

National Democratic Convention.

The National Democratic Convention... The National Democratic Convention...

CLEVELAND is losing ground.

Butler or Blaine is the war cry.

The democrats of Ohio are for Hood.

The pansy will be a long time Flowering.

The Illinois democracy instructed for Tilden.

The Irish World comes out flat footed for Ben Butler.

With twenty candidates in the field Ben Butler leads the van.

BEN BUTLER is to be given a grand ovation on his arrival at Chicago.

In California Field is the unanimous choice of the democracy for president.

The Butler boom is just booming.

In the language of an ex-methodist divine, let her rip, rip, rip.

THERE is some talk that the old ticket that was elected in 1876, Tilden and Hendricks, will be renominated.

In Detroit Wednesday night there was a large Butler demonstration.

It is estimated that the prohibition candidate for president, Gov. St. Johns, of Kansas will receive at least three votes in this city.

O'BRIAN J. ATKINSON, of Port Huron, comes out in favor of Ben F. Butler for president.

THE New York democracy 720 strong will attend the convention next week in the interest of Cleveland.

It looks a little strange that Thos. A. Hendricks would not accept the nomination for governor of Indiana.

EVERY man not unbiased by his prejudices must have come to the conclusion by this time, that there is only one man the democratic national convention can nominate that can be elected president, and that man is Gen. B. F. Butler.

GEN. HANCOCK was defeated in New York. McClellan was a New York man, so was Horatio Seymour and Samuel J. Tilden, the later was elected, but the fraud, Hayes, now retired to private life, officiated as president for four years.

County Treasurer's Monthly Report for June.

RESOURCES.

Delinquent County Tax... 96 95

Ann Arbor City... 181 33

Ann Arbor City... 175 98

Ann Arbor City... 227 45

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of the jail Sunday, a prisoner was being

planted to death.

Mrs. Wm. Hulbert and Mrs. H. Warner,

of Chicago, and Miss J. Conking,

of Tecumseh, are the guests of Mr. and

Mrs. J. W. Hulbert.

Miss Nettie B. Ames, for several years

a pupil teacher in our public schools,

has resigned to accept a more lucrative

position in the schools of Minneapolis.

The following officers were elected

Wednesday evening by the blue ribbon

club: President, M. F. Guinon; vice-

presidents, Mrs. McCollum and Mrs.

Winslow; secretary, R. Gray; treasurer,

C. H. Worden; sergeant-at-arms, Hiram

Weeks; door tender, Robert Winslow.

The prisoners of the Ionia house of

correction give a minstrel entertainment

in the prison to-morrow night.

The program is prolific. The general

manager is Tom Roberts, for a long time

with Barnum's circus. J. Kelly, sent

enced by Judge Joslyn for stealing a

ride in a freight car takes part. Nat

Woods, a 15 year man is also one of the

actors. Charles Albert, the great leg-

demonist, will introduce some wonder-

ful feats of jugglery. Messrs. Kang, De-

lancey, Penney and Hanson, song and

dance men, will sing "Down by the Gar-

den Wall." The entertainment will con-

clude with the pantomime of "The Magic

Pen." E. P. Gaffney will take the part

of the Judo.

The Statesman takes pleasure this

week in presenting for the favorable

consideration of the democracy of Iowa,

at their next state convention, the name

of J. E. Henriques, of this city, as their

candidate for state treasurer. The

democracy of Marshall county and

most in the Fifth District, Mr. Henriques

needs no introduction. Here he has

long been known as a most zealous, en-

thusiastic and intelligent democrat, hold-

ing the confidence and admiration of

his party, and commanding the respect

of his opponents. As to qualifications

he is eminently fitted; one of the pro-

prietors of the city bank—one of the

largest banking houses in Central Iowa—

his experience has been most fitting and

in keeping with the duties required by

that office; holding the confidence as

does this bank of all its many hundreds

of patrons, his candidacy would bring to

the credit of the ticket a faith and

character that could not be marred by

any tinge of reproach or commercial

disapproval. The Statesman feels justifi-

cally that aside from favorable location, Mr.

Henriques' candidacy would bring a

strength to the ticket that would be

hard to supplant by that of any other

name. Marshall (Iowa) Statesman. Mr.

Henriques was formerly a resident of this

city.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts,

Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,

Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands,

Chilblains, Itching, Eruptions, and

positively cures Piles, or no pay

required. It is guaranteed to give

perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.

Price 25 cents per box. For sale by

Eberbach & Son.

Who are the human race like an

auctioneer's goods? Because they are

always going, going, gone.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes:

"I never hesitate to recommend your

Electric Bitters to my customers, they

give entire satisfaction and are rapid

and best medicine known and will

positively cure kidney and liver

complaints. Purify the blood and

regulate the bowels. No family can

afford to be without them. They will

save hundreds of dollars in doctor's

bills every year. Sold at

fifty cents a bottle by Eberbach & Son.

Any man can make money—go.

Wide Awake Druggists.

Messrs. Eberbach & Son are always

alive to their business, and spare no

pains to secure the best of every

article in their line. They have secured

the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's

New Discovery for Consumption. The

only certain cure known for consump-

tion, coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma,

hay fever, bronchitis, or any affection

of the throat and lungs. Sold on a

positive guarantee. Trial bottles free.

Regular size \$1.00.

Men of the hours—Day laborers.

IS FREN BETTER THAN PHYSIC?—FREN

is excellent; a hearty laugh is known

the world over to be a health promo-

ter, but fun does not fill the bill when a

man needs physic; on the other hand

people take too much physic. They

would be more healthy, live longer and

enjoy life thoroughly if they used Dr.

James' Food. It cures all the common

blood disorders, indigestion, kidney

and liver troubles, removes pimples,

and is a perfect tonic. Can be taken by

the most delicate. Only 50 cents a bottle,

at Eberbach & Son.

Why are ladies eyes like friends

separated by colds, hoarseness, asthma,

hay fever, bronchitis, or any affection

of the throat and lungs. Sold on a

positive guarantee. Trial bottles free.

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A clean record—The laundry bill.

It costs nearly double to manufacture

DeLandy's Chemical Baking Powder,

which is made from Cream Tartar and

Soda only, than it does those filled with

starch, flour and other dead weights.

Small manufacturers, to avoid the

expense of Cream Tartar, use Ammonia,

Alum, Tartaric Acid, etc. You can de-

tect the impure ones by boiling in water

a small quantity. The ammonia will

produce an odor; alum also, and lastly,

the starch and filling will not

disappear, while Cream Tartar and

Soda will leave clear water.

NEW MARKET

C. W. VOCEL, Proprietor,

(Late of Chelsea.)

Thomas Mathews' Old Stand,

on First Street.

Fresh and Salt Meats kept on hand.

C. W. VOCEL.

JAMES E. HARKINS,

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Ann Arbor Post Office.
Ann Arbor Time.
OFFICE HOURS:
General Delivery..... 7:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.
Sundays..... 9:00 to 10:00 a. m.
MAILS CLOSE:
GOING EAST:
Lock pouch to Detroit..... 7:00 a. m.
Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O..... 10:25 a. m.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 10:40 p. m.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 8:00 p. m.
GOING WEST:
Detroit Jackson & Niles..... 7:25 a. m.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 10:10 a. m.
Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O..... 10:25 p. m.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 8:00 p. m.
GOING SOUTH:
South Lyon & Toledo R. P. O..... 9:40 a. m.
Lock pouch to Toledo..... 7:15 a. m.
South Lyon & Toledo R. P. O..... 10:40 p. m.
MAILS DISTRIBUTED:
EASTERS:
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 7:45 a. m.
Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O..... 11:00 a. m.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 8:00 p. m.
GOING WEST:
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 7:45 a. m.
Detroit & Grand Rapids R. P. O..... 11:00 a. m.
Detroit & Chicago R. P. O..... 8:00 p. m.
GOING SOUTH:
South Lyon & Toledo R. P. O..... 9:40 a. m.
Lock pouch from Toledo..... 7:45 a. m.
Ann Arbor & Whitmore Lake mail closes 9:30 a. m., and is distributed 9:30 p. m.

Ann Arbor Skating Rink!
Commencing Monday, June 1st, the Rink, the coolest place one can find, will only be open on Wednesdays and Saturdays afternoons (5:30 P. M. to 8:00 P. M.). Ladies will be admitted free but charged the usual price to skate.
Our Rink is very open and well ventilated, and it requires no little effort to skate that persons need not be afraid of warm weather.
Every effort will be made to make it the most enjoyable place of the city.
Expensive improvements will be made this summer ready for next season's business.
During Commencement week the Rink will be open every afternoon and evening except Wednesday. Music on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Admission: Ladies, 10 cts., gent's the usual price.
J. E. WYMAN & CO., Props.
M. SHERMAN, Manager.

MASONIC DIRECTORY.
Any Mason Over 18 Years of Age, No. 15—Meets first Tuesday of each month. W. G. Doty, E. C. W. A. Tolchard, Recorder.
Warranted Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M.—Meets first Monday of each month. T. P. Wilson, H. P. J. Roach, Secretary.
Gleason's Blue Lodge, No. 159, F. and A. M.—Meets first Thursday of each month. John A. Gates, W. M., N. D. Gates, Secretary.
Farrington Lodge, No. 392, F. and A. M.—Meets first Wednesday of each month. W. D. Harriman, W. M., C. J. Euel, Secretary.

Ann Arbor Democrat.
FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1884.

JOTTINGS.
New mown hay.
Watch for the balloon to-day.
Harvest hands are in demand.
L. J. Pasquella has gone to Petoskey.
Thomas Boyd still lingers in Detroit.
The Harugerie's picnic at the park to-day.
Prof. O. Welner is putting in the week fishing.
A. J. Sawyer is in New York, visiting friends.
Business around the court house is not very brisk.
C. T. Ward, of Adrian, is rustreating in the city.
The Butler men of the third ward will raise a pole.
The woods around Milan are full of Butler men.
The Krause Tanning Co. re-elected the old directors.
The farmers will commence harvesting wheat next week.
Adolph Hoffstetter is working on the Adrian court house.
Ed. Russell will remain in the city during the summer.
George Moore is building a residence on the old jail square.
Mrs. White, of Genesee Falls, is the guest of Mrs. M. Wigle.
The county treasurer's report will be found in another column.
William Sweeney, of Jackson, was home on a visit last week.
Kuebler & Gruner will start their furniture factory next week.
There will be a special meeting of the board of regents July 16.
W. E. Walker will spend the 4th in the city, visiting his old haunts.
Mrs. George Kingsley, of Palo, Kas., is visiting friends in the city.
J. J. Walker shipped two terrier dogs to Helena, Montana, Monday.
Miss Frankie Sweeney and Miss Nellie Barry spend the 4th in Detroit.
The land league have a picnic in Bower's grove on Miller-ave., to-day.
Wm. Kalmbach, of Salem, will in a day or so go to Dakota to reside.
There is some talk that an ice cream parlor is to be opened on Ann-st.
There is every prospect of an average wheat crop in Washtenaw county.
Charles Edwards will be the janitor for the opera house another season.
Charles Sibley, of Lansing, has been visiting his people on West Huron-st.
Geo. Camp's horse ran away Wednesday, and smashed the wagon to pieces.
Myron Williams, of Marysville, St. Clair county, died in this city Friday.
In some sections the potato bug is doing a vast deal of injury to the prairie.
The management will open the skating rink to-day, afternoon and evening.
The population of Ann Arbor Town is 1,300, or 100 less than the census of 1880.
The red ribbon choir indulge in a basket picnic at Whitmore Lake to-morrow.
The board of health should see that the law relative to fire escapes is enforced.
Jas. Gullet, of Milan, is also a candidate for sheriff on the democratic ticket.
Chris. T. Donnelly sold during the month of June 4,000 pounds of fresh fish.
D. F. Allmendinger is building two parlor organs for parties in East Saginaw.
Prof. Hamilton, of Bucyrus, O., is spending his vacation in this beautiful city.
The new bowling alley of Bliss & Bliss on Main-st., is a favorite resort for the boys.
Mrs. Wm. G. Doty, of Manchester, has been visiting her son, probate register Doty.
The Michigan Central has put in a side track running above Hangsterfer's ice house.
It is about time that the ordinance relating to cattle running at large, was enforced.
Miss Dansey Burlingh who was injured by being thrown from a horse, is much better.

Eureka Commandery K. T., of Detroit, will take part in the 1st of August celebration.
The farmers are just now terribly busy, hence trade in all branches is a little slow.
Harry Conant, secretary of state, and Burt Parker, of Monroe, were in the city Tuesday.
John Quigley, formerly of Northfield, moved Saturday into the third ward, on Spring-st.
Prof. Otis Johnson intends to build a house on Monroe-st., and is excavating the cellar.
Wm. Herz, H. Hutzel and F. Pistorius were witnesses in the U. S. court, Detroit, Tuesday.
J. Morwick is raising his house, making it two stories. A. H. Hammond does the work.
Geo. Dalton put in his appearance Tuesday. He has been in Chicago for some time.
Friday morning the residence of Prof. DuPont was damaged to the amount of \$50 by fire.
E. B. Hudson, of the Cook house, is entertaining a number of friends at Whitmore Lake.
The new hook and ladder company go to Saline to participate in the 4th of July exercises.
Col. John Atkinson is expected to be present at the celebration of the colored people in August.
Miss Julia Schiappacasse, of Detroit, is the guest of her brother G. Schiappacasse, for a few days.
There are a number of our citizens who will attend the democratic national convention next week.
The elevator of Swathel, Kyer & Peterson on North Main-st., is being pushed rapidly to completion.
Prof. Sage was thrown from his wagon one day last week, and now goes around with his arm in a sling.
Fred Schulz and Adam Goetz, typists in the Register office, have gone to Chicago to look for a "sit."
Robert Mitchell will take board at hotel de Wallace for 90 days for assaulting a little colored girl.
Abbie A. Pond is no longer in the employ of the school board, having resigned her position as teacher.
The July meeting of the pomological society will be omitted on account of the pressure of business.
George Leonard, in the employ of the Canada Southern railroad was in the city the first of the week.
Several members of the bicycle club intend taking a ride to Saline, and from there to Ypsilanti to-day.
Sed James' dog was poisoned Monday.
Frank Blanchard, of Brooklyn, arrived in the city Tuesday night.
Mr. Will Haylow and Miss Maggie Dawson were married in St. Joseph church, Dexter, Tuesday.
The first ward shows a population of 2,037, second, 1,399, third, 1,301, fourth, 1,443, fifth, 697, sixth, 1,001.
Albert Markley was fined \$13.50 Tuesday for assaulting and battering Deputy Fred Wallace. Fine paid.
People should have their shot guns, rifles, tomahawks, and revolvers ready, as there are thieves in the city.
We were evidently wrongly informed as to Z. Swet's candidacy for alderman. He wants sheriff or nothing.
Miss Flora P. Watkins, of Bay City, is spending a few days with Mr. T. B. Blackmer, of West Liberty-st.
Prof. Prof. of the Or-hard Lake Military Academy, is spending his vacation with his father in the sixth ward.
We are indebted to Amos Spokes for copies of the Northampton Mercury. The paper was established in 1720.
Andrew DeForest has vacated his rooms in the postoffice building, and has moved into a house on Division-st.
Harry Hawley severs his connection with the Register this week. He will be succeeded by W. B. Chamberlain.
Wm. Barry, who was charged with stealing a watch was discharged as the prosecuting witness failed to appear.
J. H. Hicks, who is undoubtedly one of the greatest travellers in this section, has gone to Hillsdale county on a visit.
John Shank, of Pittsfield, had a barn raising Wednesday. Over a hundred persons were present. Beer flowed freely.
Frank Weth-rby had his arm broken Saturday by being thrown from a wagon while crossing the track of the Michigan Central.
The alarm of fire Monday night was caused by the curtains taking fire in C. J. Durheim's rooms over Wines & Worden's store.
Attention is called to the new advertisement of Albert Sorg, who succeeds F. & A. Sorg, the oldest paint house in the county.
Hon. Thomas M. Cooley was in Adrian Saturday, and delivered the address at the laying of the corner stone of the new court house.
John Schumacher, for seven years president of the red and blue ribbon clubs, has been relieved. M. F. Gibson succeeds him.
Miss Downer, who has been teaching school in the northern part of the state, will spend her vacation with her mother, Mrs. S. A. Downer.
Arrangements are being perfected, and there is now every indication that there will be a large number of colored people in this place August 1.
Wm. Walsh, T. McKone, T. F. Leonard, P. O'Hearn, J. Schmidt, Jas. Gauntlet and Fred Wallace are democratic candidates for sheriff.
Mrs. Oliver Bird's residence on Ingalls-st., C. J. Gardner, builder, will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,500 and will be completed September 1.
Rev. Dan B. Shier speaks before the blue ribbonites this afternoon and evening. After the address in the evening there will be a concert and social.
R. K. Ailes & Co. shipped this week to Tennessee three car loads of flour. The firm employ 18 men and run night and day. They manufacture their own barrels.
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Loss and Gain.
An April landscape flushed with tender green.
A level, broken by a broad, clear creek
That meets the maple trees, and in the
When the sun is low, and the
house lights
Within the prospect, sitting by the way
A cupped chalice, best now in unobscured
Raises a sweet, glad face to my unhappy
eyes.
Over the light-footed children run
With merry laughter, but this blessed one
Fettered, and her eyes are dim with
I accept the reason that I see
With even to the end of my life?
"Happy is he that, knowing, finds a
—Margaret Bradshaw.

From Shaw'ow to Sunshine.
One morn'g I stole upon a little brook
Seeming as though by shadows sheltered,
And sought far down into its breast to look
At its bed of sand or pebbles known;
But as I bent I caught a mournful gleam
Of a dim face, and knew it was my own.
I turned away, nor cared it sand or stream
Lays forth the face of my own soul.
Where the same brook went dancing in the
light.
Of merry sunbeams, 'twas a lovely sight
My shadow now, and thoughts of self were
gone.
And well I know the pebbles were below,
Because the little waves were laughing so.
—Louis V. Boyd.

IN A MOMENT OF PIQUE.
"You're too good a fellow to be trifled with, Allan," said Charley Leonard in a tone of measured confidence. "I hate to see a woman make a fool of you, and Nora Lindsey."
"What makes you think she's making a fool of me?" Allan asked, in a quiet way that quite concealed the depth of his feelings.
"My dear boy, you must look at these things in a common-sense light. Miss Merle is a friend of my sister's in Cambridge; you are—"
"Well, you know very well, Allan, that, from a worldly point of view, you are poor, like myself."
"I have a few thousands, Charley; and then, there's my profession. I could support a wife comfortably on my income. I have given her a woman. I have loved me."
"Yes, if—If that's just it," cried Charley, springing up and pacing the room with a restless stride. "Women don't love nowadays—not with their hearts, at least. It is all fancy!"
Allan looked up, half-quizzically.
"Ah, I thought that something behind all the pique," he said. "You have been playing with the divine fire again. You and your Dulcinea are out!"
"Don't joke about it, Al, for Heaven's sake! It's a home-bred ailment. Three weeks ago, I thought my happiness was assured. The woman I loved had promised to marry me; and I, for the merest trifle, she has cast me aside. No wonder I have no faith in women or their professions."
"I'm sorry to hear of Charley—indeed I am—and I hope it may only prove a lover's quarrel. But you must not expect me to share your doubts. I will not deny it; I love Nora Lindsey with my whole soul, and I intend to ask her to be my wife."
"Well, I wish you success, Al. Forgive me for meddling, I only—"
The door opened, and a rough old fellow came lumbering in—one of Allan's clients.
"Charley picked up his hat and left, with the brief remark:
"I'll see you later."
It was while Allan was engaged with this client that the postman came in and threw down upon the desk a thick envelope with a graceful script inscription that contrasted strongly with the careless dashing style of his business correspondence.
Allan's heart bounded.
His patience hardly lasted till he was alone and had opened the letter.
It was rather longer than Miss Lindsey's favors usually were—two full sheets, beginning: "My dear Mr. Westlock," and ending: "Your friend always—Nora Lindsey."
"Your letter," said Allan, "is a feast, as it is said on the first page. A feast is a pretty place, but horribly dull in winter. I shall be so glad to get back to Cambridge! It was very kind of you to ask me to go and see Bernard next Wednesday. It will give me great pleasure to do so."
The letter rambled on in a pleasant way till the bottom of the fourth page, when there was a complete break.
The second sheet did not go with the first at all. Neither the words nor the ink were in any way connected.
Allan turned it over and over in new bewilderment, and finally held it perfectly still, when these lines stared him straight in the face:
"I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock, and intending to tell him that she is utterly unworthy of me. You told me so, but at first—"
"Oh, my dear boy, you are responsible!" Charley cried. "She is the noblest woman I know. You love her and she loves you. Allan, I know it."
"Impossible!"
"I tell you it is true."
"You're beside yourself, Charley. And if it were true, what then? Two days hence I shall marry Miss Merle."
"No, you will not!" Charley cried excitedly. "You shall not wreck the happiness of four lives at once! There is a woman who loves you, and you must—
"You shall! Blanche Merle was to have been my wife—not yours! It is I whom she loves—not you!"
"You, Charley? Was it she who—"
"Yes, it was she! How dared you attempt to steal her from me?" Allan's face was very white.
"Why did you not tell me before?" he cried.
"Do not stand there railing at me! Go to! Go to Blanche at once!"
"You may come."
"You both presented yourselves at Miss Merle's an hour later, but Allan asked to see her alone, and was shown up-stairs to the room where the portrait he started back, for in the center of the room stood Miss Lindsey.
"Good-by, Blanche," she was saying. "I shall not be at the wedding, but I wish you every joy."
"What, Miss Lindsey?" Allan cried out. "I have something to say to you!"
"Mr. Westlock!" she stammered, while every vestige of color forsook her lovely face, and Blanche stood by in mute surprise.
"Miss Merle," Allan went on abruptly. "I have known ever since you promised to be my wife that I have no hold whatever upon your heart. Today I have heard what leads me to suppose that you have intended to engage with me in a moment of pique. Is it true?"
Blanche sank down into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.
At the same moment Charley Leonard confronted her with a white and desperate face.
"Tell him the truth before it is too late!" he said hoarsely. "You love me, Blanche. You belong to me!"
"Yes!" she gasped, flinging herself upon his breast, and bursting into tears. "Oh, Charley, Charley! Why did you take me at my word? Why did you go away?"
"I have a couple of respectable relief came over my face."
"Thank God it is not too late!" he said fervently. "Blanche, you are free. Forgive me, but I have never loved you. I—ah—Miss Lindsey, are you still here?"
The slight graceful figure swayed forward, and fell half-fainting into his arms.
"Come away!" Charley whispered. "Allan was left alone with the lovely white face resting upon his breast.
Her delicate eyelids unclosed in a moment, and she struggled to support

of gaiety.
"I will go—for a little while," she assented.
And Allan went for a carriage, while she arrayed herself in a brilliant ball costume.
"Then she came downstairs again, a robe of shimmering white satin, embroidered with forget-me-nots, trailed after her.
Her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy; her cheeks were flushed, and a cloud of lace enveloped her bosom about it.
"She is very lovely to look upon," murmured Allan Westlock; "but—"
The image of Nora Lindsey's dark bewitching face, framed in a mass of glossy, wavy hair, her red lips and dazzling smile, full smooth throat of creamy olive, clasped by diamonds scarcely brighter than her eyes—it rose up before him.
"But she snubbed his teeth and tried to bash even her name from his memory."
The night wore on.
Blanche Merle's "little while" grew longer, and when, towards the dawn of day, she rode home, pale, weary, and with a sickly smile, she was Allan Westlock's promised wife.
The engagement was announced in due form the following week. Society was taken by surprise, but the wedding day was fixed, and there could be no more about it.
The weeks dragged on, and cards came out finally for the marriage of Miss Merle and Mr. Westlock.
Two days before the wedding, Charley Leonard sat in his office, resting his gray white face in his hand, when the door opened to admit a lady, heavily veiled.
"You are Mr. Leonard?" she queried somewhat nervously, but in a voice that awakened echoes in his memory; "I am a friend of—of—Mr. Westlock's, I believe?"
"I used to count myself so," Charley answered with singular bitterness; "but—"
"Then you will oblige me," she went on hastily. "I am a friend of Mr. Westlock's too, and in view of his approaching marriage, I wish to make a settlement in his favor. But, for reasons of my own, I do not wish him to know to whom he is indebted. Here are two thousand pound bonds which—"
"Two thousand pounds!" Charley cried. "Are you in earnest, madame?"
"Here are the bonds," she said rather peremptorily as she stretched out one little gloved hand, and laid the pack on the table.
"As she did so Charley caught the flash of a magnificent rose-diamond, the owner of which was quite well known to him.
"Miss Lindsey!" he cried. "Is it possible?"
She drew back with a start, but straightened up proudly the next moment, and threw back her veil.
"Yes, it is I," she said with queenly dignity. "I have the right to give him this money if I wish."
"But, Miss Lindsey, consider. Have you thought—"
"Thought!" she burst forth passionately. "I have thought of anything else, day after day, for weeks past. Do as I ask you. The money is for Allan. Give it to him, but swear to me that you will not tell him it is I who—"
"Do not excite yourself so, Miss Lindsey. You are ill, you—"
"From what, you will not tell him!" she cried frantically.
"No, no; certainly not."
Her passion subsided in a moment. "There is only one thing more I have to ask of you," she said abruptly. "Forgive me. Let it be as though it never had been."
"If you wish it," Charley answered. "And he had barely uttered the words ere she was gone.
On the table lay the packet of bonds. "She had left her hand on it. It was Allan who was trifling with her."
That evening, for the first time in months, he called upon Allan.
"Where have you been hiding yourself?" he asked, looking at a hand which Charley ignored entirely. "I cannot shake hands with you, Allan," he said abruptly. "I am sure you are not the knave I have been led to suppose you are."
"Why did you lie to me about Miss Lindsey? You told me you meant to ask her to be your wife."
A change came over Allan's face, and for a moment he looked at his friend sadly.
"Oh," he said, "I wouldn't say this to anyone but you. I am wretched. I love Nora Lindsey with my whole soul, and I have found out that she is utterly unworthy of me. You told me so, but at first—"
"Oh, my dear boy, you are responsible!" Charley cried. "She is the noblest woman I know. You love her and she loves you. Allan, I know it."
"Impossible!"
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"You're beside yourself, Charley. And if it were true, what then? Two days hence I shall marry Miss Merle."
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"Sit down," he said, drawing her into a chair, "and tell me, once for all, did you mean what you said in this letter?"
Then he gave her the sheet to read.
"There was some mistake," she faltered, "for you wrote to me, and Blanche on the same afternoon; I sent you part of her letter, and her part of yours; but indeed I did not say this—that—that—Oh, there was something left out! I am sure there was—something on the other sheet. I forgot to bring it."
Allan caught her hand in his.
"Nora," he said in deep thrilling tones, "the loss of you nearly killed me, for I worship you with my whole soul. There has been some mistake, but one thing you did say. You said you would not marry a man who did not love you. Darling, may I—dare I hope you will marry me?"
He gathered her into his arms as he said, and her lips were so close that he could easily hear the half-whispered "Yes!"
"What means?" he asked tenderly. "That I love you very much."
The last ray of doubt was cleared away, and Charley Leonard's heart leaped to catch out what she called the "epistolary puzzle."
"You know me too well to think that I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock," he was the way the letter read then, and Allan was wholly satisfied.

The Hot Axle.
The express train was flying from Cork to Queenstown; it was going like sixty—that is, about sixty miles an hour. No sign of Irish village to arrest our speed, no sign of breakdown; and yet the train was hot. We had a lot of the passengers gathered around the locomotive and a dense smog arising. "What was the matter?" a hot axle.
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Life in a Far-Away Place.
Far up that ancient river Hays, on either side, is many a village where almost every house has a man at work in the fields, or in the garden, or in the mill. It is just about as ancient as the river, and needs outside help to hold its own year by year. And as there is no bank in Anatolia, and no system of postal telegrams, the earnings of the miller, and the earnings of the miller, is consumed by the sharp portolazzo for transferring the same from Constantinople to the old home.
These Armenian women and girls which I left behind them were usually robust, as well as the men. Indeed, anyone born there with a frail constitution died before long running this gauntlet of infantile disease and exposure; so that only the strong are left. And the twopenny a day which they live, of coarse bread and curds, or hulled wheat and simple soups, helps to develop beautiful teeth and bones, good digestion and iron muscles.
Some years ago an American doctor, passing through the country, was asked at all uncommon for a village woman to take her child, one or two days old, on her back and walk three miles to town to inquire of him if everything was all right with them. But when the doctor asked one of them, "Why don't you learn to read?" she answered with that peculiar shrug of her magnificent shoulder: "Ugh! You get on. What can a cow learn?" And some of them are about as awkward in handling a needle, as a cow would be. When a hamal, or custom-house porter, returns after years at Stamboul, he naturally brings with him new ideas. I know one who presented his wife with a full set of civilized spoons and a tin of butter. We had a man who traded them off and turned again to rely on the great wooden spoon of her ancestors and on fingers. Another steadily refused to sell his daughter till the villagers made him pay \$75 for 6,000 yards of cloth. We had a man who learned on the custom-house tricks and on the different European languages. Some of them are quite eager for the mental improvement of their women and children. I visited a small village near Silvas, which has a good school for both sexes, supported entirely from the interest on money contributed from its own citizens working in Stamboul. Sometime ago strolling into an Armenian village church, I learned that a man had been in the town in the address of the bishop there that would have rank here ten years ago, worthy only of an American missionary. Among other excellent things, the bishop said: "Edo is every one of you, girls, and simplify your weddings. Here's one of your young men, with elastic set and beaming face. He has a future of immense possibilities. Rumors of a wedding arise. The young man goes to the school, and that's all. He is no fool at all. What's the matter, man? Got a toothache? Your girl dead?" "Oh, nothing, nothing, but I know that he has to-day run 6,000 yards into debt for a dress. In the excitement of the most important political campaign he falls to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down; the train falls long before it gets to town. A hot axle!"
Literary men have great opportunities opening in this day. If they take all that open, they are dead men, or worse—living men who ought to be dead. The pen runs so easy when you are young and smooth, and with an easy desk to write on, and the consciousness of an audience of one, two, or three hundred thousand readers! There are the religious newspapers through which you may preach, and the literary journals through which you may sing, and the agricultural papers through which you may plow, and the family newspapers through which you may romp with the whole household around the evening stand; there are the great magazines, and reviews to be indulged in, and poems to be chimed, and novels to be constructed. When out of a man's pen he can shake recreation and friendship and usefulness and bread, he is apt to keep it all to himself. So great are the temptations to literary work that the professional men of the day are overdone. They sit, faint and fagged out, on the verge of newspapers and books; each one does the work of three. And these men sit up late nights, and chide down chunks of meat without mastication, and scold their wives through irritability, and maul innocent authors, and run the physical machinery with a liver miserably given out. The driving shafts are gone, and the engine has stopped at no station. The steam chest is hot and swollen. The brain and digestion begin to smoke. Stop, ye flying lions! "Down brake!" A hot axle!

By actual count there were forty-three members of the club coughing and sneezing at the moment the triangle sounded, and 224 into the bargain. We are becoming poorer and fewer every day in this progressive city. Constantinople Eastern Express.

Bro. Gardner on Agitators.
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How to Handle Bees.
A scientific paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article entitled "How to Handle Bees." Now a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is as easily picked up as a strawberry, and is reasonably light and comfortable to handle in one's hand, therefore, a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to be in quieting the man down after he has had a man's dose of bee-treatment. There have been men known to race around a ten-acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation, after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt, but the person who handles bees needs an article on how to avoid handling bees.—Life.

Throat and Lung Stamps for a Specialty.
Send two letter stamps for a copy of the new book, "Throat and Lung Stamps," by Dr. S. J. C. Catlett, M.D., of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., giving all the latest and best remedies for the throat and lungs. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

Good Advice to Be Read.
If the doctors sometimes make us uncomfortable, it is because they do not occasionally. If they frequently sadden us by telling us that there is death and disease in the pot, the kettle, the beer-bottle, and the cigar-case, and that we are going to die, let us to the doctor, and let him tell us that he is a good medical authority for the popular belief that a man is as well as he believes himself to be. Dr. Granville's advice to the sick man is, in brief, not to believe the doctor's "set em up," but to believe that he is very ill and likely to die. Even the patient who has an inextinguishable disease, says the doctor, may be cured by a simple remedy. Let him hope. For things are done by hope that this world wots of. Let a sufferer only firmly make up his mind that he is going to get well, and in many cases his cure will be justified, and he may throw physics to the dogs. We do not quite grasp the scientific reasons for this; but it is at any rate consolatory to hear it. If the medical men would always talk like this, how grateful we should be to them. —St. James's Gazette.

Some years ago among the best-known American equestrians was Mr. Levi J. North. I think he is living in retirement in New York State now. He was breaking a creature colored white in the ring one morning while I was standing outside chewing a straw and talking to some of the boys. The beast was handsome and quick enough, but he was as vicious as a man, and that morning he suddenly jumped out of the stable, so that when it danced into the ring its little black eyes glittered like a snake's. I expected trouble, but North knew his business, and he was not to be caught by a looking on. I had turned my head to say something to one of the boys when I heard a shriek. I wheeled around, and there was North whirling around that stallion's head as a boy whirled a basket. The beast had caught him by one wrist with his teeth, and after a couple of whirrs it sent him crashing through the ropes on the other side of the ring. His wrist was broken and he is crippled to this day. No, I thank you, I will not be caught by a looking on. Now, in teaching an animal to pick up a handkerchief, for instance, let me show you how the apple works. That is pretty well along in the "Sixth Reader," say; but my beginner here will not be satisfied with that. The trainer broke a small russet apple in two pieces, and wrapped one of the pieces in his handkerchief. This he placed to the horse's nose long enough for it to get the scent of the apple. Then he took the handkerchief and placed it on the side of the ring, he placed the apple and handkerchief together in the saddle. The alert animal watched him like a cat, and no sooner was the handkerchief on the ground than he sprang to it, picked up the apple, and until the apple became disengaged from its folds.
"Horses are taught to fire a pistol in precisely the same way. An apple is fastened to the end of a line attached to a pistol, and the pistol is held in the line to the apple, and fired. In the course of time the apple is discontinued, but tugging at the line has become second nature with the horse, and he pulls it as a matter of course." —New York Star.

He Meant to Be Kind.
There were three of 'em in the depot—the young man and two ladies—and the train was two hours late. The young man looked out of the window steadily for ten minutes. The same time was occupied by one of the women in searching her reticule for a check, and the other in wondering if there was any water in the canteen in the corner. The young man suddenly started and grabbed his valise. Both women thought he had heard the train and each suddenly sprang up. But he hurriedly opened his valise and took from it a novel. It was by Dumas and was entitled: "The History of a Crime—Part Sixth." Dividing the book in half, he cut it through with his knife, and advancing to the ladies he handed a portion to each with the remark: "Allow me. You will find it very interesting."
He then walked out and sat down on the edge of the platform with a feeling that he had made two souls perfectly happy. It was only an old train that whistled that he suddenly jumped up and gasped out: "Land sakes! but it has just occurred to me that neither of you may have read the first five parts."

It is not understood why druggists keep in stock many kinds of medicines for coughs, colds and consumption, when it is only necessary to keep all's Lung Balm, that old, reliable remedy, which is a pure vegetable preparation and perfectly harmless, as it contains no opium in any form. Sold everywhere.

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ICE CREAM!
Quality unexcelled; made from genuine Cream, Wholesale prices to Country Dealers, delivered to the city in company at 10 cents per gallon. Hotels, Private Residences, furnished at bottom prices.
HAMBRELL & HART,
Cor. 1st and Adams Aves., DETROIT, Mich.
Telephone connections with all parts of the state.
"Send for our recipe!"
When you visit or leave New York City, via Central depot, save Baggage Expressage, and 23 Luggage Hotel, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the City Hall. Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars; \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Breakfasts and dinners supplied with the best. Horse cars, street cars, elevated railroad to all depots. Families can buy better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.
SKINNEY MEN.—"Well's Health & Power" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, \$1.
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Vital Questions!!!
Ask the most eminent physician!
Of any school, and the best thing in the world for quelling and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous debility, viz: Dr. J. C. Hays' "Lung Balm," which is a natural, child-like refreshing sleep always!
"Send for our recipe!"
CHAPTER I.
Ask any of all the most eminent physicians!
"What is the best and only remedy that can be had for all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, such as Bright's disease, catarrh, retention, or inability to retain urine, and the diseases and ailments peculiar to women?"
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Hops & Malt Bitters!'"
"Ask the same physicians."
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever ague, etc., and they will tell you:
"Mandrake or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable.
And compounded into Hops Bitters, such a powerful and other efficacious cure power is developed, and which is so varied in its operations, that it cures all ailments, health can possibly exist. Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.
"Patients."
"Almost dead or nearly dying!"
For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, catarrh, constipation, have been cured, called consumption, Women grow nearly crazy!!!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, weakness, and other ailments peculiar to women, suffering from scrofula.
"I was drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of rheumatism, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases!"
Nature is left to take its course, and the patient is left to die.
None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hops" or "Hops" in their name.
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Papillon Blood Cure.
It is not an alternative. It restores the blood to a healthy condition. For all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, and Kidneys, as Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Stomach-ache, Jaundice, Constipation, Colic, Vomiting, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Headache, Rheumatism, Catarrh of the Bladder, Fits, Epilepsy, Anemia, or Poverty of the Blood (chlorosis, especially in young females, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, and female woe), this cure is absolutely certain. Being pure, vegetable, it will be taken into the most delicate stomach. A number of recent testimonials are profuse in praise of this excellent remedy. Its properties are slightly cathartic, acting more directly upon the liver. It is very pleasant to take. Price, 50 cents per bottle, six for \$2.50. Directions in ten languages accompany each bottle. For sale by all druggists.

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White Mountain Hammock Chair
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There is a tint of purple noticeable in all the new blue fabrics, and some satins and silks are of an intense purple shade. While satin, brocade with purple and pink panels, is becoming rich, and is used for panels, vests, and tabliers in combination with Otoman or other heavy silk material.
"Well, Pat," was asked of a recently arrived emigrant, "and how do you like America?" "It is a fine country, sir." "Have you succeeded in getting work yet?" "No, sir; but I have a friend in Washington who is after getting me a pension."

Loss and Gain.
An April landscape flushed with tender green.
A level, broken by a broad, clear creek
That meets the maple trees, and in the
When the sun is low, and the
house lights
Within the prospect, sitting by the way
A cupped chalice, best now in unobscured
Raises a sweet, glad face to my unhappy
eyes.
Over the light-footed children run
With merry laughter, but this blessed one
Fettered, and her eyes are dim with
I accept the reason that I see
With even to the end of my life?
"Happy is he that, knowing, finds a
—Margaret Bradshaw.

From Shaw'ow to Sunshine.
One morn'g I stole upon a little brook
Seeming as though by shadows sheltered,
And sought far down into its breast to look
At its bed of sand or pebbles known;
But as I bent I caught a mournful gleam
Of a dim face, and knew it was my own.
I turned away, nor cared it sand or stream
Lays forth the face of my own soul.
Where the same brook went dancing in the
light.
Of merry sunbeams, 'twas a lovely sight
My shadow now, and thoughts of self were
gone.
And well I know the pebbles were below,
Because the little waves were laughing so.
—Louis V. Boyd.

IN A MOMENT OF PIQUE.
"You're too good a fellow to be trifled with, Allan," said Charley Leonard in a tone of measured confidence. "I hate to see a woman make a fool of you, and Nora Lindsey."
"What makes you think she's making a fool of me?" Allan asked, in a quiet way that quite concealed the depth of his feelings.
"My dear boy, you must look at these things in a common-sense light. Miss Merle is a friend of my sister's in Cambridge; you are—"
"Well, you know very well, Allan, that, from a worldly point of view, you are poor, like myself."
"I have a few thousands, Charley; and then, there's my profession. I could support a wife comfortably on my income. I have given her a woman. I have loved me."
"Yes, if—If that's just it," cried Charley, springing up and pacing the room with a restless stride. "Women don't love nowadays—not with their hearts, at least. It is all fancy!"
Allan looked up, half-quizzically.
"Ah, I thought that something behind all the pique," he said. "You have been playing with the divine fire again. You and your Dulcinea are out!"
"Don't joke about it, Al, for Heaven's sake! It's a home-bred ailment. Three weeks ago, I thought my happiness was assured. The woman I loved had promised to marry me; and I, for the merest trifle, she has cast me aside. No wonder I have no faith in women or their professions."
"I'm sorry to hear of Charley—indeed I am—and I hope it may only prove a lover's quarrel. But you must not expect me to share your doubts. I will not deny it; I love Nora Lindsey with my whole soul, and I intend to ask her to be my wife."
"Well, I wish you success, Al. Forgive me for meddling, I only—"
The door opened, and a rough old fellow came lumbering in—one of Allan's clients.
"Charley picked up his hat and left, with the brief remark:
"I'll see you later."
It was while Allan was engaged with this client that the postman came in and threw down upon the desk a thick envelope with a graceful script inscription that contrasted strongly with the careless dashing style of his business correspondence.
Allan's heart bounded.
His patience hardly lasted till he was alone and had opened the letter.
It was rather longer than Miss Lindsey's favors usually were—two full sheets, beginning: "My dear Mr. Westlock," and ending: "Your friend always—Nora Lindsey."
"Your letter," said Allan, "is a feast, as it is said on the first page. A feast is a pretty place, but horribly dull in winter. I shall be so glad to get back to Cambridge! It was very kind of you to ask me to go and see Bernard next Wednesday. It will give me great pleasure to do so."
The letter rambled on in a pleasant way till the bottom of the fourth page, when there was a complete break.
The second sheet did not go with the first at all. Neither the words nor the ink were in any way connected.
Allan turned it over and over in new bewilderment, and finally held it perfectly still, when these lines stared him straight in the face:
"I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock, and intending to tell him that she is utterly unworthy of me. You told me so, but at first—"
"Oh, my dear boy, you are responsible!" Charley cried. "She is the noblest woman I know. You love her and she loves you. Allan, I know it."
"Impossible!"
"I tell you it is true."
"You're beside yourself, Charley. And if it were true, what then? Two days hence I shall marry Miss Merle."
"No, you will not!" Charley cried excitedly. "You shall not wreck the happiness of four lives at once! There is a woman who loves you, and you must—
"You shall! Blanche Merle was to have been my wife—not yours! It is I whom she loves—not you!"
"You, Charley? Was it she who—"
"Yes, it was she! How dared you attempt to steal her from me?" Allan's face was very white.
"Why did you not tell me before?" he cried.
"Do not stand there railing at me! Go to! Go to Blanche at once!"
"You may come."
"You both presented yourselves at Miss Merle's an hour later, but Allan asked to see her alone, and was shown up-stairs to the room where the portrait he started back, for in the center of the room stood Miss Lindsey.
"Good-by, Blanche," she was saying. "I shall not be at the wedding, but I wish you every joy."
"What, Miss Lindsey?" Allan cried out. "I have something to say to you!"<