

FOURTH YEAR.

ANN ARBOR DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

BY JOHN L. BURLEIGH.

The People's Paper

TERMS:

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Invariably in Advance.

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DENTAL OFFICE, over Joe T. Jacobs' Clothing store, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WILLIAM CASPARY,

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY,

JOSEPH CLINTON,

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JOHN F. LAWRENCE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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SURGEON DENTIST, Rooms No. 12 South Main Street, opposite the First National Bank Ann Arbor, Mich.

THOS DALE,

the Professional Dryer and Clothes Cleaner, third door south of the Opera House, Samples of work can be seen at the shop. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ANTON EISELE,

DEALER IN MONUMENTS and Gravestones Manufactured from a Tennessee and Italian Marble and Scotch and American Granite. Shop No. 175 Washington street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, Spectacles, Gold Pens and Fine Jewelry. Special attention given to repairing Watches and Jewellery. 46 South Main Street, Ann Arbor.

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HOUSE SIGN, Ornamental and Fresco Painter, Glazing, Calendering and Paper Hanging. All work done in the best style and warranted to satisfaction. Shop, No. 4 West Washington street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

S. B. PARSONS, M. D.,

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL,

E. C. FRANKLIN, M. D.,

PROF. OF SURGERY, HOMOEPATHIC DEPARTMENT, University of Michigan, Residence and office at Liberty Street, Free Dispensary, 100 East Washington street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WILSEY'S MUSIC STORE,

PIANOS, ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC, Instruction Books, Violins, Guitars, Flutes, etc. cheap at Wilsey's Music Store, 100 East Washington street, Ann Arbor, Mich. The largest and best stock of Musical Goods ever brought to Washtenaw County. Violin and Guitar Strings a specialty. N. B.—It will be your interest to call before purchasing anything in the Music line.

The Ann Arbor Savings Bank,

(Organized 1889, under the General Banking Law, etc., etc.)

OVER \$300,000 ASSETS.

Business men, Guardians, Trustees, Ladies and other persons will find this bank a

SAFE AND CONVENIENT

Place at which to make Deposits and do business.

Interest is Allowed on All Savings Deposits

of \$1.00 and upward, according to the rules of the bank, and interest compounded semi-annually.

Money to Loan in Sums of \$25

\$5,000.

Secured by Unimpaired Real Estate and her good securities.

DIRECTORS—Christian Mack, W. W. Wilson, D. H. Harris, W. H. Smith, R. A. Dick, Daniel Hiscok and W. B. Smith.

OFFICERS—Christian Mack, President; W. W. Wilson, Vice-President; C. E. Hiscok, Cashier.

The late Henry F. Durant was a striking example of the opposite temperament. When he had once taken up a case his whole personality seemed to be absorbed in it. He left nothing untried that could rightly assist him. He became himself the plaintiff or the defendant. It was his case; he was the one seeking justice, he was determined to secure it; and so tenaciously he clung to it, that in the progress of a suit, so much of his own being went out of his client—he put himself, in fact, so completely in his place—that after obtaining a verdict (usually favorable) he was often completely worn out and physically over-

MICHIGAN.

The grange picnic under the auspices of the state grange is in progress at the grounds of the Central Michigan agricultural society at Lansing with a fair attendance.

Phineas Pearl, one of the first settlers of St. Joseph county, died suddenly at his residence in Benton township, where he had lived nearly 50 years. He was 90 years old, and held a number of prominent positions in the early days of the county.

The health officer of Portland, writes concerning the small-pox in that place: "We have had in all only three cases so far, of which two cases are all well. One new case came down last week, which is of a mild form. We do not think that we have any more cases, and people can come and go with perfect safety."

In the contests for the state firemen's tournament prizes, in the steamer contest, the Eaton Rapids company won first prize and Charlotte was second. In the hand engine contests Marshall was first and St. Louis second.

At the firemen's tournament at Charlotte, Charles Putnam, a Marshall lawyer, had his pocket picked of \$500; David Snyder of Charlotte lost \$5; a member of Young America hose company of Battle Creek lost a gold watch, and a member of the Eaton Rapids hook and ladder company lost \$15.

John Gall, a mechanic in the Michigan Central railroad shops, Jackson, was found dead on the street in the rear of a saloon on East Main street. His neck was broken and his head buried in the mud, and the body bore the appearance of having fallen off the platform of the saloon some time in the night. A jury was impaneled and an inquest is in progress. Gall leaves a wife and four children.

Mrs. Thomas Knowlton of Dover, Lenawee county, goes into court with her face all jammed up, and charges her daughter with having cruelly punished her. She is 65 years old and is rather used to it, as her husband was in the habit of punishing her occasionally.

Mabel Ball, aged eight years, is at Fort Huron, where she says she was deserted by her parents, who were on their way from Inwood, Ont., to Millford, in this state. She told a sorry story of abuse, and her person showed evidence of bad usage. She is in charge of the police at Fort Huron.

Al. Hull, of Vermontville, was knocked down by two thugs who attempted to go through his clothes in search for property. He succeeded in recovering himself in time to return the fight, and got away with all his money and a few bruises.

Geo. Haddock, a wealthy citizen of Battle Creek, was fatally injured by being struck by a Michigan Central railroad train while walking on the track the other day.

Burglars drilled the safe in the store of Warren Kimble, dealer in agricultural implements, Manchester, and got \$100. No clue.

There is talk of establishing a fish hatchery at Alpena.

A man giving his name as George Graham has been arrested at Bay City on a charge of passing counterfeit money.

As Willie Cole, an employe at Califf's shingle mill at Harrison, was trying to put on a belt while the machinery was in motion, his left arm was torn from its socket. His case is critical.

A Grand Rapids young man is alleged to have forged his mother's name to a mortgage, raising money thereon, and skipped out.

Postmaster Benedict, of Clayton, Lenawee county, has resigned, and one Keeler has been recommended for his place.

Jackson Voorheis, the Davisburg man whose representations against a New York state firm of fruit tree dealers led to a suit against him for damages, is now publicly inviting people to come and inspect the trees about which the trouble arose.

S. M. Sackett, a Monroe druggist, fell from a wagon and was seriously injured.

S. G. Pattison, the model-farmer of Calhoun county, died last week aged 71 years. Several years ago his farm in Marengo township was adjudged one of the model farms in the state.

Burglars opened a window at the residence of Wm. Crocker, Charlotte, and with a hook fished out his trousers and took \$15 in money, a revolver and a watch chain. Other attempts at other houses were made, but without success.

Burglars broke into William Charles' furniture store at Flint and drilled open his safe, but only got \$40 in money and a watch. A revolver was found in the store where they looted it.

The Lug Levianer succeeded in releasing the schooner Barbarian from Beaver Island, recently. The schooner's stern is in bad shape, and one pump is inefficient to keep her free and safe. One hundred tons of iron ore was taken off with a lighter. The Levianer tows her to her destination.

Saturday night burglars drilled and blew open the safe in the Secosta flouring mill and obtained about \$100. Sumner Burston was the robber of a valuable bracelet, and S. C. Hodesky of a single harness.

A baby boy two years old was fatally scalded at Lakeside recently by falling into a tub of hot soap suds.

John T. Durand, the oldest resident of Jackson, died recently, aged 75 years. He leaves a wife, one son named Charles and a daughter, Mrs. Mary Green.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad company have decided to build a new freight house at Kalmaroo.

Mrs. Garfield, mother of the late president, and her daughter, Mrs. M. G. Larabee, and Master Harry Garfield, arrived in Grand Rapids from Ohio, and went to Jamestown to visit relatives.

Four prisoners overpowered the turnkey of the Bay county jail recently. They were Dan Conners and Theo. Perry, alleged thieves; Ed Johnson, in for false pretenses; and Geo. Graham, a counterfeiter.

In the case of Johnnie Grant, the boy who was shot through the brain while sitting in a neighbor's doorway at Bay City a few days ago, the coroner's jury attribute his death to Mrs. Grant. The theory is that she shot at him, supposing he was a lad named Goslin, as there was a feud between the Goslins and Richards.

The Norristown Herald says: "We have received a story entitled 'A Dark Deed,' which is respectfully declined. The first chapter opens with 'It is midnight.' This is all right. It is often midnight—at least seven times a week; but the author forgot to add 'and silence brooded over the city.' This is a fatal oversight. Silence always broods over a city when it is midnight, in works of fiction—but nowhere else. We can't print a story in which silence doesn't brood at midnight."

Satire is a greater enemy to friendship than anger.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.

HIS SUFFERINGS AS AN END. Senator Ben Hill expired at 6:15 A. M., at his home in Atlanta, Ga. He was 59 years of age.

IN MORNING. The south front entrance of the senate chamber is draped in mourning out of respect to the dead senator from Georgia.

RECALLED. The order detailing Maj. Richard Arnold, of the Fifth Artillery, as Commander of Cadets at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, has been revoked. No one has yet been selected in his place.

THE COREAN INSURRECTION. The Department of State has information of an anti-foreign insurrection in Corea and that the situation there is regarded as critical. Until the return of the monarch, which has been ordered to Corea, the details cannot be learned.

THE GOVERNMENT TO TAKE CHARGE. Acting-Secretary of the Treasury French received a telegram from the Governor of Texas, asking the government to take charge of the hospital and yellow fever patients at Brownsville. The Acting Secretary replied that Surgeon Murray of the Marine Hospital Service at Memphis, had been ordered to proceed at once to Brownsville via Galveston, and the Health Officer at Brownsville had been requested to communicate with him immediately upon his arrival. A revenue cutter will meet Murray at Galveston and convey him to Brownsville. Dr. Murray will at once take charge of all hospital and sanitary arrangements there.

NEWS NOTES. BEN NOMINATED. The greenback party of Massachusetts has nominated Gen. Butler for governor.

A CONSUL CORNERED. Mr. Long, the American consul at Alexandria, was attacked by a body of 40 of the natives in the Ghabra gate the other morning. He was unarmed, but seized a club and backing into a corner cried for help and made such an effectual defense that two of his assailants could get near enough to him to hurt him. During the attack the British soldiers on duty. These at first supposed that the fight was merely one of the usual native rows, but when they discovered the character of the assault, made a descent upon the assailants, made a descent upon the assailants, and captured all the ring leaders. The attack was premeditated, and was meant to be fatal. The ring leaders who were arrested asserted that they had been lying in wait for several days and nights and meant to kill him.

There is a spreading belief among the Egyptians that their struggle will be without the desired results. The British commander at Meke has received orders for the surrender of an entire infantry battalion if it can obtain favorable terms.

A PROCLAMATION BY PROX. Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the authority of the Khedive, has issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt, presenting the sole object of the British to be to restore the authority of the Khedive. It says all peaceful inhabitants will be kindly treated and all supplies paid for. Gen. Wolseley adds he will be glad to receive all chiefs who are disposed to assist in suppressing the rebellion.

A DESERTER FROM ARABI PASHA'S FORCE. A deserter from Arabi Pasha's force gives a graphic description of the misery prevailing in the latter's camp, where the wounded, crawling about, their sufferings unheeded, present a sad picture of distress and neglect.

THE UTAH COMMISSION. The members of the commission to reorganize the territory of Utah have arrived at Salt Lake, and will study the situation of affairs in the territory before making public their programs. They were kindly received by all classes.

AID WANTED. Gov. Roberts called upon the U. S. government for aid in the yellow fever at Brownsville in Matamoros.

STRUCK DUMB. Rev. J. H. Porter, a leading minister of Jonestown, Ark., was suddenly and unaccountably struck dumb while in the pulpit the other night.

FIRE. The eight-story brick building on the corner of Tenth avenue and Fifteenth street, New York, occupied by Hartman, Dwyer & Peck, burned this morning, was destroyed by fire early the other morning. The building contained a large and costly stock estimated to be worth \$250,000. About 900 men are thrown out of employment by the burning of the factory.

A CABINET MEETING IN NEW YORK. An informal meeting of the cabinet was held at President Arthur's house in New York on the 21st inst. All the members except Secretary Teller and Postmaster General Howe were present. There was no business transacted, and the session was more of a social one than otherwise. The cause of the meeting as explained by Secretary Folger and Attorney-General Brewster, was that as Secretaries Lincoln, Chandler and Folger and the President were in New York, Secretary Frelinghuysen in Newark, and Attorney-General Brewster at Long Branch, it was thought best to meet and inquire whether in either of the departments it required any action. Nothing was done, and the session was adjourned.

VENNOR'S PREDICTION. Vennor predicts a severe storm period on the lower lakes toward the end of the present month and early in September. He also predicts similar disturbances along the New Jersey coast, and that there will be a typhoon in the Atlantic coast.

A LONG STRIKE ENDED. The operatives who have been on a strike at Cohoes, N. Y., for so long a time, have virtually admitted defeat by flocking to the gates of the mill for work. A full force will soon be at work.

CHIEF. SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED HIS MOTHER. Mrs. Nancy Smith, of Boston, Mass., was found dead at her residence with several stab wounds on her person. Her son Charles, with whom her relations had been unpleasant, is suspected of having committed the crime.

ANOTHER STRIKE. August 18 150 hod carriers and brick layers at Pullman went on a strike for \$2 per day. Previous wages were \$1.75. They have other grievances, including lost time, incorrect time keeping and the necessity of paying car fares to Chicago. Both sides are stubborn.

A FEW MEN AT WORK. One hundred and eighty weavers are at work in the Harmony Mills (Cohoes, N. Y., under the ten per cent. reduction. If the

OPERATORS AT WORK ARE REINFORCED IN ANY CONSIDERABLE NUMBER THE STRUGGLE WILL BE ABANDONED BY THE LEADERS.

A SPECIAL FROM BOWIE, A. T., SAYS A party of six smugglers, with forty pack animals, encamped for the night in a canon in the Swissish Mountains. All save one were driven by a cloud-burst last week. Their bodies were found scattered along the canon next morning.

A PROSPECTIVE OUTBREAK. The commanding officer at Fort Robinson telegraphed to army headquarters that he had dispatched Gray's detachment of 250 of his men, including Highlanders, blue jackets and marines, brilliantly defeated twice their number. The fight lasted from 11 o'clock a. m. until nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The firing of the Highlanders was remarkable for closeness and steadiness. The Gatling in the tops of the gunboats worked with admirable precision and did much execution among the enemy, who advanced to within a hundred yards of the bank of the canal. The success was all the more brilliant owing to the extremely difficult nature of the country, which abounded with low ridges and water courses.

HERBERT V. SMITH, aged 25, a farm employe at Center Siding, spent all of one night writing letters to friends, making arrangements for his funeral, appointing pall bearers, etc. Next morning he shot himself through the head.

Wm. Johnson, the man who attempted to wreck a train on the Chicago & North-western Railway, near Milwaukee, has been sentenced to six years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

Red Cloud, who wanted to go on the war-path, has been arrested by the government.

A BIG MAN SHOT UP. A scene took place in a Dublin court, a couple days ago, when E. Dwyer Gray, member of parliament and proprietor of a printing house, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and £500 for contempt of court in publishing the letter of O'Brien, editor of United Irishman, accusing the jury which convicted Francis Hines of the murder of Jno. Doolougher, of being drunk on the night previous to the day the verdict was given, and an article commending the same.

O'Brien and Davitt were put out of court. After being sentenced Gray was handed over to the city coroner. The latter displayed considerable indignation to take the prisoner in charge, but the court called upon him to do his duty, and Gray was escorted to prison. Gray was Lord Mayor of London in 1880, and subsequently declined re-nomination. A proclamation was issued by Parnell, Dillon and Davitt, and Mayor Dawson calling upon the people to remain calm and temperate. "How much do you think you can make in a month?" "You can count them on the fingers of one hand." "And how many make \$10,000?" "Not a dozen." "How many make as much as \$5,000?" "Perhaps a quarter of the active bar." "How many make \$1,000?" "A good many pick up \$1,500 to \$2,000, many work at other things to help support them. Some live from hand to mouth, and some nearly starve." "What becomes of all these Boston lawyers?" "A few who have fathers or relatives already prominent in the profession go in with money, and then drift into some other occupation. Some go West, and some go to the devil."

A learned Boston lawyer, who has finished his course, was one evening riding to his home in a public conveyance, accompanied by a friend, a man who was also somewhat bound after his daily toil. The latter bowed to the lawyer respectfully, but he only stared coldly in response. "Why," said the lawyer's companion, "to the lawyer's companion, 'this man is a client of yours.' " "What of it?" replied the lawyer, "I do not consider that I am bound, after office hours, to notice familiarly every man who has consulted me." "He certainly was not; but the public soon found out his peculiarities, and did not trouble him often with their affairs."

What a Woman Can Do. As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her conduct, influence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself compliance in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate may be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit, shaken by the anxiety of business. By her tender care she can restore him to health, if disease has overtaken his powers. By her counsel and company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mold her children, however adverse their dispositions, into noble men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can relieve, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach; so that with others of her sex enacting and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated.

She can do much, alas! perhaps more, to degrade man if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evils that woman has the power to do? She can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a demon or an outcast of a man who might otherwise become a good member of society. She can bring bickering, strife and discontent into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babies into vile men, and even the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the springhead. She can, in fact, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good.

Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles and the sky beams with gladness, she can rain herself into a black and arid desert, covered with the scorn of an evil passion, and by the bitter blast of an everlasting death. This is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work, as has every man? No, she can do more than any man. She can have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but she has no loftier or more influential than woman's.

Rest for Headaches. Dr. Day says in a late lecture: "Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, the first principle to be observed is to rest the head. The head, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every ailment, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, has much need of repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye; it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and of eradicating the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out actually. It is a practical lesson, to keep steadily in view, that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesson of unknown magnitude, which may remain stationary if a quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. Seek into the head, for it is so soft, and the pillow hard, for it is so soft, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy."

Death, a universal certainty, is a fearful shock, but when the victim is one widely known, widely useful and influential, and more than all, widely beloved, the surprise is joined to universal grief. Such is the invader's tread in the circles of our city. Dr. W. H. Mussey, whose name is a household word, lies cold in death; as swift as a weaver's shuttle was the flight from time to eternity. Every department and every individual has lost a friend. The poor have lost a benefactor.

Walking through the busy market place this morning a little aged lady was met; whose habitual presence at the services of the Y. M. C. A. has familiarized a large number with her kindly, withered face. Though poor in this world's goods, utterly without relatives, she is rich in faith toward God. As we met her hand was eagerly extended, and with a quick grasp came the words, "Do you know Mr. Mussey is dead?" "Oh, yes, Dr. Mussey is dead. Did you know him?" "I never had, but he was the best friend I ever had; he was all the friend I have in this world."

"Why, for twenty-eight years he has paid my rent. Oh, I must mourn for him."

The tears flowed like rain over the wrinkled face as she continued.

"Not long since he met me and said I looked too thin and weak, and he was afraid I didn't have enough to eat, and then told his boy to buy me a basketful of good things, and said I must eat them all up, and get fat; and after the boy left, he put in my hand a two dol-

TROOPS RECALLED.

The majority of British troops have been removed to Ismailia, on the Suez canal, and future war news will become more interesting than ever.

THE FIGHT AT CHALOUF. A Suez correspondent writes: "I have just returned from Chalouf, where I witnessed the conclusion of the fight in which 250 of our men, including Highlanders, blue jackets and marines, brilliantly defeated twice their number. The fight lasted from 11 o'clock a. m. until nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The firing of the Highlanders was remarkable for closeness and steadiness. The Gatling in the tops of the gunboats worked with admirable precision and did much execution among the enemy, who advanced to within a hundred yards of the bank of the canal. The success was all the more brilliant owing to the extremely difficult nature of the country, which abounded with low ridges and water courses.

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F. & A. M.

ANN ARBOR COMMANDERY NO. 13 K. T. Regular meetings held the first Tuesday evening of each month at the Asylum, in Masonic Hall at eight o'clock.

WASHINGTON CHAPTER, NO. 6, R. A. M. Regular convocation at Masonic Hall on Monday evenings on or preceding each full moon.

GOLDEN RULE LODGE NO. 159, F. & A. M. Regular meetings at Masonic Hall, Thursday evenings on or before the full of the moon.

FRATERNITY LODGE NO. 292, F. & A. M. Regular meetings Wednesday, before the first full moon in each month.

W. A. F. S. Regular meetings at Masonic Hall on Monday evenings on or preceding each full moon.

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Joe. T. Jacobs, Dr. Frothingham and J. W. Knight agree to give \$300 each for water works.

Blackberries in great quantities have been shipped by express from this place the past week.

Grain buyers think new wheat will bring at least \$1 and grown wheat 75 cents a bushel.

Several persons besides the delegates will go to the congressional convention from this place.

Rev. Mr. Schmid, of Columbus, Ohio, will fill the pulpit in the Zion church next Sunday morning.

Chas. K. Backus, of Detroit, assistant emigration commissioner, visited his father, Dr. Backus.

The annual meeting of the pioneer society will be held at the court house in this city, Sept. 6th.

If no change is made in the program, Harry Webber will open the opera house this season, Sept. 7.

Geo. H. Pond of the Tuscola Advertiser, has been elected president of the Caro base ball club.

Frank H. Everts who formerly resided in Dexter, has returned, and will invest his money in wheat.

Mrs. Fish, wife of Prof. Fish, principal of the Buffalo high school, is visiting her brother, P. Winegar.

There were only two cases of ann stroke in this county during the recent harvest. One of the parties died.

Rev. H. F. Belser is attending the Northern district of the Ohio Synod in session at Woodville, Ohio.

Mrs. C. H. Miller left for Hyde Park, Tuesday, on a two weeks visit to her daughter, Mrs. L. G. Lewis.

Theo. J. Pack, formerly a member of the Chicago fire department, is visiting his father, M. Pack, on First street.

Ypsilanti will be out of debt on the bond business in 1897, when the last installment, \$6,500, will become due.

The case of the people against Jno. Greening, who was charged with assaulting Jno. Quigley, has been settled.

Quite a number of excursionists went over the Toledo road from South Lyon to Toledo and Put-in-Bay Tuesday.

They will probably have a hot old time in Adrian to-morrow at the republican congressional convention, judging from appearance.

Republican state convention August 30, at Kalamazoo, and the temperance alliance convention at Jackson the following day.

J. D. Baldwin has already shipped about 4,000 baskets of peaches and his crop will exceed 30,000 baskets or over 6,000 bushels.

Daniel Larken, who died in Dexter last week, was 88 years of age, and had been a resident of the county for over half a century.

Gerhard Josephmans is going to work for Douglas, Henderson & Co. For many years he has been salesman in Mack & Schmidt's store.

There is no doubt water works are very much needed in this city, but they should be owned by a stock company, and will be if ever built.

The first annual fair of the Brooklyn union agricultural fair association is to be held at Brooklyn, this state, September 12, 13, 14, and 15.

The city will not pay \$5,000 for the mill race and Swathel, Kyer & Peterson, the owners, have commenced to repair the damage done by the flood.

Matthew Howard fell and broke his arm Saturday morning. Mrs. Howard is at Indianapolis, where her daughter, Mrs. C. Ruhl, is seriously ill.

The death of senator Ben Hill which was caused by a cancer, was produced by cigars, he being an inveterate smoker. Will the boys take warning?

E. B. Lewis the photographer who is to occupy the old post office building, is building a gallery 26x59 feet with a 10 foot ceiling. It will cost him \$1,000.

A. Wiley has one of the finest music rooms in the state and it is brim full of musical instruments. He has built up a fine trade, which is constantly increasing.

Adam D. Syler is the only person talked of for county treasurer on the democratic ticket. He is a popular German and well known throughout the county.

Frank Henderson was one of the lucky farmers. He secured his crops in good shape, and will have nearly 2,000 bushels of wheat and some 1,500 bushels of oats.

Senator Dorsey and Gen. Byron M. Cutcheon bear strong resemblance to each other in looks, if Dorsey's phiz as it appears in the newspapers, is any indication.

The residence of Arthur Lyons who lives on the territorial road was robbed of a quality of clothing Tuesday afternoon. The matter was reported to the sheriff.

Thus far we have heard of no opposition to the renomination of J. S. Gorman for representative. There may be other candidates, but no names have as yet been mentioned.

J. F. Stabler of near Foster's Station, advertises this week as wearing a yearling bull and two last spring calves which came into his enclosure about the middle of August.

C. C. Clark who left here last November for Massachusetts, was in the city Tuesday on his way to Ohio, where he expects to remain some time when he will return to A. A.

Judge Duffy a prominent gentleman in New York city politics, who has attended many state and national democratic conventions, has been visiting Edward and Michael Duffy.

Saline Observer: B. P. Davenport has sold his bicycle to Austin Leisner, and has ordered a larger and finer one. Austin took quickly to the "art" and already rides off in good shape.

Dr. Will G. Terry left for Washington, D. C. Tuesday where he has an appointment in the pension bureau. Chas. A. Chapin has also received his commission and will follow in a few days.

Joseph E. Carter, aged 11 years, was arrested in Saline Saturday for stealing a horse valued at \$150 from Jacob Stenale of Saline township. The boy was bound over to the circuit court.

Judge Harriman has been mentioned as a probable candidate for congress from the second district, but he does not think it would be the right thing to turn the probate office over to the republicans just now.

Samuel W. Dexter, a picture in oil colors.

Every county in Iowa has a railroad.

THE OLDEN TIME!

Incidents in the History of Washtenaw County.

THE SUBJECT OF MASONRY.

MR. EDITOR: In my paper of last week you published a challenge of Mr. Quincy to Judge Dexter, to a public discussion of masonry.

A number of your readers, and among them some prominent masons, have requested the publication of the letter of the Judge to Mr. Quincy. If you are disposed to grant the request the letter is at your service.

We cheerfully comply with the expressed desire of our friends, and print the letter this week. It takes the place of the regular paper of our correspondent on the "olden time."—[Editor.]

To Mr. Ab'm Howard Quincy of Boston.

SIR—I see by the newspapers, that you have seen fit, to challenge me to controversy, upon the character and tendency of Freemasonry. With your standing in society, I am unqualified, but unwilling to believe, that it is respectful, to have been well, if you had spoken of the persons, whom you challenge, with more courtesy than you say, that they still have some character.

It is indeed an easy and safe affair, to challenge a man, who is a thousand miles from you to appear at your door. As it is out of your power, to go to Boston, for the pleasure of meeting Mr. Quincy, we will, if you please, transfer this discussion to the newspapers; it is convenient for me, if you decline, I shall consider your challenge a mere bravado, which you never intended should be accepted.

You say, "that ancient and modern masonry, has been protected and maintained, by more patriots and benefactors of mankind, than any other institution among men. I do not doubt the power and extent of their labors; they have been able to entangle in your meshes, the high and low, the rich and poor, good and bad; never was there a more promiscuous society." Do you reject, that in common decency you received?

That it is a social institution; there is no evidence, you are sworn impiously and awfully, at the very threshold of your society. Are the members, who are hood winked, the red drawers, and other means of degradation, necessary to a social institution? Are your robes and ties, necessary? This, Sir, is a political conspiracy, and if you ask what politicians have been more successful, I will point you to our own free and happy government, to every land, where the blessings of good government have prevailed, in spite of that cancer in their bosoms, the Masonic Fraternity. What government has not much to fear from this dark combination?

You say, that it originated, from a political state of society, where reason and treason were synonymous. I have no doubt that the origin of masonry, was a combination, against every government, in whose bosom it existed. But are reason and treason synonymous in the United States? upon your own testimony the institution in question, has prevailed, against governments where reason and treason are synonymous; that it is a formidable engine against government, I do not doubt; but what a terrible crime must that have been, where such a refuge was a relief.

That must have been the situation of any people, who create the darkness and gloom of masonry was a sanctuary! Was it necessary that Masons to protect themselves from injury, should swear to protect each other? "That is the duty of every citizen, to save themselves from sanguinary laws, they should seek refuge in an institution, where every degree was guarded by capital punishment, in its most abhorrent form? Was it to escape the vengeance of government, that they strove, to meet out vengeance to each other's enemies? Was it to live in peace and security, that they were induced to conspire, and to traduce each other's characters, and point out each other to the world as unworthy and vicious vagabonds? Was it to protect life and property, that they swore to commit murder and robbery? Was it to save themselves from the vengeance of law, that they traduced each other's characters, and point out each other to the world as unworthy and vicious vagabonds? Was it to protect life and property, that they swore to commit murder and robbery? Was it to save themselves from the vengeance of law, that they traduced each other's characters, and point out each other to the world as unworthy and vicious vagabonds?

Masonry, you say, has its origin in countries, where reason and treason were synonymous; and yet prevails most, where reason and treason are not synonymous; that is, "where society is most free, refined and sentimental." Freedom, refinement and sentiment, with the halberd, the broad sword, and the drawers! Those words might have resounded in the ears of your victims, as they knelt, "duly and truly prepared," at the altar, but they found no answering echo in their hearts.

You speak of the great men who are masons. Did these men know your institution before they joined it? The amount of your boasting is that you succeeded in entrapping them, and placing them in a situation where retreat was almost impossible. It was a pit into which any man might fall, but from which hardly any man could extricate himself; who would have been the situation of Washington and Warren, had they condemned masonry, with an anti-masonic community, which they had created? They had part to act in delivering their country from foreign dominion, it was enough; they left to future times to purge those institutions, which they had established. It was necessary that there should be an example before the community, of the terrible reality of your masonic oath. The blood of an American Citizen was to be shed, and the tears of an orphan to be shed, before the people could be awakened, to the tremendous character of masonry. The obligations were that, and the result was, that a man, who had not that masonry has done what it could to sully the fair fame of these great men, we have no better proof of their integrity than that this institution did not corrupt them, but that they have yet to give up their names as the trophies of masonry; you received them blindfolded, and swore them not to divulge when the bandage was removed.

It is impossible to show all the windings of a secret society; you may have admitted those men with less degradation than the rest; it is a masonic obligation to let no candidate turn his back upon the institution; and if either fear or shame or allurements will induce him to swear the whole, his well; if not make him swear as much as you can give. I believe Washington went no farther than the three first degrees, and shall not easily be persuaded that he submitted to the custom of the lodge, and that he was a member of the lodge.

But your constitutions are now hung up to view, every man can judge for himself, of the character of these obligations. Will you say, that it was right to swear to conceal murder and commit it? Truth is forever the same, though denounced by the world; and all the great names of ancient and modern times, can take nothing from the sanctity of virtue, can give no dignity to vice. Upon the whole, it appears, that ours is the cause of equal rights and humanity, yours that of a secret and powerful institution, set apart from the world by bloody and infamous obligations, at war with those civil institutions, which are our protection here, and with those religious principles which will constitute our happiness hereafter.

SAMUEL W. DEXTER.

Every county in Iowa has a railroad.

Abstracts of Titles on Real Estate.

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LA BELLE.
BY STELLA A. GARDNER.

An old farm house, a little girl,
Leans over the window sill,
She sees the moon behind the trees,
And hears the whiff-poor-will.

The quiet place, the hour, the bird
Waits holding and unrest—
The world beyond the woodland wall
Is beautiful and best.

She softly sighs, a vision looms
Of splendor, pride, and power,
Jewels are hers—'tis royal life—
Forgotten her lonely hour.

The little girl a woman now—
In delicate forms of lace,
In glitter and sparkle of gems, look up
At the fair moon from her lace.

She softly sighs, a vision looms
Of a simple country life,
Where pure in heart she walked with God,
Unseparated by fashion's will.

Again she called from woodland haunts
The fruit anemone,
And broke from her blood-red snow-flower
The root, 'tis blood to see.

She saw herself a little girl
Lean over the window sill,
She saw the moon behind the trees,
And heard the whiff-poor-will.

"O, blessed days! O, blessed days!
O, blessed days! O, foolish days!
That yearned the world to know,
That yearned the world to know."

Oh, what its pride and pomp and power
That flourish only a day,
To the girl, look the priceless gift,
That liveth ever and aye!

Better a life with the birds and flowers
And moulding the soul I own,
The glad eternal life to win,
Than reign on fashion's throne."

FLYER, O.

TWICE LOVED.

"Come, Bessie, nurse is waiting! Run now, and let her attend to your curls, you must look very neat, or Mr. Irving will not love you. It is almost dinner time," said Bessie's mother.

Immediately the child arose, raised her sweet lips to kiss her mamma, and followed the nurse from the room.

"It is perfectly wonderful how much influence Mr. Irving has over the child! Just tell her to do anything, and say it will please him, and that is enough. I never saw anything like it," said Mrs. Wallace to a friend sitting beside her, who answered—

"I have, and I would not encourage—or rather I would endeavor to overcome that influence."

"Now, my dear Georgia, what is troubling that dear head of yours? What means that grave look and anxious light in your eyes?"

"Fannie, I'm perfectly astonished at people whose duty it is to watch over and guard their little ones, especially their girls, from all sorts of influences, and their young hearts which may grow to be thorns, and treating children as though they were void of any deeper thought and feeling than the approval of a doll or box of toys. I am sure some children of five years have hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as keenly as many of our mature years. You are shaking your head. I want to tell you a little story to prove my assertion. We have half an hour before dinner, will you listen?"

"Yes, certainly, but it must have a happy ending," answered Mrs. Wallace.

"I cannot promise, perhaps the end has not yet come. You know Hettie Le Roy?"

"I do, certainly, a lovelier girl I never knew. Why she never married has been a source of wonder to me."

"Twenty-five years ago, when just as loving, too, a young man crossed her path. We will call him Joe Hewberry. He was the classmate and dearest friend of Hettie's brother. At a party given during the Christmas holidays by Mrs. Le Roy, Joe, to please one of the girls, attached himself for the evening to Hettie, dancing with her, promenading through the rooms, with her tiny hands clasped in his, much to the annoyance of many bright-eyed maidens, who really were envious of the baby."

"Joe was handsome and very fascinating, a universal favorite with the ladies, young and old. Several mamma's tried to draw him away from his 'little love,' as he called her, and maneuvering to get her from him. But all in vain, until, wearyly the sunny head drooped, and with her arms around his neck, her sweet lips giving the good night kiss, she sank to sleep. Silently then he resigned her to her nurse's care."

"Every day from that time he came to the house. His home was quite near. At the sound of his voice Hettie sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him. I have seen her with her hands in his, looking up in his face for hours, seemingly perfectly happy."

"Of course this was noted by the family and commented upon. The child's older sisters and brothers could win her to do their will by saying, 'I'll tell Mr. Hewberry if you don't, and he won't love you then.'"

"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for him, and when the autumn days came and flowers were few, the 'little love' would watch closely the slowly opening buds, lest some one else should get them."

"So the days passed by for two years, and then for a time she was separated from the one she had grown to love so dearly."

"Better than a brother? They would sometimes ask her."

"Yes," would come the whispered answer.

"But sister?"

"Yes."

Without any hesitation she whispered answer came.

"Than father and mother?"

"And then the deep blue eyes would grow so earnest, and the pretty lips would part and close again, as if unwilling to utter the words she feared might be heard. When pressed to answer, her eyes sought mamma and papa, as if imploring their forgiveness, and 'I can't help it just a little more,' she murmured, and buried her head in Joe's bosom."

"She clung around his neck and begged to be with him when the hour of parting came. With promises of a speedy return he managed to soothe her."

"Perhaps the child might have in time been weaned from this strange attachment if they had ceased to talk to her of him. But, possessing, as it were, magic wand to guide her actions, they used it freely."

"How well I remember her as she stood eagerly watching the postman, as he came from door to door. As nearer he drew, she became more excited and anxious that her heart trembled lest she should be disappointed. But the letter came, and with a wild cry of joy she pressed it to her bosom, and ran with it for her mamma to read."

"His absence was a Christmas. He returned bringing her for a Christmas present a pretty little chain to which was attached a locket with his portrait. For Joe she learned to read, to write; for him she would grow brave, and with his hand holding hers, she had her first teeth drawn."

"When ill with fever, losing restlessness from side to side, his hand could al-

ways quiet, his voice soothing. Without a murmur she would take from him the nauseous doses.

"How will all this end?" I asked her mother once, and lightly she replied: "Oh, all right, of course. She will learn to love some one nearer her own age when the proper time comes, and he will be married long before then. He has a distant cousin whom I am inclined to think, he is engaged to. I am very sure their parents are anxious for their union."

"As Hettie grew older, a little shyness crept gradually into her manner, and she loved the love there.

Once, in a moment of confidence, she came to me and asked:

"Do you believe Mr. Hewberry loves Cora Cushing better than he loves me?"

Fred says he does—that he remained by her all the time at the party last night. I wish I was old enough to go to parties! And I wish—indeed I do—"

"What, Hettie?" I asked, as she hesitated.

"I wish Cora Cushing didn't live in this world—indeed I do! nodding her head decidedly, while striving to force back the tears."

"Oh! O, Hettie, this is dreadful!" I said, drawing her within my arms.

"Well, then, I wish Mr. Hewberry and I lived somewhere else, where Cora Cushing wouldn't come, she sobbed.

"I assured her that Joe did not love Cora Cushing; that Fred was only teasing her."

"When she was ten years old, Joe was suddenly called away by the severe illness of his nearest relative, an uncle. There was only time for a hasty good-bye, my 'little love!' Make haste to grow fast and be a tall girl when I come back, he said, kissing her."

"His going was so sudden she did not seem to realize it. I was glad it was. But how I pitied the little thing, when day after day, as she had done for years, she sat and watched."

"Maybe he might come," she said once to me.

"Letters came often to Fred, with messages of love for her, with sometimes a little note accompanying a gift. Food enough to keep her loving little heart from the suffering he gave, and fuel enough to keep the love brightly burning. But he came not, nor promise of his coming."

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew to be a beautiful maiden. Youths gathered about her, and friends had ceased to talk of Joe. Other names were mentioned as he had been, yet none could win an answering smile or blush. I knew for whom her love was kept."

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes gave way at last, and a joyous light broke forth. Joe was coming back. A letter to Fred brought the glad tidings. He wrote—

"I've a secret to tell you, dear boy. Don't—no!—I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you will rejoice for my sake, I am sure. In a few days I shall be with you."

"Again, as in her baby days, Hettie began to weep. Oh, I know her heart was singing a joyous song, though the sweet lips gave no sound."

"She stood in the porch, waiting his coming, clothed in feecy white, roses in her hair, and a bright smile playing upon her face."

"Hettie!"

"Fred came toward her. The boy's face had lost its usual look of merriment—his voice, its careless tone."

"Hettie, Joe, came by the train a while ago," he paused, darting an anxious, searching glance at his sister's face, and he was alone. I'll not let him surprise you little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his wife is with him."

"The light went out of eye and heart. The blush faded quickly on the young face, and, whiter than the dress she wore, she put forth her hand to grasp the balustrade."

"Fred sprang forward to catch her fainting form. Like a broken lily, he bore her in. And when Joe came she knew it not."

"For many days her gentle spirit hovered between the shores. Sometimes, since, I've almost regretted that it passed not away to the other and brighter one. But she was left with us for a wise purpose, I know."

"She has never seen Joe Hewberry since his marriage. Three years after she sent to his little girl who bears her name, the chain and locket she used to wear."

"Where is he now?" Mrs. Wallace asked.

"I have not heard of him for years. I know not if he lives."

"Thanks for your story, Georgia. But I wish his lesson would have been powerful."

"True, I must profit by it without delay. I will send Bessie home to-morrow with mother. The change will do her good, and break the spell."

"A few days after this George Clark came to see Bessie's mother, and said, with a bright smile—

"I've come to change the ending of my story of the other day. In fact, the girl is not dead. Here are Hettie's wedding cards; her Joe has been a widower over two years. Hear what she writes to me:

"Forgive me for keeping my happiness from you, my dear friend, but I have not been able to realize sufficiently that this great joy was for me to speak of to others. Now that it is so near, and he is with me surely I must be. You, who have known so much, must know all now. He loved and was pledged to her before he knew me. Had I known it, it would have soothed greatly the agony of bygone days."

"We were at Hettie's wedding yesterday, a happier, lovelier bride I never saw."

The Chinese Compositor.

The Chinese compositor cannot sit at his case as our printers do, but must work from one case to another constantly, as the characters needed cover such a large number that they cannot be put into anything like the space used in English newspaper offices. In setting up an ordinary piece of manuscript he uses a box of a hundred or more and then goes down a row for a few moments and then goes down stairs for a line of lower case. Then he takes the elevator and goes up into the third story for other caps, and then out into the woodshed for a basket of type compositors. The successful compositor doesn't need to be so very intelligent, but he must be a good pedestrian. He may work and walk around over the building all day to set up a stick full and then he has the people in this country couldn't read it after all.—Boomerang.

"Stole any chickens, did you, Brudder Jones?" said a searching classmate of a member of suspiciously thieving propensities. "No, sah—tak Lor." "Yus dun well," said the leader, and passed on, while "Brudder" Jones turned to "Brudder" Brown and said, "Lucky he said chickens; if he had said ducks he'd had me! Shuah!"—Old Joe.

"We'll shake once more for the quintine," as the ague said to the victim.

THE FAIRM.
JOHN'S WIFE.

If I say "Yes" to thee, John, can't I love thee?
For I'm no beauty, dear; there's plenty call me plain.
Lilies and roses don't blend their tints in my face;
I have no winking blue eyes, no wonderful grace;
But I have health and truth and youth, and I love no other but thee;
John, thou must make me all in all, or else thou must let me be.

I am no scholar, John; of art I could not speak;
I could not play or draw, and look like an ancient Greek;
I'm not aesthetic at all; I do not paint or play;
Nor could I write late or poem, no matter what the day.
But I can keep the house-plants bright, and I love no one but thee;
John, thou must take me all in all, or thou must let me be.

Come to my heart, dear girl! Give me thy sun-brown hair,
Fairer art thou to me than the fairest in the air.
Dear little womanly woman! Love shall be my share.
Love is better than witching eyes or sunny hair;
Love is better than beauty or wit; love is best;
For love is not found in the market-place; love is not bought and sold.

—Harper's Weekly.

Extraordinary Butter Products.

New England Farmer.

However little confidence we may have that the average dairy cow can be brought up to a capacity of yield equal to that reported of the few Jerseys and Guernseys, we are not so much surprised before the public, we are not sorry that men are trying to see what can be done. It is much better to be striving to have first-rate producers than to attempt to cheat and deceive others by selling inferior material on the strength of a fashionable pedigree.

On this matter of great butter yields, the *Live Stock Journal* has a few words in the July number that may interest some of those who have wondered why the butter of some of the noted cows was not different from what they had found it. The writer says:

There must also be a limit to the development of specialties for which cattle are bred, as the capacity for quantity of milk, quantity and quality of butter, and also of cheese. It may be a question whether the limit of capacity has not been already reached in some other directions than in the production of beef. There are some factors which suggest that it is possible that the limit of excellence in butter, when combined with quantity may have been reached in the Channel Islands cattle. The butter from these cattle has long been distinguished for its excellent quality and its enormous yields, but it has not been our observation that the highest excellence has appeared in the largest productions.

On the contrary, we have met with the most delicious samples of butter from cows giving not more than ten to fifteen pounds per week. Whenever the yield has reached, or approximated, three pounds per day, or much exceeded two pounds, while it has kept up or increased in color and firmness, it has often diminished in delicacy of flavor. Since the limit of butter yield is made up of different fats, hard, soft and volatile. The softer ones are found in flavor and are more easily appreciated, and predominate in moderate yields. Hard fats are hard to digest. There is more difficult for the human system to cope with than stearine, the hardest of them all. Stearine gives stiffness to butter—a quality which merchants, for obvious reasons, cultivate—but which, from its insipid and difficult digestion, is the most undesirable food constituent butter contains.

Poultry on a Large Scale.

Time beyond mention have been asked whether poultry, bred on a large scale, will pay, and why there are so many who still ask for information on the all-absorbing question we cannot say, for it has been answered scores of times. To commence with, there is undoubtedly as much in the man as in the bird. The requirements of the different things put out well, while men of opposite character and meagre mental calibre, with really good and meritorious things, could not make even a fair percentage of the profit. The kind of a man will make a success of anything, no matter how long it may take him, for he will surely crown his efforts, although it will not require so much labor, time or money, if some knowledge of the requirements of the business of breeding is first gained by experience, and to determine whether you are fitted for making it a success on a large scale, try the thing in a small way first, and if you succeed, increase it until you have the time and many fowls as you have the time and means to attend to.

One great mistake in attempting to breed poultry on a large scale is to endeavor to keep them all in one house or enclosure. Experience, time, and again, has demonstrated conclusively that it is better to keep a large number of about fifty breeding fowls in one house; and that, if you want to breed two hundred fowls, to divide them into flocks of fifty each, giving each lot a separate house and grounds to run on. Aside from any other reason, such a very prudent way of doing, for if disease strikes one flock, there is a possibility of the other flocks escaping, while if they were all together, there would be a moral certainty of the entire lot being swept away in a few days, for the cholera soon does its work, and seems to delight in attacking and killing the large flocks first. We have merely thrown out hints to those who contemplate breeding poultry on a large scale, for we have no trust that what we have said will serve to make them proceed with caution, for all rash ventures are apt to result disastrously, and discouragement and loss naturally follow.—Poultry Monthly.

The Gape Worm.

After a careful investigation into scientific works on kindred species of internal parasites, I have come to the conclusion that the natural history of the gape worm is as follows: That in the spring of the year the young poultry, in their search for insects for food amongst decayed vegetable matter, swallow the eggs or very small worms, which in about four or six weeks attain their full size, and produce their fatal effects. I have years ago, in many times examined them under a compound microscope, as taken out of the windpipes of poultry that had just died from the cause. They were always found in great numbers, generally between five and eighteen in number, of a reddish color, chiefly over half an

inch in length; a few cases of twice this size, cylindrical in form, and wide as curious, in all thus examined were forked or divided at one end, having the appearance of possessing two heads on long necks, one of which is supposed to be especially used to fasten itself to the wall of the gape. The worm, as may be well known to those who have endeavored to detach them by means of feathers, thread of horse hairs. They were found to be chiefly females (the males being considerably smaller) filled with eggs, and having arrived at their growth, now desire to emerge to enter more particularly into rich, moist ground, to take their deposits, to re-appear the following spring. No doubt if these worms were merely killed and thrown on the ground like mature eggs, they would probably remain uninjured, and when decomposition sets in the young embryos will sooner or later escape from the shell, migrate into the soil or some congenial matter, and ultimately find their way again into the gape of the fowls, and so on, and so on, and so on.—Bucks Co. Intelli-gence.

The Manchester Strawberry.

New Eng. Farmer.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Hale of South Glastonbury, Conn., we received a year ago a few plants of the New Manchester Strawberry for trial, together with three other varieties, Sharpless, Hart's Seedling and Windsor Chief. They are all good plants and started well, but a portion were destroyed by the white grub, which is making such sad havoc among the strawberry beds in some portions of New England. The plants, however, are not with very few losses and have given us our chief supply of fruit this season. It was the earliest to bloom of any variety we happened to have, and as it is purely a pistillate the early blossoms were quite perfectly formed, and of an irregular and imperfect-shaped fruit, but the later bloom was well supplied with pollen from the adjoining rows of perfect flowers, and the fruit has been wonderfully abundant, while the quality is highly satisfactory, much superior to the other varieties, and varieties grown. If it does as well in future as it has done this season, and succeeds as well on a variety of soils as it has on our dry loam, it must become one of the leading varieties for general use. It is a native of the State, and its plants grow near, and they should be of an early variety. Probably the Wilson would be as good as any for the purpose. The Sharpless has not borne a very full crop with us this year, neither has the Hart's Seedling, and it is, of course, an assumed variety, and it is not clear that it much resembles the old Champion, which has produced well, and is a fine acid berry. It will not do to pronounce decidedly upon any new thing from one year's trial, but the Manchester certainly bids fair to become a favorite.

Emerson as a Practical Man.

Harper's Magazine.

The raciest testimony that ever came within my knowledge as to the soundness of Emerson in practical matters was delivered by a study, stalwart Vermont farmer in a car on the Fitchburg road. He was a man of about the age of one of three hundred miles, and when I took my seat in the car I felt that my fellow passenger would give me no such glimpses into their characters as would be afforded by a ride of ten miles in the stage-coach. In a railroad car the passengers are gloomily reticent, as if they expected to be launched into eternity at any moment. The recognition of the all-fury of gossip, and reveal themselves while praising or censuring others. There were two persons in front of me, mightily in bulk, but apparently too much absorbed in their own reflections to speak to each other. The train, as usual, stopped at Concord. Then one of the giants turned to the other, and said, "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town."

"Y-ya-s," was the drawing rejoinder; "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of considerable property."

This apposite judgment was made when Emerson's essays had been translated into most of the languages of the world, and his reputation as a writer of his genius was even more colossal abroad than it was among his few thousands of appreciative admirers at home; but the shrewd Yankee who uttered it was more impressed by his thrift than by his thinking. He belonged to the respectable race of decentralists, and was evidently puzzled to understand how a transcendentalist could acquire "property."

Ten Thousand Clerks.

The government and its employees bear a relation to our city somewhat similar to that of a college of its students to the little town of Concord, where it is located. There are enough officeholders who are residents of Washington to make a good sized city of themselves. In the various departments the work goes on the same from one year's end to the other, and one would scarcely realize how great the number of employes in the various departments is. The number is about 10,000. This is exclusive of the capital, city postoffice, and district government offices. This body of government employes form not only a large but a very intelligent and agreeable element of the population of Washington. A large proportion of them are people of high education, refinement, and their presence would be an acquisition to any community.

The remuneration of the employes of the departments varies somewhat, but generally the salaries range from \$900 to \$2,000 for clerical work, the latter being given to those who occupy responsible or particularly important positions. Aside from the regular pay of a great many of whom are ladies. The latter are hard-worked and they work well and receive the smallest remuneration, but the wolf is kept from the door of many a family by their earnest endeavors. A great many of them once belonged to families of wealth, but reverse came, and they are glad to be able to work for a living. In the treasury department there are 500 lady clerks; and in the bureau of engraving and printing as many more. In the treasury and interior departments changes are most frequent, and it is there mostly that women are employed, and every now and then there are rumors of pending changes which excite their hearts fluttering with dread until the danger is over.

A position in the state department is considered a permanent thing. It is run on a plan similar to our army and navy. When some one dies promotions take place, and there is a chance for the entire lot being swept away in a few days, for the cholera soon does its work, and seems to delight in attacking and killing the large flocks first. We have merely thrown out hints to those who contemplate breeding poultry on a large scale, for we have no trust that what we have said will serve to make them proceed with caution, for all rash ventures are apt to result disastrously, and discouragement and loss naturally follow.—Poultry Monthly.

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Pearl Fishing in the Indian Ocean.

When cholera and its attendant quarantine forced us to abandon the trip to Baghdad, we lost a chance of seeing the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf. Here again, in Ceylon, we were fated to miss the same coveted sight. The location of the pearl banks is the bay of Candahar, less than a hundred and fifty miles north of Colombo. The magnitude of this interest, which is a state monopoly, no town of any extent marks the favored vicinity, and the surrounding landscape is parched, flat and inhospitable. Yet when it is announced, after an official inspection, that fishing will be permitted during certain months, the people of the sparsely peopled places, and the neighboring coast, and a multitude of natives come from the interior.

At a given signal, that all may fare equally well, the exciting work begins. Hundreds of divers, ready with their sinking stones, ropes and baskets, in a few minutes are in the water, and they resurface, breathless from the long immersion, with their baskets full of the peculiar mollusks which bear the precious gems. Then another set descends into the depths, each craft having several, and so on till the boats are laden. The divers are sometimes attacked by sharks and obliged to use their knives in self defense.

When the oysters are landed a division is made. The boatmen receive either a third or a fourth as their share (I am in doubt which) while the government generously takes the remainder. Those belonging to the colony are at once disposed of at auction, in lots of a thousand. The result of the auction, of course, is an assessed revenue. But such is not the position of the buyer. His purchase is distinctly a speculation. There is no certainty that it will yield in pearls enough to exceed the amount of his outlay. He could bid for unclaimed express packages with equal hope of profit. A hundred oysters may not contain a solitary pearl, and yet, for three might be worth one shell.

The mollusks are allowed to putrefy in the burning sun, and are then carefully washed, to extract the dainty jewels from the foul dross. During this odorous process the owner must be ever vigilant, or his workmen will be full of his choice treasures. In truth, pearl fishing is a mining, and a dangerous one, and one which requires a precarious occupation.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Old William Sharpey used to tell his grandson that the characters of Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow were taken from real life. Ichabod Crane was Sam Young, a pedagogue and pettifogger, who went no one knew whither; Brom Bones was Abraham Tassel, long since called to his fathers, who lived three miles from Tarrytown, and Katrina Van Tassel—well, she was Katrina Van Tassel, Irving, who made the story what it is, occasioned by the fact that Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, a plain marble slab at the head of it bears the simple inscription: "Washington Irving, born April 3, 1783; died November 18, 1859. Three oaks and a cedar shade the plot, which is thick with the graves of the Irvings. The relic-hunter has left his mark on Irving's grave. The headstone and footstone have been chipped off until they present a ragged appearance. The plot, which is surrounded by a hedge, looks down on the place where the old bridge crossed the river. At Irving's home, Sunnyside, everything is just as it was when he died, except the pond, which is no longer there. When Irving died he wished no costly stone raised to honor him.

Work and Play.

Play has been defined as doing for the sake of doing, while work is doing for its own sake but for the sake of what it does. Work looks to results, and it is the end that crowns it. There is no pleasure in the doing of it, but in the result. But here, in the new, ladies of such an age seem to deem themselves shamed as to making room for all the guests expected to dinner. "Why, let those girls (indicating two pretty young ladies) take their dinner at luncheon time," said an old peeress, "and come down to the drawing-room in the evening. We don't want good talkers at dinner; we want good talkers at luncheon. This old lady was a famous London dinner-giver, and loved a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Lord Salisbury, who stands at the head of the great society leaders in London to-day, is 57; Lady Derby is about the same age, and many others conspicuous as agreeable entertainers at the same period of life could be cited. 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