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LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed on grandpapa's knee; Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she, All the day busy as busy can be. Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light, Out with the birds and butterflies bright, Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head, "What has my darling been doing," he said, "Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pity me," answered the sweet little one, "I cannot tell so much things I have done—Days with my dolly and feeded my bun; And then I jumped with my little jump rope, And I made out of some water and soap

Boofiful bows, mamma's castles of hope. For I have read in my picture book, And Bella and I, we went to look For those smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I came home and eated my tea, And I climbed up on grandpapa's knee, And I was as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed, Until it had dropped upon grandpapa's breast; Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do Are as sports of a bubble to the Infinite view. That marks all our weakness, and pierces it, too, God grant that when we sleep, overshadows our way.

And we shall be called to account for our day, He shall find us as guiltless as Goldenhair, say, And O, when away, may we be so blest, And slink like the innocent child to our rest, And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

JACK AND DOLLY.

A Day in Ireland in 1881.

The air is soft and warm, like spring, And the southerly wind and the cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning." It is breakfast at Ballyhague, and the master in his red coat is standing on the hearth-rug. Breakfast comes soon enough; and with it the post-bag, and a minute later his wife.

"Any letters, Jack?" "Here, Dolly!" Capt. Trevor tosses a letter to his wife, and then reads his own correspondence. Everything about the house speaks comfort and ease. There is a wide stretch of park and woodland beyond the windows. Capt. Trevor and his wife are young, comely, and strong; yet over their faces hangs a cloud, a something that looks like dread in Dolly's soft brown eyes, and more like anger and disappointment on her husband's stern features. With her own letter unopened beside her, she watches him tearing open his envelopes and glancing at the contents, and the fear never leaves her eyes for a second. Suddenly across his face sweeps a crimson flush, and muttering something that is not a blessing, he takes a letter into his pocket and attacks his breakfast with savage energy.

Dolly turns white. "What is it, Jack?" "Oh, nothing!" "Jack, tell me, was it—"

Capt. Trevor tries to laugh as he reads his wife's eyes, but it is a failure and he answers hastily: "Only another threatening letter, Dolly. You mustn't be frightened; I don't mind them a bit."

Dolly does, and her lips tremble: "I wish you wouldn't go out hunting, Jack, it isn't safe. Suppose—"

"You mustn't suppose, Dolly. I must have a day with the hounds, and no one can possibly know I am going, besides I'll come home by a different road, there is really no danger, dear, or I wouldn't go."

"Take the police with you, then," she urges pitifully; but Jack laughs.

"Nonsense. They couldn't follow me across the county, and I assure you I'm all right."

But there is a moody, dissatisfied look on his handsome face, and presently he bursts out: "Hang it all! what a beastly country this is! A fellow can't even go out with the hounds without the chance of being fired at from behind a hedge."

"Jack," she whispers, "what are we to do, dear?"

"I'm not a hunter, I don't know. We can't live without the rents, and there doesn't seem much chance of getting them."

"Won't they pay anything?" "Only Griffith's valuation." "I won't take that, so I'm to be shot because I want my rent—the rent they owe me! my father and grandfather before me. It's deuced hard, but I won't give in."

Dolly looks up at the stalwart six feet of manhood, with his flushed face and kindling eyes, and her heart goes out to him with a great cry. He is her lord, her king, her father, her protector, and he is in danger of his life from a foreign enemy, not from him, but in danger from his own countrymen, the people he has lived with since he was born; yes, in danger of being murdered, and in her love she feels that if the child find this thing, woman though she be, her hand shall avenge the deed.

"What have I done? poor Jack goes on with passionate vehemence, have never done anything unjust; I have never pressed a tenant unfairly; yet I'm hunted down, marked out, not by my tenants—I don't believe they would do it—but by some infernal secret society. Don't look so wretched, Dolly; it will blow over. The government must do something soon."

The girl looks up with flaming cheeks. "And if you were shot, what would it matter to me what the 'government' were to do? What would anything matter? These dreadful things ought to be prevented, Jack. What good would it be to do anything after?"

These words were spoken with such anxiety have told on Dolly Trevor, and her fair, fresh face has lost its roundness. The door opens, and the butler appears.

"A man to see you, sir." Dolly springs up. "You mustn't go out, Jack. Let me go. Who is it, Martin?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but the police are with him."

It's all right then; and Jack goes out on some ordinary business, while two policemen on the gravel sweep, armed to the teeth, watch closely.

Capt. Trevor comes back to the dining-room. "Well, Dolly, I'm off. Get the children down for a minute."

He comes well, and so does she, though neither say that it may be the last time he will ever look upon their pretty faces! Down they come; we Cecil and smaller Dorothy, shouting for "papa," and he takes them up in his strong young arms and kisses them. Why does Dolly cry? Only going

out for a day's hunting, yet he must say good-bye like this! Martin brings a sandwich, case and flask, and with them, as a matter of course, a loaded revolver. Capt. Trevor puts the ugly thing quickly into his pocket, hoping his wife doesn't see it. But she does; and though her heart jumps she is glad he is taking it.

"Take care of yourself, Dolly, and don't go beyond the place."

"You'll come home early, Jack?" she whispers, putting her face to his.

"I can't say," he answers with pretended cheerfulness. "It all depends on what sort of a run we have, and so you mustn't be anxious if I don't turn up till dinner time."

"No," Dolly answers, dimly thinking of the long, weary hours of watching before she will see him again.

"Well, take care of yourself," he says again. "Good by, my girl!" He holds her tight, tight for a second, and bends his comely brown head to kiss her lips, that quiver for all the trusting words.

She follows him to the hall, holding his hands as if her close, clinging clasp would keep him from all harm. Her whole life seems made up in this one passionate, absorbing love for her husband, and well she knows it would kill her if anything should happen to him. But she smiles bravely while he mounts his horse and rides slowly away under the bare branches of the big elms. At the end of the avenue he turns and waves his hand and smiles at the little figure watching him, watching till the last gleam of his red coat disappears, and then with a sigh goes into the dining-room, where the children are playing on the hearth-rug.

It seems a terribly long morning. It is only two hours since her husband left, but to Dolly it is ages since she heard his voice, and her heart is full of fond thoughts, and this in a civilized country—free Britain!

Jack Trevor has, as he himself says, done nothing, broken no laws, harmed no one. Kind-hearted, generous Jack! he wouldn't be guilty of cruelty to man, woman or child for the world; yet the last few weeks have been weeks of terror, during which he, his wife and children have all been threatened. Ballyhague is a desert. Such cattle as were not maimed are sold. Capt. Trevor, under police protection, and for what? He asks the question often enough in his own honest, straightforward way, and no one seems able to answer it.

His hand is left below the letting price. His tenants have a fair, just, honorable landlord to deal with; but any day, any hour, he may be shot! His corn and hay were burned to cinders long ago, and ruin menaces him.

A very dreary morning. Mrs. Trevor watches the children, out for a walk, and a lump comes in her throat to see the little procession going down the avenue in the soft, gray light of the winter noon, baby Dorothy in her preambler, little Cecil walking by the nurse, and two policemen, armed with loaded guns, keeping a keen lookout on either side! If it were not so real, so terrible, Dolly could almost laugh to see the preambler with the two armed men in attendance.

However, it is no laughing matter. Only a wise precaution. Outside on the terrace under the drawing room windows another policeman marches up and down. It seems incredible that this should be necessary in the year 1881, but so it is, and Dolly is getting used to it. She goes out, and with her about the children, protected by their escort. They see nothing, hear nothing unusual. It is a soft, lovely day, with a gray sky and a taste of spring in the air; but Dolly can take no pleasure in anything till her husband is safe at home. She gathers a bunch of violets and comes in again, and with that vague uneasiness that has made her so restless of late whenever Jack is out of sight.

The newspapers are full of agrarian outrages, land meetings, and threatening notices. Dolly glances over them, but the subjects are not cheerful, so she turns to a book, and writes a long letter to an old school friend in England. After beating about the bush for some time, Dolly scribbles out the fullness of her heart:

"I dare say in England you have not the faintest idea of the awful state we are in here, actually living in terror of our lives. Jack is out hunting to-day, the first time he has ventured out since the police for three weeks. I did not like his going at all, and shall not be happy until he is again. Poor fellow! he feels it dreadfully, being almost a prisoner, or driving out with an armed guard. Fancy! the children have police armed at all points to protect them when they are out even on the place. It makes me very miserable, and the wretched government will do nothing. The dreadful Land League held a meeting here last Sunday, and we expect that their terrible will follow. I am trying to persuade Jack to leave the country, but he says he won't be frightened away, and in the meantime there is nothing to be done. We have got no rents and I have no prospect of getting any, but I do not care for that; I only mind the awful fear that is perpetually before me—that they will do something to Jack. I believe it is a regular system, and they have hired and paid assassins. It is not terrible to me, and I cannot tell you how wretched I feel to-day, knowing that he is in danger; and how long this dreadful state of affairs to last—how many more widows must be made before it is put a stop to?"

So Dolly writes, her pen flying over the paper and her thoughts with Jack in the hunting field. But the long, weary day passes, and the darkness only far up in the quiet sky—sees the faint sunset die out in the west, and the blue, dim shadows creeping up fold after fold. Dolly comes back with a sigh from the window, where, with her face against the glass, she has been watching for Jack, peering out till it is too dark to see the avenue, and the rows of ghostly trees under which he rode that morning. She can only see the reflection of her own face now, and the leap, flickering, firelight, dancing up and down, so she comes in from behind the curtains and sends for the children.

It is past 6 o'clock, and still no papa! The children have long ago gone up to the nursery, and Dolly sits alone by the fire, trying not to be frightened, persuading herself that she is not a bit anxious, that Jack couldn't be home

yet if there had been anything like a run. Yet all the time she feels sick with a strange longing, and her lips grow dry as she listens to every sound and starts at the slightest noise. She is horribly anxious, but she will not allow it; and by-and-by the dressing bell rings with a suddenness that makes her jump, so strained are her nerves with this waiting and waiting. There is a knock at the door, and a maid brings a letter to her husband. "Oh, God! perhaps even now while she is sitting by the fire, some hand may be raised against him!"

Jack won't like to find her so low, so she wipes away the falling tears and goes to bed for dinner. In the hall she meets Martin, and the old, trusted servant looks so worried and anxious as his mistress.

"The master not home yet, ma'am?" "No Martin," Dolly answers, with lips that shake in spite of themselves. "But he didn't expect to be home till late."

So she speaks, trying not to believe that her heart is sick with fear, and slowly passes up the stairs. Somehow she never runs up now with flying steps, and old Martin looks after her and shakes his head.

"I'll kill the mistress," he says to himself, and waiting till a turn in the wide staircase hides her from view, he opens the hall door carefully and looks out; but there is no sign of the master of Ballyhague, and after watching and listening for a minute or two he comes in again.

The night draws on. He never comes!

Dolly, with cheeks like snow, stands in the nursery and watches the children, but she never smiles at them, and she never smiles at any of the splitters in her bath, crowding and laughing, the firelight flashing on her rounded limbs. Dolly has no stories for the children to-night, and presently they catch the infection of her mood and grow grave and silent too—awed and hushed when they see their mother's sad face.

The boy whispers his prayer at her knee. "God bless papa," "And bring him safe home to-night!" says Dolly, with a little catch in her voice; and the child, looking up at her with his father's eyes, slips out the petition after her and doesn't know why the tears roll down his cheeks.

Down the staircase again and into the drawing room, where the fire is warm and bright, and shaded lamps cast a soft glow. But Dolly is too anxious to-night to sit in her own easy chair and wait for Jack as she was used to do when he was hunting.

She stands herself behind the curtains, and though she can't see but very far into the dim moonlight, she could hear the sound of his horse's hoofs in the avenue. What is that? In the far distance a horse's footfall sounds on the ear—nearer now, and then nearer. Thank God, he has come! And the blood rushes back to her cheeks, and she is safe for to-night at least, and Dolly flies into the hall to meet him.

The horse trots past, and she goes back into the drawing room again. Jack has ridden round to the yard, and will be in directly. All the fear is forgotten in the thought that in another minute he will be with her safe by his own fireside, and she makes up her mind to be very bright and cheerful this evening, and never to tell him how frightened and wretched she has been all this long horrid day.

Poor Dolly! Poor little wife! standing on the hearth-rug, in her pretty white dress, a smile on her sweet face, and a loving look in the brown eyes turned so often toward the door waiting for the moment when her husband shall come in. The door opens.

"Jack!" she cries, and springs forward with a glad cry of welcome.

It is Martin, standing on the threshold, his face gray and leaden.

"The master has come," he heard him ride by a moment ago. He will be in directly. Why do you look like that, Martin?" For the old man is lifting his trembling hands as if to push her back.

"God keep him from all harm!" he gasps. "But, oh, ma'am! the horse has been shot dead, and the master's life is in danger. He has a fall, and hurt himself. The police and all have gone to look."

There is no grief on her white face as she listens. In one second all her joy has been stamped out, but there is something awful in the expression of her eyes—a look, that, thank God! is not often seen in a woman's face. All the soft, womanly beauty has gone, and in its place there is a fierce, strange look. Then the words fall from her lips like a wail: "They have killed him! Oh, my husband!"

There is woe and weeping and desolation in Ballyhague; lights flashing, men sobbing, and wailing, and wailing; all instinctively keeping out of sight of the stricken wife, who, with a face like death, gives her orders with such awful calmness. She has no hope, will listen to none. She knows as surely as if he lay dead at her feet, that her husband has been murdered—murdered, and she has no voice again. Never again, and she does not cry yet. The fountains of her grief will have all the rest of her life to weep them selves dry.

Yet there surely must be some lingering of a faint shadowy hope in her breast; for, during the terrible hours of torturing anxiety that follow, Dolly moves softly about, getting all in readiness, making preparations with her own shaking hands. And oh, the pain of it all, to see the poor wife turning down the bedclothes, and lighting the candles on the dressing table, to have all ready if so be that Jack is brought home not dead!

Only once does she break down; that is when she passes into Jack's dressing room and sees his things hanging by the fire in readiness for her, his slippers warming in the hearth-rug, the slippers she worked with her own hands, in the happy days when she was first married. At the sight of these intimate things she breaks into the tempest of tearful sobs. "Jack! my darling! my darling!" She is wild with fear and grief. Poor Dolly! in all the days to come she can never have such happiness as the few short years of her wedded life. And as she waits and watches, while every heart-beat is beating in time never, she does not know that what she is suffering now, the almost unendurable

suspense, will in the after days seem as nothing compared to that greater sorrow suffering than this to come.

Jack, riding slowly home in the creeping, threatening shadows of the evening, little dreaming that this is his last day on earth! He has had good sport, and in the pleasure of the moment had almost forgotten his troubles; but now, moving slowly toward home with a friend, it all comes back to him again, and he talks it over with a certain quiet vehemence.

Dr. Ryan, jogging along beside him, thanks his stars that he doesn't own a rod of land—that he is in no wise dependent on the vagaries of a misguided peasantry or misguiding agitators.

"Cheer up, Capt. Trevor!" he says heartily; "all this will blow over when some strong measures are taken."

"I hope so," Jack rejoins. "This is my road, and I must get on now, or the wife will be anxious; so good night, doctor."

"Good night!" and Dr. Ryan is the last man to see Jack Trevor alive.

All unconscious of danger, he is riding home at a trot, for the horse is tired after the long run, and Jack goes slowly on the grass near the hedge, smoking a cigar and thinking of the day. He thinks of the run to-day, of the friends he met, of Dolly, and at thought of her he mends his pace, and pushes on. The twilight has given place to a pale moonlight; that looks ghostly in the meadows. It is a lonely road, high lands on either side, and slowly, slowly comes Jack, the horse's feet making no sound on the grass, the rider's strong figure showing dark and well defined against the clear blue sky.

It's all over in a second. Two shots, one after the other.

"God bless poor Jack," and swings forward. The horse rears and plunges, and his rider falls headlong on the grass, stone dead, without a moan or a wail, after that one cry to his God.

In the pale moonlight two men fly across the fields. Jack's horse gallops away; the road; he lies there on his face, shot down, mangled within half a mile of his own gate.

So they find him lying in the moon's rays, cold and dead, flat on his face in the grass. To-morrow it will be in all the papers: "Another landlord murdered!" Then a nine-days' talk, and then it will be forgotten by all but one.

Reverently they carry him in at his own gate and up the avenue he has ridden down in health and strength on this morning. There he lies, cold and lifeless, in his red coat, his poor face upturned to the heaven that is more merciful than man, carried home to his wife. Yes, carried home to his wife and laid at her feet in the lighted hall where she stands waiting for her husband.

"Leave me with him,"

It is all she says, and so he is laid on his own bed, and one by one they go softly out of the room and shut the door and leave her alone—alone with her dead—Whitehall Review.

Laying the New American Cable.

Dispatches from the steamer Faraday state that upon completing the landing of the shore end of the American cable, late on the afternoon of Monday last, the steamer Faraday began paying out the cable and has made an average of about six and a half miles per hour for the whole distance since that time. Something over nine hundred miles of cable has been put down, and the end has been buoyed and the steamer has proceeded to London to take on the remainder, which will be laid at once. The Faraday being fitted with an extensive system of electric lighting, the work goes on at night as during the day. She carries a competent corps of engineers and electricians, who subject the cable to constant tests as it goes out. These are of a character to show the slightest defect.

Everything has gone well, the weather has been of the right sort and the men have proved themselves perfect for the present expedition. The work has been done in a most perfect manner, and the amount of cable laid has been ever before accomplished in the same length of time. Not a single fault was found in the cable between the shore-end landing and the buoy. The tests have been perfect, and the speed as well as the quality of the work has been never before pronounced, unprecedented in the history of ocean cable laying.

The Manufacture of Plate Glass.

The pouring of liquid glass from the furnace upon the cast iron plates, and the subsequent rolling, are processes comparatively simple. Any house-keeper who has used window-paint on a batch of pie-crust dough, performs an operation very similar to this stage of plate-glass making. It is the succeeding processes of grinding and polishing and final burning that require time and costly mechanism. After leaving the rolls and the plate glass is rippled and rough, and only fit for gratings or skylights. Each plate must be transferred to machines that resemble the turn-tables of a railway. On the revolving platform the glass is cemented into a bed of plaster of Paris, and the machine started. Bearing heavily on the surface of the glass are blocks of metal, while in motion the surfaces are kept supplied with sharp sand and a constant stream of water. The next stage of the glass-grinding process is the same as to machinery, but instead of sand coarse

Opening and Closing of the Malls.

Mailing leaving Ann Arbor, East and West, will close as follows:

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
Way Mail, leaving Ann Arbor, 6:30 a. m.	Through and Way Mail, Sunday and Monday, closes Saturday and Sunday, 9:00 p. m.
Way Mail, leaving Ann Arbor, 10:50 a. m.	Through and Way Mail, Sunday and Monday, closes Saturday and Sunday, 9:00 p. m.
Way Mail, leaving Ann Arbor, 4:50 p. m.	Through and Way Mail, Sunday and Monday, closes Saturday and Sunday, 9:00 p. m.
Way Mail, leaving Ann Arbor, 8:50 p. m.	Through and Way Mail, Sunday and Monday, closes Saturday and Sunday, 9:00 p. m.

RAILROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE, MAY 23, 1880.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Day.	Mail.	Day.	Mail.	Day.	Mail.	Day.
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Detroit, L.	7:15	9:55	6:40	9:30	10:10	10:40	11:10	11:40
St. J. June	7:25	10:05	6:50	9:40	10:20	10:50	11:20	11:50

Wayne Junction	7:35	10:15	7:00	9:50	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00
Ypsilanti	7:45	10:25	7:10	10:00	10:40	11:10	11:40	12:10

Ann Arbor	7:55	10:35	7:20	10:10	10:50	11:20	11:50	12:20
Ypsilanti	8:05	10:45	7:30	10:20	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30

Chas. Lake	8:15	10:55	7:40	10:30	11:10	11:40	12:10	12:40
Chas. Lake	8:25	11:05	7:50	10:40	11:20	11:50	12:20	12:50

Chas. Lake	8:35	11:15	8:00	10:50	11:30	12:00	12:30	13:00
Chas. Lake	8:45	11:25	8:10	11:00	11:40	12:10	12:40	13:10

Chas. Lake	8:55	11:35	8:20	11:10	11:50	12:20	12:50	13:20
Chas. Lake	9:05	11:45	8:30	11:20	12:00	12:30	13:00	13:30

Chas. Lake	9:15	11:55	8:40	11:30	12:10	12:40	13:10	13:40
Chas. Lake	9:25	12:05	8:50	11:40	12:20	12:50	13:20	13:50

Chas. Lake	9:35	12:15	9:00	11:50	12:30	13:00	13:30	14:00
Chas. Lake	9:45	12:25	9:10	12:00	12:40	13:10	13:40	14:10

Chas. Lake	9:55	12:35	9:20	12:10	12:50	13:20	13:50	14:20
Chas. Lake	10:05	12:45	9:30	12:20	13:00	13:30	14:00	14:30

Chas. Lake	10:15	12:55	9:40	12:30	13:10	13:40	14:10	14:40
Chas. Lake	10:25	13:05	9:50	12:40	13:20	13:50	14:20	14:50

Chas. Lake	10:35	13:15	10:00	12:50	13:30	14:00	14:30	15:00
Chas. Lake	10:45	13:25	10:10	13:00	13:40	14:10	14:40	15:10

Chas. Lake	10:55	13:35	10:20	13:10	13:50	14:20	14:50	15:20
Chas. Lake	11:05	13:45	10:30	13:20	14:00	14:30	15:00	15:30

Chas. Lake	11:15	13:55	10:40	13:30	14:10	14:40	15:10	15:40
Chas. Lake	11:25	14:05	10:50	13:40	14:20	14:50	15:20	15:50

Chas. Lake	11:35	14:15	11:00	13:50	14:30	15:00	15:30	16:00
Chas. Lake	11:45	14:25	11:10	14:00	14:40	15:10	15:40	16:10

Chas. Lake	11:55	14:35	11:20	14:10	14:50	15:20	15:50	16:20
Chas. Lake	12:05	14:45	11:30	14:20	15:00	15:30	16:00	16:30

Chas. Lake	12:15	14:55	11:40	14:30	15:10	15:40	16:10	16:40
Chas. Lake	12:25	15:05	11:50	14:40	15:20	15:50	16:20	16:50

Chas. Lake	12:35	15:15	12:00	14:50	15:30	16:00	16:30	17:00
Chas. Lake	12:45	15:25	12:10	15:00	15:40	16:10	16:40	17:10

Chas. Lake	12:55	15:35	12:20	15:10	15:50	16:20	16:50	17:20
Chas. Lake	13:05	15:45	12:30	15:20	16:00	16:30	17:00	17:30

Chas. Lake	13:15	15:55	12:40	15:30	16:10	16:40	17:10	17:40
Chas. Lake	13:25	16:05	12:50	15:40	16:20	16:50	17:20	17:50

Chas. Lake	13:35	16:15	13:00	15:50	16:30	17:00	17:30	18:00
Chas. Lake	13:45	16:25	13:10	16:00	16:40	17:10	17:40	18:10

Chas. Lake	13:55	16:35	13:20	16:10	16:50	17:20	17:50	18:20
Chas. Lake	14:05	16:45	13:30	16:20	17:00	17:30	18:00	18:30

Chas. Lake	14:15	16:55	13:40	16:30	17:10	17:40	18:10	18:40
Chas. Lake	14:25	17:05	13:50	16:40	17:20	17:50	18:20	18:50

Chas. Lake	14:35	17:15	14:00	16:50	17:30	18:00	18:30	19:00
Chas. Lake	14:45	17:25	14:10	17:00	17:40	18:10	18:40	19:10

Chas. Lake	14:55	17:35	14:20	17:10	17:50	18:20	18:50	19:20
Chas. Lake	15:05	17:45	14:30	17:20	18:00	18:30	19:00	19:30

Chas. Lake	15:15	17:55	14:40	17:30	18:10	18:40	19:10	19:40
Chas. Lake	15:25	18:05	14:50	17:40	18:20	18:50	19:20	19:50

Chas. Lake	15:35	18:15	15:00	17:50	18:30	19:00	19:30	20:00
Chas. Lake	15:45	18:25	15:10	18:00	18:40	19:10	19:40	20:10

Chas. Lake	15:55	18:35	15:20	18:10	18:50	19:20	19:50	20:20
Chas. Lake	16:05	18:45	15:30	18:20	19:00	19:30	20:00	20:30

Chas. Lake	16:15	18:55	15:40	18:30	19:10	19:40	20:10	20:40
Chas. Lake	16:25	19:05	15:50	18:40	19:20	19:50	20:20	20:50

Chas. Lake	16:35	19:15	16:00	18:50	19:30	20:00	20:30	21:00
Chas. Lake	16:45	19:25	16:10	19:00	19:40	20:10	20:40	21:10

Chas. Lake	16:55	19:35	16:20	19:10	19:50	20:20	20:50	21:20
Chas. Lake	17:05	19:45	16:30	19:20	20:00	20:30	21:00	21:30

Chas. Lake	17:15	19:55	16:40	19:30	20:10	20:40	21:10	21:40
Chas. Lake	17:25	20:05	16:50	19:40	20:20	20:50	21:20	21:50

Chas. Lake	17:35	20:15	17:00	19:50	20:30	21:00	21:30	22:00
Chas. Lake	17:45	20:25	17:10	20:00	20:40	21:10	21:40	22:10

Chas. Lake	17:55	20:35	17:20	20:10	20:50	21:20	21:50	22:20
Chas. Lake	18:05	20:45	17:30	20:20	21:00	21:30	22:00	22:30

Chas. Lake	18:15	20:55	17:40	20:30	21:10	21:40	22:10	22:40
Chas. Lake	18:25	21:05	17:50	20:40	21:20	21:50	22:20	22:50

Chas. Lake	18:35	21:15	18:00	20:50	21:30	22:00	22:30	23:00
Chas. Lake	18:45	21:25	18:10	21:00	21:40	22:10	22:40	23:10

Chas. Lake	18:55	21:35	18:20	21:10	21:50	22:20	22:50	23:20
Chas. Lake	19:05	21:45	18:30	21:20	22:00	22:30	23:00	23:30

Chas. Lake	19:15	21:55	18:40	21:30	22:10	22:40	23:10	23:40
Chas. Lake	19:25	22:05	18:50	21:40	22:20	22:50	23:20	23:50

Chas. Lake	19:35	22:15	19:00	21:50	22:30	23:00	23:30	24:00
Chas. Lake	19:45	22:25	19:10	22:00	22:40	23:10	23:40	24:10

Chas. Lake	19:55	22:35	19:20	22:10	22:50	23:20	23:50	24:20
Chas. Lake	20:05	22:45	19:30	22:20	23:00	23:30	24:00	24:30

Chas. Lake	20:15	22:55	19:40	22:30	23:10	23:40	24:10	24:40
Chas. Lake	20:25	23:05	19:50	22:40	23:20	23:50	24:20	24:50

Chas. Lake	20:35	23:15	20:00	22:50	23:30	24:00	24:30	25:00
Chas. Lake	20:45	23:25	20:10	23:00	23:40	24:10	24:40	25:10

Chas. Lake	20:55	23:35	20:20	23:10	23:50	24:20	24:50	25:20
Chas. Lake	21:05	23:45	20:30	23:20	24:00	24:30	25:00	25:30

Chas. Lake	21:15	23:55	20:40	23:30	24:10	24:40	25:10	25:40
Chas. Lake	21:25	24:05	20:50	23:40	24:20	24:50	25:20	25:50

Chas. Lake	21:35	24:15	21:00	23:50	24:30	25:00	25:30	26:00
Chas. Lake	21:45	24:25	21:10	24:00	24:40	25:10	25:40	26:10

Chas. Lake	21:55	24:35	21:20	24:10	24:50	25:20	25:50	26:20
Chas. Lake	22:05	24:45	21:30	24:20	25:00	25:30	26:00	26:30

Chas. Lake	22:15	24:55	21:40	24:30	25:10	25:40	26:10	26:40
Chas. Lake	22:25	25:05	21:50	24:40	25:20	25:50	26:20	26:50

Chas. Lake	22:35	25:15	22:00	24:50	25:30	26:00	26:30	27:00
Chas. Lake	22:45	25:25	22:10	25:00	25:40	26:10	26:40	27:10

Chas. Lake	22:55	25:35	22:20	25:10	25:50	26:20	26:50	27:20
Chas. Lake	23:05	25:45	22:30	25:20	26:00	26:30	27:00	27:30

Chas. Lake	23:15	25:55	22:40	25:30	26:10	26:40	27:10	27:40
Chas. Lake	23:25	26:05	22:50	25:40	26:20	26:50	27:20	27:50

Chas. Lake	23:35	26:15	23:00	25:50	26:30	27:00	27:30	28:00
Chas. Lake	23:45	26:25	23:10	26:00	26:40	27:10	27:40	28:10

Chas. Lake	23:55	26:35	23:20	26:10	26:50	27:20	27:50	28:20
Chas. Lake	24:05	26:45	23:30	26:20	27:00	27:30	28:00	28:30

bridge committee.

The Culp—Gott guardian case is set

