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THE WIVES OF BRIGHAM.

You see the gentle water, How silently it flows, How cautiously, how steadily It moves the sleepy boats; And all the while the boatmen Strew along the sand Steal out as leisurely as leaves When summer wind blows.

But you know it can be angry, And thunder from its rest, When the stormy taunts of winter Are flying at its head; And if you like to listen, And draw your chairs around It, you will hear it tell of one night When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brigham Go out to search the sea; A staunch and sturdy fleet are they, With no swinging lines; And long the woods of Devon, And the silver cliffs of Devon, You may see when summer evenings fall, The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker And gray winds hunt the foam, They go back to little Brigham And ply their toils at home; And so it chanced, one winter's day, When on the wind beat the rain, That all the men were out at sea, And all the wives on shore.

Then as the storm grew fiercer The women's cheeks grew white;— They gazed through the window, And gazed in the night; The strong clouds set themselves like ice, With no star to guide, And the blackness of the darkness Was something to be felt.

The wind, like an assassin, On its secret way, And struck a hundred shafts adrift To meet about the bay; They knew they could not keep the men! There is nothing but the tumult, And the tempest, and the night.

When the men were trembling, They cried for help, they knew; What do you think were women did? Love taught them what to do. It was their duty to be brave;— We'll burn them for a light— Give us the men and the bare ground— We want no more to-night.

They look the grandest blanket, Who shiver'd and made them go; They took the baby's pillow, Who could not say them no; And they beat a great drum on the pier, And knew not all the while If they were heaping a bonfire, Or what the summer breeze.

And, fed with precious food, the flame Shone brightly on the black, Till a cry went through the people, 'Tis a fire! 'Tis a fire! Staggering dimly through the fog, They see, and then they doubt— But when the first poor strikes the pier, Cannot you hear them shout?

dreached, discouraged, and miserable. It was his first disappointment. Would it break or make him? The family received the refusal of their son with becoming pride. They might be poor, but they were quite as good as the other young people over the river. Some day they might be glad to accept Thomas Lawson as a son. He had the making of a man and a fortune in him, and they should live to see it.

"That's very well, mother," said the young man, "but for once I wish there had been a bridge over the river. It would walk four miles in the rain to get home."

"My son, there will never be a bridge between the Chase and Lawson farms," said the mother, "for, as you know, day I'm going over the river for Laura, and a bridge would be very convenient for the procession."

Clearly he had a good spirit. The next he announced his intention of leaving home to seek a fortune. Thereupon there were great lamentations, but he only said, "Give me a little money, that I may live while I learn a trade, and then I'll take care of myself—and Laura too."

The storm passed quickly, and in a day the capricious river showed a gentler mood. They met upon the bank, and he dragged down some fence rails, and laid them from stone to stone, till he could cro to her side. Perhaps there was something prophetic in it, for he said, "I'll build a bridge over every obstacle to reach you, Laura."

She was greatly pleased, and said she would wait for him and the bridge. So it was they parted, he going next day to the city, she staying at home, patient, hopeful and confident. Between the families there was little communication. The seasons seemed to be always rainy, and the fitful Minnesota was rarely passable for child or lover.

The summer grew to winter, and winter changed through spring to summer again. Once a month there came a letter. Farmer Chase secretly admired the young man's spirit in going off to learn a trade, and permitted the correspondence on the condition that no more than twelve letters came in a year. He little knew the ingenuity of lovers. Every letter contained thirty pages. With the spring had come a hint of great changes. Surveyors had appeared with their theodolites and chains, and they had tramped all up and down the rocky valley of the Minnesota, and had invaded the Chase and Lawson farms. A railroad would cross that country, and after several weeks of investigation on the part of the surveyors, and rather feverish suspense on the part of the farming people, it was decided that the line would strike the river on the two farms just where the child-lovers had played.

Farmer Chase had barely time to get an early crop of grass from his best field before it was destroyed by heaps of stone and gravel carted down from the hills. The Lawson farm was on a much higher level, and in place of building a lofty viaduct on his land, Farmer Lawson said it torn up for a cutting. A rude wooden bridge was made, and part of the Lawson boys' money was spent in building it. The Chase meadows—a queer irony of fate on the two families. The river-bank on the Chase side was low and sandy, and here came masons and stone-cutters, with huge derricks and great blocks of stone. A solid wall of masonry forty feet high was erected facing the river, and the opposite bank, on the other side, was a smaller wall, the two being level at the top. Between the stone abutment on the Chase meadows and the hill behind the barn grew a vast embankment, a mountain of gravel, directly in front of the house. The snow fell before this was finished, and then the work stopped for the winter. People said the company had failed, that the wall would never be built, and so on. However, every man had been paid for his land, and they could not complain. The delay was really caused by a tunnel that had to be cut through the mountains about five miles to the west of the river.

Laura Chase received her twenty-sixth letter; seemed to grow in beauty and good spirits day by day. The tunnel suddenly appeared the track-layers, and it was rumored that the tunnel was nearly finished. In less than two weeks the first engine, a rusty, battered affair, came up and halted on top of the great embankment. It had brought up a long line of flat cars loaded with heavy machinery. The neighbors said it was to build a bridge, for the temporary bridge was long ago swept away by the river floods. There came also a swarm of carpenters and laborers, and a stationary steam-engine. The Chase mansion began to be exceedingly undesirable as a residence, but the farmer did not care, for he drove a lively team in hay for the horses, vegetables for the men, and fuel for the engine. He had even dreamed of cutting up the farm for house lots, for there was a hint in the air of a station near the bridge. Real estate had already risen, and suitors began to seek the hand of the probable heiress. Her father welcomed them, for he hoped they might make him forget the farmer lad who went away to learn a trade.

He had bridged the stream, and yet in a moment all was lost for ever. Only four inches—only four inches from happiness. He repeated the words mechanically as he brushed through the dewy grass and came to the river. The sky was rosy overhead, but the sun had not yet appeared above the hills. The day promised to be fair, perhaps warm, and yet he shivered in the fresh breeze. Even the water below looked cold and chilly. Every rod and beam of the bridge was glistening with dew. He went to the heavy and stood with one hand resting on the iron looking over where he might not cross. Not a creature was stirring about the Chase farm. His expected bride slept over there—with perhaps tears upon her pillow. He had made a highway to her home, a broad and noble road for the locomotive, a highway for a nation, and yet he could not cross the stream where he had walked a barefoot boy in golden water among the amber pebbles.

How cold the iron. He looked down upon the steel rollers on which the bridge rested. They had turned part way, and he saw the bridge before the bridge had contracted, had shortened under the influence of the fallen temperature. Yesterday the day was warm and fair. Now the world seemed pinched and cold—like the bridge. It seemed also as if his heart had shrunk under the chill of bitter disappointment.

Suddenly there was a shout—a loud cry of joy and triumph. It echoed among the hills, and startled the neighbors out of their early Sabbath rest. Half a second later the young man was tearing down the village road toward the boarding-house where the workmen were gathered, shouting and gesticulating wildly as he ran. In reply to his calls a dozen frowzy heads were thrust out of the windows.

"Come down men! come down as quickly as you can. Hurry! hurry before the sun rises! Come help me move the bridge into place!" "Oor lad, it's preyed upon his mind. He's crazy. Some one ought to take him home. The bridge won't be moved this day month."

These were the comments of the men as they came out, half dressed, to see what had happened. Some were for taking the young man home to his parents; but he cried the more vehemently, "Get your tools—cold chisels and wedges, your files and hammers. We can move the bridge to-day. Hurry! men, hurry! before the sun strikes it!" "Oh ay lad," said old Jimmy Walsh, more thoughtful than the rest; "ye mean the sun will move the bridge arther we've jammed the free end."

"She's contracted now, for the night was cool." "I'm with the lad. It's a good Sabbath-day's work and we'd best help him." The men did not see how it was to be done, yet with one accord got their tools and set out for the bridge. The story of the young man's disappointment had spread, and such news will travel fast. The men were well disposed to help one who showed himself so earnest to help himself.

When they arrived at the bridge the sun was a ready up, though the bridge itself lay still in the cool shadow of the woods. There was yet time. "I am up the free end so that it can not move, and then we'll cast off the other end. When the sun strikes the bridge it will expand and something will have to give way." In less than half an hour the space between the free end of the bridge and the masonry was filled with solid blocks of iron, driven in hard and fast with wedges. Now, though the bridge was on rollers to allow it to move forward, it was held fast by the iron blocks contracted in the changing temperature of day and night, it was prevented from moving; and when the fierce heat of the noon-day sun shone on it, the great mass of iron must "give" or move in some other direction. The opposite end had been firmly fastened down, and it could not move in that direction. It was as if the sun struck the iron blocks, and as soon as the temperature rose it would spring upward in the centre or tear itself to pieces under the tremendous power of the placid sunbeams. The moment the free end of the bridge had been "jammed," or stopped from moving in that direction, the entire party crossed the bridge and began to cut away the fastenings that secured it to the masonry.

The noise of the labor started the Sabbath air, and both the Chases and Lawsons came out to see what was going on. Farmer Chase was shocked at the desecration of the Sabbath, but the young man only replied: "The road is all finished up to this bridge. It must be opened. The people want it. Besides I must show I can move the bridge, or my reputation is gone forever, and my business is ruined." As for the Reward, she never lost faith in her lover. She admitted he had made a most unpardonable blunder, yet she had faith that he would extricate himself with honor and credit. She found him working on the bridge in a sort of feverish anxiety, pale, excited and harassed. She drew him away from his work for a moment.

"You have eaten nothing. You must rest, and work more carefully, or you may have a stroke. It's going to be very warm day." "Yes, bring me something. I'll eat it here; and then do you pray that it may be the hottest day of the season. I hope it will be a hundred in the shade for it is my only salvation." Farmer Chase said his daughter should have nothing to do with a Sabbath-breaker; but she refused to leave the bridge except to go to the house for food for her lover. Her father objected even to this, but her mother, being wiser, gave her both meat and drink.

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Romantic Marriages.

A very romantic affair took place at the Falls of Niagara recently. A fine-looking man, known as Dr. Harry Darling, of Atlanta, Ga., recently registered at Ross's Hotel, and, after remaining a few days, spending his money freely, visited the Table-Rock House and museum, where he was equally free in his expenditure. Finally his gaze rested upon one of Mr. Davis's handsome assistants, Miss Anna Murphy, formerly of St. Catharines. He asked her if she would like to be married and have him for a husband. She said she would, and did. This was on Monday, Tuesday the pair went across the river and were married, and are now spending their honeymoon and lots of money at the Falls.

The sleepy passengers on the steamer Capital, on its last trip from Oakland, recently, were aroused by a very sudden precipitation of a marriage ceremony. The parties were Mary Frances Virtue, of San Jose, and D. S. Richards, of San Francisco. The couple procuring a license here, started for Oakland in the afternoon, intending to be married there. As the steamer would not permit their marrying outside of the county where the license was issued, they secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Tood, who agreed to return with them to this city and to marry them on the boat when within the county line. The knot was tied just as they reached the wharf, and the steamer's whistles tooted long for a few minutes as a substitute for the usual wedding chimes.

A feud has existed for years between the Curtis and Davis families, who live in the same neighborhood, near Maquoketa, Ia. But as there was a Juliet in the Davis family, so there was a Romeo in the house of Curtis. Romeo, Ben, and Juliet, or, in matter of fact, Matilda, met at church, and eventually went sleighing together on moonlight nights, and last winter eloped. Arrived at Dubuque, bound west in search of a new world, the lovers were overtaken by the girl's father, who forcibly took his daughter back to Maquoketa. Fair Matilda was kept a prisoner in her father's house until Tuesday, upon which day she attained her majority. In the middle of the morning she saw a chance to escape, and ran bonnetless to the woods, through which she made her way to the Curtis farmhouse, several miles distant. Her gown was torn by briars, and she was forced to take off her shoes to wade streams, but she pushed on and found her lover at work in a field about 10 o'clock. Young Curtis sent his younger brother for Justice R. W. Henry at Maquoketa, and when the latter arrived the bride and groom were sitting on a fallen oak in a roadside grove. Justice Henry began to twit the young people upon their romantic surroundings, when the bride exclaimed: "Hurry away, Justice, your father's coming!" "Rush it, Justice," shouted the groom. Justice Henry looked up the road and saw the bride's father riding down upon the party at a furious speed. The old man was rolling along like a summer evening thunder-storm, and Justice Henry hurriedly put his arms around the neck of the bride of matrimony, "saving them," as the local paper says, "in as few words as the law allows."

A Diamond-Cutting Stone. A correspondent tells of an amusing incident that occurred last week on a train that was crossing the Rocky mountains: A traveling peddler undertook to sell a large "diamond" ring to a miner who had made his pile. "Himph," said the miner, after critically examining the ring, "they got common stone up in the diggings where I've been that'll cut that diamond all right," "If you'll find a piece of stone that'll cut that diamond I'll give it to you," replied the peddler. "All right," said the miner, "if I can't cut that diamond with a stone I'll buy it of you." Thereupon the miner took the ring in his hand and pulled from his pocket a small piece of brown looking stone similar to a bit of dark fire stone, except the grain was very fine, and with this he proceeded coolly to cut out and scratch the "diamond" with several vigils looking glasses. A group of passengers that had gathered about the miner were amazed, but while they smiled the peddler with his "diamond" withdrew discomfited. "That little piece of brown stone," said the miner, "is a piece of conundrum that I got in the Rocky mountains and it's the best diamond tester in the world. That diamond with a stone I'll buy it of you." Thereupon the miner took the ring in his hand and pulled from his pocket a small piece of brown looking stone similar to a bit of dark fire stone, except the grain was very fine, and with this he proceeded coolly to cut out and scratch the "diamond" with several vigils looking glasses. A group of passengers that had gathered about the miner were amazed, but while they smiled the peddler with his "diamond" withdrew discomfited. "That little piece of brown stone," said the miner, "is a piece of conundrum that I got in the Rocky mountains and it's the best diamond tester in the world. That diamond with a stone I'll buy it of you." 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RAILROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE, MAY 22, 1910.

Table with columns for Stations, Daily Express, and Daily Local. Lists routes between Detroit, Ann Arbor, and other Michigan cities.

GOING EAST.

Table showing train schedules for the 'GOING EAST' direction, including stations like Detroit, Ann Arbor, and Jackson.

GOING WEST.

Table showing train schedules for the 'GOING WEST' direction, including stations like Jackson, Ann Arbor, and Detroit.

GOING SOUTH.

Table showing train schedules for the 'GOING SOUTH' direction, including stations like Detroit, Ann Arbor, and Jackson.

GOING NORTH.

Table showing train schedules for the 'GOING NORTH' direction, including stations like Jackson, Ann Arbor, and Detroit.

Colored people have secured Capt. Allen as orator of the day on the occasion of their celebration here August 1.

A number of the citizens of the Fifth ward had a pleasant surprise party at the residence of Mrs. Stollert, Tuesday night.

We are unable to answer the question as to how many tons of iron have been used in bracing up the new museum building.

A special meeting of the regents is to be held in August to make arrangements for letting the contract of the new library building.

The Observer would like to have the moneyed men who have been talking about starting another bank here, open one in Saline.

It appears that the statement going the rounds of the press that Allan Rhoades, formerly of Saline, had shot a man in Texas, is untrue.

From present indications the superintendents of the poor will not be obliged to borrow much money, if any, to get through the year.

Geo. Deal was arrested Saturday for assaulting an Englishman. He looked at the boys Monday shooting fire-crackers from the jail windows.

The Ann Arbor baseball team was not permitted to show their agility as ball players at the game of the club was ruled out for certain reasons.

The manager of the opera house proposes to favor the citizens with at least two first-class entertainments a week during the next theatrical season.

A crazy loon named McNamara, was arrested in Washington, Tuesday, for threatening to kill Jas. G. Blaine. He was locked up for safe keeping.

Prof. Fred H. Cress, delegate to the American entomological society, is in Kalamazoo on business connected with the meeting of the state commissioners.

The tin roof covering the lower adjoining freemen's hall, is going to waste for want of a little patch. The council should have it done, if it is not too late.

A crayon portrait of the assassin Glick, adorns the show window of Back, the tobacconist. Just above the head of the miscreant is a rope knotted at one end.

The charges preferred by Dr. Maelen against Prof. Franklin and the homoeopathic hospital, are in the hands of a special committee of the regents for examination.

Dr. S. A. Jones has commenced an action against Poley, the Argus man, to recover damages for the publication of a lie in a recent issue of his sheet. The sum demanded is \$5,000.

Bridget Malloy, a sister of Wm. and J. Walsh, of Northfield, and wife of Michael Malloy, died at the residence of her mother in Northfield last Friday. She was nearly 40 years of age.

The graduating class, medical department, presented Prof. P. B. Rose last week with a handsome autograph album, signed by 125 students and 15 faculty members and 56 members of the class of '82.

Jas. Tolbert, Fisher and Hunt, J. W. Hunt, and Wurster & Kern, will receive their pay for material advanced to Wm. Powell, who built the homoeopathic hospital, and the two amphitheatres.

During the past school year the sum of \$5,157.18 was received for tuition and lawgates, the second largest amount in the history of the city, except in 1875 when \$5,210.70 was placed to the credit of the fund.

from one to another. Democrats, republicans, and greenbackers, all had their word to say of the nation's president, and deprecated in the severest terms his attempted assassination.

Honorary degrees were conferred by Acting President Frieze last Thursday as follows: Raymond C. Davis, librarian of the university, M. A.; Randolph Rogers, of Rome, Italy, formerly of Ann Arbor, M. A.; Arthur McAlway, of Manistowic, B. S.; Prof. Geo. S. Morris, of Johns Hopkins university, Ph. D.; Edmund Andrews, professor of the principles and practice of surgery in the Michigan Medical College, LL. D.; Prof. A. B. Palmer, of the Department of Medicine and Surgery, in Michigan university, LL. D.

Commercial: Three weeks ago when in the act of work, Edward Wilson, (colored) sent his John, sixteen years old, to Clarkville on an errand. The boy went to the house which was locked, broke in, took an axe and broke open a bureau and took out fifty odd dollars. Who had taken the money Mr. Wilson could not surmise.

Constable Shemell is always on the look out and noticed that the boy was flush. He went to his father to see where he had hid the money. In the meantime John had left town and was heard of at Jackson. Shemell followed him and arrested him at Lansing. He had only two dollars left. His father paid the costs and set the boy at liberty.

A meeting of the Washtenaw county pomological society was held Saturday. P. L. Page thought it very trying year for fruit, caused by the very severe winter and cold, dry spring. Many of his peach trees had commenced to die.

S. W. Dorr had lost 250 peach trees, one of the best of his sixteen years old. His conviction was that a tree which had sufficient nutriment stood the winter much better than those on poorer soil. He thought more attention should be paid to the soil and peach.

For richness of flavor J. Austen Scott was of the opinion that in order to succeed in peach culture more seedlings should be raised. Seedlings from Hill's Chili were preferable. As to apples the farmers could not raise too many. There would always be a demand for dried fruit.

One of his orchards would raise a full crop. Prof. Bair was surprised to see the earliest varieties of peaches, the Early Louise, the Rives peach did better than later varieties. He thought the Seedling best for fruit and excellent for family use.

J. D. Baldwin had considerable experience in peach raising. Hill's Chili for hardiness excelled all others. His theory was that some heavy variety should be selected, pits planted and raised through several generations. In speaking of varieties he thought it unprofitable to cultivate such varieties as they did not seem to do well.

University Notes.

The address of Hon. Byron M. Cutcheon, of Manistowic, before the alumni was a masterly effort.

Prof. Wilson delivered a very interesting address to the alumni of the homoeopathic association on "Influenzials."

During the college year just closed, Prof. Pringle has been treating in the university hospital 450 patients, who had eye difficulties. There were 53 cases of cataract.

The following graduates of the literature department of the university since the meeting of the alumni association: 1880—Joseph M. Walker, M. A.; '81—Craig Watson, L. L. D.; '82—Geo. M. Danforth, M. A.; '83—Felix Palmer, B. S.; '84—William G. Hall, M. A.; '85—Henry Stoddard, M. A.; '86—John Thompson, B. S.; '87—Chas. K. Turner, B. Ph. D.; '88—Wm. E. Miller, B. S.; '89—C. M. Cooper, B. A.; '90—Wm. O. Ferdon, B. A.; '91—Mary L. Bogden, B. A.; '92—Wm. Cary Hill, B. A.; '93.

Alumni Officers.

The following is a list of the officers of the alumni associations elected during commencement week:

Homeopathic—President, Dr. A. R. Wheeler, Ann Arbor, class '79; vice-president, Dr. H. W. Champlin, Orono, class '81; secretary, Dr. A. Lodge, Detroit, class '79; treasurer, Dr. A. B. Avery, Farmington, Mich., class '77; orator, Dr. C. S. Hubbard, M. A., Sawyer, Manistowic, and Dr. Eldridge, Flint, '79, were elected honorary members of the association.

Department of medicine and surgery—President, G. H. Lewis, Jackson; vice-presidents, O. J. Mahan, Lansing; Samuel Kitchen, East Saginaw; Mrs. S. M. Taylor, Fentonville, Mich.; G. F. Heath, Ann Arbor; secretary, W. J. Herdman, Ann Arbor; treasurer, Mrs. S. H. Hart, Ann Arbor; physician—President, H. Thum, '78; vice-presidents, B. B. Parker, '76; W. F. Griffith, '77; C. S. Parker, '77; secretary, Joseph F. Giesler, '79; corresponding secretary, Albert Mann, '79. Prescott expressed his opinion favoring the law applying to future pharmacists.

Law—President, Geo. P. Sanford, '61; vice-presidents, O. J. Mahan, '84; secretary, L. N. Demmon, '68; treasurer, R. Chase, '69; orator, Augustus H. Pettibone, '59; '72—The book well preserved, and is highly prized by the family. It weighs over 14 pounds.

Readers of Mr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great, in Scribner will remember the order of the famous reformer, that the Russian seamen to be clean-shaven. The present czar, who seems to have a decided dislike for anything which smacks of Western culture, has not only refused to do so for the first time in two hundred years, but has decided to let the sailors in the Russian navy.

By the upsetting of a boat near the first bridge on the river, Fred Taylor, of Ypsilanti town, and Miss Elizabeth Murby, of Ypsilanti, were drowned. Miss Clara Hayley who was in the boat when the accident occurred managed to cling to the boat and was saved. An inquest was held on the bodies of Graves and Miss Murby, and a verdict of accidental drowning rendered.

Chas. Giteau, the scoundrel who attempted the life of President Garfield, was the second son of L. W. Giteau, who some 40 years ago was a partner of the late Wm. S. Maynard of this city. About 10 years ago young Giteau visited this city and was then thought to be crazy. He again paid a visit some seven years later in the role of a lecturer, and jumped his bill at the Leonard house.

Geo. L. Stone, M. D., Richmond, Va., has sent to the office Saturday a word to say of the nation's president, and deprecated in the severest terms his attempted assassination.

Sam. R. Benham, who has charge of a cigar factory in Owosso, came down to see his old friends Monday.

There is to be a keeper appointed for the new museum building at present, so W. K. Childs will be obliged to wait a little longer.

M. Seery, who was given work under Register Gilbea, left the office Saturday on account of being ill attended by very few papers being received for record.

The pomological association which meets in Cleveland, O., from the 12th to the 15th inst., will be attended by Prof. A. H. and J. G. Pattenling, D'Ooge and Thomas.

Mr. Chas. Hutchinson, of Calhoun county, a member of the recent graduation class, was in the city Saturday at the university, and Miss Emma J. Chamberlain, of this city, daughter of Mrs. Judge Harriman, were married last Thursday by Rev. T. H. Paxon.

Washington Herald: Mr. Will Upton, treasurer of the second comptroller of the treasury department, and Miss George Bradley, were married June 22, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Dr. Paxon. After the ceremony the young couple left for Walla Walla, W. T., where Mr. Upton is engaged in business. The groom is a nephew of Mrs. A. A. Terry of this city.

Fourth of July Squibs.

There was a picnic in school girls' gym.

About 200 citizens spent the day in Detroit.

The crowd at Milan was estimated at 3,500.

A son of the late Emil Cliff was run over on Washington street.

A lad named Deet, from this city, was prostrated by the heat here in Milan.

The usual number of accidents are reported in all parts of the country.

Quite a number of young people enjoyed themselves boating on the river.

Company A did not go to Detroit, as only 14 members could be got together.

A little boy in the Fifth ward had his face burned quite severely by a fire-cracker.

There was a social gathering at the residence of M. C. LeBeau and a very pleasant time was had.

Geo. Fisher was the only one in the city who was patriotic by hoisting the American flag.

The juvenile band took immensely in Milan. The little fellows were the observers of all observers.

John, a ten-year-old son of Jno. Burg, was shot in the left hand with a toy pistol and quite seriously injured.

in his body."

Barleigh involuntarily retreated, when the fiend flourished his weapon and shouted: "You've come back, have you? You're my son, are you? I'm your father, ain't I?" to all of which a trembling "Yes" was answered.

Barleigh now got in his work again, and endeavored to launch it off, remarking that he wasn't afraid of the old man, certainly not; but that "a scythe handle was a decidedly awkward weapon in the hands of a dangerous lunatic. He left without deeming that the whole thing was a joke, and this article will be the first intimation to him to that effect, although every man in the shop took the story home and retailed it all over South Chicago with great gusto. It is probable that "Are you my son?" will ring in his ears at Ann Arbor for some time to come.

We copy the above article, head lines and all, from the Detroit Evening News. Yes, H. E. H. Bower's editor of THE ANN ARBOR DEMOCRAT, and Burroughs Frank Bower is one of the Detroit Evening News reporter staff. Now it so happened that B. P. B. was the individual on whom the joke was played, and by a curious coincidence, the parties, being brothers, the initials became slightly changed and the article was made to read that the editor of THE DEMOCRAT was the butt of Col. Barleigh's joke, when the fact is B. F. Bower was the one meant.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Piles, Sore Throat, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of skin eruptions. It cures itching humors, and perfect satisfaction in every case or the money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Eberbach & Son, Ann Arbor, Mich.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

The Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company is one of Rochester's most successful business enterprises. Their Hop Bitters have reached a sale beyond all precedent, having from their intrinsic value found their way into almost every household in the land.—Graphic.

GASTRITIS FELLOWS.

Men of endurance have healthy kidneys and liver. No acute or chronic, no piles or constipation. The cure for these diseases is Kidney-Wort. This great remedy keeps up the tone of the whole body by cleaning the liver and kidneys, and to perform their functions perfectly. Both the liquid and dry acid by druggists.—Pioneer Press.

Good advice. We advise every family to keep Downy's Elixirs always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

For complaints of all morbid matter and warding off diseases, no medicine possesses such efficacy as Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

A Wonderful Discovery.

For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as Stomachic Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough, tickling in the throat, and all kinds of lung troubles, and all chronic or lingering diseases of the throat and lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal and has established for itself a world wide reputation.

Henry E. H. Bower, editor of the Ann Arbor Democrat, recently went to Chicago and called upon Col. Burleigh, who took him out to the Duffy tool company. The tool company, Col. Burleigh, and will probably carry it to his grave.

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"ECONOMY IS WEALTH." "Money Saved is Money Earned." STAR CLOTHING HOUSE. Sign of the Red Star! THIN GOODS IN ABUNDANCE. ALPACA AND FLANNEL COATS, ALPACA AND LINEN DUSTERS, LINEN PANTS, ETC., CHEAP. HEAR ME, COTTON COATS FOR BOYS ONLY 25 CENTS. Have you seen the Latest Invention? "THE MOST PATENT SHIRT," a Model of Comfort, Durability and Elegance. A. L. NOBLE, Leading Clothier.

KIDNEY WORT. THE ONLY MEDICINE IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. WHY ARE WE SICK? 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 DEPRIVING THE SAME GOODS OF THEIR PROPER YEARLY 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 a great 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.

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE. MANLY & HAMILTON'S Abstract and Real Estate Office, No. 11, First floor, Opera House block, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

REMOVED! DOWN GO THE PRICES! I would most respectfully inform the public that I have REMOVED MY FURNITURE STORE From No. 52 South Main street, across the street to No. 53 at C. WEITBRECHTS, where I will be found for the present and until my new building is completed. Owing to this Removal, and for want of room in my present location, I SHALL OFFER ALL STOCK ON HAND At prices lower than was ever known in Washtenaw County. THE TIME TO BUY IS WHEN FURNITURE IS CHEAP JOHN KECK, Ann Arbor, Mich.

REMOVED! Removal! Having Removed my Stock of Furniture to the SECOND AND THIRD FLOOR Of 35 and 37 South Main St., you can buy First-Class Furniture At prices lower than was ever offered before in this city. Quick Sales and Small Profits —IS MY MOTTO. KEEP ON SALE— All Grades and Qualities of Furniture. I have a fine bears, caskets, and all kinds of trimming, and the prices marked down. Remember the place, 35 and 37 south Main street. JOHN MUEHLIG, Ann Arbor.

MONEY TO LOAN. House and four Lots on corner of Fort avenue and Orleans street.

For Sale! 120 Acres at \$50 per acre in the township of Webster, good buildings. Terms to suit purchaser. New Store on west side of Main street, terms easy. 100 Acres within 1 1/2 miles of court house with first-class building, perfect title and very cheap. House and Lots 1, 2, 3, block 4 south range 3rd street, situated on South side of Liberty St. In sums from \$100 to \$5,000, amount and terms to suit applicants. Entire Block 3 N 13 E, except 2 lots. Good building sites. Terms to suit purchaser. A Good Farm, 200 acres, well improved, in the township of Webster, good buildings, \$65 per acre. House and Lot on Catherine street for sale, or exchange for lot near the Methodist church. Terms easy. A House and double Lot at Whitmore Lake, \$700. House and Lot, on Ingalls street, north of University, \$5,000. House and Lot, on Lawrence street, \$2,000. House and Lot, on north side of West Huron street; also 6 1/2 acres situated on south side of Jackson road, about one mile from court-house, \$2,000 for both parcels. Terms to suit purchaser. One House and two acres of land situated in Ingalls' addition, known as the M. J. O'Reilly property, good barn and well. House and Lot, on Elizabeth St., \$2,000. A House and 1/2 acre of land in 5th ward, west side of the Dixboro road. House and three Lots, in the Fifth ward, good locality, \$1,000. House and five Lots on Miller avenue. Will be sold at a bargain. Good barn on the premises. 30 Acres of land on Whitmore Lake road, within 3/4 miles of Court-House. Would like to exchange for city property. Lots 77, 78, 80, and part of lot 81 and a large brick building with 12 rooms, E. S. Smith's addition. A Stock of Drugs and Medicines worth \$4,000 will be sold for cash or exchange for a good farm near the city, or a half interest can be purchased in the stock. Business good. A Fine Brick House, Barnes, Orchard, with nice well and spring, and six acres of land, on West Huron and Jewett streets, known as the Jewett property. Price \$15,000, or two lots off city, or a half interest in \$1, price \$200 each.

For Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared from pure vegetable ingredients. It is sold in bottles for \$1.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price. \$1.00 per box. Write to Mrs. J. C. FISK, 233 North Second Street, Lowell, Mass., for full particulars. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Write on separate paper. Price 25 cents per bottle. For full particulars, send for pamphlet. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by all druggists and by mail. For full particulars, send for pamphlet. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by all druggists and by mail. For full particulars, send for pamphlet.

