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JAMES T. FIELDS' LAST POEM.

BOYER'S EDITOR.

"Kind traveler, do not pass me by, And thus a poor old dog forsake; But stop a moment on your way, And hear my woe, for pity's sake!"

"My name is Rover; yonder house Was once my home for many a year; My master loved me every hour, And I was his dog, far and near.

The children roved upon my back, And I could hear my prissy sung; With joy I licked their pretty feet, As though my sloughy sides my clung.

"I watched them while they played or slept; I gave them all I had to give; My strength was theirs from morn till night; For only then I cared to live.

"Now I am old, and blind, and lame, They've turned me out to die alone, Without a shelter for my head, Without a scrap of bread or bone.

"This morning I can hardly crawl, While shivering in the snow and hail; My teeth are dropping one by one; I scarce have strength to wag my tail.

"I'm pained long with mortal pains, My whetted lips are useless now, My voice is almost gone, you see, And I can hardly make my bow.

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed, Where I may find some straw or hay, On which to lay my aching limbs, And rest my helpless broken paw.

"Stranger, excuse this sorry song, And pardon, pray, my last appeal; You've raised a dog yourself, perhaps, And learned that dogs, like men, can feel."

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me; Plead, with warm supplication, My woe, and I will do my best, Who drive you forth to starve and die!

—Harper's Young People.

THE SHOWMAN'S GHOST.

It rained on an August night in an English seaport town as English summer skies know how to rain. The tempest had gathered suddenly, after weeks of sultry weather, and the clouds burst in a deluge. The great drops fell with a sound of continuous thunder on the canvas roof of Solomon Varley's show, but the proprietor of that establishment was filled with satisfaction. The sudden storm, although it had dispersed the crowd in front, had hastened one-half of the people inside, and Solomon had the house as he had rarely seen it. It was feeding time, and double prices being charged at that hour, Mrs. Varley at the seat of custom had reaped a fourfold silver harvest. The tent was well illuminated, but every eye now and again the lightning glared through the canvas, and some of the brighter spots of light answered the following thunder thunderously. There was a certain sort of majesty in being proprietor of a wild beast show under such circumstances, and Solomon was in his glory.

Suddenly his wife came in with a shawl over her head, and forced her way through the crowd. Solomon rarely saw that she made towards him, went easily to meet her. She was pale and breathed hard, and clutching him by the arm with both hands, she gasped out two words: "Jennie's gone!"

"On a night like this!" said Solomon. "She'll catch her death."

"She's gone, Sol, she's gone," cried the mother, almost screaming.

"What d'ye mean?" asked Solomon. "People began to stare at me. 'Come out o' this,' he said, and seizing her by the arm, he forced his way through the crowd to the outer platform."

The rain came down in straight-lined gleaming lines, blinding the lights in the shops opposite. A blinding flash of lightning fell as Solomon and his wife came upon the platform, and a tremendous roar of thunder followed.

"Now what's the matter?" he asked, when the awful sound has rolled itself away.

The woman wrung her hands and moaned.

"She's gone, Sol, she's gone!" was all the answer she could make.

"What d'ye mean?" cried the showman, refusing to recognize a meaning.

"Oh, Sol, dear Sol," she cried, clinking to him and breaking into tears.

"Come along," cried Solomon, shaking himself free and seizing her arm again. "Come along!" He hurried her through the pelting rain to the house on wheels.

"Now, what's the matter?" "Sol," cried his wife, waving her hands up and down like a mad woman, "she's run away!"

Solomon's face was white beneath its bronze tan, but at that critical instant he turned ghastly, and his hands dropped at his sides like lead.

"Here's a note," cried the distracted mother, now fumbling at her dress, and now waving her hands wildly.

"Here's a note she left behind. O Sol, my poor Sol, as I read her dear! O Sol, poor Sol, like a dead good soul! Don't break your heart—don't break your heart!" And, saying this, she cast her arms about him, and swooned and lost all knowledge of her agony for a little while. Solomon laid her gently down, and stood above her like a statue.

A step came up the ladder, but he did not hear it. A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned. There stood Jim, his faithful assistant, wild eyed, dripping wet and as pale as death.

"She knows?" said the man, half recollecting at the sight of the prostrate figure.

"Yes," said Solomon, "she knows."

"I see her, Sol," panted Jim, for he was out of breath with running. "I followed, thinking something was the matter to take her out on such a night as this!" A flash of lightning heralded a peal of thunder overhead, and the showman could only see his moving lips, but heard nothing more until the noise had rolled away again. They got into a cab and drove away. They could see that there was a man in the King's Dock or else for South Pier, an I run like mad, but I lost sight of 'em. It was that 'ere young gentleman with the straw hat, 'tho' he's been a-lookin' around here lately."

Solomon heard this, but returned no word. When it was all spoken he moved slowly away, and taking up a glass, poured water into it from a brown pitcher, and then sat down beside his wife and moistened her lips and temples.

"Ain't you a-goin' to do nothing?" cried Jim. "Ain't you a-goin' to follow her to the world's end? Ain't you a-goin' to catch that feller, if you travel till you're gray afore you do it, and twist his wicked neck round for him?" That's what I'm a-goin' to do, master."

Mrs. Varley's daughter bore the name of Virginia, indifferently accorded to her by her mother, and she was the only child of her father's.

fancy. She had enjoyed the advantages of a finishing school, and was very shy and pretty. She was shy even with her parents, to whose wandering home she had returned a year before, with her pretty head stuffed with the life-like romances, of the feminine writers of this favored age. Sign of the White Horse. A chafky quadruped with very stiff legs, if you might judge by the disturbed aspect of his mane and tail under strong electric influences—that was the White Horse. He was wonderfully electrified, if I may be allowed the phrase, on two inches of sea-green grass, and wedged very tightly into a sky of improbable blue. A slight warping of the board, due to climatic influences, had beleaguered the White Horse, and a painter, as if in anticipation of that effect, had bestowed upon his countenance a backward look of feeble astonishment. Below the sign a low window, with a comfortable red blind in it. Behind the window a room with sanded floor and sawdust-stored spitoons and heavy tables, with heavy chairs on them and crossed chair pipes; about one of the tables half a dozen men, solemnly drinking and smoking and telling ghost stories in broad daylight. The gentleman in the battered white hat and belcher tie was the proprietor of that freak of nature, the six-legged horse, and the employer and exhibitor of the spotted lady. The gentleman in the fur cap, the rabbit-skin waistcoat and the red handkerchief, was the owner of the swinging boats on the village green outside, as yet unpacked, and waiting for to-morrow's fair. The seedy man in seedy black, whose skin was so curiously smooth about the region of his nose, was a professional sword-swallower. The gentleman with the red nose and bibulous eye, wherein much beer had left unquenched the light of the native humor, was sole owner of Bolko's unparalleled wax-work exhibition. The burly man in the top hat, who was following the sound of continuous thunder on the canvas roof of Solomon Varley's show, but the proprietor of that establishment was filled with satisfaction. The sudden storm, although it had dispersed the crowd in front, had hastened one-half of the people inside, and Solomon had the house as he had rarely seen it. It was feeding time, and double prices being charged at that hour, Mrs. Varley at the seat of custom had reaped a fourfold silver harvest. The tent was well illuminated, but every eye now and again the lightning glared through the canvas, and some of the brighter spots of light answered the following thunder thunderously. There was a certain sort of majesty in being proprietor of a wild beast show under such circumstances, and Solomon was in his glory.

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"Now, I'll tell you something," said the man in the battered white hat. "I've sat quiet an' I've heard all sides. I didn't say nothing while Bolko was 'ere, 'cause I didn't want none of 'is chaff, all 'is 'e's too ready with. Gentleman, all 'is 'e's too ready with. The four gathered near him with solemn faces.

"Last night as ever was, I seen her," said again. "I was leadin' the oss for a dance—near midnight it was—an' I struck round by Sol's waggin. An' I parke dead, but I seen her face, as white as chalk, alookin' in at Sol's winder, an' her glides down from it without so much as touchin' a foot to the ground, an' passes me with no more noise than a bat makin' a flyin' frigate, but was frightened then. But I looked arter her an' seen her melt—reg'lar melt away."

The man's face, voice, gesture, were enough to stamp his narrative with strong reality. His hearers looked from one to the other, awe-struck, and in spite of the broad daylight, gathered close about him, and he spoke, he spoke they drew their heads apart, and resumed their pipes and beer with a transparent effort to seem unconcerned.

Solomon Varley stood at the door, looking with haggard eyes from face to face. His countenance was pale as drawn, and though his lips moved, no sound came from them. He lurched a little, like a drunken man, and set his hand to his forehead. Next, looking vacantly about him, he turned away and sought the street. The five men arose and peered after him through the bow window.

"He ain't long for this world," said one. "Poor old Sol!"

"No," said another; "he's had his call, poor Sol has—eventid."

Solomon Varley crossed the green slowly, with downward eyes and head, noticing no man, though most looks were turned to him with sympathy or curiosity. He reached the house on wheels, which, like himself, looked less prosperous and tidy than of old, though the front of the house was as bright as a new pin, and the windows were as clear as crystal. He reached the house on wheels, which, like himself, looked less prosperous and tidy than of old, though the front of the house was as bright as a new pin, and the windows were as clear as crystal.

"Th' only ghost as ever I knowed to haunt a showman was my brother Bill's own private an' particier property," the red-nosed man was saying. "He was in the wax-work line afore me, like his father afore him, my brother Bill, who he had the misfortune as led to his retirement."

"Ain't said the man in the rabbit-skin waist-coat, 'what was that?'"

"He died," said the red-nosed man. "Scarlet fever. Leicester. Buried in the parish churchyard. Well—afore he died, mind you—he had a ghost of his own. His partner, Joseph Turk, Reg'lar, arter business hours, it was Joseph's habit to get as drunk as he knewed how to, and simultaneous, as a man might say, my brother took him home at clostin' time. But one night Bill he doesn't turn up. Joseph he starts alone, an', quite natural he falls into a clay pit, and kills himself. Well, there's a inquest, there's Bill to give evidence, there's a verdict, there's a buryin', and you'd his thought as it was done with, wouldn't you? My brother Bill he was a soft 'arted feelin' sort o' man, an' he took on a good deal over his partner's death. Sittin' by hisself on the night after the buryin' thinkin' about poor Joseph, all of a sudden he feels a creepy sort of chill come to him, an' his eyes is drowed round like to see a white, an' there he sees him in a pair o' cord trousers and a velvet jacket an' a bilcocky 'at, with a yellow handkerchief with blue spots on it round his neck, which was his reg'lar wear. Well, you might ha' knocked my brother Bill down with his feather, he was that crumpled up at it. 'Willy-um,' says he, 'what's a speakin' 'oller in his chest like that? Ain't you feter, my brother says, that fatal night? My brother Bill says nothing, he was that knocked over. 'Willy-um,' says the ghost again, 'it's my intent,' he says, 'for to haunt you reg'lar,' he says, 'every night at twelve.' And with that he vanishes. Well, he comes next night an' next night, an' my brother Bill gets that weak an' skered he didn't think he'd last long. So he comes to me an' tells me all about it. 'Why, Bill,' I says, 'it's a forchin for you.' 'What d'ye mean?' he says, 'Why,' I says, 'excuse me, I says, 'to any scientific spiritualist as wants to see a real honest toiler, I says, 'I'll give you a good money in it.' Well, Bill he takes my advice, an' he might ha' died a Rothschild if Joseph hadn't took offence at it an' left off visitin' of him."

"I can see, Mr. Bolko," said the seedy man in seedy black, "that you're a skeptic."

"A what?" asked the red-nosed man. "An unbeliever," said the other.

"Ain't I?" said the red-nosed man. "Praps I am." He then took up his pot and nodded round. "My respects, gentle, an' my brother took his vessel of its contents he arose and said with a hoarse solemnity, 'Them as doubts my tale can do it. Maybe I have my doubts about it. Never mind. But there's a moral in it, which is this: If any showman has a ghost in the family as can at all be relied upon to tell you the up'ing of a pot o' money in it. Go afternoon, gentlemen!"

The skeptic departed and the five believers remained behind.

"Comin' back," said the man in the rabbit-skin waistcoat, "to wot we was a-talkin' about—it's my belief, look you, as Sol Varley's haunted."

The man in seedy black said that it stood to reason.

"Look 'ere," said the rabbit-skin waistcoat, "when poor Sol begins to talk that tale and queer? When did he begin to sit an' stare at nothin' for a hour at a time, an' talk when there was no body to talk to? Why, when his gell died. When else? Why, not at all."

"Of course not," said the sword-swallower.

"An' as for them," said the rabbit-skin waistcoat, "as talks about a gell like that havin' bolted a pot o' gold, my brother Jim, why, it's madness, ain't it? Now I arsts anybody 'ere: Would she ha' looked at Sol's man Jim? Would she ha' spoke a civil word to him 'cept as a young lady might? I put it to you, gentle, is it likely? Nobody would do it, but you, my brother, and well then, if you want wrong talk about a young woman, it's always cheap even in the purfession an' out of it. But to talk about a young lady like that boltin' with a cove like Sol's man Jim, an' Sol pretendin' of her to be dead, why, it's enough to turn a man's drink back on his stomach to listen to it, ain't it?"

followed her and found her, she slipped me, an' I followed her again, and I followed her on, an' on, an' on." The two looked at him with such awful faces that he paused. "Did ye get any news of her ever?" Solomon still held the letter in his hands.

"That come," he said, "a month ago," Jim spelled it through, and then, returning it to the broken and crumpled envelope, held it while he spoke.

"Never a word," said Solomon. "Did you find where she was buried, master?"

Sol shook his head.

"We tried," said Mrs. Varley, "everywhere. But the letter didn't even tell us where she died."

"Master," said Jim, "I've walked a matter of a thousand mile, I'm dead beat. If you please, missis, I should like the things I left. I'm very bad off for a change."

Mrs. Varley poured out a can of water into a washing basin, set out soap and towels and a comb, then produced a bundle of clothes from a locker.

"You can get a wash, James, and a change," she said, crying silently the while, "and I'll get you something to eat."

Saying this, she left the house, and Jim, laying down the letter, began with laborious slowness to divest himself of a very tattered shirt. He paused suddenly in the act of drawing it over his head.

"What's this I hears about a ghost, master?" Solomon started and stared at him. "I meets Tom Hackett twelve mile back," an' he says you've seen a ghost, he says. That's what he says. 'Your master's haunted.'"

Solomon rose with outstretched hands.

"Has anybody seen it besides me?" "Have you seen it, master?" cried Jim, slipping the garment back again.

"Three times," said Solomon, with awe-struck face.

"Always," cried Jim. "Where?" "Always," answered Solomon, "at that little window—pale, an' thin an' white—as white as snow."

"When? when?" cried Jim again. "Last night?"

"Yes," said Solomon, "last night. For the third time. It's my call, Jim. I shan't be here much longer. I shall follow my poor, broken-hearted child. 'Willy-um,' says she, 'I'm sure as heaven an' earth I'll foller her to a livin' end. Miss Virginia had been a livin' end, an' one day her says to her: 'A dear friend o' mine is dead. I can't write.' Her says, 'You write for me an' I'll tell you what to say. And then he writes this letter. Then 'Willy-um,' says she, 'I'm sure as heaven an' earth I'll foller her to a livin' end. Miss Virginia had been a livin' end, an' one day her says to her: 'A dear friend o' mine is dead. I can't write.' Her says, 'You write for me an' I'll tell you what to say. And then he writes this letter. Then 'Willy-um,' says she, 'I'm sure as heaven an' earth I'll foller her to a livin' end. Miss Virginia had been a livin' end, an' one day her says to her: 'A dear friend o' mine is dead. I can't write.' Her says, 'You write for me an' I'll tell you what to say. 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Opening and Closing of the Mills.

Mails leaving Ann Arbor, East and West, will close as follows: GOING WEST. Way Mail, 6:30 a. m. Through and Way Mail, 7:30 a. m. Mail between Ann Arbor and Jackson, 8:30 a. m. Night Mail, 9:00 p. m.

RAILROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE, MAY 29, 1880.

Table with columns for Stations, Mail, Express, Passenger, and Freight times for various routes.

GOING EAST.

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The funeral of Col. Thos. A. Scott, the great railroad king, took place Tuesday.

Ypsilanti is talking of having a regular old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration.

Muldoon, "the solid man" and Whistler, wrestled in the opera house last evening.

White in the west E. B. Clark located 1,200 acres of land near Tower City, Dakota.

A May-day festival was held on the grounds of J. M. Wheeler yesterday afternoon.

Politics are red-hot in Albany, and it is claimed that Lord Roscoe is cock of the walk.

The Chelsea band, 18 men, A. M. Frost leader, will attend the Lansing tournament.

The Catholic societies have rented the third floor over Caspar Ringer's store for a hall.

Quite a number of citizens drove to Saginaw Sunday to look over the burned district.

Next Wednesday the pioneers of Washenaw will hold their quarterly meeting in Chelsea.

Delaney & Hill shipped a platform spring wagon to San Antonio, Texas, Monday.

There is to be a meeting of the board of supervisors to equalize assessments June 19.

Next Saturday is the first day for hearing claims in the estate of Jeremiah Peck deceased.

The Walker brothers are building the foundation for Prof. Pattengill's new residence.

Any number of carpenters and masons can find plenty of work for them to do in this city.

Over \$1,000 in out building stone has been furnished by A. Eisele for parties in this city.

E. W. Koch, of Toledo, has presented deputy sheriff Hoffstetter with a pair of Guinea pigs.

Peter Dignan and son are in Dexter this week repairing the residence of Mrs. Judge Dexter.

A force of workmen are engaged in laying iron north of the city on the T. A. & G. T. R. R.

The Flynn Bros. commenced work yesterday on the foundation for Prof. Hamilton's residence.

It is only a question of time before this city will be compelled to adopt a thorough system of sewerage.

W. B. Slickman has purchased two lots in the Sixth ward on 12th street. He is also repairing his house.

J. J. Marshall and A. W. Hamilton have had lag-stone walks put down in front of their residences.

The Washenaw county Baptist association met with a very interesting and successful business session.

E. B. Arnold had 12 rods of fence burnt up Tuesday. The fire was communicated from a burning brush heap.

Grading has again been commenced on the T. A. & G. T. R. R. There is now plenty of work for shovellers.

The Bridgeport Connecticut News of May 16, contains a lengthy obituary notice of the late L. L. Whitteyer.

The homeopathic hospital and association will hold a meeting in room 3 at 3 o'clock in the hospital parlors.

A sidewalk six feet in width is one of the improvements on the east side of the Seaman property on State street.

A gentleman from Ypsilanti by the name of Walker is building a house on Willard street in the Sixth ward.

The leader thinks the business men of Dexter should attend church on Sunday and set the boys a good example.

A clerk in Joe T. Jacobs' employ found two plugs here last Sunday in a wood pile situated by Baumgartner Bros.

There was another meeting of capitalists Saturday night for the purpose of organizing an electric light company.

The temperance meeting Sunday was held in the club room. A short address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Haskell.

It was a beautiful sight to witness a drunken man attempting to get a drunk man to jail last Thursday.

The woods around Whitmore Lake will be full of cerygmans from June 5 to 13, and they will make things howl.

There was a great rush for tickets at the opera house Tuesday night. Some in the crowd were considerably squeezed.

The contract for building the abutments for the new bridge known as bridge No. 2 has been given to the Walker brothers.

Dan F. Ross has purchased the Blackberry property on East University avenue. He has rented his property in the Third ward.

Owing to the depression in the eastern wood market the price here will not vary probably from 28 to 30 cents per pound.

The Ann Arbor city band will be without a leader after the first of the month, Prof. Simmons having resigned the directorship.

Geo. Innis, a wife beater, was before justice Winegar yesterday. Sentence was suspended providing he would leave the city.

The camp meeting at Whitmore Lake will wind up here last season on Tuesday. The performance will be given in the reform club tent.

Rev. Dr. Steele will deliver a discourse to the students of the medical department in the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening.

The case of the peep against Jno. Morris charged with stealing a watch, has been adjourned until Saturday. The defendant is in jail.

The readers of the Chicago Times had the revised new testament distilled up to them Monday. They probably found it very choice reading.

Geo. L. Loomis has purchased for \$3,800 the old North place containing 30 acres, on the Whitmore Lake road, and will go there to live.

The Mining Journal says: "Gentlemen of leisure taking sun baths" is the title by which the corner loafers may henceforward be distinguished.

E. Clancy, of Northfield, had 30 apple trees which bore last season from two to two and a half bushels of apples each, killed by a hard winter.

The Daily News was terribly mixed in regard to that Sutton man. The party who died in the hospital did not live in Northfield but Northville.

We should like to see the business portion of Main and Huron streets paved. The enterprise should not fail through because one or two men oppose it.

Dr. S. A. Jones has been invited to deliver a lecture on Materia Medica before the Indiana institute of homeopathy which meets in June Indianapolis 25 and 26.

The sidewalk on East University avenue from Orleans to Willard street is in a horrible condition, and if some one is not injured it will not be the owner's fault.

The board of directors of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & Grand Trunk railway do business on the sly. The meeting in this city last week was in executive session.

Mr. Harris, superintendent of the Jackson fire clay Co., has been looking over the university campus. He would undoubtedly like to furnish the sewer pipe.

Swathel, Kyer & Peterson are two weeks behind in their orders for the eastern market. Such is the popularity of the four they are selling in this city at \$5 per barrel.

A fire Tuesday morning in a house on Orleans street occupied by Mrs. Yeomans and which caught from a stove pipe, was discovered in time to prevent the destruction of the building.

An exercise in the new revision of the bible will be given in the Methodist church Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Those attending will find it to their advantage to take their bibles.

The train on the Toledo road was several hours late Tuesday night on account of a collision near the Madison street crossing. Toledo. The engine will be laid up several days for repairs.

Prof. Remondino, who witnessed the siege of Paris, will tell what he saw for the benefit of the ladies' library association, which meets at the residence of Judge Beakes next Saturday evening.

The new iron bridge over the Huron river at Swift's mill will be 180 feet long, and cost \$5,608. The one known as bridge No. 2 will be 120 feet long, and cost \$1,550. Work will commence at once.

Mining Journal: A man who can sit with his feet in a pall of hot water and a strip of red flannel about his chest, and not feel the tender influence of spring, is dead to the subtle instincts which link humanity to nature.

G. W. Lloyd, a Detroit architect, is drawing for the building to be built by the ladies' library association, on Huron street, between the residences of Drs. Smith and Herdman. The building is to be of five stories.

The second judicial district received an addition to its police force last Saturday morning. An additional deputy sheriff—a ten pointer, if Mr. Shemeld, jr., does as well as his father no fault will be found.—Commercial.

Just 44 years ago yesterday, M. D. L. Branch, of the firm of Hall & Branch, struck this place. He came here with his parents and five brothers, all of whom are living except his father and mother, who died in Stockbridge.

Wm. Graham, of the Whitmore Lake house, is in correspondence with a number of gentlemen about his offerings and visiting some summer resort, and it is quite possible they will conclude to put in several weeks at Whitmore.

Scraper's Monthly, it is said, will, in the June number, pay an ungenerous compliment to a young writer, poet, and printer from the newspapers nine of her poems. The name of the poet is Miss Edith Thomas, of Geneva, Ohio.

Last Tuesday night, 30 lamps, eight of them State street, were smashed to pieces. Let the mayor offer \$100 reward for the apprehension of the miscreants and perhaps they may be discovered. It would be \$100 well expended.

When the theatrical season closes H. R. Hill will commence tearing out the interior of the opera house, preparatory to putting it in the hands of the contractor. It also to be new scenery and a drop curtain. The improvements will necessitate an outlay of several thousand dollars.

The Methodist church was profusely decorated with flowers and bunting last Sunday evening on the occasion of the floral concert. There was some excellent singing, and Hand's hallelujah chorus was exceedingly fine.

The first terrible stambot accident of the season occurred on the river near London, Ont., and over 200 pleasure seekers lost their lives. The accident was the result of pure carelessness on the part of Capt. Crawford of Philadelphia, Pa., last Friday.

J. F. Schuch has entered upon his duties as city treasurer.

Frank Emmerich has been taking in Detroit the last of his afternoon lectures.

Detective Shemeld, of Ypsilanti, was in the city Tuesday.

F. A. Randall has left the city and gone on a southern trip.

Capt. Allen, of Ypsilanti, will orate in Hillsdale decoration day.

The Hastings Journal called it the battle of the university doctors.

Judge Crane, of Dexter, was in town Monday on professional business.

Frank Bannister, of Owosso, is visiting his parents in editing the last number of the Wm. Tuomey and wife of Dexter, are courting in the western country.

S. C. Jones will sever his connection with the First National bank June 10.

Wm. M. White, of Canaseraga, N. Y., is the guest of his nephew, H. K. Hill.

Miss Anna Gibb, of Saline, is spending a few days with her friends in Kalamazoo.

Dr. Sawyer, wife and daughter, of Monroe, will sail for Europe next month.

Mrs. H. Alabaster, who is in feeble health, has gone to N. Y. for treatment.

Lawrence E. Hoban is now in the employ of E. Eberbach selling hardware.

County clerk Clark has returned from his western trip and settled down to business in the Third ward, where he attempted to hide away from his pursuers who numbered over a hundred persons.

Dr. O. G. Jenkins, who is now occupying the state of mind of a madman, has had a number of important changes, and his office will now compare favorably with any similar dental parlors in the state. The repairs have been an expensive one in making the repairs.

The rooms have been painted and refurnished and everything now looks neat and inviting.

Jacob Grosshans, a well-to-do farmer, lives half a mile from Lodi Center, was returning home Monday evening with a load of lumber, and when near the residence of Stephen Mills, on the Saline road, he slipped from his wagon and the wheel passed over his neck. He lived only a short time. When Dr. George arrived he found the man dead, his neck having been broken.

In the case of the people vs. Jas. F. Murphy, on trial in the Barry county circuit court charged with perjury, the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. Murphy asked a new trial. The opinion was advanced by those who heard the evidence in the case was that Murphy must have been convicted on general principles—the ground that he was a scamp, as the evidence was not sufficient on which to base a conviction.

Wm. Keating, charged with assault and battery, and who jumped his bail at the last term of court, was arrested in Toledo last Thursday by deputy sheriff Shemeld for the alleged offense of murder.

T. Thornton's dry goods store in Ypsilanti, is now in a dry place. A search of Keating's house on River street, Ypsilanti, was made after his arrest and found that the cassimere were stored there. The evidence given in the case is conclusive.

Last Saturday two little boys named Congdon, aged 6 and 9 years respectively, were told by a lad 10 years of age that they could get \$50 per week on the Canadian, and with visions of a prospective fortune awaiting them, they boarded a box car, and started for Canada. As the boys did not return home as usual, their parents became alarmed, and dozens of men started out to find the wanderers. A search was made along the banks of the river, and after looking for several hours, they were given up. It was given up. Telegrams were sent east and west, and the boys were found by a policeman in Detroit, who put them on the late train Saturday night. In charge of the proceedings of the house of representatives, and they were brought to this city.

We were shown a few days ago by Lewis Lamborn, an old copy of the American Mercury, published in London by Elisha Babcock, and bearing date of Jan. 21, 1802. It is a five column folio, and the first and fourth pages are devoted to a notice of advertisements. The paper contained an article from the Pittsburg Courier on the general government; one entitled, "Old South," on the benevolence and dignity of "The People," a report of the proceedings of the house of representatives of Dec. 30, 1801; besides several curious advertisements. In one a reward of 1 cent is offered for the apprehension of a runaway boy 19 years of age. One Henry Denning threatens to sue within 60 days from the date of the notice all unpaid bills "without favor or affection."

A subscriber to the Mercury, who lives in Canada, writes that he had been subpoenaed as a witness in behalf of Dr. Wheeler, and learned from that gentleman that it was the general opinion of those with whom he conversed, that the doctor returned home Friday morning.

The Casement Bros., Dan and John, who have built over 2,000 miles of railroad in this country, are now said to be worth a million of dollars each. They 30 years ago they resided in Delhi, and when they left home to seek their fortunes had but a dollar in the world.

Dr. Rouse, of New Brunswick, is visiting his sister, Mrs. R. Goodwin, in town of Ann Arbor. When Dr. Rouse was in Brazil, he was employed by the Emperor as his family physician, and received from that monarch a number of valuable presents—a gold inkstand valued at \$1,300 and diamonds, pearls, etc.

A DEMOCRAT reporter interviewed the late Mrs. R. Goodwin, on his return from Hastings, where he had been subpoenaed as a witness in behalf of Dr. Wheeler, and learned from that gentleman that it was the general opinion of those with whom he conversed, that the doctor returned home Friday morning.

It was just as testified to when the will was presented for probate.

Mr. Herbert H. Howe, one of Ann Arbor's young men who graduated from the law school of the university last March, having located at Murphyboro, Ill., has seen by a Murphyboro paper entered upon the practice of his profession and is attorney for several estates now being adjusted in the courts. Mr. Howe is associated in business with Judge Andrews, one of Murphyboro's ablest lawyers.

Last Wednesday morning, the 18th, Mr. W. H. Hannan, engraving clerk of the house of representatives, and Mrs. Louella Beaman, daughter of Byron Green, of this city, were united in the bonds of wedlock at St. Andrew's Episcopal church, Rev. Mr. Dotson, of Detroit, officiating. The bride was escorted to the altar by her groom's brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Hannan. The happy couple went immediately to Lansing and at the adjournment of the legislature will make their wedding tour.

University Units.

Prof. Maclean went to Tecumseh yesterday.

Dr. Ayres is visiting his friends in the university.

Prof. C. K. Adams will start for Europe about June 15.

The engineers go into camp near Hamburg, next Saturday.

The fresh at their annual ice cream next Friday evening.

Several new patents have been received at the homeopathic hospital.

There are thirty-four candidates for graduation in the school of pharmacy this year.

There was a fair audience present in university hall Sunday evening to hear Rev. Dr. Clark.

It is expected that about 50 members of the class of '75 will be present at the reunion, June 29.

Dr. Brigham, of Flint, one of the censors, will examine the senior homeopaths in obstetrics to-day.

Dr. Nagle is giving the graduating pharmacy class a review in materia medica preparatory to an examination.

Prof. Franklin will hold a competitive examination this Thursday, for an assistant to be selected from the freshmen class.

Dr. Vaughan, who attended the meeting of the Illinois state medical society at the residence of the secretary, Dr. S. J. Jones.

Dr. Rouse of the Providence of New Brunswick, and Dr. A. Fraser, of Ypsilanti, visited the homeopathic hospital Tuesday.

Dr. Fred Baker, assistant to Prof. Frothingham, has left Ann Arbor and will engage in the practice of medicine in Akron, Ohio.

Senior examinations by Prof. Dunster and junior examinations by Prof. Dunster and junior in the department of medicine and surgery.

A distinguished allopathic physician from the east visited the homeopathic college Monday and also attended Prof. Wilson's lecture.

Some 50 orders have been given for that photograph taken from a drawing in Hastings, representing the scene which recently took place in a house in this city.

In the game of base ball at Orchard Lake, last Saturday, between the military academy boys and the universities, the former were defeated by a score of 9 to 6.

The hats for the senior pharmacies arrived last Saturday, having been ordered through Siechan & Co. They are said to present as fine an appearance as any class hat.

Freshmen examinations in the homeopathic college in physical diagnosis occur at 9 o'clock. Examinations in materia medica at 2 p. m. and in botany at 4 p. m. Saturday.

Reunions of the classes of '75, '80 and '78 are to be held commencement week.

The students who were obliged to go down into their pockets to the amount of \$150.

A lady medical student took a plunge bath in Whitmore Lake Sunday. Her coat, which was a student, saw her go down and jumped in after her. As the water was only waist deep they managed to crawl out.

The following are the University editors taking part in editing the last number of the beginning of their editorial work: Laws, Richard Yates; medical, W. T. Wright, E. M. Waterbury; pharmacy, S. Crombie; dent, H. Liteson; homeopaths, Prof. Franklin.

At the meeting of the Chronicle association held Saturday the following were elected as editors for the next year: Independents, R. G. West, Austin, Texas; H. E. Spaulding, New York; The secret society editors are Roger W. Cooley, Decorah, Iowa; and I. E. Baker, Goshen, Ind.

Dr. Croker is giving a short course of lectures on the Evidence of Christianity, at 9:30 a. m. in room A, university hall. The discussion will be conducted with the candor and fairness for which the professor is noted, and should be heard by all students who can possibly attend, as well as by other persons interested in the subject.

Prof. Moses Colt Tyler will sever his connection with the university the present year, and has accepted a professorship of history at Cornell university at an advanced salary. The loss of Prof. Tyler to the university will be severely felt, for his great reputation as a teacher is largely due to his connection with it for many years.

The adjourned meeting of the athletic association at the opera house last Friday evening was a success. In the horizontal bar contest, Ralph Knicker, Austin, Texas, was the successful man. In the fencing contest, Louis H. Hyde, Joliet, Ill. was declared the winner. There were given, also, some fine exhibitions of wrestling and Indian club swinging.

The Hastings Home Journal last week had considerable to say relative to the article published in the Banner on the arrest of Jas. F. Murphy and Dr. A. R. Wheeler, and gives the reporter particular facts in showing up one side of the fight—viz, the allopathic side, and for publishing interviews with Drs. Maclean, Frothingham, C. H. Worden, and H. J. Brown, and completely injuring Drs. Franklin, Wheeler, Vital and Horton.

The article in the Banner was evidently written for the express purpose of prejudicing the minds of the people of Barry county at a time when the cases against Murphy and Dr. Wheeler were to come on for trial.

Saturday afternoon last James Saunders, collector of the county, was present among the students by preambulating the streets wearing a freshman class hat. He was followed from place to place by a number of madmen, freshmen, who undertook to build him up, but Saunders, who was armed with a hickory club, threatened to walk through the whole class if they molested him. The members of the different classes in the university who witnessed the proceedings, could not refrain from enjoying the sport. This the fresh didn't like, and they manifested their disapproval in language most profane and elegant. Finally the colored man was induced to part with the "mortar-board," the freshmen agreeing to buy him a \$5.00 hat.

He got his hat, the freshmen paying for it.

"I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF." Is what a lady of Boston said to her hus-

band when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and constipation and a package of the celebrated Kidney-Wort, and it will speedily cure you. It is nature's great remedy for constipation, and for all kidney and liver diseases. It acts promptly on these organs and so restores health, strength, and vigor. It is put up in liquid and dry form, acting with equal efficiency. Price \$1. See adv.

The death of the Czar was caused by filling the glass balls with nitro glycerine. Had the balls been filled with Reed's "Eagle Toads," his Royal Highness would have been alive to-day.

A Wonderful Discovery.

For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as stubborn Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough, tickling in the throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all chronic or incurable diseases of the throat and lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal and has established for itself a world wide reputation. Many leading physicians recommend and use it in their practice. The formula from which it is prepared is highly recommended by all medical journals. The clergy and press have complimented it in the most glowing terms. Go to your druggist and get a trial bottle for ten cents, or a regular size for \$1. For sale by Eberbach & Son, Ann Arbor, Mich.

SHANT'I TAKE A BLUE PILL!

No, don't take it and run the risk of mercurial poisons, but when bilious and constipated get a package of the celebrated Kidney-Wort, and it will speedily cure you. It is nature's great remedy for constipation, and for all kidney and liver diseases. It acts promptly on these organs and so restores health, strength, and vigor. It is put up in liquid and dry form, acting with equal efficiency. Price \$1. See adv.

We wish to thank our numerous customers for the kindness they have shown us during the past year, and say that through their efforts and our own we have

Nearly Doubled Our Trade!!

We have adopted the method of

Marking Our Goods

AT SMALL PROFITS, THEREBY INCREASING OUR SALES, AND NOT KEEPING THE SAME GOODS ON HAND FROM YEAR TO YEAR WAITING FOR LARGE PROFITS, DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS WE SHALL

Make Still Greater Reductions

In order to close out our stock. This will enable us to open with an entire new stock in the fall. Don't buy any Watches, Clocks, Jewelry or Silver-ware until you have

Examined Our Stock and Prices!

Remember we make a specialty of Fitting Spectacles, and warrant a fit everytime.

C. BLISS & SON, Jewelers,

NO. 11 SOUTH MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.



HEAR ME.

Come Immediately To The Star Clothing House!

AT THE NEW ROOM NO. 35 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Our Endeavor is to Please Our Customers and not Ourselves when they are Making Their Selections.

A. L. NOBLE, Leading Clothier.

YOUNG MEN!

IF YOU DESIRE to Find the Nobby Styles, THE HANDSOMEST PATTERNS, THE FASHIONABLE Shapes and THE LARGEST Assortment in Spring Suits, Worsted Coats and Vests, and Light or Dark Pantaloon, without the trouble and annoyance of examining three or four stocks,

Come Immediately To The Star Clothing House!

AT THE NEW ROOM NO. 35 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Our Endeavor is to Please Our Customers and not Ourselves when they are Making Their Selections.

A. L. NOBLE, Leading Clothier.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY!

We wish to thank our numerous customers for the kindness they have shown us during the past year, and say that through their efforts and our own we have

Nearly

