

ANN ARBOR DEMOCRAT

Published every Thursday

By John L. Burleigh

Price \$1.50 per annum

Terms of subscription

Advertisement rates

Proprietor and address

Editor and address

Business and circulation

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Printing and distribution

Office location and hours

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HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars that open your frowns eyes to...

Ye matin wipers! who bending lowly...

Ye bright flowers! that with storied beauty...

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that...

To that ethereal boundless as our wonder...

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living...

Floral apostles! that in dewy garb...

Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory...

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly...

What a delectable lesson thou impartest...

Not useless are ye flowers! though made...

Ephepheral sages! what instructors flourish...

Each fading calyx a memento mori...

Posthumous gloried angel-like collection!

Were I in ethereal solitudes remaining...

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

'Accident.—An extra freight train...

It was only an ashort dispatch cast...

It was only an ashort dispatch cast...

'Where away to-night, Tom—not up...

'Then it is serious, Tom? I asked...

'I'm afraid it is with me, Billy,' he...

'I think they're mistaken about that...

'Then it is serious, Tom? I asked...

'I'm afraid it is with me, Billy,' he...

'I think they're mistaken about that...

'Then it is serious, Tom? I asked...

'I'm afraid it is with me, Billy,' he...

'I think they're mistaken about that...

boring town had already gained her...

When the first terrible crash came...

'Is there any one hurt Cal? Tom...

'Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!'...

'Oh, George, how could you? Why...

'I only loved you, George.'...

'How lucky that only a brakeman...

Why Beaugard Missed a Command...

A story published in Baltimore that...

Most of the horse-shoers of the country...

MR. VANDERBILT'S PRESENTS.—Wm. H....

Raised on one Acre,...

The eminent shipmaster of the olden...

currauts, gooseberries in great abundance...

Remedies for the Cut-Worm.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur...

Beauty Rules.

DISCOURSE OF DR. MINOR KEY.

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