn it.—Boston Transcript.

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress, but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

THE PROPRIETORS of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

\$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the state, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay BUREAU for working. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & 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 for creditors to present their claims against the estate of F. Giles, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims 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 day.

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

THREE ITEMS of INTEREST

SPRING OVERCOATS.

As usual we are introducing ALL THE NOVELTIES and in all grades. The swell garment for this season being

THE CORSET FITTING COAT OR ENGLISH BOX.

We know you will find it a beauty. We have also the Regular Lengths and Box Coats. We claim to have the best Black Cheviot Overcoat in the market for the money—TWELVE DOLLARS, as good in quality as other merchants get \$15 to \$16 for, and with all the tone and character to it, so well known in the garments made by Alfred Benjamin & Co.

HATS.

We are showing all the popular shapes for spring, Youmans, Knox and Silvermans, as also the other popular grades. Come and see our \$2.50 Hat in the different shapes. You will need a New Hat and we can save you money besides giving you exclusive and Correct Styles.

CONFIRMATION SUITS.

We are prepared to please parents desiring to buy such a garment for their son. Our special pride is the Black or Blue Corkscrew Suits we are selling at \$7, which our competitors ask \$10 for. Do not fail to examine our line as it will prove of mutual benefit to you as also ourselves.

THE TWO SAMs.

L. BLITZ.

GET THE BEST
FIRE INSURANCE
\$29,000,000.

Security held for the protection of the policy holders.

CHRISTIAN MACK

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

Etna, of Hartford	\$9,192,644
Franklin of Philadelphia	3,118,713
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.	2,506,676
National, Hartford	1,774,565
Phoenix, Brooklyn	3,759,036

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

1191H

ESTATE OF FLORA A. VANDAWAKER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the twenty-seventh day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Flora A. Vandawaker, minor. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Herman Krapf, guardian, praying that he may be licensed to sell certain real estate belonging to said minor. Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday the thirty-first day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the next of kin of said minor, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, by publishing in the Ann Arbor Courier, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.) J. WILLARD BABBITT,
Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register.

ESTATE OF ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Alexander Winchell, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Julia F. L. Winchell, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that Monday, the thirtieth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be held at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted: And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of the order to be published in the Ann Arbor Courier, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three 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.

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. KINNE,
Circuit Judge.
E. B. NORRIS,
Solicitor for Complainant.

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 \$1.00 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 Binsey, Daniel Hiseock, W. B. Smith and L. Gruner.

OFFICERS—Christian Mack, President; W. D. Harriman, Vice-President; C. E. Hiseock, Cashier.

JACOB HALLER

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

46 S. MAIN STREET

CHANCERY SALE.

IN pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw in Chancery.

Made and entered on the seventeenth day of November, A. D. 1890, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Johanna Moloney is complainant and John W. Schneider and Caroline Schneider are defendants.

Notice is hereby given that I shall sell at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, at the east main entrance to the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, County of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan (that being the place of holding the Circuit Court of said county), on Saturday, the 21st day of March, A. D. 1891, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, all those pieces or parcels of land situate in the township of Freedom, Washtenaw county, Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: The east half of the east half of the northwest quarter, containing about thirty acres. Also the west half of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, containing about twenty acres, on section twenty-four. Also the south ten acres of the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section number thirteen, all in township three south of range four east in said state.

Dated at Ann Arbor this third day of February, A. D. 1891.

PATRICK MCKERNAN,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Washtenaw County, Michigan.

JOHN F. LAWRENCE,
Solicitor for Complainant.

ANN ARBOR FRUIT FARM!

Pears and Grapes a Specialty

All kinds of Fruit, Ornamental Trees and Flowers, from Elmhurst and Barry. Order early by mail. Syrup, Medicinal Wines, Raspberry Syrup, Boneseed, Dandelion and other Domestic Grape Wines, prepared especially for invalids. Pure Plymouth Rock Eggs.

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

Everybody call and examine this useful invention.

EMIL BAUR,
West Huron St., Ann Arbor.

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.

HUTZEL & CO.,
Plumbers and Steamfitters.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

