

THE ANN ARBOR REGISTER.

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ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 678.

CHRISTMAS.

Our Christmas number contains twelve pages instead of the usual number of eight. This is done partly to accommodate the immense amount of advertising displayed this week, and partly to present a fascinating Christmas story by that great author, Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled "THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON." Our readers should not fail to read it. While following the misadventures of Nicholson, we have not forgotten that our readers have become interested in the adventures of Tad, and we give the usual installment of that story on the eleventh page. Our readers will admire the fine display of advertising and the skill shown in the arrangement of the advertisements. Where there are so many advertisers, it is impossible to mention each one separately, but our readers will not fail to inspect those columns.

HOW'S YOUR MEMORY?

PROF. LOISETTE AND HIS SYSTEM OF MEMORY TRAINING.

He claims that no memory however poor is inferior to any, if scientifically trained.

Nothing has created more interest among the University people in some time than Prof. Loissette's memory training. That gentleman is a great advertiser, he demands a pledge of secrecy of those who take his instruction, and his claims for his method are so great, that suspicions of quackery and fraud are aroused; but he comes so well recommended by distinguished men in all parts that it looks unreasonable to hold such suspicions.

He has been very successful in Ann Arbor, starting off last Saturday evening with a class of nearly 300, including some of the leading professors in the University, and at \$5 a ticket it means that he took in nearly \$1,500. On Friday evening of last week he gave a public lecture in University hall and Prof. Morris introduced him as the "distinguished specialist." Prof. Loissette has a large head which bulges out on all sides as though a prodigious memory had been cultivated to such an extent that there was hardly room for it and it was struggling to escape.

The subject of memory is an interesting one. A good memory adds to the pleasure of life beyond measure. People love to tell about the excellencies or defects of their memories, making it almost a rival of the weather as a subject of conversation. Prof. Loissette's public lecture is fascinating beyond description. He claims to have discovered his method, and thus has the right to keep it secret. It is, he says, merely a practical application of laws of memory, based upon the study of those who have made psychology what it is. All the methods given by persons who have great memories in certain lines are not scientific. Cobbett learned the French language by writing the words, and he never forgot them; but it will not do for others to rely upon that method. It is merely visual memory. Some have cultivated auditory memory. Thurlow Weed seldom forgot anything he heard; he had a phenomenal memory in that way, and he acquired it by rehearsing to his wife after retiring at night everything he had done and heard during the day. Although that may be a commendable practice in itself, he would not recommend it as a system of memory training. His was an abnormal memory. Some can memorize by hearing the sound of their voice and thus they shout the words which they wish to retain. What we want is scientific and sound development of the memory. He claims that no memory however poor is inferior to any if scientifically trained.

Prof. Loissette says that civilized man has lost the power of attention. Statistics show that students in ten hours of study really devote only one full hour to it. The power of application is not great.

In a good memory two things are necessary: 1. A good impression; and 2. power to revive. Some lack both; some have weak impressions but great power of reviving impressions. It is hard for them to learn, but they keep what they get. Excitable people and novel readers have strong impressions but small reviving power. Some have both well developed, like Lord Macaulay, whose memory was perfect. It is first necessary to secure the power of attention and thus get strong impressions.

Prof. Loissette lectured to his class Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. His system is unquestionably of great value to those who will follow his instructions. The practice and study necessary to gain the good effects of his system can be done at intervals while walking the streets, waiting for dinner, just before retiring, or on rising in the morning. We would like to tell our readers all about it, but so far have been unable to find one of his pupils who will give it away.

Prof. Loissette was born in New Orleans. His father was a Frenchman and his mother an American. He has taught his system mostly in England, and now has an office in London. About a year ago he came to New York and established an office, where he has an immense correspondence, for his system can be studied by correspondence. Probably after the holidays he will have a class in Johns Hopkins University, and Cornell is ready to welcome him.

Prof. Loissette gave his closing lecture last evening, when there were at least 400 present. This means that he has taken in nearly \$2,000 in Ann Arbor. Of course his expenses are large, for he had

three bright young clerks or secretaries here, whose memories probably will not permit them to work for small salaries.

PROMISING ENTERPRISE.

Organization of the Ann Arbor Fire Ladder and Truck Company.

Andrew J. Sutherland's new fire ladder is well known to many Ann Arbor people. The effort to organize a stock company to carry on its manufacture has apparently been successful. A meeting will be held in the common council room this evening for the purpose of organization. There are nearly fifty gentlemen who will be connected with the company, among whom are the following: Fred. Schmid, L. Gruener, Daniel Hiscock, Charles Hiscock, Major Stevens, Frank Allmendinger, Israel Hall, Prof. Henry Wade Rogers, B. J. Conrad, Dr. Breakley, Jacob Schuh & Co., Hutzel Bros., Dr. Kapp, Geo. Scott, Levi Wines, Alvin Wilsey, Prof. Stowell, D. T. White, M. J. Fritz, Kook & Haller, J. J. Gibson, Oscar O. Sorg.

The company will have capital stock to the amount of \$100,000. Ann Arbor will get the plant for the manufacture of the ladder for the whole country, and it is expected that work will begin in January. A model maker of great skill is ready to come on short notice to superintend the work. The company will probably be called the Ann Arbor Fire Ladder and Truck company. In the spring they will probably build a structure 40x80 feet well suited to the manufacture of the ladder and truck.

This new fire ladder is covered by four patents. Those who have seen the beautiful model in Mr. Sutherland's possession in Ann Arbor have marveled at its simplicity and compactness, and the ingenuity displayed in its construction. The ladder can be put up to a vertical height of 65 feet in 10 seconds, and requires only two men to handle it. A common hand fire ladder requires six to eight men, and it takes 10 minutes to put it up. This ladder folds in three sections, all working with one crank, making it very compact, and the sections all run on steel-wire cables.

There seems to be every prospect that a flourishing business will be carried on in Ann Arbor in making and selling this new ladder.

Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the Washtenaw Agricultural and Horticultural society was held in the court house Dec. 20. About twenty-five members were present. The following officers were elected for three years:

President, F. B. Braun. Vice presidents, W. E. Boyden, F. E. Mills, J. V. N. Gregory, Dr. D. P. McLachlan, N. E. Sutton. Recording secretary, John R. Miner. Corresponding secretary, Col. H. S. Dean. Treasurer, Dr. J. A. Dell. Board of managers: A. V. Robison, Ann Arbor town; W. W. Dell, Augusta; J. M. Young, Bridgewater; Wirt Newkirk, Dexter; Jacob Bauer, Freedom; E. A. Nordman, Lima; Leopold Blaes, Lodi; A. J. Boyce, Lyndon; Orin Waite, Manchester; E. E. Leland, Northfield; Henry Paul, Pittsfield; W. H. Dell, Saline; E. T. Walker, Salem; Geo. A. Peters, Scio; John J. Robison, Sharon; Arthur Covert, Superior; Geo. E. Davis, Sylvan; Geo. Phelps, Webster; Alfred Davenport, York; Eugene Bassett, Ypsilanti city; Ben. Kelly, Ypsilanti special.

Henry S. Dean, of special committee, reported the success of the plan for refunding the mortgage loan of the society, and that F. G. Schleicher, Wm. Wagner, E. E. Leland, F. B. Braun, W. C. Stevens, Moses Seabolt, David Runsey, and thirty-three others, had paid \$100 each, and had received each a note for that amount secured by mortgage on the society's real estate. The former mortgage held by Mrs. Sackett drew 7 and 7/8 per cent, but this new mortgage draws 6 per cent.

On motion of G. A. Peters, a vote of thanks was tendered W. W. Tozer for the able manner in which he performed the duties of the office of treasurer during the past three years.

A Pleasant Wedding.

The marriage of Dr. H. R. Arndt and Mrs. Flora B. Hall, took place at the residence of the bride's father, C. H. Clough on West Huron-st., Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. The service was conducted by Rev. S. H. Adams, of Ann Arbor. About 75 guests were present, among whom was Dr. Eldredge, of Flint. The University was well represented. A very pleasant feature was the presence of the bride's class in music, a dozen or more little misses beautifully dressed. The large glass in front of which the couple stood to be married and to receive congratulations, was elegantly adorned with evergreens and flowers, and all the rooms were most tastefully decorated from their own conservatory. Dr. Arndt will lecture and will be found at his office as usual.

Circuit Court.

On Tuesday Judge Joslyn dismissed the bill in the case of Potts vs. Stevens. It was a case for the foreclosure of a mortgage. The defendant, Mrs. Stevens, lives in Manchester. In the case of R. L. Hale vs. Celestine Ferguson, the plaintiff secured a judgment of six cents without costs to either party. In the case of Duke vs. Noller, the complaint was granted \$525 without costs. Mary E. Marlett, of Ann Arbor, was on Dec. 20 granted a divorce from Chas. Marlett. On Tuesday Judge Joslyn ordered that the case of Farmers' and Mechanics' bank vs. John Keck and Wm. April be transferred to Livingston county.

Fire and Water.

Last evening at 9:45 o'clock, fire was discovered in the third story of No. 6 E. Huron-st, in a building owned by Andrew J. Sutherland, and occupied by Burchfield's tailoring establishment. It broke out in a storeroom off one of Burchfield's tailor shops; and was probably caused by a pan of ashes which had been placed there. The fire department was out promptly and subdued the fire, but considerable damage was done by fire and water. The fire had run between the joists west to the rooms in the next building, owned by Mrs. W. R. Henderson, and occupied by W. F. Russell, the confectioneer, where it damaged a fine bed-room set, and goods stored there which were owned by Mrs. D. L. Story, of Texas. O. A. Kelly's photographic rooms on the second floor were much damaged by water. W. W. Whedon's office escaped both fire and water. Burchfield's goods on the first floor were considerably damaged by water, the back half of his store receiving a large quantity. Luckily the front half was not drenched. His loss is fully covered by insurance. Mr. Russell, the confectioneer, is the gentleman who purchased of Mrs. Burleson only a few weeks ago, and his household goods were not insured. O. A. Kelly's loss is covered by insurance. Mrs. Story has \$300 insurance on her household goods, which will probably cover the loss. There was a very lively time for awhile, but it didn't disturb Maggie Mitchell's audience only a few steps away.

Serious Accident.

On Monday William Keuhn who lives at the corner of Spring and High st., went to work for M. Staebler driving coal team and wagon. With the very first load of coal, he met a painful and serious accident. In trying to get the wagon nearer to a house where he was to dump coal, he took hold near the horses' heads and led them forward, he walking backward, not noticing the house at his back. The house stopped his backing up, but the team and wagon kept right on, the tongue striking him below the abdomen, on the right side of the pelvis. He heard the crack of the bone as the pubis snapped, and was conscious that he was severely injured. He pluckily walked about five blocks to Mr. Staebler's office, where his strength gave out. Dr. Kapp was called. So far as it is possible to learn at present, there is no injury to the internal organs.

Double Wedding.

On Thursday, Dec. 15, at the residence of the brides' father, Dr. R. W. Thrift, of Lima, O., a brilliant double wedding took place. The contracting parties were Miss Flora Thrift to Edgar N. Kendall, Toledo, Ohio, eldest son of Mrs. A. J. Kendall, of this city, and Miss Kate Thrift to Johnson Thurston, law '85. After the ceremonies the parties left for Toledo, their future home. Mr. Kendall and bride spent Sunday and Monday in this city with their mother and brothers.

Licensed to Marry.

The county clerk has issued licenses to the following parties since our last report:

No.	NAME AND RESIDENCE.	AGE.
94	Sidney Harwood, Pittsfield.....	39
95	Mary R. Stevens, Pittsfield.....	32
96	Hugo R. Arndt, M. D., Ann Arbor.....	39
97	Flora B. Hall, Ann Arbor.....	27
98	Jay D. Corey, Manchester.....	37
99	Nettie E. Tutbill, Manchester.....	21
100	Martin Widmayer, Lima.....	27
101	Agathe Wurster, Chelsea.....	19
102	Fred. S. Seybolt, Scio.....	27
103	Bessie Plough, Scio.....	17
104	Judson Mulder, Ypsilanti.....	21
105	Sarah Simons, Ypsilanti.....	18

The Michigan Central will, on Dec. 24, 25, 26, and 31, and Jan. 1 and 2, sell tickets from Ann Arbor to all stations on this line, also to all points in Canada west of and including Toronto and return, at the rate of *One Fare*. Good going on the date of sale and returning on the 31 of Jan. 1888, on account of the Holidays.

H. W. HAYES,
Ticket Agent.
Go to see WALTER TOOP, the State-st Baker and Confectioner, before buying anything in the line of baker's goods. He makes a specialty of fine candies, and is making and receiving a very large assortment for the Holiday Trade. All kinds of fancy cakes for the Holidays! Leave orders early. WALTER TOOP, Proprietor.

ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

Ready for Business.

Mr. Middlebrook of the Middlebrook elevator company was in town Monday and presented the Engineering laboratory of the U. of M. with a No. 3 Aquapult steam pump for use in experimental work. This is one of the many similar donations to that laboratory. Great pains are taken to make the laboratory a place where people of this state may have accurate experimental work done on machinery. Five years ago the engineering laboratory contained 1,800 square feet of floor space, and now contains 22,000. The 50-horse power Corliss engine purchased of E. P. Allis & Co., Milwaukee, for this laboratory, will be running this week, drawing nearly 250 feet of line shafting.

S. C. A. Building.

A. E. Jennings, chairman of the building committee of the Students' Christian Association, has told what luck he has had in soliciting funds for their proposed building. He entered upon his work July 15 last. One person gave \$15,000, and they have about \$18,000 subscribed in all with a prospect of \$20,000 for an endowment. They want to raise \$7,000 more. The building will cost \$25,000 exclusive of furniture. It is expected that work will be begun on the building in April, 1888, and finished by 1889. He wants every student to help raise money, when they go home, for the building.

OUR 25 CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements, such as To Rent, For Sale, or Wants, not exceeding three lines, can be inserted free weeks for 25 cents.

FOR SALE—Forty acres land for fruit and vegetable, or grain and stock, on the Geddes road, 1/2 mile east of campus. P. O. box, 1253. 678-80*

XMAS Holly, ground pine and a large supply of dowers at Cousins & Hall's greenhouse. 678-80*

WANTED—A dwelling house centrally located; price \$3,500 to \$5,000. Inquire at this office. 678-80

FOR RENT—The rooms formerly occupied by Dr. H. C. Allen for an office. First floor of the Hamilton block. Apply to A. W. Hamilton. 678-80*

WANTED—AGENTS—For Washenaw and adjoining counties to canvass for the Star Dish Washer attachments needed in every family. Cheap and valuable. Star Manufacturing Co., Toledo, O. 678-83

FARM FOR SALE—100 or 140 acres—to suit buyer, of choice land—in high cultivation; soil suitable for general farming, on section 22, of York, Washtenaw Co. Mich., with good buildings, water, orchards, and 15 acres timber—on good road and near market, church and school. A great bargain can be had by calling or writing J. W. Hull, agent, Saline, Mich. 678-81*

FURNISHED ROOM at No. 13 N. Division-st to rent. 677-9*

FOR SALE—A well-made Phaeton in good condition. Can be seen at 26 N. State-st. For terms inquire at 23 E. Catherine 678-8*

FOR SALE—A note; face \$5,400; 7 per cent. Interest; long time; amply secured by first mortgage on farm. Address Box 754. 677-82*

FOR SALE—One Paris Range, new last year, cost forty dollars. Will take \$25.00. J. B. Wheelock, 25 E. William-st. 677-79*

FOR SALE—Car load of Potatoes within the next week. Five bushels or more, 50c per bushel; ten bushels or more, 45c per bushel. 678-78*

FOR SALE—One open buggy \$15, and one square box car, \$10. Apply 43 E. Ingalls-st, Ann Arbor. 676-78*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A middle-aged woman, capable of making herself generally useful to an elderly lady. Call at 16 Lawrence-st. 678-75*

FOR SALE—Family horse, Hamiltonian stock, mahogany bay, weighs about 1200 pounds, young, sound, thoroughly broke, good roadster, stylish and not afraid of the cars. Safe for woman or man. Address J. M. Allen, Leader Office, Dexter, Mich. 676-78*

FOR SALE OR RENT—House, seven rooms, No. 35 Monroe-st, one block south of campus. Enquire 90 Washington-st, S. D. Allen. 676-78*

FOR SALE—Two fine Don Percheon colts. Call at our place on Boyden's Plains, Webster, Dec. 10th, 1887. J. W. Reeve. 676-8*

THE SALOONS MUST GO.—Who said so? Black and Russell, when? 1872. No compensation. Who said so? United States Supreme Court. When? 1857. Come and get aboard the prohibition ark. Information furnished at Crosey's Hall every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock p. m. 678-78*

WANTED—Jan. 1, single window store and 15 ft. or more space. A good window the main object. Prefer Main or Huron-st. Enquire, 24 Maynard-st, Ann Arbor. 676-78*

POST—Between Ann Arbor and South Lyons, a package containing private letters, addressed to J. F. Clapp. A liberal reward will be given for their return to J. F. Clapp, Lyons, Mich. 675-78*

FOR RENT—A suite of rooms in the Hamilton block. Water and steam heating included. Apply to A. W. Hamilton. 678-70*

LOANING—Money to loan on first class real estate mortgages at current rates of interest. Satisfactory arrangements made with capitalists desiring such investment. Every conveyance and transaction in abstracts of titles carefully examined as to legal effect. Zina P. King, Ann Arbor Mich. 678-78*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Two good reliable Coat-makers and one Vest-maker. Good prices. Plenty of work. Solid Irons. Pleasant shop. Cash every week. N. H. Wiggins, Battle Creek, Mich. 672-1*

FOR SALE—Horse Wagon and Cutter, Jersey Cow and Calf, three Fire Proof Safes, Stock of Hats, Caps and Furs. House on University Ave. for rent. Nov. 21st, 1887. C. H. Richmond. 672-1*

WEATHER STRIPS—Champion, best in the world. Exclude rain, wind and dust. Leave orders at Eberbach's Hardware Store or No. 12 Lawrence-st. No extra charge for repairs. M. J. Furnum, Prop. 667-679

FOR SALE—Farm of 80 acres, good buildings, soil, etc. Location unsurpassed. Long time, low rate of interest and on easy terms, or will exchange. Correspondence solicited. G. C. Crane, Stony Creek Mich. 656-1*

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—For City residence, farm of 65 acres, one mile south west of City. Or will sell or exchange 15 acres with buildings. Enquire at 26 South 5th St. S. A. Henion. 656-1*

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—House and lot, No. 28 Maynard-st. Location desirable for student boarders. Inquire of E. B. Pond, 6 N. Main-st. 6401*

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE OR RENT.—House, 6000 and 1000 valued from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and containing from one-fifth of an acre to twenty acres—all in the city limits. Houses rented on reasonable terms in central localities. Farms exchanged for city property. Enquire of J. Q. A. SESSIONS, Attorney and Real Estate Agent, Office over Express Office, Main St., Ann Arbor.

REVOLUTION IN PRICES

Our Sales this Fall show a large increase. Thanks to the people who took advantage of the wonderful bargains. We shall continue to surprise close buyers in Dry Goods, and attempt to outdo any and all previous special or bargain sales in this city, and to say the least we will surprise all by offering immense value, and such as will create a general jubilee unparalleled in the history of the Dry Goods trade. Bargains will rule in all departments. We have just received a large and important purchase of Black and Colored Silks, all excellent values, and which are always in demand. These goods will be offered at a crushing figure, thus giving our customers a rousing benefit. Great stunner in Dress Goods. 25 pieces all Wool Heavy Diagonal Dress Weaves, 36 inches wide, all late and staple shade goods that are called cheap, at 50c; we offer them at 35c. Suitings and Combination Dress Goods, at immense reductions. Black Dress Goods, Plushes and Velvets, Blankets, Flannels, Underwear, Hosiery, Table Linens and Napkins, at prices which will make our customers happy. The largest stock of Shawls, Sacques, Jackets, 25 Newmarkets and Wraps, at half price.

MACK & SCHMID.

"Call a Halt,"

AT THE KECK STORES, 58 and 60 S. Main.

That every body may see the HOLIDAY GOODS. In addition to our already extensive stock of Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Shades, Upholstering Goods, Trimmings, etc., we have just received and now open for inspection and sale, a splendid line of Articles, beautiful in design and finish, suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

Consisting in part of Reed, Rattan, Antique, Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Carpet Rokers. (Colonial Styles.) Parlor and Reception Chairs, House and Office Desks, Secretaries, Book-Cases, Centre Library and Extension Tables, Pedestals, Music Cabinets, Painter's and Picture Easels, Hall Racks, Side Boards, Stand Divans, Misses' and Children's Rokers, Gold Medal Carpet Sweepers, Blacking Boxes, Beautiful Plushes, Curtains, China Silks and

"SMYRNA RUGS"

All of which we will sell at bottom prices for cash. Our Order Book is open. Make your selections NOW, and have articles delivered at XMAS TIME if you so wish. Don't forget that NOW in stores, 58 and 60 South Main-st, is the largest and most complete stock of Parlor and Bedroom Suites, and all articles in the Furniture line to select from in this city and at lowest prices. Fine Bedroom Suite in Antique only \$18.00. Upholstering, Repairing and Finishing neatly and promptly done.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Covered by Timothy Need for sale. RICHMOND & TREADWELL, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

HOLIDAY ARE NOW ON EXHIBITION! GOODS

WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMONDS, SILVER WEAR, PLUSH GOODS, AND SILK UMBRELLAS.

C. BLISS & SON, No. 11 S. Main-St.

READ THIS THROUGH!

IT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

The unusually fine weather so far this winter has naturally hurt the Clothing Trade. When buying our winter stock we based our calculations on cold weather, and as we have not had cold weather, it follows that there has not been as much clothing sold as there otherwise would have been. The result is we are overstocked on heavy goods. About the first of December we advertised to give a discount of 10 per cent. on all purchases. The number of people who have taken advantage of this offer convinces us that all people do not like to be humbugged. It is easy enough to write an advertisement offering \$30 suits for \$15.00, or offering 1/4 or 1/2 off. But stop, what does this mean? If a suit or overcoat is actually worth \$30.00, nobody is foolish enough to believe that it will be sold for \$15.00. Or if goods are marked at a fair margin, 1/4 off means that the goods will be sold for what they cost or less.

No Merchant Can Do Business for Nothing.

We have a large stock of Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. These goods were bought for CASH, and bought right. We will divide our profit with you until January 1st. In other words we will give 10 per cent. discount on all purchases of Clothing. Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and marked to sell. A discount of 10 per cent. means that you can buy one-tenth cheaper of us than others offer. We are offering you good, clean, new stock, very cheap. Come and see for yourself.

WAGNER & CO., Clothiers,
21 South Main Street, - Ann Arbor, Mich.

ON THE CAMPUS.

Dr. Palmer still remains in a very critical condition.

The library will be closed Monday Dec. 26, and Monday Jan. 2.

The freshman class have adopted yellow and white as class colors.

Prof. C. N. Jones will be married Christmas to a Philadelphia lady.

President and Mrs. Angell returned from Washington last Saturday.

The date of the Junior Hop has been changed from April 13 to Feb. 10.

All interested in the art of boxing are requested to be present at the rink Saturday morning.

Accompanied by Prof. Cooley, the senior engineers took in the boat launch last Saturday at Detroit.

A reception was tendered Professor Wm. Clark, the Baldwin lecturer for the current season, last Friday evening.

Papers by Prof. Winchell and Prof. Dewey will appear soon in the series of University Philosophical papers.

Senator Palmer gave a dinner to President Angell at Washington last Thursday at which the fish commissioners and most of the Michigan notables were present.

Dr. L. G. Doane, medic '71, now of New York city, has collected together the acting version of a considerable number of plays ancient and modern, many of which he recently presented to the University library.

The University has received a complete set of Columbia college publications since 1843. The collection is an interesting one, consisting of class programs, resolutions, invitations, chapel music, the college year books, etc.

At a meeting of the Engineering society last Friday night, the following officers were elected: President, P. H. Richardson; vice pres., L. M. Walker; cor. sec'y., L. S. Williams; rec. sec'y., R. L. Sackett; Treas., A. H. Smith; librarian, F. M. Crocker. A programme committee of six was also appointed.

At the meeting of the medical faculty last Monday, in view of Dr. Palmer's condition and the vacancy produced, the faculty have recommended to the board of regents the appointment of Dr. Henry Francis Lyster of Detroit. Dr. Lyster is a graduate of the literary department of this University, class of '58, and medic '60; was a surgeon in the regular army and occupies now in the Detroit medical college a position corresponding to that held by Dr. Palmer here. He is also a member of the State board of health.

The English rage is striking the University with considerable force: Dr. Parker has already been here and Dickens is coming. Dr. Gib's, of our own importation, is expected early next month, and the Oxford cap and gown will be sailing around in a few weeks like a strange dog in a strange land. But perhaps a moderate inoculation of the virus will prevent severer stages of the disease. The freshmen at their meeting, Saturday p. m., adopted the cap and gown by a vote of 57 to 23, the seniors on the same day decided it should be their graduating harness, and the sophomores resolved to adopt it if fifty members of the class could be found to decide in its favor. Yesterday, however, the seniors rescinded their action by a large majority.

TWO VIEWS OF CHRIST.

The Trinitarian Champion from Canada and our Unitarian Clergyman on the Same Subject.

Last Sunday evening in Hobart hall and in the Unitarian Church across the road, two radically opposing views in regard to Jesus Christ were presented by men who are among the foremost champions in their respective denominations.

Prof. Wm. Clark, from Toronto, gave his closing Baldwin lecture in Hobart hall on the resurrection of Christ, which of course involves the question of his divinity; and Rev. J. T. Sunderland, the Unitarian pastor, preached on "Was Jesus God? How came he to be worshipped?" This conflict of ideas by such able men and so near to each other attracted great attention, and unusually fine audiences assembled in each place.

Prof. Clark stoutly upheld the account of the resurrection of Christ, and he took up the various theories suggested to disprove it. These theories resolve themselves into two classes: The theory of apparent death and the vision hypothesis. The greatest objection to the first, the speaker said, was that it accounted for nothing nor is it at all probable from natural physical conditions. No disbeliever of note ever doubted the sincerity of the apostles, and it was on the acceptance of their sincerity that the speaker put much weight; but there is no mention in all the four gospels of Christ's indications after the resurrection of the low physical state that he would necessarily have been in all this time in a semi-living state and without treatment. It has been suggested, too, by these disbelievers, that being in this semi-living state, the disciples and his friends made off with him and finally nursed him back to life, and that he died a natural death long after. Such a theory is disproved by the disbelievers' own faith in the sincerity of the disciples; they would no longer have accepted him as a leader, but would, on the contrary, have looked upon him as an impostor. The vision hypothesis is the graver of the two theories to combat, but with this as the last theory the sincerity of the apostles shows its fallacy, and their evidence in every way proves that his existence after the resurrection was in no resemblance a vision. The difficulty, too, in this case—the impossibility of disposing of the body offers an objection to the acceptance of the theory.

At the close of the lecture, Prof. Clark

expressed himself highly pleased with his reception in Ann Arbor, and that he had completed a task that had had for him nothing but pleasure. He felt proud to be called from the United Kingdom to the United States and hoped that the feeling that tended to unite in closer bond the entire English-speaking race would be encouraged; for we all of us had to look to that "little isle" for our forefathers.

MR. SUNDERLAND'S SERMON.

Mr. Sunderland said that he was taught when young to believe that Jesus was God, and knowing the hesitation he felt in giving up the idea when his reason made it necessary, he preached his sermon for the benefit of those who were in that state of doubt and uncertainty. His reason told him that the belief had no good foundation. The very statement of it carries refutation. If the great God really came to the earth in the form of man 1800 years ago, it is inconceivable that so little should come of it. It is said that the object of the coming was to save mankind from hell; yet only a few people are saved in that way. Ours is not the dominant religion, at least as regards numbers.

He took up the Bible argument, claiming that the whole tone of the New Testament is that Jesus was inferior to God. It is marvelous that if Jesus was really God, there is no clear proof of it. In the first three gospels Jesus constantly denies he is John. There are two texts used to support it; but we don't know who wrote the book and it is a later production than the others, probably originating in the middle of the second century. Paul was thought to be a God by some people who heard him. In the epistle of James there is not a word about it, and James was Christ's brother. Of course, if the disciples really thought Christ was God, that wouldn't be sufficient proof.

There is no trace of this greatest of all facts if it is fact in secular or religious history. Mr. Sunderland explained how the idea of the divinity of Christ arose. It came into life in the second to the fourth centuries. The council of Nice established it as a dogma and by a small majority, which was won through the power of the emperor Constantine. The idea of God becoming incarnate in man is as old almost as man himself. The Chinese had a God born of a virgin. Brahminism is full of the idea. Vishnu assumed the human form eight or nine times. It was a familiar thought to the Roman world. It was an age of superstition, and it is not at all wonderful that this idea was incorporated in the religion of the time. Mr. Sunderland said that he wanted to tear this idea down that the better truth may be known. He would have Jesus tenderly loved, but only God worshipped.

The One He Wanted to See.

It is well known that many young men coming to our University secure wives as well as learning, and it is not to be wondered at, considering the attractiveness of Ann Arbor's daughters. One Michigan physician who studied here tells his experience. He took a room where there were two daughters, and soon noticing that they were comely and bright, he thought he would like to take one of them to the opera house that evening. Becoming interested in his reading, he neglected to present his petition for such an honor till late in the afternoon when he noticed a young man coming up the walk who rang the bell and was admitted, and who remained too long for any ordinary purpose. The medical student nervously thought that his chance was becoming limited. The visitor finally went away, when the young man up-stairs plucked up courage, but was soon overwhelmed with the sight of the lady and two daughters and his uncertainty as to which one to address; but he finally gasped: "I want to see the one that that other fellow didn't come to see." There was laughter and blushing especially on the part of the "one" the other fellow did come to see. The student took the other "one" to the opera house that evening, and years afterward took her to the altar.

Real Estate Transfers.

Following is a list of the real estate transfers in Washtenaw county, as recorded by the register of deeds, for week ending December 19, 1887.

Table listing real estate transfers including names like Michael Hangsterfer, Mary S. Wood, and amounts.

Holiday Concert for the Poor.

The holiday concert, Tuesday evening in the Baptist church, given by the Amphion club assisted by the University Glee club, the Chequamegon orchestra, and Miss Ida Belle Winchell, Miss Kate Jacobs, and Miss Julia L. Caruthers, gave gross receipts of over \$167.75, and was a success in every particular. The church was packed. It was given by the charitably disposed to assist the Ladies' Charitable Union in giving Christmas presents to the poor. The eagerness with which the school children have worked in selling tickets is great. The Sixth ward children sold \$37.25 worth of tickets; the Fourth ward, \$30.00; the Second ward, \$28.75; the First ward, \$17.00; third ward not reported; and Fifth ward, \$1.25. Gifford McFarlane of the sixth ward sold the largest number of anyone.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

National Gathering of These Organizations in New York.

Over Thirteen Hundred Delegates Present from the States and Territories—The Plan Form Adopted—Public Meetings.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

New York, Dec. 18.—Over 1,200 delegates from the various States and Territories met in the Chickering Hall yesterday morning to attend the first National Republican Club convention. Joseph Poll, chairman of the Committee on Organization, called the convention to order, and Rev. Dr. McArthur offered prayer. James P. Foster, president of the Republican Club of New York, was introduced and welcomed the delegates. In his address Mr. Foster said:

"We are by common consent agreed to that just and only rule: 'That this convention shall not name, recommend or nominate any candidate for office; but we shall organize. We propose an organization whereby the teachings of a tariff to protect the industries of the land be readily and quickly disseminated in plain language to be understood by wage-earners and wage-payers; a tariff high enough to reduce the surplus and to give employment to our citizens at home; to insure a market for our goods, and a living to the workers; to be readily and quickly disseminated in plain language to be understood by wage-earners and wage-payers; a tariff high enough to reduce the surplus and to give employment to our citizens at home; to insure a market for our goods, and a living to the workers; to be readily and quickly disseminated in plain language to be understood by wage-earners and wage-payers; a tariff high enough to reduce the surplus and to give employment to our citizens at home; to insure a market for our goods, and a living to the workers; to be readily and quickly disseminated in plain language to be understood by wage-earners and wage-payers; a tariff high enough to reduce the surplus and to give employment to our citizens at home; 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BUSINESS CARDS.

ALEX. W. HAMILTON, Attorney at Law. Will practice in both State and United States Courts.

GEORGE W. RENNICK, TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE, SINGING, HARMONY & PIANO.

DEAN M. TYLER, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office and residence over postoffice, first floor.

DR. ARNDT. (Office over First National Bank.) Hours from 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., Sunday, from 2 to 3 p. m.

KELLY'S PEERLESS TRUSS. Is given on trial and warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.

O. C. JENKINS, D. D. S., DENTAL OFFICE. OVER ANDREWS' BOOK STORE, 13 MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR.

NICHOLS BROS., DENTAL OFFICE. Second Floor Masonic Block, over Savings Bank, Ann Arbor, Mich.

ZINA P. KING, Law and Collection Office. U. S. COMMISSIONER, and Agent for placing insurance in reliable companies.

RUPTURE! EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS. Spiral Spring with graded pressure.

WM. BIGGS, Contractor & Builder. And all kinds of work in connection with the above promptly executed.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, SELLS 1847 RIGERS BROS.' SPOONS, FORKS AND KNIVE.

ROCKFORD WALTHAM and ELGIN WATCHES. Open face, Key and Stem-wind always on hand.

STEKETE'S NEURALGIA DROPS. A New Discovery. Price only 50c. Per Bottle. HAS NEVER FAILED TO CURE.

WOMEN READ THIS! "After Fourteen Months." "Doctors Could Not Help Her."

MAKE YOUR OWN BITTERS. A four ounce package of STEKETE'S Bitter will make one gallon of the best Bitter.

GEORGE C. STEKETE, 89 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich. MENTION THIS PAPER.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND STUDENTS! The Great English Prescription will restore that lost Vitality and a Rugged, Healthy Condition.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS. Are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are safe, effective and pleasant.

A TORNADO'S FURY.

Terrible Work of a Cyclone in Indian Territory.

Six Persons Killed and Many Others Injured—Dwelling Houses Wrecked and Other Property Destroyed—The Damage Very Heavy.

WRECKED BY THE WIND. NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—A Little Rock (Ark.) special to the Herald says: A special from Cove, Polk County, reports that a destructive cyclone visited Armstrong Academy, I. T., Fort Washita and Green at an early hour on Saturday morning.

A terrific rumbling sound was heard about 5 o'clock. It started the few settlers from their sleep only to awake them to the horror of impending death.

The cyclone traveled at about the rate of a mile a minute. In an instant from the time it struck the earth, half the houses in Fort Washita were in ruins.

The two children killed at Green were carried about sixty yards by the wind and dashed to the ground, mangled so as to be almost unrecognizable.

Lawlessness in Indian Territory. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 21.—Fourteen officers acting under the United States Marshal for the Western district of Arkansas have been killed by desperadoes in Indian Territory during the last two years.

Ocean Steamers in Danger. NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—A chain-bound lumber raft 560 feet long, 80 feet wide and 38 feet high, and containing 27,000 logs, was lost Sunday by the steamer Miranda while being towed to New York.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 21.—The scheme of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the establishment of an employees' savings institution has been perfected.

Death of Maine's Governor. HALLOWELL, Me., Dec. 19.—Governor Joseph R. Bodwell died yesterday morning. His death was caused by congestion of the lungs, due to exposure and over-work.

Killed by a Train. LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 21.—A buggy in which were riding Ernest Stone, Dudley May, Sarah Ramsey and Rosa Woods was struck Monday by the north-bound lightning express on a Chesapeake & Ohio crossing east of this city.

The Robinson Jury Disagree. BOSTON, Dec. 20.—In the case of Sarah J. Robinson, on trial for poisoning her son William, the jury came into court late Saturday afternoon, having been out two days, and reported they were unable to agree.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure.

THE SUNDAY NEWS, 8 Pages, 56 Columns, \$1.00 A Year. Each issue replete with stories by well known writers, sketches from life, and both instructive and mirthful material for the masses.

THE ECHO, 8 Pages, 56 Columns, \$1.00 A Year. Each issue replete with stories by well known writers, sketches from life, and both instructive and mirthful material for the masses.

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INDIANA REPUBLICANS.

A Large Number of the Party Leaders Met at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 21.—Over 500 Republican leaders met here yesterday in response to a call issued by Chairman Huston, of the Republican State Central Committee, for a conference of party leaders to consider the subject of the organization of the party for early work.

They declare that the Republicans of Indiana believe the protection of American interests—industrial, commercial, social and economic—to be the imperative duty of the American Congress and an American administration.

A Blizzard Raging in Various Portions of the Northwest. CHICAGO, Dec. 21.—Dispatches of yesterday state that a blizzard prevails in portions of Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Colorado.

Burial of the Anarchists. CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—The bodies of the Anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Ling, were interred yesterday at Waldheim Cemetery in the presence of about two thousand people.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10c and 75c per bottle.

Chas. W. Chestnut is writing stories for the Chicago papers. Chestnuts are popular in Chicago.—Free Press.

Will You Suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure.

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Mrs. Morgan Talks to Doctor Lynch.

MANCHESTER, Mich., Sept., 1887.

Doctor.—Do you remember me counselling with you some months ago about my rheumatism, and that one of my lower limbs was partially paralyzed from its effects.

Convenient, pleasant, and certain in their results, are Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets, Recommended by physicians and endorsed by all who have used them.

Barley satisfactory—A society women's dress.—New Haven News.

Careful attention to diet is the best guard against disease. It is a fact which all should know, that over-eating not only corrupts the blood but destroys nerve force.

A livelihood—A bonnet with a Presidential bee in it.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Try it for earache, Try it for headache, Try it for toothache, Try it for backache.

For an ache or a pain Thomas' Electric Oil is excellent.—Chas. F. Medler, box 274, Spencertown, N. Y.

Try it for a limp, Try it for lameness, Try it for a pain, Try it for a strain.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's. BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUY THE Detroit Evening News, 10c A WEEK. Delivered at Your Home or Place of Business, or Sent by Mail.

It is Universally Conceded to be THE Newspaper of Michigan.

COVERING all the news of the day worth knowing or worth reading, in such clear and concise manner as makes it possible for the business man to keep promptly without interference with the duties of his business hours.

THE SUNDAY NEWS, 8 Pages, 56 Columns, \$1.00 A Year. Each issue replete with stories by well known writers, sketches from life, and both instructive and mirthful material for the masses.

THE ECHO, 8 Pages, 56 Columns, \$1.00 A Year. Each issue replete with stories by well known writers, sketches from life, and both instructive and mirthful material for the masses.

The Commander-in-Chief

of the Grand Army of the Republic, Major George S. Merrill.

Few remedies are better known in this vicinity than Sulphur Bitters; their sale has been very general throughout this section, and the number of reliable and well attested cases of beneficial results and recovery by their use, is large and beyond dispute.

The Longest Word in the Dictionary is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Many a homely, unattractive girl gets a husband on account of her per value.—Life.

It was the whale that first remarked, "Not for Jo-nah."

SULPHUR BITTERS. The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

Send 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ondway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

New Advertisements

CLIMAX. BE SAFE AND CHEW CLIMAX.

"CLIMB-AXE" TOBACCO.

MONTANA HEARD FROM.—Recent railroad extensions have developed exceptionally fine mineral, stock and farming districts.

STOCK IN MINNESOTA.—From an extensive grain country, Minnesota is being rapidly transformed into a dairy state in the Union.

NEW BUSINESS CENTERS.—The building of new railroads creates many new towns, affording excellent business opportunities.

PROSPEROUS.—North Dakota never had better prospects than those just harvested. Many opportunities to secure line Government lands recently surveyed, near excellent coal fields and adjacent to railroad.

SUCCESS.—ARE YOU mortgaged, paying heavy rents or running behind? Can you move to new location?

FAILURE OF CROPS is an unknown experience in Central and Northern Dakota and Minnesota. Full particulars free, upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

EBERBACH & SON,

DRUGGISTS And Pharmacists,

No. 12 South Main Street, Keep on hand a large and well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Artists' and Wax Flower Materials, Toilet Articles, Trusses, and

PURE WINES & LIQUORS. Special attention paid to the furnishing of Physicians, Chemists, Schools, etc., with Pharmaceutical and Chemical Apparatus, Bohemian Chemical Glass-ware, Porcelain Ware, Pure Reagents, etc.

LUMBER LUMBER! LUMBER! If you contemplate building call at

FERDON LUMBER YARD! Corner Fourth and Depot Sts., and get our figures for all kinds of

LUMBER. We manufacture our own Lumber and guarantee

VERY LOW PRICES! Give us a call and we will make it to your interest, as our large and well graded stock fully sustains our assertion.

RINSEY & SEABOLT NOS. 6 AND 8 Washington Street, Ann Arbor Michigan.

GROCERY LINE! Teas, Coffees and Sugars. All prime Articles bought for Cash and can sell at low figures.

TANSY CAPSULES THE LATEST DISCOVERY. Dr. Laparic's Celebrated Preparation, Safe and Always Reliable.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM. Percheron Horses, French Coach Horses, Saddle Horses, Improved Percheron and French Coach Horses, etc.

PAINT. By using COIT & WOOD'S ONE-COAT READY PAINT you save money.

YOUR BEGGY COIT'S HONEST. Tip-top for Chairs, Lovers Seats, Sash, Flower Boxes, etc.

FOR ONE DOLLAR COIT'S HONEST. Are you going to Paint this year? If so, don't buy a paint containing water or kerosene when you can get COIT'S HONEST PAINT.

HOUSE PAINT COIT'S FLOOR PAINT. Did you know that you could get a better floor than the one you have now?

CAUTION. In purchasing paint, be sure you get COIT'S HONEST PAINT. It is the only paint that will stand the test of time.

THE REGISTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
KITTREDGE & HOLMES,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

TERMS:

One Dollar per year in Advance; \$1.50
if not paid until after six months.

Fifteen Cents per year additional, to Subscribers outside of Washtenaw County.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887.

CONGRESSMAN Seth C. Moffatt, of Traverse City, Mich., died in Washington this morning at 7 o'clock. He was born in Battle Creek, in 1841. He graduated in the law department of the U. of M. in 1863, and for one year was in Judge Cooley's office. In 1870 he was elected state senator from the 31st district. In 1880 he was speaker of the Michigan house of representatives, and has been elected to Congress twice.

WHAT TO FEAR.

A writer in the Irish World has the following sharp paragraph about President Cleveland:

"The President is a rather slow-witted man as regards the mastery of great and general questions: He was absolutely ignorant about them when he was elected. He set to mastering the silver question as soon as he was elected. It is simple enough to be 'got up' in a few lessons, and before the time came for his inauguration he was full of it to running over. He anticipated his official career by what was virtually a message to Congress on the coinage of silver while Mr. Arthur was still president of the United States. And in his first message he pressed the question with equal urgency. The coinage of standard silver dollars was to be the ruin of the whole country if it were not stopped. Congress did not stop it. It still proceeds, yet Mr. Cleveland has not a word to say about it now. There is for him now nothing but the tariff question. Some people have not room for more than one idea at a time."

We think this well characterizes the president. The main thought we get from it is that if the silver question, the Mormon question, or the fisheries question, had seemed to present to him and his advisers the best string on which to pull for the purpose of uniting his party and to present an "issue," he would have seized it as readily as he once did the silver question or as he now does the surplus question. It is inconsistent for the president to omit any reference to the silver question now unless he admits that the importance which he attached to it before was largely fanciful; in other words, that he was mistaken. The truth is, of course, that finding he could make nothing out of it in the way of a party cry, because of the fact that his party is divided on it, he dropped it for something else, just as he will drop the surplus question if it does not work well for his interests.

The Republican party need not fear this manoeuvre of Cleveland's on the tariff and surplus questions. The surplus danger is as fanciful as was the silver danger about which the president was once so greatly alarmed but which he does not seem to remember; and when there is any real surplus, the Republican party would be surer to bring about a safe reduction of revenue than the Democratic party. As we have before said, the greatest thing the Republicans have to fear in the next presidential election is the carrying of New York by "boodle" and all species of corruption such as render elections in the metropolis mere farces.

PROHIBITION AS A CURE-ALL.

Thomas Walter Mills lectured last week in Ann Arbor before a large audience, on "Must government by the people fail?" and, making allowance for a little exaggeration, we will admit that he gave a very fair statement of the dangers of our system, especially the evils in our large cities. Probably no city in Europe is controlled by a gang of criminals such as controls elections in Baltimore. The vast increase in population of our cities as compared with the rural districts, and the rise of the vicious classes to the virtual management of the largest cities, are facts which ought to be alarming.

Having accepted that much of Mr. Mills' speech, the next step is to ask the cause. Here he is weak. He did not say it clearly, but it is a just inference from what he said that he believes intemperance is the cause of the dangers to our institutions which he so ably portrayed. His only remedy is the success of the Prohibition party, from which we have the right to suppose that he would give prohibition as the cure-all for the evils of our government.

We have no disposition to underrate the evils of intemperance, but when asked to acknowledge that it is the cause of the evils in city life and politics today, we must decline. Intemperance is the immediate cause of untold misery and degradation, but after all it is an incident and not the cause of the great phenomena he portrayed. It is a symptom of the disease, not the disease itself.

We have not time to support this at length. It is a pure assumption to claim that intemperance is the cause of the evils. Merely showing that the effects of intemperance are extremely bad does not prove it to be the original cause of our national decay; and it is quite impossible to believe that it is.

The importance of discovering the true cause cannot be overestimated. If

intemperance is not the cause of the evils, but is itself largely the effect of stronger forces, then two things are apparent: 1. Prohibition cannot cure the defects of our system of government; 2. Prohibition can never largely eradicate intemperance. While admitting that intemperance is a fearful evil, and that prohibition might do some good, we would like our prohibition friends to ponder on the above considerations. How can prohibition cure the evils of which Mr. Mills complained, when intemperance is not the cause but is itself one of the effects of a larger cause? How can prohibition largely stop intemperance when the real cause of intemperance is yet not recognized fully?

That the cause of all the evils of which Mr. Mills complained, and which make the clearest-sighted people today wonder "Must government by the people fail?" is to be found in the tendency of wages to fall to a minimum, there can be no doubt. The evils of city government today are in the ignorance and poverty of the people. The same thing which makes thousands of women toil 14 to 15 hours a day for 50 cents per day; which makes the miner dig ten tons of coal before he can secure one for himself; which makes 75,000 girls and boys work in the coal mines and factories of Pennsylvania until many lose all semblance to human beings; which makes it impossible for an industrious and sober father in the factories to support his family from his earnings alone; which causes the erection of tenement houses; which throws a million persons out of employment in one year; which causes the accumulation of fabulous fortunes; the things which cause these is evidently what is at the root of our national decay. The absolute prohibition of the saloon could not reach these things, for intemperance does not cause them; and while we favored the amendment as on the whole a good step, yet it was with no idea that it would prevent our civilization going to the dogs. Prohibition would help a few to save what little they earned, and it might immediately save a few thousands to respectability; but its economic effect would be to lower wages. Thousands now engaged in the liquor business would have to compete in other lines of work; and some sobered men would ask for steady work, thus making fiercer competition.

These are hard facts, but those who are not willing to look hard facts in the face are not of much use in this world. Our prohibition friends would do well to modify their claim that prohibition is a "cure-all," and cease to try to build a party on an idea that will not bear investigation.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas opens the hearts of people to a remarkable extent, more, possibly, than they themselves realize. The conduct of Dickens' Scrooge, that "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner," was not much more striking on Christmas morning after the ghostly visitors had left him, than is often seen in many people who come out on that day with some appearance of warmth which no one had ever suspected them of possessing. And if it thaws out such people, what is its effects on the majority, who, we hope, carry and distribute sunshine all the time? Much has been written upon the subject of Christmas, more than a short paragraph can tell; but its wonderful history, especially its philosophy, has never been so compactly and well stated as is desirable. How did it come that from the time a Roman emperor in the third century set fire to a church, in which a congregation of christians was celebrating Christ's nativity, and destroyed all the band, to the present time, so much of Christ's spirit of gentleness and love has attached to this day? This peculiar day has survived, bearing the stamp of the character in whose honor it was originated, though it passed through centuries in which his professed followers had none of his spirit.

WM. C. HARRIS, editor of American Angler, is to publish in 40 parts a large work on "Fishes of North America." The plates alone of the work will cost \$15,000. It represents the work of five years. He has spent many months on selected fishing waters, where, accompanied by a skilled artist, he caught most of the prominent game fishes of America, which were transferred, on the spot, to the canvas, before the sheen of their color tints had faded. The book will contain portraits of eighty or more fishes that take the hook and line in the fresh and salt waters of the United States and British possessions. It will be a valuable text book for the student and a kindergarten study for the angler.

DURING the three months in which the English government has been trying to enforce the latest coercion act in Ireland, over 200 people have been put in jail, and not one of them is charged with anything which in this country is considered a crime.

ON THE inner pages of THE REGISTER may be found an account of the meeting of the Republican clubs in New York, of the doings of Congress, the Indiana Republicans, the Prohibitionists, the western tornado, etc.

UNTIL JANUARY 1st!

— WE WILL OFFER —

Everything in Our Immense Stock

We haven't room to name prices, and besides there is no information gained by it, except when the Articles can be known and seen.

LINEN COLLARS WORTH 15c to 25c, ONLY 10c.

NECKWEAR ONE-FOURTH OFF.

Remember nothing reserved, everything goes. ALL OVERCOATS for men, price, \$22, \$25, \$26, \$28, \$30 and \$35, NOW \$20.

J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

27 AND 29 MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR, MICH.

JOIN THOSE THAT LAUGH

ON THURSDAY,

ON FRIDAY,

ON SATURDAY,

EVERY
Winter Cap at

Boys' Suits, Children's
Suits, Boys' and Children's
Pants, Men's Pants,

Every OVERCOAT in
the House Regardless of
Cost, at

2-3rds REGULAR Price

1-2 PRICE!

2-3rds REGULAR Price

— AT —

The Star Clothing House,

A. L. NOBLE, Leading Clothier and Hatter.

For Christmas!

We respectfully call attention of our friends and patrons of Ann Arbor and Washtenaw Co. to our most carefully selected Stock of Furniture, among which are many articles suitable for Holiday Gifts. In the following we mention a few of them:

Patent Rockers, Leather Rockers, Rattan Chairs, Sofas, Arm Chairs, Smoking Chairs, Foot Rest Ottomans, Easels, Fire Screens, Parlor Wood Baskets, Work Stands, Work Baskets, Ladies' Writing Desks, Card Tables, Secretaries, Book Cases, Revolving Chairs, Marble Top Tables, Antique Oak Tables, Music Stands, Cabinets, Mirrors, Hall Trees, Dressing-Cases, Side-Boards, Heavy Curtains for Folding Doors and many other Articles. Come and investigate.

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Grand Holiday Opening AND SALE

Of the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Goods Ever brought to Ann Arbor.

We can show an endless variety of Xmas and New Year Cards, Fine Illustrated Gift Books, Juvenile Books, Photo-Albums, Fancy Plush Goods, Bibles, &c. Our stock of Dickens' works, Scott's, Hawthorne's, Irvings, Macaulay's, Emerson's, Thackeray's, is the best and cheapest ever offered.

Don't fail to see our immense stock before making your purchases.

GEORGE WAHR,
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ATA GREAT REDUCTION!

HICKORY AND ASH
TIMBER.

I will pay \$12 per cord, cash, for good Second Growth Hickory Butts, suitable for Axe Handles, delivered at my shop south of depot, Ypsilanti.

Good Second Growth Ash, suitable for Whiffle-trees, Neck-Yokes, etc., also wanted.

C. W. DICKINSON.

Henry Richards

Is again in business. This time in the rear of John Finnegan's Agricultural Hall,
ON DETROIT STREET,
ALL KINDS OF

Hard and Soft Wood
ON HAND and Orders taken for
COAL

I will also lay in a stock of
HARD-WOOD LUMBER!
For the Spring Trade. Old customers and friends are invited to see me.

HENRY RICHARDS, - Ann Arbor.

FOUR GREAT DAYS AND A WEEK OF SLAUGHTER!

AT

THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Read this whole Bill and carefully note the SPECIAL SALE DAYS.

DURING THE WHOLE WEEK WE WILL SELL

Every Muffler and Silk Handkerchief at exactly **1-2 PRICE.**

Every Fancy Shirt worth \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00, for **75 CTS.**

All 50c and 75c Shirts, for Handsome Scarf, 15c; 2 for **25 CTS.**

Every Overcoat at **Great Reduction.**

This, Remember, is During the Entire Week.

ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21st, **2-3 REGULAR PRICE.**
Every Glove and Mitten at

ON THURSDAY, **2-3 Regular Price**
Every Winter Cap at

ON FRIDAY, 100 Boys' Suits, 75 Children's Suits, 125 Boys' and Children's Pants, 60 Men's Suits at **1-2 PRICE.**

ON SATURDAY, Every Overcoat in the House regardless of cost, at **2-3 REGULAR PRICE.**

Note the Prices on the Special Days.

Knee Pants 18c and 25c. Boys' Pants worth \$1, for 50c, on **Friday, Only.**

Gloves worth \$1, on **Wednesday, 67c.**

Caps worth 50c, **ONLY 34c, on Thursday.**

Overcoats worth \$15, on **Saturday, Only \$10.**

This will be the greatest Sale known in the History of the Clothing Business. Do not come next week expecting these wonderful drives.

COME NOW! COME NOW! COME NOW!

A. L. NOBLE, Leading Clothier and Hatter, Sign of the Red Star, 35 S. Main-st.

Store will be open evenings until all are served. Strangers will mark the number and sign so as not to be misled. Goods at special sale will not be charged.

NEW KID GLOVES, EMBROIDERED & PLAIN. NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW TRIMMINGS. NEW CARPETS & RUGS. NEW OIL CLOTHS & TILES. NEW IMPERMEABLES. NEW ASTOR CHAIRS.

Our Door is always open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Call and see us. Prices to suit the times.

WINE & WORDEN, 20 S. Main Street.

You will find the Largest and most Complete

HOLIDAY STOCK

AT THE

2 BAZAARS 2

Cook House Bldg., Huron-st., Maynard Bldg., Ann-st.

GOODS MUST SELL!

Prices have been cut down, and goods will be rushed with the rush. I wish to retire from business, if I can reduce my stock the next 30 days to \$1500. I have a buyer. Therefore much of my goods will go at cost and under the next 20 days. Now is Santa Claus's time to lay in for the little folks. Goods for everybody. Beautiful line of Cards and Christmas Novelties.

F. STOFFLET, PROP.

ABOUT JAN. 1, '88, GOLD WATCHES

Is the time when you will find out who got the

Come, come before that time and make a purchase of \$1.00 or over and take a guess. If you will come in we will show you our shoes and convince you that we give you better fitting and wearing goods than any other house will for 50c apart more. Remember our stock is immense and we keep everything from the cheapest to the best. More of these Women's Kid Button \$1.25 Shoes received and better than ever. Don't forget the place. We also have leased a Heel-Plate Machine by which we can put Heel-Plates on Rubbers or Overshoes, so there is no more wearing out at the heel.



48 S. MAIN ST. **SAMUEL KRAUSE.** 48 S. MAIN ST.

I Do, Don't You?

You like to deal with a man who deals "square." Who comes out honest and open and tells facts as they are. Don't you? When you buy an article you want one which will prove just exactly as represented, that will look well, wear well, please you and your friends and give perfect satisfaction. Don't you? You prefer to pay a few dollars more and get such an article, rather than buy some poor shoddy half made thing some agent says is "just as good." Don't you? You know very well that it costs more to make an article that is good than it does to make a cheap one that looks good. Don't you?

LEW H. CLEMENT,
The "Square" Music Dealer,

Believes that it is better for both merchant and customer to use GOOD GOODS, and tell the facts about them as they are.

He sticks fast to his policy of selling only those Pianos and Organs manufactured by firms of the highest business integrity, and whose instruments have a world-wide reputation for best tone, best action, best finish and durability, and prints his motto in big letters and lives up to it.

Honest Goods at Honest Prices.

He buys for Cash, and though he does not claim to sell goods for "less than cost," and give "SPECIAL PRICES" to each customer, he will undersell, QUALITY CONSIDERED, any one who claims to do so. Call and see him.

You will find him frank, courteous, "square," and ready every time to give you a chance to

TRY AND BE CONVINCED.
Estey, Century and Royal Organs.

HAINES BROS., CELEBRATED PIANOS. **NEWBY & EVANS, PIANOS.**

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The Misadventures of John Nicholson.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH JOHN SOWS THE WIND.

John Vasey Nicholson was stupid; yet, stupider men than he are now sprawling in parliament, and lauding themselves as the authors of their own distinction. He was of a fat habit, even from boyhood, and inclined to a cheerful and cursory reading of the face of life; and possibly this attitude of mind was the original cause of his misfortunes. Beyond this habit philosophy is silent on his career, and superstition steps in with the more ready explanation that he was detested of the gods.

His father—that iron gentleman—had long ago enthroned himself on the heights of the Disruption Principles. What these are (and in spite of their grim name they are quite innocent) no array of terms would render thinkable to the merely English intelligence; but to the Scot they often prove unctuously nourishing, and Mr. Nicholson found in them the milk of lions. About the period when the churches convene at Edinburgh in their annual assemblies, he was to be seen descending the mound in the company of divers red headed clergymen; these voluble, he only contributing oracular nods, brief negatives, and the austere spectacle of his stretched upper lip. The names of Candlish and Begg were frequent in these interviews, and occasionally the talk ran on the residuary establishment and the doings of one Lee. A stranger to the tight little theological kingdom of Scotland might have listened and gathered literally nothing. And Mr. Nicholson (who was not a dull man) knew this, and raged at it. He knew there was a vast world outside, to whom disruption principles were as the chatter of tree top apes; the paper brought him chill whiffs from it; he had met Englishmen who had asked lightly if he did not belong to the Church of Scotland, and then had failed to be much interested by his elucidation of that nice point; it was an evil, wild, rebellious world, lying sunk in dozedness, for nothing short of a Scot's word will pierce this Scotsman's feelings. And when he entered into his own house in Randolph Crescent (south side), and shut the door behind him, his heart swelled with security. Here, at least, was a citadel impregnable by right hand defections or left hand extremes. Here was a family where prayers came at the same hour, where the Sabbath literature was unimpeachably selected, where the guest who should have leaned to any false opinion was instantly set down, and over which there reigned all week, and grew denser on Sundays, a silence that was agreeable to his ear, and a gloom that he found comfortable.

Mrs. Nicholson had died about thirty, and left him with three children—a daughter two years, and a son about eight years younger than John; and John himself, the unlikely bearer of a name infamous in English history. The daughter, Maria, was a good girl—dutiful, plain, dull, but so easily startled that to speak to her was quite a perilous enterprise. "I don't think I care to talk about that, if you please," she would say, and strike the boldest speechless by her unmistakable pain; this upon all topics—dress, pleasure, morality, politics, in which the formula, was changed to "my papa thinks otherwise," and even religion, unless it was approached with a particular whining tone of voice. Alexander, the younger brother, was sickly, clever, fond of books and drawing, and full of satirical remarks. In the midst of these, imagine that natural, clumsy, unintelligent and mirthful animal, John; mighty well behaved in comparison with other lads, although not up to the mark of the boys in Randolph Crescent; full of a sort of blundering affection, full of caresses which were never very warmly received; full of sudden and loud laughter which rang out in that still house like curses. Mr. Nicholson himself had a great fund of humor, of the Scots order—intellectual, turning on the observation of man; his own character, for instance—if he could have seen it in another—would have been a rare feast to him; but his son's empty guffaws over a broken plate, and his empty, almost light hearted remarks, struck him with pain as the indices of a weak mind.

Outside the family John had early attached himself (much as a dog may follow a marquis) to the steps of Alan Houston, a lad about a year older than himself, like a trifle wild, the heir to a good estate which was still in the hands of a rigorous trustee, and so royally content with himself that he took John's devotion as a thing of course. The intimacy was gall to Mr. Nicholson; it took his son from the house, and he was a jealous parent; it kept him from the office, and he was a martinet; lastly, Mr. Nicholson was ambitious for his family (in which, and the Disruption Principles, he entirely lived), and he hated to see a son of his play second fiddle to an idler. After some hesitation, he ordered that the friendship should cease—an unfair command, though seemingly inspired by the spirit of prophecy; and John, saying nothing, continued to disobey the order under the rose.

John was nearly 19 when he was one day dismissed rather earlier than usual from his father's office, where he was studying the practice of the law. It was Saturday; and except that he had a matter of £400 in his pocket which it was his duty to hand over to the British Linen Company's bank, he had the whole afternoon at his disposal. He went by Prince's street enjoying the mild sunshine, and the little thrill of easterly wind that tossed the flags along that terrace of palaces, and tumbled the green trees in the garden. The band was playing down in the valley under the castle; and when it came to the turn of the pipes, he heard their wild sounds with a stirring of the blood. Something distantly martial woke in him; and he thought of Miss Mackenzie, whom he was to meet that day at dinner.

Now, it is undeniable that he should have gone directly to the bank, but right in the way stood the billiard room of the hotel where Alan was almost certain to be found, and the temptation proved too strong. He entered the billiard room and was instantly greeted by his friend, cue in hand.

"Nicholson," said he, "I want you to lend me a pound or two till Monday."

"You've come to the right shop, haven't you?" returned John. "I have twopenny."

"Nonsense," said Alan. "You can get some. Go and borrow at your tailor's; they'll do it. Or I'll tell you what: pop your watch."

"Oh, yes, I dare say," said John. "And how about my father?"

"How is he to know? He doesn't wind it up for you at night, does he?" inquired Alan, at which John guffawed. "No, seriously; I am in a fix," continued the tempter. "I have lost some money to a man here. I'll give it you to-night, and you can get the heirloom out again on Monday. Come; it's a small service, after all. I would do a good deal more for you."

Whereupon John went forth, and pawned his gold watch under the assumed name of John Froggs, 85 Pleasance. But the nervousness that assailed him at the door of that inglorious haunt—a pawnshop—and the effort

necessary to invent the pseudonym (which, somehow, seemed to him a necessary part of the procedure), had taken more time than he imagined; and when he returned to the billiard room with the spoils, the bank had already closed its doors.

This was a shrewd knock. "A piece of business had been neglected." He heard these words in his father's trenchant voice, and trembled, and then dodged the thought. After all, who was to know? He must carry £400 about with him till Monday, when the neglect could be surreptitiously repaired; and meanwhile, he was free to pass the afternoon on the encircling divan of the billiard room, smoking his pipe, sipping a pint of ale, and enjoying to the mast head the modest pleasures of admiration.

None can admire like a young man. Of all youth's passions and pleasures, this is the most common and least alloyed; and every flash of Alan's black eyes; every aspect of his curly head; every graceful reach, every easy, stand off attitude of waist; eye, and down to his shirt sleeves and wrist links, were seen by John through a luxurious glory. He valued himself by the possession of that royal friend, hugged himself upon the thought, and swam in warm azure; his own defects, like vanished difficulties, becoming things on which to plume himself. Only when he thought of Miss Mackenzie there felt upon his mind a shadow of regret; that young lady was worthy of better things than plain John Nicholson, still known among schoolmates by the derisive name of "Fatty," and he felt, if he could chalk a cue, or stand at ease, with such a careless grace as Alan, he could approach the object of his sentiments with a less crushing sense of inferiority.

Before they parted, Alan made a proposal that was startling in the extreme. He would be at Colette's that night about 12, he said. Why should not John come there and get the money? To go to Colette's was to see life, indeed; it was wrong; it was against the laws; it partook, in a very dingy manner, of adventure. Were it known, it was the sort of exploit that disconcerted a young man for good with the more serious classes, but gave him a standing with the riotous. And yet Colette's was not a hell; it could not come, without vaulting hyperbole, under the rubric of a gilded saloon; and, if it was a sin to go there, the sin was merely local and municipal. Colette (whose name I do not know how to spell, for I was never in epistolary communication with that hospitable outlaw) was simply an unlicensed publican, who gave suppers after 11 at night, the Edinburgh hour of closing. If you belonged to a club, you could get a much better supper at the same hour, and lose not a jot in public esteem. But if you lacked that qualification, and were an hungred, or inclined toward conviviality at unlawful hours, Colette's was your only port. You were very ill supplied. The company was not recruited from the senate or the church, though the bar was very well represented on the only occasion on which I flew in the face of my country's laws, and, taking my reputation in my hand, penetrated into the grim superhous. And Colette's frequenters, thrillingly conscious of wrong doing and "that two handed engine (the policeman) at the door," were perhaps inclined to somewhat feverish excess. But the place was in no sense a very bad one; and it is somewhat strange to me, at this distance of time, how it had acquired its dangerous reputation.

In precisely the same spirit as a man may debate a project to ascend the Matterhorn or to cross Africa, John considered Alan's proposal, and, greatly daring, accepted it. As he walked home, the thoughts of this excursion out of the safe spaces of life into the wild and arduous, stirred and struggled in his imagination with the image of Miss Mackenzie—incongruous and yet kindred thoughts, for did not each imply unusual tightening of the pegs of resolution? did not each woo him forth and warn him back again into himself?

Between these two considerations, at least, he was more than usually moved; and when he got to Randolph Crescent, he quite forgot the £400 in the inner pocket of his great coat, hung up the coat, with its rich freight, upon his particular pin of the hat stand; and in the very action sealed his doom.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH JOHN REAPS THE WHIRLWIND.

About 10:30 it was John's brave good fortune to offer his arm to Miss Mackenzie, and escort her home. The night was chill and starry; all the way eastward the trees of the different gardens rustled and looked black. Up the stone gully of Leith Walk, when they came to cross it, the breeze made a rush and set the flames of the street lamps quivering; and when at last they had mounted to the Royal Terrace, where Capt. Mackenzie lived, a great salt freshness came in their faces from the sea. These phases of the walk remained written on John's memory, each emphasized by the touch of that light hand on his arm; and behind all these aspects of the nocturnal city he saw, in his mind's eye, a picture of the lighted drawing room at home where he had sat talking with Flora; and his father, from the other end, had looked on with a kind and ironical smile. John had read the significance of that smile, which might have escaped a stranger. Mr. Nicholson had remarked his son's entanglement with satisfaction, tinged by humor; and his smile, if it still was a thought contemptuous, had implied consent.

At the captain's door the girl held out her hand, with a certain emphasis; and John took it and kept it a little longer, and said, "Good night, Flora, dear," and was instantly thrown into much fear by his presumption. But she only laughed, ran up the steps, and rang the bell; and while she was waiting for the door to open, kept close in the porch, and talked to him from that point as out of a fortification. She had a knitted shawl over her head; her blue Highland eyes took the light from the neighboring street lamp and sparkled; and when the door opened and closed upon her, John felt cruelly alone.

He proceeded slowly back along the terrace in a tender glow; and when he came to Greenside church, he halted in a doubtful mind. Over the crest of the Calton hill, to his left, lay the way to Colette's, where Alan would soon be looking for his arrival, and where he would have no more consented to go than he would have willfully walked in a bog; the touch of the girl's hand on his sleeve, and the kindly light in his father's eyes, both loudly forbidding. But right before him was the way home, which pointed only to bed, a place of little ease for one whose fancy was struck to the lyrical pitch, and whose not very ardent heart was just then tumultuously moved. The hill top, the cool air of the night, the company of the great monuments, the sight of the city under his feet, with its hills and valleys and crossing files of lamps, drew him by all he had of the poetic, and he turned that way; and by that quite innocent deflection, ripened the crop of his venial errors for the sickle of destiny.

On a seat on the hill above Greenside he sat for perhaps half an hour, looking down upon the lamps of Edinburgh and up at the lamps of heaven. Wonderful were the resolves he formed; beautiful and kindly were the vistas of future life that sped before him. He uttered to himself the name of Flora in so many touching and dramatic keys that he became at length fairly melted with tenderness, and could have sung aloud. At that

junction a certain creasing in his great coat caught his eye. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled forth the envelope that held the money, and sat stupefied. The Calton hill about this period had an ill name of nights, and to be sitting there with £400 that did not belong to him was hardly wise. He looked up. There was a man in a very bad hat, a little on one side of him, apparently looking at the scenery; from a little on the other a second night-walker was drawing very quietly near. He jumped John. The envelope fell from his hands; he stooped to get it, and at the same moment both men ran in and closed with him.

A little after he got to his feet very sore and shaken, the poorer by a purse which contained exactly one penny postage stamp, by a cambric handkerchief, and by all the important envelope.

Here was a young man on whom, at the highest point of lovely exaltation, there had fallen a blow too sharp to be supported alone, and not many hundred yards away his greatest friend was sitting at supper—aye, and even expecting him. Was it not in the nature of man that he should run there? He went in quest of sympathy—in quest of that droll article that he will suppose ourselves to want when in a strait, and have agreed to call advice; and he went, besides, with vague but rather splendid expectations of relief. Alan was rich, or would be so when he came of age. By a stroke of the pen he might remedy this misfortune, and avert that dreaded interview with Mr. Nicholson, from which John now shrank in imagination as the hand draws back from fire.

Close under the Calton hill there runs a certain narrow avenue, part street, part by-road. The head of it faces the doors of the prison; its tail descends into the sunless slums of the Low Calton. On one hand it is overhung by the crags of the hill, on the other by an old graveyard. Between these two the roadway runs in a trench, sparsely lighted at night, sparsely frequented by day, and bordered, when it was cleared the place of tombs, by dingy and ambiguous houses. One of these was the house of Colette, and at his door our ill-starred John was presently beating for admittance. In an evil hour he satisfied the jealous inquiries of the contraband hotel keeper; in an evil hour he penetrated into the somewhat unsavory interior. Alan, to be sure, was seated in a room lighted by noisy gas jets, beside a dirty table cloth, engaged on a coarse meal, and in the company of several tipsy members of the junior bar. But Alan was not sober; he had lost £1,000 upon a horse race, had received the news at dinner time, and was now, in default of any possible means of extrication, drowning the memory of his predicament. He to help John! The thing was impossible; he couldn't help himself.

"If you have a beast of a father," said he, "can tell you I have a brute of a trustee." "I'm not going to hear my father called a beast," said John, with a beating heart, feeling that he risked the last sound rivet of the chain that bound him to life.

But Alan was quite good natured. "All right, old fellow," said he. "Most respectable man your father." And he introduced his friend to his companions as "old Nicholson, the wise old man's son."

John sat in dumb agony. Colette's foul walls and maculate table linen, and even down to Colette's villainous casters, seemed like objects in a nightmare. And just then there came a knock and a scurrying; the police, so lamentably absent from the Calton hill, appeared upon the scene; and the party, taken flagrant delicto, with their glasses at their elbow, were seized, marched up to the police office, and all duly summoned to appear as witnesses in the consequent case against that arch shebeener, Colette.

It was a sorrowful and a mighty sobered company that came forth again. The vague terror of public opinion weighed generally on them all; but there were private and particular horrors on the minds of individuals. Alan stood in dread of his trustee, already sorely tried. One of the group was the son of a country minister, another of a judge; John, the unhappy of all, had David Nicholson to father, the idea of facing whom on such a scandalous subject was physically sickening. They stood awhile consulting under the buttresses of Saint Giles; thence they adjourned to the lodgings of one of the number in North Castle street, where (for that matter) they might have had quite as good a supper, and far better drink, than in the dangerous paradise from which they had been routed. There, over an almost tearful glass, they debated their position. Each explained to the world to lose if the affair went on, and as appeared as a witness. It was remarkable how bright prospects were just then in the very act of opening before each of that little company of youths, and what pious consideration for the feelings of their families began now to well from them. Each, moreover, was in an odd state of destitution. Not one could bear his share of the fine; not one but evinced a wonderful twinkle of hope that each of the others (in succession) was the very man who could step in to make good the deficit. One took a high hand; he could not pay his share; if it went to a trial, he should bolt; he had always felt the English bar to be his true sphere. Another branched out into touching details about his family, and was not listened to. John, in the midst of this disorderly competition of poverty and meanness, sat stumped, contemplating the mountain bulk of his misfortunes.

At last, upon a pledge that each should apply to his family with a common frankness, this convention of unhappy young asses broke up, went down the common stair, and in the gray of the spring morning, with the streets lying dead empty all about them, the lamps burning into the daylight in diminished lustre, and the birds beginning to sound premonitory notes from the groves of the town gardens, went each his own way with bowed head and echoing footfall.

The rooks were awake in Randolph Crescent; but the windows looked down, discredibly blinded, on the return of the prodigal. John's pass key was a recent privilege; this was the first time it had been used; and, oh! with what a sickening sense of his unworthiness he now inserted it into the well oiled lock and entered that citadel of the proprietors! All slept; the gas in the hall had been left faintly burning to light his return; a dreadful stillness reigned, broken by the deep ticking of the eight day clock. He put the gas out, and sat on a chair in the hall, waiting and counting the minutes, longing for any human countenance. But when at last he heard the alarm spring its rattle in the lower story, and the servants began to be about, he instantly lost heart, and fled to his own room, where he threw himself upon the bed.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH JOHN ENJOYS THE HARVEST HOME. Shortly after breakfast, at which he assisted with a highly tragical countenance, John sought his father where he sat, presumably in religious meditation, on the Sabbath mornings. The old gentleman looked up with that sour, inquisitive expression that came so near smiling and was so different in effect. "This is a time when I do not like to be disturbed," he said. "I know that," returned John; "but I have a want—I've made a dreadful mess of it," he broke out, and turned to the window.

Mr. Nicholson sat silent for an appreciable time, while his unpolished survey of the poles in the back garden, and a certain yellow

cat that was perched upon the wall. Despite at upon John as he gazed, and he raged to think of the dreadful series of his misdeeds, and the essential innocence that lay behind them.

"Well," said the father, with an obvious effort, but in very quiet tones, "what is it?" "Maclean gave me £400 to put in the bank, sir," began John; "and I'm sorry to say that I've been robbed of it!"

"Robbed of it?" cried Mr. Nicholson, with a strong rising inflection. "Robbed! Be careful what you say, John!" "I can't say anything else, sir; I was just robbed of it," said John, in desperation, sullenly.

"And where and when did this extraordinary event take place?" inquired the father. "On the Calton hill about 13 last night," "The Calton hill?" repeated Mr. Nicholson. "And what were you doing there at such a time of the night?"

"Nothing, sir," says John. "Mr. Nicholson drew in his breath. "And how came the money in your hands at 12 last night?" he asked, sharply. "I neglected that piece of business," said John, anticipating comment; and then in his own dialect; "I clean forgot all about it."

"Well," said his father, "it's a most extraordinary story. Have you communicated with the police?" "I have," answered poor John, the blood leaping to his face. "They think they know the man that did it. I dare say the money will be recovered, if that was all," said he, with a desperate indifference, which his father set down to levity; but which sprung from the consciousness of worse behind.

"Your mother's watch, too?" asked Mr. Nicholson. "Oh, the watch is all right!" cried John. "At least, I mean I was coming to the watch—the fact is, I am ashamed to say, I—I had pawned the watch before. Here is the ticket; they didn't find that; the watch can be redeemed; they don't sell pledges." The lad panted out these phrases, one after another, like minute guns; but at the last word, which rang in the stately chamber like an oath, his heart failed him utterly, and the dreaded silence settled on father and son.

It was broken by Mr. Nicholson picking up the pawn ticket; "John Frogs, 85 Fleasance," he read; and then turning upon John, with a brief flash of passion and disgust, "Who is John Frogs?" he cried.

"Nobody," said John. "It was just a name." "An alias," his father commented. "Oh! I think scarcely quite that," said the culprit; "it's a form, they all do it, the man seemed to understand, we had a great deal of fun over the name."

He paused at that, for he saw his father wince at the picture like a man physically struck; and again there was silence. "I do not think," said Mr. Nicholson, at last, "that I am an ungenerous father. I have never grudged you money within reason, for any avowable purpose; you had just to come to me and speak. And now I find that you have forgotten all decency and all natural feeling, and actually pawned—pawned—your mother's watch. You must have had some temptation; I will do you the justice to suppose it was a strong one. What did you want with this money?"

"I would rather not tell you, sir," said John. "It will only make you angry." "I will not be fenced with," cried his father. "There must be an end of disingenuous answers. What did you want with this money?" "To lend it to Houston, sir," says John. "I thought I had forbidden you to speak to that young man?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir," said John; "but I only met him." "Where?" came the deadly question. "In a billiard room" was the damning answer. Thus had John's single departure from the truth brought instant punishment. For no other purpose but to see Alan would he have entered a billiard room; but he had desired to palliate the fact of his disobedience, and now it appeared that he frequented these respectable haunts upon his own account.

Once more Mr. Nicholson digested the vile tidings in silence; and when John stole a glance at his father's countenance, he was abashed to see the marks of suffering. "Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I cannot pretend not to be simply bowed down. I rose this morning what the world calls a happy man—happy, at least, in a son of whom I thought I could be reasonably proud."

But it was beyond human nature to endure this longer; and John interrupted almost with a scream. "Oh, wheest!" he cried, "that's not all, that's not the worst of it—it's nothing! How could I tell you were proud of me? Oh! I wish, I wish that I had known, but you always said I was such a disgrace! And the dreadful thing is this: We were all taken up last night, and we have to pay Colette's fine among the six, or we'll be had up for evidence—shebeening it is. They made me swear to tell you; but for my part," he cried, bursting into tears, "I just wish that I was dead!" And he fell on his knees before a chair and hid his face.

Whether his father spoke, and whether he remained long in the room or at once departed, are points lost to history. A horrid turmoil of mind and body; bursting sob; broken, vanishing thoughts, now of indignation, now of remorse; broken elementary whiffs of consciousness, of the smell of the horse hair on the chair bottom, of the jangling of church bells that now began to make the day horrible throughout the confines of the city, of the hard floor that bruised his knees, of the taste of tears that found their way into his mouth. For a period of time, the duration of which I cannot guess, while I refuse to dwell longer on its agony, these were the whole of God's world for John Nicholson.

When at last, as by the touching of a spring, he returned again to clearness of consciousness and even a measure of composure, the bells had but just done ringing, and the Sabbath silence was still marred by the patter of belated feet. By the clock above the fire, as well as by those more speaking signs, the service had not long begun, and the unhappy sinner, if his father had really gone to church, might count on near two hours of only comparative unhappiness. With his father the superlative degree returned infallibly. He knew it by every shrinking fiber in his body, he knew it by the sudden dizzy whirling of his brain at the mere thought of that calamity. An hour and a half, perhaps an hour and three-quarters, if the doctor was long winded, and then would begin again that active agony from which, even in the dull ache of the present, he shrank as from the bite of fire. He saw in a vision the family pew, the solemn cushions, the Bibles, the psalm books, Maria with her smiling salt; his father sitting spectated and critical; and at once he was struck with indignation, not unjustly. It was inhuman to go off to church and leave a sinner in suspense, unpunished, unforgiven. And at the very touch of criticism the paternal sanctity was lessened; yet the paternal terror only grew; and the two strands of feeling pushed him in the same direction.

And suddenly there came upon him a mad fear lest his father should have locked him in. The notion had no ground in sense; it was probably no more than a reminiscence of similar calamities in childhood, for his father's room had always been the chamber of inquisition and the scene of punishment; but it stuck so rigorously in his mind that he

must instantly approach the door and prove its truth. As he went he struck upon a drawer left open in the business table. It was the money drawer, a measure of his father's disarray. The money drawer—perhaps a pointing providence! Who is to decide when even divines differ between a providence and a temptation? or who, sitting calmly under his own vine, is to pass a judgment on the doings of a poor, hunted dog, slavishly afraid, slavishly rebellious, like John Nicholson on that particular Sunday? His hand was in the drawer, almost before his mind had conceived the hope; and rising to his new situation, he wrote, sitting in his father's chair and using his father's blotting pad, his pitiful apology and farewell.

"MY DEAR FATHER—I have taken the money, but I will pay it back as soon as I am able. You will never hear of me again. I did not mean any harm by anything, so I hope you will try and forgive me. I wish you would say goodbye to Alexander and Maria, but not if you don't want to. I could not wait to see you, really. Please try to forgive me. Your affectionate son, JOHN NICHOLSON."

The coins abstracted and the missive written, he could not be gone from the scene of these transactions; and remembering how his father had once returned from church, on some slight illness, in the middle of the second psalm, he durst not even make a packet of a change of clothes. Attired as he was, he slipped from the paternal doors and found himself in the cool spring air, the thin spring sunshine and the great Sabbath quiet of the city, which was now only pointed by the cawing of the rooks. There was not a soul in Randolph Crescent, nor a soul in Queensferry street; in this our door privacy and the sense of escape, John took heart again, and with a pathetic sense of leave taking, he ventured up the lane and stood awhile, a strange peri at the gates of a quaint paradise, by the west end of St. George's church. They were singing within, and by a strange chance, the tune was "St. George's, Edinburgh," which bears the name, and was first sung in the choir of that church. "Who is this King of Glory?" went the voices from within; and to John, this was like the end of all Christian observances, for he was now to be a wild man like Ishmael, and his life was to be cast in homeless places and with godless people.

It was thus, with no rising sense of the adventurous, but in mere desolation and despair, that he turned his back on his native city, and set out on foot for California, with a more immediate eye to Glasgow.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND SOWING. It is no part of mine to narrate the adventures of John Nicholson, which were many, but simply his more momentous misadventures, which were more than he desired, and, by human standards, more than he deserved; how he reached California, how he was rooked, and robbed, and beaten, and starved; how he was at last taken up by charitable folk, restored to some degree of self competency, and installed as a clerk in a bank in San Francisco, it would take too long to tell; nor in these episodes were there any marks of the peculiar Nicholsonian destiny, for they were just such matters as befall some thousands of other young adventurers in the same days and places. But once posted in the bank, he fell for a time into a high degree of good fortune, which, as it was only a longer way about to fresh disaster, it behooves me to explain.

It was his luck to meet a young man in what is technically called a "dive," and, thanks to his monthly wages, to extricate this new acquaintance from a position of present disgrace and possible danger in the future. This young man was the nephew of one of the Nob hill magnates, who run the San Francisco Stock Exchange, much as more humble adventurers, in the corner of some public park at home, may be seen to perform the simple artifice of pea and thimble—for their own profit, that is to say, and the discouragement of public gambling. It was thus in his power—and, as he was of grateful temper, it was among the things that he desired—to put John in the way of growing rich; and thus, without thought or industry, or so much as even understanding the game at which he played, but by simply buying and selling what he was told to buy and sell, that plaything of fortune was presently at the head of between £11,000 and £12,000, or, as he reckoned it, of upward of \$60,000.

How he had come to deserve this wealth, any more than how he had formerly earned disgrace at home, was a problem beyond the reach of his philosophy. It was true that he had been industrious at the bank, but no more so than the cashier, who had seven small children and was visibly sinking in decline. Nor was the step which had determined his advance—a visit to a dive with a month's wages in his pocket—an act of such transcendent virtue, or even wisdom, as to seem to merit the favor of the gods. From some sense of this, and of the dizzy seasaw— heaven high, hell deep—on which men sit clutching, or perhaps fearing that the sources of his fortune might be insidiously traced to some root in the field of petty cash, he stuck to his work, said not a word of his new circumstances, and kept his account with a bank in a different quarter of the town. The concealment, innocent as it seems, was the first step in the second tragedy-comedy of John's existence.

Meanwhile, he had never written home. Whether from diffidence or shame, or a touch of anger, or mere procrastination, or because (as we have seen) he had no skill in literary arts, or because (as I am sometimes tempted to suppose) there is a law in human nature that prevents young men—not other-wise beasts—from the performance of this simple act of piety—months and years had gone by, and John had never written. The habit of not writing, indeed, was already fixed before he had begun to come into his fortune, and it was only the difficulty of breaking his long silence that withheld him from an instant restitution of the money he had stolen or (as he preferred to call it) borrowed. In vain he sat before paper, attending on inspiration; that heavenly nymph, beyond suggesting the words "my dear father," remained obstinately silent; and presently John would crumple up the sheet and decide, as soon as he "had a good chance," to carry the money home in person. And this delay, which was indefensible, was his second step into the snares of fortune.

Ten years had passed, and John was drawing near to 30. He kept the promise of his boyhood and was now of a lusty frame, verging toward corpulence; good features, good eyes, a genial manner, a ready laugh, a long pair of sandy whiskers, a dash of an American accent, a close familiarity with the great American joke and a certain likeness to a R-y-I P-r-s-a-g-e, who shall remain nameless for me, made up this man's externals as he could be viewed in society. Inwardly, in spite of his gross body and highly masculine whiskers, he was more like a maiden lady than a man of 30.

It chanced one day, as he was strolling down Market street on the eve of his fortnight's holiday, that his eye was caught by certain railway bills, and in very idleness of mind he calculated that he might be home for Christmas if he started on the morrow. The fancy thrilled him with desire, and in one moment he decided he would go.

There was much to be done; his portmanteau to be packed, a credit to be got from the bank, where he was a wealthy customer, and certain offices to be transacted for that other bank in which he was a humble clerk; and it chanced, in conformity with human nature, that out of all this business it was the last that came to be neglected. Night found him not only unprepared with money of his own, but once more (as on that former occasion) saddled with a considerable sum of other people's.

Now it chanced there lived in the same boarding house a fellow clerk of his, an honest fellow, with what is called a weakness for drink—though it might, in this case, have been called a strength, for the victim had been drunk for weeks together without the briefest intermission. To this unfortunate John intrusted a letter with an inclosure of bonds, addressed to the bank manager. Even as he did so he thought he perceived a certain haziness of eye and speech in his trustee; but he was too hopeful to be stayed, silenced the voice of warning in his bosom, and with one and the same gesture committed the money to the clerk and himself into the hands of destiny.

I dwell, even at the risk of tedium, on John's minutest errors, his case being so perplexing to the moralist; but we have done with them now, the roll is closed, the reader has the worst of our poor hero, and I leave him to judge for himself whether he or John has been the less deserving. Henceforth we have to follow the spectacle of a man who was a mere whiptop for calamity; on whose unmerited misadventures not even the humorist can look without pity, and not even the philosopher without alarm.

That same night the clerk entered upon a bout of drunkenness so consistent as to surprise even his intimate acquaintance. He was speedily ejected from the boarding house; deposited his portmanteau with a perfect stranger, who did not even catch his name; wandered he knew not where, and was at last home to, all standing, in a hospital at Sacramento. There, under the impenetrable alias of the number of his bed, the crapsulous being lay for some more days unconscious of all things, and of one thing in particular: that the police were after him. Two months had come and gone before the convalescent in the Sacramento hospital was identified with Kirkman, the absconding San Francisco clerk; even then, there must elapse nearly a fortnight more till the perfect stranger could be hunted up, the portmanteau recovered, and John's letter carried at length to its destination, the seal still unbroken, the inclosure still intact.

Meanwhile John had gone upon his holidays without a word, which was irregular, and there had disappeared with him a certain sum of money, which was out of all bounds of palliation. But he was known to be careless, and believed to be honest; the manager besides had a regard for him, and little was said, although something was no doubt thought, until the fortnight was finally at an end and the time had come for John to reappear. Then, indeed, the affair began to look black, and when inquiries were made and the penniless clerk was found to have amassed thousands of dollars and kept them secretly in a rival establishment, the stoutest of his friends abandoned him, the books were overhauled for traces of ancient and artful fraud, and though none were found there still prevailed a general impression of loss. The telegraph was set in motion and the correspondent of the bank in Edinburgh, for which place it was understood that John had armed himself with extensive credits, was warned to communicate with the police.

Now this correspondent was a friend of Mr. Nicholson's; he was well acquainted with the tale of John's calamitous disappearance from Edinburgh; and, putting one thing with another, hasted with the first word of this scandal, not to the police, but to his friend. The old gentleman had long regarded his son as one dead; John's place had been taken, the memory of his faults had already fallen to be one of those old aches, which awaken again indeed upon occasion, but which he can always vanquish by an effort of the will; and to have the long lost resuscitated in a fresh disgrace was doubly bitter.

"Macawen," said the old man, "this must be hushed up if possible. If I give you a check for this sum, about which they are certain, could you take it on yourself to let the matter rest?" "I will," said Macawen. "I will take the risk of it." "You understand," resumed Mr. Nicholson, speaking precisely, but with ashen lips, "I do this for my family, not for that unhappy young man. If it should turn out that these suspicious are correct, and he has embezzled large sums, he must lie on his bed as he has made it." And then looking up at Macawen with a nod and one of his strange smiles: "Goodby," said he; and Macawen, perceiving the case to be too grave for consolation, took himself off, and blessed God on his way home that he was childless.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. By a little after noon on the eve of Christmas John had left his portmanteau in the cloak room, and stepped forth into Prince's street with a wonderful expansion of soul, such as men enjoy on the completion of long nourished schemes. He was at home again, incognito and rich; presently he could enter his father's house by means of the pass key, which he had piously preserved through all his wanderings; he would throw down the borrowed money; there would be a reconciliation, the details of which he frequently arranged; and he saw himself during the next month made welcome in many stately houses at many grand dinner parties, taking his share in the conversation with the frostborn of the man and the traveler, and laying down the law upon finance with the authority of the successful investor. But this programme was not to be begun before evening—not till just before dinner, indeed, at which meal the assembled family were to sit roicate, and the best wine, the modern fatted calf, should flow for the prodigal's return.

Meanwhile he walked familiar streets, merry reminiscences crowding round him, sad ones also, both with the same surprising pathos. The keen frosty air; the low, rosy, wintry sun; the castle, hailing him like an old acquaintance; the names of friends on old plates; the sight of friends whom he seemed to recognize, and whom he eagerly avoided, in the streets; the pleasant chant of the north country accent; the dome of St. George's reminding him of his last penitential moments in the lane, and of that King of Glory whose name had echoed ever since in the saddest corner of his memory; and the gutters where he had learned to slide, and the shops where he had bought his skates, and the stones on which he had trod, and the railings in which he had rattled his clack as he went to school; and all those thousand and one nameless particulars which the eye sees without noting, which the memory keeps in deed yet without knowing, and which, taken one with another, build up for us the aspect of the place that we call home; all these besieged him, as he went, with both delight and sadness.

His first visit was for Houston, who had a house on Regent's terrace, kept for him in old days by an aunt. The door was opened (to his surprise) upon the chain, and a voice asked him from within what he wanted.

"I want Mr. Houston—Mr. Alan Houston," said he. "And who are ye?" said the voice. "This is most extraordinary," thought John, and then aloud he told his name. "No young Mr. John?" cried the voice, with a sudden increase of Scotch accent, testifying to a friendlier feeling. "The very same," said John. And the old butler removed his defenses, remarking only, "I thought ye were that man." But his master was not there; he was staying, it appeared, at the house in Murrayfield, and though the butler would have been glad enough to have taken his place and given all the news of the family, John, struck with a little chill, was eager to be gone. Only the door was scarce closed again before he regretted that he had not asked about "that man."

He was to pay no more visits till he had seen his father and made all well at home. Alan had been the only possible exception and John had not time to go as far as Murrayfield. But here he was on Regent's terrace; there was nothing to prevent him going round the end of the hill and looking from without on the Mackenzie's house. As he went he reflected that Flora must now be a woman of near his own age and it was within the bounds of possibility that she was married, but this dishonorable doubt he damned down.

There was the house, sure enough; but the door was of another color, and what was this—two door plates? He drew nearer; the top one bore with dignified simplicity the words, "Mr. Proudfoot;" the lower one was more explicit and informed the passer by that here was likewise the abode of "Mr. J. A. Dunlop Proudfoot, advocate." The Proudfoots must be rich, for no advocate could look to have much business in so remote a quarter, and John hated them for their wealth and for their name and for the sake of the house they desecrated with their presence. He remembered a Proudfoot he had seen at school, not known; a little, weary faced urchin, the despicable member of some lower class. Could it be this abortion that had climbed to be an advocate and now lived in the birthplace of Flora and the home of John's tenderest memories! The chill that had first seized upon him when he heard of Houston's absence deepened and struck inward. For a moment, as he stood under the doors of that estranged house and looked east and west along the solitary pavement of the Royal terrace, where not a cat was stirring, the sense of solitude and desolation took him by the throat and he wished himself in San Francisco.

And then the figure he made, with his recent portliness, his whiskers, the money in his purse, the excellent cigar that he now lighted, recurred to his mind in consoling comparison with that of a certain maddened lad who, on a certain spring Sunday ten years before, and in the hour of church time silence, had stolen from that city by the Glasgow road. In the face of these changes, it were impious to doubt Fortune's kindness. All would be well yet; the Mackenzies would be found, Flora, younger and lovelier and kinder than before; Alan would be found, and would have so nicely discriminated his behavior as to have grown, on the one hand, into a valued friend of Mr. Nicholson's, and on the other, to have remained, upon the other, of that exact shade of joviality which John desired in his companions. And so, once more, John fell to work discounting the delightful future; his first appearance in the family pew; his first visit to his uncle Greig, who thought himself so great a financier, and on whose purblind Edinburgh eyes John was to let in the dazzling daylight of the west; and the details in general of that unrivaled transformation scene, in which he was to display to all Edinburgh a portly and successful gentleman in the shoes of the derided fugitive.

The time began to draw near when his father would have returned from the office, and it would be the prodigal's cue to enter. He strolled westward by Albany street, facing the sunset embers, pleased, he knew not why, to move in that cold air and indigo twilight, started with street lamps. But there was one more disenchantment waiting him by the way.

At the corner of Pitt street he paused to light a fresh cigar; the vesta thro, as he did so, a strong light upon his features, and a man of about his own age stopped at sight of it. "I think your name must be Nicholson," said the stranger.

It was too late to avoid recognition; and besides, as John was now actually on his way home, it hardly mattered, and he gave way to the impulse of his nature. "Great Scott!" he cried, "Beatson!" and shook hands with warmth. It scarce seemed he was repaid in kind. "So you're home again?" said Beatson. "Where have you been all this long time?" "In the states," said John—"California. I've made my pile though; and it suddenly struck me it would be a noble scheme to come home for Christmas."

"See," said Beatson. "Well, I hope we'll see something of you now you're here." "Oh, I guess so," said John, a little frozen. "Well, ta, ta," concluded Beatson, and he shook hands again and went.

This was a cruel first experience. It was idle to blink facts; here was John home again, and Beatson—Old Beatson—did not care a rush. He recalled Old Beatson in the past—that merry and affectionate lad—and their joint adventures and mishaps, the window they had broken with a catapult in India place, the escalade of the castle rock, and many another inestimable bond of friendship; and his hurt surprise grew deeper. Well, after all, it was only on a man's own family that he could count; blood was thicker than water, he remembered; and the net result of this encounter was to bring him to the doorstep of his father's house, with tenderer and softer feelings.

The night had come; the faint glow over the door shone bright; the two windows of the dining room where the cloth was being laid, and the three windows of the drawing room where Maria would be waiting dinner, glowed softer through yellow blinds. It was like a vision of the past. All this time of his absence, life had gone forward with an equal foot, and the fires and the gas had been lighted, and the meals spread, at the accustomed hours. At the accustomed hour, too, the bell had sounded thrice to call the family to worship. And at the thought, a pang of regret for his desertion seized him; he remembered the things that were good and that he had neglected, and the things that were evil and that he had loved; and it was with a prayer upon his lips that he mounted the steps and thrust the key into the hole.

He stepped into the lighted hall, shut the door softly behind him, and stood there fixed in wonder. No surprise of strangeness could equal the surprise of that complete familiarity. There was the bust of Chalmers near the stair railings, there was the clothes brush in the accustomed place; and there, on the hat stand, hung hats and coats that must surely be the same as he remembered. Ten years dropped from his life, as a pin may slip between the fingers, and the ocean and the mountains, and the mines, and crowded marts and mingled races of San Francisco, and his own fortune and his own disgrace, became, for that one moment, the figures of a dream that was over.

He took off his hat, and moved mechanically toward the stand; and there he found a small change that was a great one to him.

"Alan," said John, "it's me—it's Fatty—"

The pin that had been his from boyhood, where he had flung his balmoral when he loitered home from the academy, and his first hat when he came briskly back from college or the office—his pin was occupied. "They might have at least respected my pin!" he thought, and he was moved as by a slight, and began at once to recollect that he was here an interloper, in a strange house, which he had entered almost by a burglary, and where at any moment he might be scandalously challenged.

He moved at once, his hat still in his hand, to the door of his father's room, opened it and entered. Mr. Nicholson sat in the same place and posture as on that last Sunday morning; only he was older, and grayer, and sterner; and as he now glanced up and caught the eye of his son, a strange commotion and a dark flush sprung into his face.

"Father," said John, steadily, and even cheerfully, for this was a moment against which he was long ago prepared, "father, here I am, and here is the money that I took from you. I have come back to ask your forgiveness and to stay Christmas with you and the children."

"Keep your money," said the father, "and go!" "Father!" cried John, "for God's sake don't receive me this way. I've come for—" "Understand me," interrupted Mr. Nicholson, "you are no son of mine; and in the sight of God I wash my hands of you. One last thing I will tell you; one warning I will give you; all is discovered and you are being hunted for your crimes; if you are still at large it is thanks to me; but I have done all that I mean to do, and from this time forth I would not raise one finger—not one finger—to save you from the gallows! And now," with a low voice of absolute authority and a single weighty gesture of the finger, "and now—go!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSE AT MURRAYFIELD.

How John passed the evening, in what windy confusion of mind, in what squalls of anger and lulls of sick collapse, in what pacing of streets and plunging into public houses, it would profit little to relate. His misery, if it were not progressive, yet tended in no way to diminish; for in proportion as grief and indignation abated, fear began to take their place. At first his father's menacing words lay by in some safe drawer of memory, biding their hour. At first John was all thwarted affection and blighted hope; next bludgeoned vanity raised its head again, with twenty mortal gasps; and the father was disowned even as he had disowned the son. What was this regular course of life that John should have admired it? What were these clockwork virtues from which love was absent? Kindness was the test, kindness the aim and soul; and judged by such a standard, the discarded prodigal—now rapidly drowning his sorrows and his reason in successive drams—was a creature of a lovelier morality than his self righteous father. Yes, he was the better man; he felt it, glowed with the consciousness, and entering a public house at the corner of Howard place (whither he had somehow wandered) he pledged his own virtues in a glass—perhaps the fourth since his dismissal. Of that he knew nothing, keeping no account of what he did or where he went; and in the general crashing hurry of his nerves, unconscious of the approach of intoxication. Indeed, it is a question whether he were really growing intoxicated, or whether at first his spirits did not ever sober him. For it was even as he drained this last glass that his father's ambiguous and menacing words—popping from their hiding place in memory—started him like a hand laid upon his shoulder. "Crimes, hunted, the gallows." They were ugly words; in the ears of an innocent man, perhaps all the uglier; for if some judicial error were in act against him, who should set a limit to its grossness or to how far it might be pushed? Not John, indeed; he was no believer in the powers of innocence, his cursed experience pointing in quite other ways; and his fears, once wakened, grew with every hour and hunted him about the city streets.

It was perhaps nearly 9 at night; he had eaten nothing since lunch, he had drunk a good deal and he was exhausted by emotion, when the thought of Houston came into his head. He turned not merely to the man as a friend, but to his house as a place of refuge. The danger that threatened him was still so vague that he knew neither what to fear nor where he might expect it, but this much at least seemed undeniable, that a private house was safer than a public inn. Moved by these counsels he turned at once to the Caledonia station, passed (not without alarm) into the bright lights of the approach, redeemed his portmanteau from the cloak room and was soon whirling in a cab along the Glasgow road. The change of movement and position, the sight of the lamps twinkling to the rear and the smell of damp and mold and rotten straw which clung about the vehicle wrought in him strange alternations of lucidity and mortal giddiness.

"I have been drinking," he discovered; "I must go straight to bed and sleep." And he thanked heaven for the drowsiness that came upon his mind in waves.

From one of these spells he was wakened by the stoppage of the cab, and, getting down, found himself in quite a country road, the last lamp of the suburb shining some way below and the high walls of a garden rising before him in the dark. The Lodge, as the place was named, stood, indeed, very solitary. To the south it adjoined another house, but standing in so large a garden as to be well out of cry; on all other sides open fields stretched upward to the woods of Corstorphine hill, or backward to the dells of Ravelston, or downward toward the valley of the Leith. The effect of seclusion was aided by the great height of the garden walls, which were, indeed, conventional, and as John had tested in former days, defied the climbing school boy. The lamp of the cab threw a gleam upon the door and the not brilliant handle of the bell.

"Shall I ring for ye?" said the cabman, who had descended from his perch and was slapping his chest, for the night was bitter. "I wish you would," said John, putting his hand to his brow in one of his accessions of giddiness.

The man pulled at the handle, and the clanking of the bell replied from further in the garden; twice and thrice he did it, with sufficient intervals; in the great, frosty silence of the night the sounds fell sharp and small.

"Does he expect ye?" asked the driver, with that manner of familiar interest that well became his port wine face; and when John had told him no, "Well, then," said the cabman, "if ye'll tak' my advice of it, we'll just gang back. And that's disinterested, mind ye, for my stables are in the Glesgie road."

John, you know, I'm just come home, and I've come to stay with you."

"There was no reply for a moment, then the door was portmanteau down," said John to the driver.

"Do nothing of the kind," said Alan; and then to John: "Come in here a moment. I want to speak to you."

John entered the garden, and the door was closed behind him. A candle stood on the gravel walk, winking a little in the draughts; it threw incandescent sparkles on the clumped holly, struck the light and darkness to and fro like a veiling on Alan's features, and all beyond shadrow hovering behind him. All beyond was inscrutable; and John's dizzy brain rocked with the shadow. Yet even so, it struck him that Alan was pale, and his voice, when he spoke, unnatural.

"What brings you here to-night?" he began. "Don't want, God knows, to seem unfriendly; but I cannot take you in, Nicholson; I cannot do it."

"Alan," said John, "you've just got to! You don't know the mess I'm in; the governor's turned me out, and I don't show my face in an inn, because they're down on me for murder or something."

"For what?" cried Alan, starting.

"Murder," I believe, says John.

"Murder!" repeated Alan, and passed his hand over his eyes. "What was that you were saying?" he asked again.

"That they were down on me," said John. "I'm accused of murder, by what I can make out, and I've really had a dreadful day of it, Alan, and I can't sleep on the road side on a night like this—at least, not with a portmanteau," he pleaded.

"Hush!" said Alan, with his head on one side; and then, "Did you hear nothing?" he asked.

"No," said John, thrilling, he knew not why, with communicated terror. "No, I heard nothing; why?" And then, as there was no answer, he reverted to his pleading: "But I say, Alan, you've got to take me in. I'll go away to bed if you have anything to do. I seem to have been drinking; I was that knocked over. I wouldn't turn you away, Alan, if you were down on your luck."

"No," returned Alan. "Neither will I, then. Come and let's get your portmanteau."

The cabman was paid, and drove off down the long, lamp lighted hill, and the two friends stood on the sidewalk beside the portmanteau till the last rumble of the wheels had died in silence. It seemed to John as though Alan caught importance to this departure of the cab; and John, who was in no state to criticise, shared profoundly in the feeling.

When the stillness was once more perfect, Alan shouldered the portmanteau, carried it in, and shut and locked the garden door; and then, once more, abstraction seemed to fall upon him, and he stood with his hand on the key, until the cold began to nibble at John's fingers.

"Why are we standing here?" asked John.

"Eh?" said Alan, blankly.

"Why, man, you don't seem yourself," said the other.

"No, I'm not myself," said Alan; and he sat down on the portmanteau and put his face in his hands.

John stood beside him swaying a little, and looking about him at the swaying shadows, the fitting sparkles, and the steady stars overhead, until the windless cold began to touch him through his clothes on the bare skin. Even in his bemused intelligence, wonder began to awake.

"I say, let's come on to the house," he said at last.

"Yes, let's come on to the house," repeated Alan.

And he rose at once, reshoouldered the portmanteau, and taking the candle in his other hand, moved forward to the lodge. This was a long, low building, smothered in creepers; and now, except for some chinks of light between the dining room shutters, it was plunged in darkness and silence.

In the hall Alan lighted another candle, gave it to John, and opened the door of a bedroom.

"Here," said he; "go to bed. Don't mind me, John. You'll be sorry for me when you know."

"Wait a bit," returned John; "I've got so cold with all that standing about. Let's go into the dining room a minute. Just one glass to warm me, Alan."

On the table in the hall stood a glass, and a bottle with a whisky label on a tray. It was plain the bottle had been just opened, for the cork and corker were lay beside it.

"That," said Alan, passing John the whisky, and then with a certain roughness pushed his finger into the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

John stood amazed; then he shook the bottle, and to his further wonder, found it partly empty. Three or four glasses were gone. Alan must have uncorked a bottle of whisky and drank three or four glasses one after the other, without sitting down, for there was no chair, and that! It fully explained this freezing night! It fully explained his eccentricities, John reflected sagely, as he mixed himself a grog. Poor Alan! He was drunk; and what a dreadful thing was drink, and what a slave to it poor Alan was, to drink in this unsocial, uncomfortable fashion! The man who would drink alone, except for health's sake—as John was now doing—was a man utterly lost. He took the grog out, and felt hazier, but warmer. It was hard work opening the portmanteau and finding his night things; and before he was undressed the cold had struck home to him once more. "Well," said he, "just a drop more. There's no sense in getting ill with all this other trouble." And presently dreamless slumber buried him.

When John awoke it was day. The low winter sun was already in the heavens, but his watch had stopped, and it was impossible to tell the hour exactly. Ten, he guessed it, and made haste to dress, dismal reflections crowding on his mind. But it was less from terror than from regret that he now suffered; and with his regret there were mingled cutting pangs of penitence. There had fallen upon him a blow, cruel, indeed, but yet only the punishment of old misdoing; and he had rebelled and plunged into fresh sin. The rod had been used to chasten, and he had bit the chastening fingers. His father was right; John had justified him; John was no guest for decent people's houses, and no fit associate for decent people's children. And had a broader hint been needed, there was the case of his old friend. John was no drunkard, though he could at times exceed; and the picture of Houston drinking neat spirits at his hall table struck him with something like disgust. He hung back from meeting his old friend. He could have wished he had not come to him; and yet, even now, where else was he to turn?

These musings occupied him while he dressed, and accompanied him into the lobby of the house. The door stood open on the garden; doubtless, Alan had stepped forth; and John did as he supposed his friend had done. The ground was hard as iron, the frost still rigorous; as he brushed among the hollies, icicles jingled and glittered in their leaves, and wherever he went, a volley of eager sparrows followed him. Here was Christmas weather and Christmas morning duly met, to the delight of children. This was the day of reunited families, the day to which he had so long looked forward, thinking to awake in his own bed in Randolph Crescent, reconciled with all men and re-

peating the footprints of his youth; and here he was alone, pacing the alleys of a wintry garden and filled with penitential thoughts.

And that reminded him: why was he alone and where was Alan? The thought of the festal morning and the due salutations reawakened his desire for his friend, and he began to call for him by name. As the sound of his voice died away, he was aware of the greatness of the silence that environed him. But for the twittering of the sparrows and the crunching of his own feet upon the frozen snow, the whole windless world of air hung over him entranced, and stillness weighed upon his mind with a horror of solitude.

Still calling at intervals, but now with a moderated voice, he made the hasty circuit of the garden, and finding neither man nor trace of man in all its evergreen coverts, turned at last to the house. About the house the silence seemed to deepen strangely. The door, indeed, stood open as before; but the windows were still shuttered, the chimneys breathed no strain into the bright air, there sounded abroad none of that low stir (perhaps audible rather to the ear of the spirit than to the ear of the flesh) by which a house announces and betrays its human lodgers. And yet Alan must be there—Alan locked in drunken slumbers, forgetful of the return of the day, of the holy season, and of the friend whom he had so coldly received and was now so churlishly neglecting. John's disgust redoubled at the thought; but hunger was beginning to grow stronger than repulsion, and as a step to breakfast, if nothing else, he must find and arouse his sleeper.

He made the circuit of the bedroom quarters. All, until he came to Alan's chamber, were locked from without, and bore the marks of a prolonged disuse. But Alan's was a room in commission, filled with clothes, knickknacks, letters, books, and the conveniences of a solitary man. The fire had been lighted; but it had long ago burned out, and the ashes were stone cold. The bed had been made, but it had not been slept in.

Worse and worse, then; Alan must have fallen where he sat, and now sprawled brutally, no doubt, upon the dining room floor.

The dining room was a very long apartment, and was reached through a passage, so that John, upon his entrance, brought but little light with him, and must move toward the windows with spread arms, groping and knocking on the furniture. Suddenly he tripped and fell his length over a prostrate body. It was what he had looked for, yet it shocked him, and he marvelled that so rough an impact should not have kicked a groan out of the drunkard. Men had killed themselves ere now in such excesses, a dreary and degraded end that made John shudder. What if Alan were dead? There would be a Christmas day!

By this John had his hand upon the shutters, and, flinging them back, beheld once again the blessed face of the day. Even by that light the room had a discomfortable air. The chairs were scattered and one had been overturned; the table cloth, laid as if for dinner, was twisted upon one side, and some of the dishes had fallen to the floor. Behind the table lay the drunkard, still unaroused, only one foot visible to John.

But now that light was in the room the worst seemed over; it was a disgusting business, but not more than a disgusting; and it was with no great apprehension that John proceeded to make the circuit of the table—his last comparatively tranquil moment for that day. No sooner had he turned the corner, and he had his eyes alighted on the body, than he gave a smothered, breathless cry, and fled out of the room and out of the house.

It was not Alan who lay there, but a man well up in years, of stern countenance and iron gray locks; and it was no drunkard, for the body lay in a black pool of blood, and the open eyes stared upon the ceiling.

To and fro walked John before the door. The extreme sharpness of the air acted on his nerves like an anesthetic, and braced them swiftly. Presently, he no longer relaxing in his disorderly walk, the images began to come clearer and stay longer in his fancy; and next the power of thought came back to him, and the horror and danger of his situation rooted him to the ground.

He grasped his forehead, and staring on one spot of gravel, pieced together what he knew and what he suspected. "That man" had murdered some one; possibly "that man" against the Terrace; possibly another; some one at least; a human soul, whom it was death to slay and whose blood lay spilled upon the floor. This was the reason of the whisky drinking in the passage, of his unwillingness to welcome John, of his strange behavior and bewildered words; this was why he had started at and harped upon the name of murder; this was why he had stood and hearkened, or sat and covered his eyes, in the black night. And now he was gone, now he had basely fled; and to all his perplexities and dangers John stood heir.

"Let me think—let me think," he said, aloud, impatiently, even pleadingly, as if to some merciless interrupter. In the turmoil of his wits a thousand hints and hopes and threats and terrors dimmed continuously in his ears, he was like one plunged in the hub-bub of a crowd. How was he to remember—he who had not a thought to spare—that he was himself the author, as well as the theatre, of so much confusion? But in the hours of trial, the joy of man's nature is dissolved and anarchy succeeds.

It was plain he must stay no longer where he was, for here was a new judicial error in the very making. It was not so plain where he must go, for the old judicial error, vague as a cloud, appeared to fill the habitable world; whatever it might be, it watched for him, full grown, in Edinburgh; it must have had its birth in San Francisco; it stood guard, no doubt, like a dragon, at the bank where he should cash his credit; and though there were doubtless many other places, who should say in which of them it was not amused? No, he could not tell where he was to go; he must not lose time on these insolubilities. Let him go back to the beginning. It was plain he must stay no longer where he was. It was plain, too, that he must not flee as he was, for he could not carry his portmanteau, and to flee and leave it was to plunge deeper in the mire. He must go, leave the house unguarded, find a cab and return for a hand!

And just then he spied a stain about a hand's breadth on his trouser leg, and reached his finger down to touch it. The finger was stained red; it was blood; he stared upon it with disgust, and awe, and terror, and in the sharpness of the new sensation fell instantly to act.

He cleaned his finger in the snow, returned into the house, drew near with hushed footsteps to the dining room door, and shut and locked it. Then he breathed a little freer, for here at least was an oak barrier before himself and what he feared. Next, he hastened to his room, tore off the spotted trousers which seemed in his eyes a link to bind him to the galleys, flung them in a corner, donned another pair, breathlessly crammed his night things into his portmanteau, took it, swung it with an effort from the ground, and with a rush of relief, came forth again under the open heavens.

The portmanteau, being of occidental build, was no feather weight; it had distressed the powerful Alan; and as for John, he was crushed under its bulk, and the sweat broke upon him thickly. Twice he must set it

down to rest before he reached the gate; and when he had come so far, he must do so Alan did, and take his seat upon one corner. Here, then, he sat awhile and panted; but now his thoughts were sensibly lightened; and now his trunk standing just inside the door, some part of his dissociation from the house of crime had been effected, and the cabman need not pass the garden wall. It was wonderful how this was so; for the house, in his eyes, was a place to strike the most cursory beholder with suspicion, as though the very windows had cried murder.

But there was to be no remission of the strokes of fate. As he thus sat, hopped and breathed in the shadow of the wall and talked about by sparrows, it chanced that his eye roved to the fastening of the door; and what he saw plucked him to his feet. The thing looked with a spring; once the door was closed, the bolt shot of itself; and without a key, there was no means of entering from without.

He saw himself obliged to one of two distasteful and perilous alternatives; either to shut the door altogether and set his portmanteau out upon the wayside, a wonder to all beholders; or to leave the door ajar, so that any thievish tramp or holiday school boy might stray in and stumble on the grisly secret. To the last, as the least desperate, his mind inclined; but he must insure himself that he was unobserved. He peered out, and down the long road; it lay deeply empty. He went to the corner of the by road that comes by way of Dean; there also not a passenger was stirring. Plainly it was, now or never, the high tide of his affairs; and he drew the door close as he stirred, slipped a pebble in the chink, and made off downhill to find a cab.

Half way down a gate opened, and a troop of Christmas children sallied forth in the most cheerful humor, followed more soberly by a smiling mother.

"And this is Christmas day!" thought John; and could have laughed aloud in tragic bitterness of heart.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRAGICOMEDY IN A CAB.

In front of Donaldson's perceive, John counted it good fortune to perceive a cab a great way off, and by much shouting and waving of his arm to catch the notice of the driver. He counted it good fortune, for the time was long to him till he should have done forever with the lodge; and the further he must go to find a cab, the greater the chance that the inevitable discovery had taken place, and that he should return to find the garden full of angry neighbors. Yet when the vehicle drew up he was sensibly chagrined to recognize the port wine cabman of the night before. "Here," he could not but reflect, "here is another link in the Judicial Error."

The driver, on the other hand, was pleased to drop again upon so liberal a fare; as he was a man—the reader must already have perceived—of easy, not to say familiar, manners, he dropped at once into a vein of friendly talk, commenting on the weather, on the sacred season, which struck him chiefly in the light of a day of liberal gratuities, on the chance which he had named him to a pleasing customer, and on the fact that John had been as he was pleased to call it; visibly "on the randan" the night before.

"And ye look dreifull had the day, sir," I must say that," he continued. "There's nothing like a dram for ye—if ye'll take my advice of it; and bein' as it's Christmas, I'm no saying," he added, with a fatherly smile, "but what I would join ye myself."

John had listened with a sick heart.

"I'll give you a dram when we've got through," said he, affecting a sprightliness which sat on him most unhandsoomly, "and not a drop till then. Business first, and pleasure afterward."

With this promise the jarvey was prevailed upon to clamber to his place and drive, with hideous deliberation, to the door of the lodge. There were no signs as yet of any public emotion; only, two men stood not far off in talk, and their presence, seen from afar, set John's pulses buzzing. He might have spared himself his fright, for the pair were lost in some dispute of a theological complexion, and with lengthened upper lip and enumerating fingers, pursued the matter of their difference, and paid no heed to John.

But the cabman proved a thorn in the flesh. Nothing would keep him on his perch; he must clamber down, he commented on the pebble in the door (which he regarded as an ingenious but unsafe device), help John with the portmanteau, and enliven matters with a flow of speech, and especially of questions, which to this condense:

"He'll no be here himself, will he? No! Well, he's an eccentric man—a fair oddity—if ye ken the expression. Great trouble with his tenants, they tell me. I've driven the family for years. I drove a cab at his father's waddin'. What'll your name be? I should ken your face. Baigrey, is ye? There were Baigreys about Gilmerton; ye'll be one of that lot? Then this'll be a friend's portmanteau, like? Why? Because the name upon it's Nicholson! Oh, if ye're in a hurry that's another job. Waverley Brig? Are ye for away?"

So the friendly toper prated and questioned and kept John's heart in a flutter. But to this also, as to other evils under the sun, there came a period, and the victim of circumstances began at last to rumble toward the railway terminus at Waverley Bridge. During the transit he sat with raised fingers, and in the frosty chill and moly feter of his chariot, and glanced out sidelong on the holiday face of things, the shuttered shops and the crowds along the pavement, much as the rider in the Tyburn cart may have observed the concourse gathering to his execution.

At the station his spirits rose again; another stage of his escape was fortunately ended—he began to spy blue water. He called a railway porter, and bade him carry the portmanteau to the cloak room; not that he had any notion of delay; flight, instant flight was his design, no matter whether; but he had determined to dismiss the cabman ere he named, or even he chose, his destination, thus possibly breaking the Judicial Error of another link. This was his cunning aim, and now with one foot on the roadway, and one still on the coach step, he had made haste to put the thing in practice, and plunged his hand into his trousers pocket.

There was nothing there!

Oh, yes; this time he was to blame. He should have remembered, and when he deserted, his blood stained pantaloons, he should not have deserted along with them his purse. Make the most of his error, and then compare it with the punishment! Conceive his new position, for I lack words to picture it; conceive him condemned to return to that; conceive him from the very thought of which his soul revolted, and once more to expose himself to capture on the very scene of the misdeed; conceive him linked to the moly cab and the familiar cabman. John cursed the cabman silently, and then it occurred to him that he must stop the incarceration of his portmanteau; that, at least, he must keep close at hand, and be turned to recall the porter. But his reflections, brief as they had appeared, must have occupied him longer than he supposed, and there was the man already returning with the receipt.

Well, that was settled; he had lost his portmanteau also; for the sixpence with which he had paid the Murrayfield toll was one that had strayed alone into his waistcoat pocket, and unless he once more successfully achieved

the adventure of the house of crime his portmanteau lay in the cloak room in eternal pawn, for lack of a penny fee. And then he remembered the porter, who stood suggestively attentive, words of gratitude hanging on his lips.

John hunted right and left; he found a coin—prayed God that it was a sovereign—drew it out, beheld a half penny, and offered it to the porter.

"It's only a half penny!" he said, startled out of railway decency.

"I know that," said John, piteously.

And here the porter recovered the dignity of man.

"Thank you, sir," said he, and John too returned the base gratuity; but John, too, would none of it, and as they struggled who must join it, and the cabman!

"Hoofs, Mr. Baigrey," said he, "you surely forget what day it is!"

"I tell you I have no change," cried John.

"Well," said the driver, "and what then? I would rather give a man a shillin' on a day like this than put him off with a derision like a bawbee. I'm surprised at the like of you, Mr. Baigrey!"

"My name is not Baigrey!" broke out John, in mere childish temper and distress.

"Ye told me it was yourself," said the cabman.

"I know I did; and what the devil right had you to ask?" cried the unhappy one.

"Oh, very well," said the driver. "I know my place if you know yours—if you know yours?" he repeated, as one who should imply grave doubt; and muttered inarticulate thunders, in which the grand old name of gentleman was taken seemingly in vain.

Oh, to have been able to discharge this monster, whom John now perceived, with tardy clear sightedness, to have begun betimes the festivities of Christmas! But far from any such ray of consolation visiting the port, he stood bare of help and helpers, his last remnant sequestered in one place, his money deserted in another and guarded by a corpse; himself, so sedulous of privacy, the cynosure of all men's eyes about the station; and, as if these were not enough mischances, he was now fallen in ill blood with the beast to whom his poverty had linked him! In ill blood, as he reflected dimly, with the witness who perhaps might hang or save him! There was no time to be lost; he durst not linger any longer in that public spot, and whether he had recourse to dignity or concealment, the remedy must be applied at once. Some happily surviving element of manhood moved him no more.

"Let us have no more of this," said he, his feet once more upon the step. "Go back to where we came from."

He had avoided the name of any destination, for there was now quite a little band of railway folk about the cab, and he still kept an eye upon the court of justice, and labored to avoid concentric evidence. But here again the fatal jarvey outmaneuvered him.

"Back to the Lodge!" cried he, in shrill tones of protest.

"Drive on at once!" roared John, and slammed the door behind him, so that the crazy chariot rocked and jingled.

Forth trundled the cab into the Christmas streets, the fare within plunged in the blackness of a despair that neighbored on unconsciousness, the driver on the box digesting his rebuke and his customer's duplicity. I would not be thought to put the pair in competition; John's case was out of all parallel. But the cabman, too, is worth the sympathy of the judicious; for he was a fellow of personal dignity incensed by drink; and his advances had been cruelly and publicly rebuffed. As he drove, therefore, he counted his wrongs, and thirsted for sympathy and drink. Now, it chanced he had a friend, a publican, in Queensferry street, from whom, in view of the sacredness of the occasion, he thought he might extract a dram. Queensferry street lies something off the direct road to Murrayfield. But then there is the hilly cross road that passes by the valley of the Leith and the Dean cemetery; and Queensferry street is on the way to that. What was to hinder the cabman, since his horse was dumb, from choosing the cross road, and calling on his friend in passing! It was so decided; and the chariot, already somewhat mollified, turned aside his horse to the right.

John, meanwhile, sat collapsed. His chin sunk upon his breast, his mind in abeyance. The smell of the cab was still faintly present to his senses, and a certain leaden chill about his feet; all else had disappeared in one vast oppression of calamity and physical faintness. It was drawing on to noon—and twenty hours since he had broken bread; in the interval he had suffered tortures of horror and alarm and been partly tipsy, and though it was impossible to say he slept, yet when the cab stopped and the cabman thrust his head into the window his attention had to be recalled from depths of vacancy.

"If you'll no stand me a dram," said the driver, with a well merited severity, of tone and manner, "I dare say ye'll have no objection to my taking one myself?"

"Yes—do—do what you like," returned John; and then, as he watched his tormentor mount the stairs and enter the whisky shop, there floated into his mind a sense of something long ago familiar. At that he started fully awake, and stared at the shop fronts. Yes, he knew them; but when! and how! Long since, he thought; and then, casting his eyes through the front glass, which had been recently occluded by the figure of the jarvey, he beheld the tree tops of the rookery in Randolph Crescent. He was close to home—home, where he had thought, at that hour, to be sitting in the well remembered drawing room in friends' hands; and instead—!

It was the first impulse to drop into the bottom of the cab; his next, to cover his face with his hands. So he sat, while the cabman toasted the publican, and the publican toasted the cabman, and both reviewed the affairs of the nation; so he still sat, when his master descended to return, and drive off at last down hill, along the curve of Lynedoch place; but even so sitting, as he passed the end of his father's street, he took one glance from between shielding fingers, and beheld a doctor's carriage at the door.

"Well, just so," thought he; "I'll have killed my father! And this is Christmas day!"

If Mr. Nicholson died, it was down this same road he must journey to the grave; and down this road, on the same errand, his wife had preceded him years before; and many other leading citizens, with the proper trappings and attendances of the end. And now, in that frosty, ill smelling, straw breathed and frozzed cushioned cab, with his cap congealed on the glasses, where else was John himself advancing?

The thought stirred his imagination, which began to manufacture many thousand pictures, bright and fleeting, like the shapes in a kaleidoscope; and now he saw himself, ruddy and comforted, sliding in the gutter; and, again, a little woe begone, bored urchin tricked forth in crape and weepers, descending this same hill at the foot's pace of mourning coaches; his mother's body just preceding him; and yet again, his father, running far in front, showed him his destination—now standing solitary in the low sunshine, with the sparrows hopping on the threshold and the dead man within staring at the roof—and now, with a sudden change, thronged about with white faced, hand uplifting neighbors, and doctor bustling through their midst and fixing his stethoscope as he went, the police-

man shaking a sagacious head beside the body. It was to this he feared that he was driving; in the midst of this he saw himself arrive, heard himself stammer faint explanations and felt the hand of the constable upon his shoulder. Heavens! how he wished he had played the manlier part; how he despised himself that he had fled that fatal neighborhood when all was quiet, and should now be tamely traveling back when it was thronging with avengers!

Any degree of passion leads, even to the strongest, the forces of the imagination. And so now as he dwelt on what was probably awaiting him at the end of this distressful drive—John, who saw things little, remembered them less, and could not have described them at all, beheld in his mind's eye the garden of the lodge, detailed as in a map; he went to and fro in it, feeding his terrors; he saw the hollies, the snowy borders, the paths where he had sought Alan, the high, conventional walls, the shut door—what! was the door shut? Ay, truly, he had shut it—shut it with these hands, and none could now open it! He heard the snap of the spring lock like something bursting in his brain, and sat astonished.

And then he woke again, terror jarring through his veins. This was no time to be idle; he must be up and doing; he must think. Once at the end of this ridiculous cruise, once at the end of this would be nothing for it but to turn the cab and trundle back again. Why, then, go so far! Why add another feature of suspicion to a case already so suggestive? Why not turn at once? It was easy now to go to, but whether? He had nowhere in letters of blood—he could never pay that cab; he was saddled with that cab forever. Oh, that cab! his soul yearned and burned, and his bowels sounded to be rid of it. He forgot all other cares. He must first quit himself of this ill smelling vehicle and of the human beast that guided it—first do that; do that, at least; do that at once.

And just then the cab suddenly stopped, and there was his persecutor rapping on the front glass. John let it down, and beheld the port wine countenance inflamed with intellectual triumph.

"I ken wha ye are!" cried the husky voice.

"I mind ye now. Ye're a Nucholson. I drove ye to Hermiton to a Christmas party, and ye came back on the box, and I let ye drive."

"It is a fact. John knew the man, they had been even friends. His enemy, he now remembered, was a fellow of great good nature—endless good nature—with a boy; why not with a man? Why not appeal to his better side? He grasped at the new hope.

"Great Scott! and so you did," he cried, as if in a transport of delight, his voice sounding false in his own ears. "Well, if that's so, I have something to say to you. I'll just get out, I guess. Where are we, any way?"

The driver had fluttered his ticket in the eyes of the branch toll keeper, and they were now brought to on the highest and most solitary part of the byroad. On the left, a row of fieldside trees beshaded it; on the right, it was bordered by naked fallows, undulating downhill to the Queensferry road; in front, Corstorphine hills raised its sky. John looked all about him, drinking the clear air like wine; then his eyes returned to the cabman's face as he sat, not ungleefully, awaiting John's communication, with the air of one looking to be tipped.

The features of that face were hard to read, drink had so swollen them, drink had so painted them, in tints that varied from brick red to mulberry. The small gray eyes blinked, the lips moved, with greed; greed was the ruling passion; and though there was some good nature, some genuine kindness, a true human touch, in the old toper, his greed was now so set afire by hope, that all other traits of character lay dormant. He sat there a monument of gluttonous desire.

John's heart slowly fell. He had opened his lips, but he stood there and uttered naught. He sounded the welp of his courage, and it was dry. He groped in his treasury of words, and it was vacant. A devil of dumbness had him by the throat; the devil of terror babbled in his ears; and suddenly, without a word uttered, with no conscious purpose formed in his will, John whipped about, tumbled over the roadside wall, and began running for his life across the fallows.

He had not gone far, he was not past the mark of the first field, when his whole brain thundered within him. "Fool! You have your watch!" The shock toppled him, and he faced once more toward the city. The driver was leaning over the wall, brandishing his whip, his face sawraged, roaring like a bull. And John saw (or thought) that he had lost the chance. No watch would pacify the man's resentment now; he would cry for vengeance also. John would be had under the eye of the police; his tale would be unfolded, his secret plumbed, his destiny would close on him at last, and forever.

He uttered a deep sigh; and just as the cabman, taking heart of grace, was beginning at last to scale the wall, his defaulting customer fell again to running, and disappeared into the further fields.

CHAPTER VIII.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE UTILITY OF PASS KEYS.

Where he ran at first, John never very clearly knew; nor yet how long a time elapsed ere he found himself in the by road near the lodge of Ravelston, propped against the wall, his lungs heaving like bellows, his legs leaden heavy, his mind possessed by one sole desire—to lie down and be unseen. He remembered the thick coverts round the quarry hole pond, an untried corner of the world where he might surely find concealment till the night should fall. Thither he passed, down the lane; and when he came there, behold! he had forgotten the frost, and the pond was alive with young people skating, and the pond side coverts were thick with lookers on. He looked on awhile himself. There was one tall, graceful maiden, skating hand in hand with a youth, on whom she bestowed her bright eyes perhaps too patently; and it was strange with what anger John beheld her. He could have broken forth in curses; he could have stood there, like a mortified tramp, and shaken his fist and vented his gall upon her by the hour—or so he thought; and the next moment his heart bled for the girl. "Poor creature, it's little she knows!" he sighed.

"Let her enjoy herself while she can!" But was it possible, when Flora used to smile at him so, and when he came there, behold! he had forgotten the frost, and the pond was alive with young people skating, and the pond side coverts were thick with lookers on. He looked on awhile himself. There was one tall, graceful maiden, skating hand in hand with a youth, on whom she bestowed her bright eyes perhaps too patently; and it was strange with what anger John beheld her. He could have broken forth in curses; he could have stood there, like a mortified tramp, and shaken his fist and vented his gall upon her by the hour—or so he thought; and the next moment his heart bled for the girl. "Poor creature, it's little she knows!" he sighed.

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eat anything for three days. Or, at least, I don't know what day it is; but I guess I'm starving."

"You unhappy man!" she cried. "Here, sit down and eat my supper; and I'll just run upstairs and see my patient, not but what I doubt she's fast asleep; for Maria is a malade imaginaire."

With this specimen of the French, not of Stratford-atto-Bowe, but of a finishing establishment in Moray place, she left John alone in his father's sanctum. He fell at once upon the food; and it is to be supposed that Flora had found her patient wakeful, and been detained with some details of nursing, for he had time to make a full end of all there was to eat, and not only to empty the teapot, but to fill it again from a kettle that was fitfully singing on his father's fire. Then he sat torpid and pleased and bewildered; his misfortunes were then half forgotten; his mind considering, not without regret, this sentimental return to his old love.

He was thus engaged, when that bustling woman noiselessly re-entered.

"Have you eaten?" said she. "Then tell me all about it."

It was a long and (as the reader knows) a painful story; but Flora heard it with compressed lips. She said to none of those questionings of human destiny that have from time to time arrested the flight of my own pen, for women such as she are no philosophers, and behold the concrete only. And women such as she are very hard on the imperfect man.

"Very well," said she, when he had done, "then down upon your knees at once and beg God's forgiveness."

And the great baby plumped upon his knees and did as he was bid, and none the worse for that! But while he was heartily enough requesting forgiveness on general principles the rational side of him distinguished and wondered if, perhaps, the apology were not due upon the other part. And when he rose again from that becoming exercise he first eyed the face of his old love doubtfully, and then, taking heart, uttered his protest.

"I must say, Flora," said he, "in all this business, I can see very little fault of mine."

"If you had written home," replied the lady, "there would have been none of it. If you had even gone to Murrayfield reasonably sober you would never have slept there, and the worst would not have happened. Besides, the whole thing began years ago. You got into trouble, and when your father, honest man, was disappointed, you took the pet, or got afraid, and ran away from punishment. Well, you've had your own way of it, John, and I don't suppose you like it."

"I sometimes fancy I'm not much better than a fool," sighed John.

"My dear John," she said, "not much."

He looked at her, and his eye fell. A certain anger rose within him; here was a Flora he disowned; she was hard; she was of a set color; a settled, mature, unadorned manner; plain of speech; plain of habit—he had come near saying plain of face. And this changing called herself by the same name as the many colored, clinging maid of yore; she of the frequent laughter and the many sighs, and the kind, stolen glances. And to make all worse, she took the upper hand with him, which, as John well knew, was not the true relation of the sexes. He steered his heart against the sick nurse.

"And how do you come to be here?" he asked.

She told him how she had nursed her father in his long illness, and when he died, and she was left alone, had taken to nurse others, partly from habit, partly to be of some service in the world; partly, it might be, for amusement. "There's no accounting for taste," she said. And she told him how she went largely to the houses of old friends, as the need arose; and how she was thus doubly welcome, as an old friend first, and then as an experienced nurse, to whom doctors would confide the gravest cases.

"And, indeed, it's a mere fancy my being here for poor Maria," she continued; "but your father takes her ailments to heart, and I cannot always be refusing him. We are great friends, your father and I; he was very kind to me long ago—ten years ago."

A strange air came in John's heart. All this while had he been thinking only of himself! All this while, why had he not written to Flora! In penitential tenderness he took her hand, and to his awe and trouble, it remained in his, compliant. A voice told him this was Flora, after all—told him so quietly, yet with a thrill of singing.

"And you never married?" said he.

"No, John; I never married," she replied. The hall clock striking 2 recalled them to the sense of time.

"And now," said she, "you have been fed and warmed, and I have heard your story, and now it's high time to call your brother."

"Oh!" cried John, chafffallen; "do you think that absolute necessary?"

"I can't keep you here, I am a stranger," said she. "Do you want to run away again? I thought you had enough of that."

He bowed his head under the reproof. She despised him, he reflected, as he sat once more alone; a monstrous thing for a woman to despise a man; and stranger of all, she seemed to like him. Would his brother despise him, too? And would his brother like him?

And presently the brother appeared, under Flora's escort; and, standing afar off beside the doorway, eyed the hero of this tale.

"So this is you!" he said, at length.

"Yes, Alick, it's me—it's John," replied the elder brother, feebly.

"And how did you get in here?" inquired the younger.

"Oh, I had my pass key," says John.

"The deuce you had!" said Alexander. "Ah, you lived in a better world! There are no pass keys going now."

"Well, father was always averse to them," sighed John.

And the conversation then broke down, and the brothers looked askance at one another in silence.

"Well, and what the devil are we to do?" said Alexander. "I suppose if the authorities get wind of you you would be taken up?"

"It depends on whether they've found the body or not," returned John. "And then there's that cabman, to be sure!"

"Oh, bother the body!" said Alexander. "I mean about the other thing. That's serious."

"Is that what my father spoke about?" asked John. "I don't even know what it is."

"About your robbing your bank in California, of course," replied Alexander.

It was plain, from Flora's face, that this was the first she had heard of it; it was plain still, from John's, that he was innocent.

"I!" he exclaimed. "I rob my bank! My God! Flora, this is too much; even you must allow that."

"Meaning you didn't?" asked Alexander.

"I never robbed a soul in all my days," cried John; "except my father, if you call that robbery; and I brought him back the money in this room, and he wouldn't even take it!"

"Let me look here, John," said his brother; "let us have no misapprehension upon this. Macowen saw my father; he told him in a bank you had worked for in San Francisco, was wiring over the habitable globe to have you collared—that it was supposed you had nailed thousands; and it was dead certain you had nailed three hundred. So Macowen said, and I wish you would be careful how you answer,

I may tell you also that your father paid the three hundred on the spot."

"Three hundred?" repeated John. "Three hundred pounds, you mean? That's fifteen hundred dollars. Why, then, it's Kickman!" he broke out. "Thank Heaven! I can explain all that. I gave them to Kirkman to pay it for me the night before I left—fifteen hundred dollars, and a letter to the manager. What do they suppose I would steal fifteen hundred dollars for? I'm rich; I struck it rich in stocks. It's the silliest stuff I ever heard of. All that's needful is to cable to the manager; Kirkman has the fifteen hundred—and Kirkman. He was a fellow clerk of mine, and a hard case; but to do him justice, I didn't think he was as hard as this."

"And what do you say to that, Alick?" asked Flora.

"I say the cablegram shall go to-night!" cried Alexander, with energy. "Answer prepaid, too. If this can be cleared away—and upon my word I do believe it can—we shall all be able to hold up our heads again. Here, you John, you stick down the address of your bank manager. You, Flora, you can pack John into my bed, for which I have no further use to-night. As for me, I am off to the postoffice, and thence to the High street about the dead body. The police ought to know, you see, and they ought to know through John; and I can tell them some rigmarole about my brother being a man of highly nervous organization, and the rest of it. And then, I'll tell you what, John—did you notice the name upon the cab?"

John gave the name of the driver, which, as I have not been able to command the vehicle, I here suppress.

"Well," resumed Alexander, "I'll call round at their place before I come back, and pay your shot for you. In that way, before breakfast time, you'll be as good as new."

John murmured inarticulate thanks. To see his brother thus energetic in his service moved him beyond expression; if he could not utter what he felt, he showed it legibly in his face; and Alexander read it there, and liked it better than that dumb delivery.

"But there's one thing," said the latter, "cablegrams are dear; and I dare say you remember enough of the governor to guess the state of my finances."

"The trouble is," said John, "that all my stamps are in that beastly house."

"All your what?" asked Alexander.

"Stamps—money," explained John. "It's an American expression; I'm afraid I contracted one or two."

"I have some," said Flora. "I have a pound note upstairs."

"My dear Flora," returned Alexander, "a pound note won't see us very far; and besides, this is my father's business, and I shall be very much surprised if it isn't my father who pays for it."

"I would not apply to him yet; I do not think that can be wise," objected Flora.

"You have a very imperfect idea of my resources, and none at all of my effrontery," replied Alexander. "Please observe."

He put John from his way, chose a stout knife among the supper things, and with surprising quickness broke into his father's drawer.

"There's nothing easier when you come to try," he observed, pocketing the money.

"I wish you had not done that," said Flora. "You will never hear the last of it."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the young man; "the governor is human after all. And now, John, let me see your famous pass key. Get into bed, and don't move for any one till I come back. They won't mind you not answering when they knock; I generally don't myself."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MR. NICHOLSON ACCEPTS THE PRINCIPLE OF AN ALLOWANCE.

In spite of the horrors of the day and the tea drinking of the night John slept the sleep of infancy. He was awakened by the maid, as it might have been ten years ago, tapping at the door. The winter sunrise was painting the east, and as the window was to the back of the house it shone into the room with many strange colors of refracted light.

Without, the garden walls were coped with snow; in the garden walls were glittering. Yet, strange as snow had grown to John during his years upon the bay of San Francisco, it was what he saw within that most affected him. For it was to his own room that Alexander had been promoted; there was the old paper with the device of flowers, in which a cunning fancy might yet detect the face of Skiany Jim, of the Academy, John's former dominion; there was the old chest of drawers; there were the chairs—one, two, three—three as before. Only the carpet was new, and the litter of Alexander's clothes and a pencil drawing on the wall, (in John's eyes) appeared a marvel of profanity.

He was thus lying, and looking, and dreaming, hanging, as it were, between two epochs of his life, when Alexander came to the door and made his presence known in a loud whisper. John let him in, and jumped back into the warm bed.

"Well, John," said Alexander, "the cablegram is sent in your name, and twenty words of answer paid. I have been to the cab office and paid your cab, even saw the old gentleman himself, and properly apologized. He was mighty placable, and indicated his belief you had been drinking. Then I knocked up old Macowen out of bed and explained affairs to him as he sat and shivered in a dressing gown. And before that I had been to the High street, where they have said nothing of your dead body, so that I incline to the idea that you dreamed it."

"Catch me!" said John.

"Well, the police never do know anything," assented Alexander; "and at any rate, they have dispatched a man to inquire and to recover your trousers and your money, so that really your bill is now fairly clean; and I see but one ailon in your path—the governor."

"I'll be turned out again, you'll see," said John, dismally.

"I don't imagine so," returned the other; "not if you do what Flora and I have arranged; and your business now is to dress, and lose no time about it. Is your watch right? Well, you have a quarter of an hour. By five minutes before the half—our you must be at table, in your old seat, under Uncle Duthie's picture. Flora will be there to keep you countenance; and we shall see what we shall see."

"Wouldn't it be wiser for me to stay in bed?" said John.

"If you mean to manage your own concerns, you can do precisely what you like," replied Alexander; "but if you are not in your place five minutes before the half hour I wash my hands of you, for one."

And thereupon he departed. He had spoken warmly, but the truth is, his heart was somewhat troubled. And as he hung over the balustrade, watching for his father to appear, he had hard ado to keep himself braced for the encounter that must follow.

"If he takes it well I shall be lucky," he reflected. "If he takes it ill, why it'll be a beating across John's tracks, and perhaps all for the best. He's a confounded miff, this brother of mine, but he seems a decent kind."

At that stage a door opened below with a certain emphasis, and Mr. Nicholson was seen solemnly to descend the stairs and pass into his own apartment. Alexander followed, quaking inwardly, but with a steady face.

He knocked, was bidden to enter and found his father standing in front of the forced drawer, to which he pointed as he spoke.

"This is a most extraordinary thing," said he. "I have been robbed!"

"I was afraid you would notice it," observed his son; "it made such a beastly hash of the table."

"You were afraid I would notice it?" repeated Mr. Nicholson. "And, pray, what may that mean?"

"That I was a thief, sir," returned Alexander. "I took all the money in case the servants should get hold of it; and here is the change and a note of my expenditure. You were gone to bed, you see, and I did not feel at liberty to knock you up; but I think when you have heard the circumstances you will do me justice. The fact is, I have reason to believe there has been some dreadful error about my brother John; the sooner it can be cleared up the better for all parties; it was a piece of business, sir—and so I took it, and decided, on my own responsibility, to send a telegram to San Francisco. Thanks to your quickness we may hear to-night. There appears to be no doubt, sir, that John has been abominably used."

"When did this take place?" asked the father.

"Last night, sir, after you were asleep," was the reply.

"It's most extraordinary," said Mr. Nicholson. "Do you mean to say you have been out all night?"

"All night, as you say, sir. I have been to the telegraph and the police office, and Mr. Macowen's. Oh, I had my hands full," said Alexander.

"Very irregular," said the father. "You think of no one but yourself."

"I do not see that I have much to gain in bringing back my elder brother," returned Alexander, slyly.

The answer pleased the old man. He smiled. "Well, well, I will go into this after breakfast," said he.

"I'm sorry about the table," said the son.

"The table is a small matter; I think nothing of that," said the father.

"It's another example," continued the son, "of the awkwardness of a man having no money of his own. If I had a proper allowance, like other fellows of my age, this would have been quite unnecessary."

"A proper allowance!" repeated his father in tones of blighting sarcasm, for the expression was not new to him. "I have never grudged you money for any proper purpose."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Alexander, "but then you see you aren't always on the spot to have the thing explained to you. Last night, for instance—"

"You could have wakened me last night," interrupted his father.

"Was it not some similar affair that first got John into a mess?" asked the son, skillfully evading the point.

But the father was not less adroit. "And pray, sir, how did you come and go out of the house?" he asked.

"I forgot to lock the door, it seems," replied Alexander.

"I have had cause to complain of that too often," said Mr. Nicholson. "But still I do not understand. Did you keep the servants up?"

"I propose to go into all that at length after breakfast," returned Alexander. "There is the half hour going; we must not keep Miss Mackenzie waiting."

And greatly daring, he opened the door.

Even Alexander, who, it must have been perceived, was on terms of comparative freedom with his parent; even Alexander had never before dared to cut short an interview in this high handed fashion. But the truth is the very mass of his son's delinquencies daunted the old gentleman. He was like the man with the cart of apples—this was beyond him! That Alexander should have spoiled his table, taken his money, stayed out all night and then coolly acknowledged all was something undreamed of in the Nicholsonian philosophy and transcended comment. The return of the change, which the old gentleman still carried in his hand, had been a feature of imposing impudence; it had dealt him a staggering blow. Then there was the reference to John's original flight, a subject which he always kept resolutely curtained in his own mind, for he was a man who loved to have made no mistakes, and when he feared he might have made one kept the papers sealed. In view of all these surprises and reminders, and of his son's composed and masterful demeanor, there began to creep on Mr. Nicholson a sickly misgiving. He seemed beyond his depth; if he did or said anything he might come to regret it. The young man, besides, as he had pointed out himself, was playing a generous part. And if wrong had been done—and done to one who was, after and in spite of all, a Nicholson—it should certainly be righted.

All things considered, monstrous as it was to be cut short in his inquiries, the old gentleman submitted, pocketed the change and followed his son into the dining room. During these few steps he once more mentally revolved, and once more, and this time finally, laid down his arms, a still, small voice in his bosom having informed him authentically of a piece of news—that he was afraid of Alexander. The strange thing was that he was pleased to be afraid of him. He was proud of his son; he might be proud of him; the boy had character and grit, and knew what he was doing.

These were his reflections as he turned the corner of the dining room door. Miss Mackenzie was in the place of honor, conjuring with a tea pot and a cozy; and, behold! there was another person present—a large, portly, whiskered man of a very comfortable and respectable air, who now rose from his seat and came forward, holding out his hand.

"Good morning, father," said he.

Of the contention of feeling that ran high in Mr. Nicholson's starved bosom, no outward sign was visible; nor did he delay long to make a choice of conduct. Yet in that interval he had reviewed a great field of possibilities both past and future; whether it was possible he had not been perfectly wise in his treatment of John; whether it was possible that John was innocent; whether, if he turned John out a second time, as his outraged authority suggested, it was possible to avoid a scandal; and whether, if he went to that extremity, it was possible that Alexander might rebel.

"Hum!" said Mr. Nicholson, and put his hand, limp and dead, into John's.

And then, in an embarrassed silence, all took their places; and even the paper—from which it was the old gentleman's habit to declaim of our institutions—even the paper lay furled by his side.

But presently Flora came to the rescue. She slid into the silence with a technicality, asking if John still took his old inordinate amount of sugar. Thence it was but a step to the burning question of the day; and in tones a little shaken, she commented on the interval since she had last made tea for the prodigal, and congratulated him on his return. And then addressing Mr. Nicholson, she congratulated him also in a manner that defied his ill humor, and from that launched into the tale of John's misadventures, not without some of her own impressions.

Gradually Alexander joined; between them, whether he would or no, they forced a word or two from John; and these fell so tremulously, and spoke so eloquently of a mind oppressed with dread, that Mr. Nicholson relented. At length even he contributed

a question; and before the meal was at an end all four were talking even freely.

Prayers followed, with the servants gazing at this newcomer whom no one had admitted; and after prayers there came that moment on the clock which was the signal for Mr. Nicholson's departure.

"John," said he, "of course you will stay here. Be very careful not to excite Maria, if Miss Mackenzie thinks it desirable that you should see her. Alexander, I wish to speak with you alone." And then, when they were both in the back room, "You need not come to the office today," said he; "you can stay and amuse your brother, and I think it would be respectful to call on Uncle Greig. And, by the by" (this spoken with a certain—dare we say—bashfulness), "I agree to concede the principle of an allowance, and I will consult with Dr. Durie, who is quite a man of the world and has some of his own, as to the amount. And, my fine fellow, you may consider yourself in luck!" he added, with a smile.

"Thank you," said Alexander.

Before noon a detective had restored to John his money and brought news, sad enough in truth, but perhaps the least sad possible. Alan had been found in his own house in Regent's terrace, under care of the terrified butler. He was quite mad, and instead of going to prison, had gone to Morningside asylum. The murdered man it appeared was an evicted tenant who had for nearly a year pursued his late landlord with threats and insults; and beyond this, the cause and details of the tragedy were lost.

When Mr. Nicholson returned from dinner they were able to put a dispatch into his hands; "John V. Nicholson, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh; Kirkman has disappeared; police looking for him. All understood. Keep mind quite easy. Austin." Having had this explained to him, the old gentleman took down the cellar key and departed for two bottles of the 1820 port. Uncle Greig dined there that day, and Cousin Robina, and, by an odd chance, Mr. Macowen, and the presence of these strangers relieved what might have been otherwise a somewhat strained relation. Ere they departed the family was welded once more into a fair semblance of unity.

In the end of April John led Flora—or, as more descriptive, Flora led John—to the altar, if altar that may be called which was indeed the drawing room mantelpiece in Mr. Nicholson's house, with the Rev. Dr. Durie posted on the hearth rug in the guise of Hymen's priest.

The last I saw of them, on a recent visit to the north, was at a dinner party in the house of my old friend Gellatly MacBride; and after we had, in classic phrase, "rejoined the ladies," I had an opportunity to overhear Flora conversing with another married woman on the much canvassed matter of a husband's tobacco.

"Oh, yes!" said she; "I only allow Mr. Nicholson four cigars a day. Three he smokes at fixed times—after a meal, you know, my dear; and the fourth he can take when he likes with any friend."

"Bravo!" thought I to myself; "this is the wife for my friend John!"

THE END.

Scene in New York City.

"Does this line of people begin at the Battery?" was asked at the ticket office window of the Grand Central station the other day.

"Out in midocean, I should judge," was the laconic reply of the jumping jack inside the window, who flew from side to side playing a wild game of tickets and coins on the broad sill, as the line passed between him and the brass rail outside.

"Move on into the corner to count your change," the stalwart policeman on the outside whispers to any one who dallies a fraction of a second in front of the cage.

Men sweep the whole of their change together with their left hands. Women invariably stop to count the pieces in a dazed, fumbling sort of way born of suspicion, nervousness, tight gloves and many packages.

Now and again a neat little tailor made Boston girl sweeps off the change like any young dude, bettering him by having a neat little purse in her left hand, which snaps viciously as she tilts her nose and her oxidized silver umbrella handle toward the big chandler and passes by.

"From ten to fifteen thousand people pass by between this window and that brass rod daily," gasped the jumping jack, wiping the perspiration from his brow as the going sounded and the last man tore through the gate, his cane punching into the stomach of the big fat policeman, and his coat tail catching on the complacent brass knob. "The work is divided between three men."

"Don't you find coins very inconvenient for hasty handling?"

"An infernal nuisance. I wish all money was in cardboard, like tickets. We have so many pennies, too, because we charge a fixed rate per mile."—New York Sun.

Pen Picture of Stockholm.

We entered Stockholm in the full glare of a midday sun, and drove immediately to the spacious Grand hotel, which looked out on the water just opposite the royal palace. After taking our dinner we took a stroll around the city and saw in our walk the palace of the crown prince, which is not occupied at present, on Gustave Adolph lorg (lorg meaning place) and the opera house, a building very similar, just opposite. We then crossed the bridge to the island, on which stands the palace, and at our request the attendant showed us through, as the royal family were in the country.

The apartments of the king and queen are both beautiful and magnificent, but to a great many the home like suite of the crown prince and princess, and particularly their private apartment, are preferable, as through them prevails an air of comfort and coziness dear to Americans. We then returned for our supper and for dessert. They brought us some pancakes, a specialty of the country. The day following we visited the museum and the churches, also the beautiful environs of Stockholm, including the castle of the Gripsholm and Drothingholm. In the evenings there were numerous gardens with military bands, the Swedish punch being the favored beverage. In what is called the Djurgarten or deer park there are a theatre, a circus and a tivolis, the latter a great resort for all nationalities.—Cor. Home Journal.

Attractions of Nashville.

There are three great attractions about Nashville—Folk places, with the fine old gentleman who is its mistress; "The Hermitage," twelve miles away, once the home of another great American soldier and hero; and Belle Meade, the home of Iroquois; these are the three great show places that make the city famous, and added to these are the universities—Vanderbilt and Fiske.—Catherine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

Lord Mayors of Foreign Birth.

The lord mayor elect of London is a foreigner by birth, and a curious Britisher has looked through the records and found that in 1713 the lord mayor was of Italian birth; in 1710, a Fleming; in 1704, a Frankforter; in 1704, a Swede; in 1703, a Jamaican, and in 1703 a son of the governor of the island of Alderney was lord mayor.—Chicago News.

Gen. Grant's widow visits the tomb in Riverside park every Sunday.

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Randall has marked his immense stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS Way Down to close out.

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Randall bought 100 Oil Paintings in heavy Gilt Frames at a great bargain, and will sell them at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 each.

MORAL.

If you wish anything in the above line go to Randall's and you will be pleased and satisfied with your investment.

COUNTY NEWS.

Mary Jane Guy Parker, aged 65 years, of Manchester, died Dec. 9.

Alfred Bond of Saline is teaching school in the Town hall district.

Isaac B. Hall of Manchester has secured a pension of \$4 per month.

Last week Michael Foster, aged 67 years, died of Bright's disease. He was a pioneer and useful citizen.

N. A. Wood of Saline was down for a paper before the Michigan Merino sheep breeders' association yesterday.

O. L. Torrey has sold a Durham bull that was bred by Wilbur Short of Bridgewater, to Henry Renan of Sharon.

Lucius Taylor post, G. A. R., of Milan, has elected W. Robinson, commander, and Rev. J. Huntington, chaplain.

Married.—In Ann Arbor, by Rev. S. Haskell, Dec. 21, Mr. Fred S. Seybolt and Miss Bessie Plough, both of Scio.

A. A. Stringham has been elected commander of Comstock post, G. A. R., of Saline, and T. F. Rushton, chaplain.

A 13-year old boy of John Sears of Saline was kicked in the face recently, cutting the left cheek open from nose to ear.

A grandson of Wm. Baxter of Manchester died in Cincinnati recently, and the remains were brought to Manchester for burial.

Married Dec. 14, by Rev. S. Bird, at residence of the bride's parents, Wm. H. Tait of Salem, and Miss Mae Quackenbush, of Superior.

Last week Tuesday, A. H. Green's clothing store in Manchester was not opened as usual, and it is called a failure. Mr. Green has been doing business on borrowed capital, and his creditors crowded him.

"Two long-legged, light-fingered dudes hailing from Adrian" is the flattering way the Brooklyn Expositor speaks of two young men who "did" up Brooklyn, and then went to Manchester, but who were arrested there and taken back to Brooklyn to pay their board bill.

Wm. Ball and E. N. Ball of Hamburg, J. E. Wood, A. A. Wood, E. W. Mills, B. F. Smith, of Saline; J. W. McGregory, Dexter; W. E. Boyden, Delhi Mills; and C. Rogers of Dexter, attended the eighth annual meeting of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' association in Lansing Dec. 20.

N. Schmid has been chosen commander of Manchester Knights of Macabees; W. L. Watkins, lieutenant commander; Dr. C. F. Kapp, physician; T. B. Bailey will keep the finances; Dr. A. B. Conklin the record keeper; A. G. Case, sergeant; A. W. Spencer, master at arms; S. F. Twist, 1st master guard; H. K. Berger, 2d master guard; L. Hoffman, sentinel; Fred Spafard, picket.

Manchester lodge, A. O. U. W., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Master workman, J. C. Gordanier; general foreman, Geo. Nisle; overseer, H. L. Rose; recorder, C. Naumann; financier, Wm. Kirchgessner; receiver, G. A. Fausel; guide, Ed. E. Root; inside watch, J. Schanz; outside watch, Theo. Morschhauser; trustee, Jacob Knapp; physician, Dr. C. F. Kapp; representative to grand lodge, N. Schmid; alternate, Wm. Kirchgessner.

The Manchester Enterprise says: "James Kelly, commander of Comstock Post, G. A. R., has received a circular letter from Commissioner Black, of the pension bureau at Washington, asking for a list of names of all soldiers in this section who were prisoners of war. Upon receipt of the list, cards will be prepared and mailed to those reported, so that the history of their service and captivity may be obtained."

Congressman Allen promised his farmer constituents to send them agricultural reports, but when he got to Washington he found that his sly predecessor had absorbed all that his district was entitled to. "Cap" Allen is a poor man, but his promise is as good as the gold, and so he went out into the highways and byways and "blew in" \$100 of his limited means for the books, and sent them to the waiting farmers.—Evening Journal.

Webster Farmers' Club.
This excellent organization whose proceedings have been given in THE REGISTER from time to time will meet at the Webster town hall, Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 p. m. It is the time for the annual election of officers. A severe and prolonged rain storm kept the members away last week, but a fine meeting is expected this time.

Chelsea.
Michael Foster, of Sylvan, died Sunday, Dec. 11, aged 67.—Rev. W. S. Sly visited his home in Jackson last Saturday and brought his wife with him on his return, to aid a few days in the revival now in progress here under his leadership.—Stephen D. Laird and Miss Lulu Spalding were married Tuesday evening, Dec. 15, 1887, at the residence of C. H. Wines, by Rev. Thomas Holmes.

D. D., all of Chelsea.—Rev. W. S. Sly held an extra meeting last Sunday p. m. in Town hall, which was filled, many being present who are seldom seen in any of our churches.—Rev. Mr. Robinson was in Gregory last Sunday, assisting in the dedication of a new Baptist church.—Mrs. M. J. Noyes returned last week from an absence of several weeks, visiting relatives at Mt. Clemens.—Messrs. Gilbert & Crowell, insurance agents, have removed their office into the southeast corner room, ground floor, of the McKone block, Middle street.—John R. Clark, one of Chelsea's favorite orators, will deliver an address in Town hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 29, for the benefit of the G. A. R. post.

Saline.
Ed. Ruckman is clerking in Hillsdale.—H. T. Nichols visited Detroit and Santa Claus Dec. 16.—Mrs. E. A. Aldrich who is under medical care at Detroit is improving.—Mrs. Carl Webb of Utica, N. Y., is visiting friends here.—Mrs. McCoy and two sons of Elyria, Ohio, are visiting in town.—H. Wheeler will make a visit at Lansing Dec. 24 and on his return will stop over at Jackson for a few days.—Miss Ida Webb, teacher in the second grammar room, has been quite sick.—The firm of J. H. Barr & Son have built up an extensive business in cider, apple jelly and feed grinding.—The case of Rhinefrank v. Laylor, before Judge McKinnon Dec. 19, was adjourned until Dec. 28.—Members of the German Lutheran church have purchased the vacant lot back of the church and have commenced building 17 sheds. Mr. Rinchler of Lodi has the contract for building the same.

HOLIDAY GOODS

HANCSTERFER'S

CLOSED OUT

W. B. WARNER

FINE GROCERIES

Proposals for Wood

Rheumatism

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ALL WOOL SUITS!

At a Big Reduction!

\$5.00

Buy a Large Lot of all wool FROCK SUITS, worth Ten and Twelve Dollars, during

OUR REDUCTION SALE

\$3.50

Will buy a good UNION CASHMERE SUIT worth double the money.

Buy Your Children's Suits. Holiday Presents.

The best article you can possibly give is a CHILD'S SUIT, or a BOY'S SUIT. We have 275 left, all of which we will sell at 1-3 off, at 1-2 off. We are bound to sell them all out. Now for a Boy's Overcoat. We sold 40 Boys' Overcoats on Friday, Saturday and Monday. We have now left on our counters just 40 Boys' and 20 Children's Overcoats; these you can have for \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 each. Every one worth double the money. This is better than any house in the State has so far offered.

THE GREAT FUR CAP SALE NEXT SATURDAY.

Make no mistake. We are the only TWO SAM'S in Ann Arbor. Let no one deceive you. Ask for

THE TWO SAM'S.

The only Strictly One-Priced Clothiers in Ann Arbor.

ANDREWS & CO'S GRAND HOLIDAY OPENING! LAST WEEK.

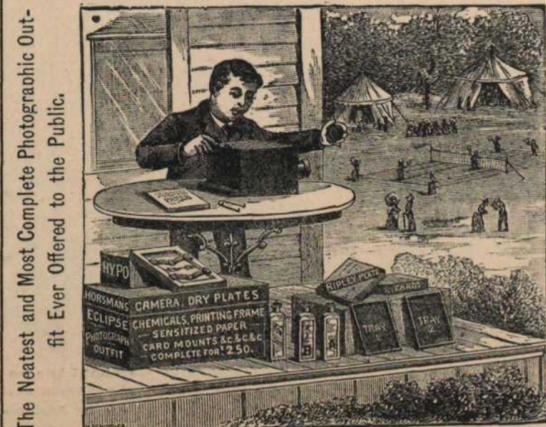
We are sure that we are offering this year a larger variety of choice goods with better inducements than have ever before been shown in this city. Our commodious store is crowded from end to end with the bewildering display. Scores of Richly Illustrated Gift Books; many hundreds of Choice Works and Sets in fine bindings; thousands of Standard and New Books.

JAPANESE WARE
and Bronze and Metal Bric-a-brac of Vienna designs, never before shown in this market.

In every department our stock is full and complete in all staple and fancy goods, such as Bibles, Albums, Gold Pens, Scrap-Books, Autographs, Fine Plush Goods, Desks, Baskets, Pictures and Frames, Pocket-Books, Diaries, Shopping Bags, Games, Toys, Leather Goods, Christmas Cards, Pen-Knives, Inkstands, Portfolios, etc.

FIVE HUNDRED PIECES OF JAPANESE WARE PRESENTED TO LADY CALLERS.
With best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

'ECLIPSE' PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT
COMPLETE, \$2.50. Just the Thing for a Holiday Present.
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.



The Neatest and Most Complete Photographic Outfit Ever Offered to the Public.

DOUGLAS' CLOTHING AUCTION SALE

(FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLOCK)

Main St., Ann Arbor.

Going on every day at 10 a. m. and 2 and 7 p. m. Crowds attend and leave

LOADED WITH GOODS!

Bought at their own price.

\$25,000 STOCK \$25,000

Being Slaughtered under the hammer. 2 p. m. of FRIDAY, Great Special Sale of

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS

To which Ladies are particularly and respectfully invited.

F. J. B. FORBES, of Detroit,

AUCTIONEER.

1861. Twenty-Seventh Annual 1887.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

OPENING DAY, MONDAY, DEC. 12, 1887.

Having told this story for 26 years, it is a surprise to ourselves that we are able to say truthfully that we have very many new and beautiful goods in our usual line of Holiday Presents. We have added a fine line of Plush Goods which are marked at prices which distance all competitors. Formerly Toys were mostly of German manufacture. Now our best and most novel ones are made in the United States. This season Brother Jonathan has produced a greater number of NEW GOODS than ever before. We shall this year, as heretofore, sell better goods for less money than any House in Central Michigan. Every thing is cheaper and better than last season. Come and examine the largest and finest line of Christmas Goods ever shown in Ann Arbor.

From Dec. 15th to the 25th, we shall sell ordinary Mixed Candy at 8c per lb. and the usual assortment of Creams at 10c per lb. We solicit a careful examination of our stock.

DEAN & COMPANY,
44 SOUTH MAIN-ST., - ANN ARBOR, MICH.

FIFTIETH CONGRESS.

Work of Our Law-Makers at the National Capital.

Numerous Bills Introduced in the Senate - The House Committee on Rules - Appointed - The Holiday Adjournment - Other Notes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.-In the Senate yesterday Mr. Morrill spoke at some length on his bill relating to fore ign immigration, the principal object of which, he explained, was to have the character of the immigrants examined by the United States Consul at the port of departure. He stated that nearly one-third of the population of the country was composed of foreigners, and expressed a doubt as to the possibility of transforming them into good American citizens. Bills were introduced to define the powers and duties of the Department of Agriculture and to protect purchasers in good faith of patented articles. Mr. Hoar, from the Committee on Privileges and Elections, presented a report in the West Virginia case, which declares that Daniel H. Lucas is not entitled to his seat, and that Charles J. Faulkner has been duly elected Senator from the State of West Virginia for the term of six years, commencing March 4, 1887, and is entitled to a seat in the Senate. The oath of office was thereupon administered to Mr. Faulkner.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.-In the Senate yesterday bills were introduced as follows: To protect employes and servants engaged in inter-State commerce; to extend the general land and mining laws over the Territory of Alaska; to facilitate the settlement and development of the resources of Alaska, and to open an overland commercial route between the United States, Asiatic Russia and Japan; to forfeit lands granted to the State of Michigan for a railroad from Marquette to Ontonagon.

Mr. Stewart introduced his bill providing for the issue of coin certificates to circulate as money. Adjourned to the 19th.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.-In the Senate yesterday a memorial of the constitutional convention of the Territory of Utah, asking admission into the Union as a State, with copies of the constitution, was referred to the Committee on Territories. Bills were introduced:

To require that a residence of three years shall be necessary before an alien can declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States and of two years additional before he shall have a right to vote or hold office; to grant pensions to all Union prisoners of war confined in Southern prisons for more than sixty days; for the collection of more accurate statistics of exports, emigration and immigration; to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia, and to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools.

Mr. Sherman gave notice that after the holidays he would address the Senate on the President's Message. Mr. Pugh spoke in favor of tariff reform. Mr. Hoar introduced a joint resolution for the celebration of the centennial of the constitution.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.-Numerous petitions from various States were presented in the Senate yesterday in favor of Blair's Educational bill, and also a petition from the citizens of Pennsylvania protesting against the admission of Utah as a State. Bills were introduced:

To place the names of Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Frank P. Blair on the pension roll at the rate of \$2,000 each a year; to quiet the title of settlers on the Des Moines river lands; providing that retail liquor dealers and cigar manufacturers and dealers who carry on their business without having paid a special tax therefor shall be liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in a county jail for one year; to increase to \$75 per month the pensions of those who now receive \$50 per month, under the law granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the late war who are totally disabled; to grant one month's extra pay for each year of enlistment to all officers of the volunteer army in the late war who served the full term of their enlistment and were honorably discharged; declaring that the act of June 8, 1880, relative to pensions, shall be construed so as to include all officers and enlisted men in the army and their widows and minor children.

The question of admitting Utah as a State caused a warm debate between Senators Edmunds and Call.

THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.-In the House yesterday a concurrent resolution was adopted providing for the adjournment of Congress from December 22 to January 4. A resolution of regret over the death of E. W. Robertson, late a member-elect of the Fifty-fifth Congress from Louisiana, was adopted, and as a mark of respect the House adjourned until the 19th.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.-When the House met yesterday, the Speaker announced the appointment of the Committee on Rules, as follows: The Speaker, Messrs. Randall, Miller, Reed and Cannon.

The House adopted a resolution referring to the Committee on Appropriations the report of the Court of Claims on the French spoliation claims, with instructions to that committee to report all claims which have been decided favorable to the claimants in the General Deficiency bill. A number of resolutions looking to changes in the rules were then offered, after which the House adjourned until to-day.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.-In the House yesterday propositions to increase the membership of the Committee on Rules to seven and to provide for a committee on the seventh members introduced and referred to the Committee on Rules. Mr. Mills moved an adjournment, stating that he did so in order to enable the Committee on Rules to meet and decide upon a report. The motion was agreed to.

OTHER NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.-The nomination of Mr. Lamar to be a Justice of the Supreme Court was before the Senate Judiciary Committee yesterday, but action was deferred until after the holiday recess.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.-The following nominations have been confirmed by the Senate: Charles S. Fairchild, of New York, to be Secretary of the Treasury; George L. Rives, of New York, Assistant Secretary of State; Isaac H. Maynard, of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; James W. Hyatt, of Connecticut, United States Treasurer; Baylis W. Hanna, of Indiana, Minister to the Argentine Republic.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.-The Administration tariff bill, which will go before the Ways and Means Committee, with the endorsement of Speaker Carlisle, after the holiday recess as a basis of revenue reform, contemplates a reduction of \$62,000,000 annual revenue. Of this amount \$50,000,000 is to come from the reduction of duties, chiefly on manufactures, and \$12,000,000 from adding wool, salt, lumber, coal, etc., to the free list.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.-Governor John M. Thayer, of Nebraska, has sent a letter to the Nebraska Senators protesting against the confirmation of L. Q. C. Lamar as Justice of the Supreme Court. He alleges that Lamar was a bold and defiant rebel, and is not a fit person to interpret the constitution.

Mr. Gladstone will start for the north if Italy December 26.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

Call for Their National Convention at Indianapolis June 6 Next.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.-The National Prohibition party yesterday, through its Executive Committee, issued the following call:

In accordance with the action of the National Committee of the Prohibition party, a National convention will be held in Indianapolis, Ind., on Wednesday, June 6, 1888, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, and for the transaction of such other business as may be proposed and presented. All citizens who believe that the traffic in intoxicating drinks is a National disgrace, that it robs labor, destroys capital, debauches society and corrupts politics, that it fosters anarchy; that it seeks to, and already to an alarming extent does, dominate in municipal, State and National government; that it threatens the safety of our homes and the perpetuity of our institutions, and that it ought to be forever prohibited, who believe that to abolish the saloon will in a great measure abolish poverty, assist in solving the labor question, purify politics and add to the solidity of our institutions; who are convinced that this desirable reform needs for its consummation responsible agency a political party clearly committed thereto as a matter of principle, and not as a matter of expediency; who favor a general and progressive system of popular education; who would amend our election laws to secure greater purity of the ballot; who stand for a free ballot and a fair count for both the white man of the North and the black man of the South; who favor the protection of American labor and the American laborer; who would foster the agricultural interests; who believe that the ballot in the hand of women will be the death-knell of the liquor trade; in short, all citizens, however they may differ upon other questions, who are agreed upon the wisdom and necessity of separate political action in order to secure the overthrow of the rum power, are requested to unite under this call in sending representatives to the National convention in Indianapolis.

Secretaries of conventions and State committees should send to the chairman of the National Committee full lists of names and addresses of all delegates as soon as selected.

Chairman National Committee, J. A. VAN FLEET, Secretary.

FREEZING AND STARVING.

Terrible Suffering Among the Settlers in Western Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 21.-Dispatches received here give the details of most terrible suffering in the western part of Kansas. Four people are reported to have died from the cold in Clark County, and a woman and her two children have perished near Dighton. There is great suffering in this section of the State owing to the scarcity of coal. The supply was exhausted during a previous cold snap in the first part of the month and the situation is now deplorable. Food is almost as scarce as fuel. Many of the inhabitants are settlers who located claims last summer and who are dependent on what the railroads bring in. The railroads are trying to do all in their power to relieve the distress, but they are handicapped by a scarcity of cars. They have not enough to supply the urgent demand for food and fuel, and wide-spread distress is inevitable unless the weather speedily moderates. The Santa Fe route has already announced that it will furnish all supplies which may be collected for Clark County.

Chester Bellows Hanged.

CHESTER CITY, Pa., Dec. 17.-Chester Bellows was hanged here yesterday, for the murder of his niece, Alice Waterman, on the night of July 8, 1886. This is the first execution that has occurred in the State since 1865. Bellows worked for the father of Miss Waterman, and paid his addresses to her, but was sent away. He entered the girl's room by a ladder one night and attempted to chloroform her, but was driven off. Later he called her from the house where she was working and deliberately shot her dead.

A Bloody Deed.

BALISTON SPA, N. Y., Dec. 20.-In this village yesterday morning S. C. Grandell, formerly a lawyer and real-estate broker, shot and killed his wife, his mother-in-law, Mrs. S. S. Stone, and his step-daughter, Julia Bulky, and then blew out his own brains. The tragedy resulted from disputes over money matters, and the murderer began his deadly work while the family were at the breakfast table.

Dakota Kneels Again.

ABERDEEN, D. T., Dec. 16.-The convention called to adopt measures looking toward the admission of Dakota as a single State met here yesterday. A memorial was adopted setting forth the claims of the Territory, which will be presented to Congress by a number of delegates, who will remain in Washington during the winter. A letter was read from Congressman Springer indorsing the movement.

A Desperado Captured.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 20.-Newt Vorce, the Colorado desperado, who killed Officer Hollingsworth and entrenched himself in a dugout, where he held his pursuers at bay, was captured yesterday and placed in jail here.

Death of a Noted Stallion.

VERMILION, Ky., Dec. 17.-Messenger Chief, the noted trotting stallion, died here Wednesday night, of rupture. He was the property of George A. Slingerly, editor of the Philadelphia Record, who valued him at \$20,000.

The Message Condemned.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.-The American Merino Sheep-Breeders' Association in session here Tuesday passed resolutions condemning President Cleveland's message in so far as it favored the removing of the tariff from wool.

Augustine's Big Blaze.

St. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Dec. 17.-Many buildings on the south side of the plaza were burned Thursday afternoon, causing a loss of \$200,000, the insurance being \$60,000. Hamblin & Co. lose \$100,000.

Robinson Convicted.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 20.-James Robinson the third and last of the murderers of Detective Hurligan, of this city, was found guilty at Ravenna, O., of murder in the first degree.

Eight Men Killed.

St. JOHNS, N. B., Dec. 19.-A train on the Intercolonial road went through a bridge Saturday near Caraquette, and eight men were killed and five others were injured.

Cut Her Tongue Out.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Dec. 18.-A villainous negro attacked Mrs. Fanny Hubbard, the wife of a wealthy resident of Smith County, and after robbing her of what valuables she had cut out her tongue.

Sullivan's Offer.

LONDON, Dec. 21.-John L. Sullivan offers to fight Kilrain and Smith-one man the first week in April and the other the first week in May-for \$5,000 a side in each battle.

Nine Lives Probably Lost.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 21.-It is rumored here that the British schooner Equator, Captain Albury, has been lost at sea with all hands, nine in number.

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M. Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were morable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I bought a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself round and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I think S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone.

Some of these days one of these balloons will start with a parachute, and come down with a perch shoot.

Worth, of Paris, has decided in favor of hoops, but they come in use slowly. In this country everybody has decided that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for coughs and colds, and its coming fast into general use. Price, 25 cents.

Barred wire is not popular in Kentucky unless it is in the form of a corkscrew. -Commercial Bulletin.

Worth Ten Dollars.

to aty family, is Dr. Kaufmann's book on diseases; finely illustrated plates from life; don't be humbugged, but cure yourself. Send three 2-cent stamps for postage, to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

In business there are many who cannot rise, many who cannot bend descending, many who of necessity fall, many who earn their bread, and many who only waste it when ones in their own hands.

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. Sold by Eberbach & Son.

Some merchants are prolific in schemes, but miserably poor in execution. Like some trees, they spend themselves in blossom and never bear fruit.

The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it.

JOHN MOORE, Druggist.

The man who sets out to study a woman's disposition can generally learn a great deal, but the price of tuition is apt to be high. -Journal of Education.

NO COLD FEET!

Send one dollar in currency, with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Insoles for rheumatism, cold feet and bad circulation. They are the most powerful made in the world. The wearer feels the warmth, life and revitalization in three minutes after putting them on. Sent by return mail upon receipt of price. Send your address for the New Departure in Medical Treatment Without Medicine, with thousands of testimonials. Write us full particulars of difficulties.

On Magnetic Kidney Belts for gentlemen will positively cure the following diseases without medicine: Pain in the back, head or limbs, nervous debility, lumbago, general debility, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, diseases of the kidneys, torpid liver, seminal emissions, impotency, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion, hemorrhoids, rupture, piles, etc. Consultation free. Price of Belt, with Magnetic Insoles, \$10. Sent by express C. O. D. or by return mail upon receipt of price. Send measure of waist and size of shoe worn. Send for circulars. Order direct.

NOTE-The above described Belt with insoles is warranted to positively cure chronic cases of seminal emissions and impotency or money refunded even after one year's trial.

THE MAGNETIC APPLIANCE CO., 134 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The doctor-"Well, perhaps, Mrs. Edgingham, you eat between meals." Mrs. E-"Oh, no, sah; 'cep', ob course, I eat dinnah 'tween breakfas' an' supper, an' so on." -Harper's Bazar.

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH AND BRONCHITIS immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Eberbach & Son.

Max O'Rell says America has a President for use and France one for ornament. -Free Press.

HALE'S HONEY is the best Cough Cure, 25 cts., \$1. GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP heels and beautifies, 25c. GLENN'S CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions, 25c. HILL'S HAIR & WHISKER DYE-Black & Brown, 50c. PIRK'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 Minute, 25c. DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS are a sure cure, 50c.

The mad contributor-"I suppose that last humorous article I sent in was not up to the mark?" Editor-"O, yes, it overshot."

BEST PREPARATION EVER PRODUCED For Coughs, Hoarseness, Weak Lungs, Whooping Cough, Dry, Hacking Coughs of long standing, and all Bronchial and Lung Affections. Try It. Warranted to Cure Consumption in its Earlier Stages. RAIL-ROAD Absolute Dominion over PAINFUL CURE Will Cure Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Affections. It is superior to any other medicine on earth. Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Warranted by your Druggist, 25c. per bottle, and \$1.00 for a large size of either Cure, express prepaid. Address: Rail-Road Remedy Co., Box 372, Lincoln, Neb. Trade supplied by Farrand, Williams & Co., Detroit.

SEND Five One-Cent Stamps FOR A Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved Calendar for 1888. Size 4x4 1/2 inches. Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: HERALD AND PRESBYTERIAN, 170 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Calendar for 1888

SEND Five One-Cent Stamps FOR A Sample copy of that paper and a beautiful steel-engraved Calendar for 1888. Size 4x4 1/2 inches. Or send names and addresses of ten or more Presbyterians of different families who do not now take the paper, and receive the calendar and sample copy free. Send at once. Mention name of church and pastor, and say where you saw this. Address: HERALD AND PRESBYTERIAN, 170 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

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How to Cook and Cure A Cook.

It was only the other day, again, when a



cook was "handled cruel," but all the same in making fires they use the coal-oil fuel. Its handy, y'know, to pour it on when all the wood is ablaze, and stove and all are blown in the air to serve this stupid craze. With clothes on fire and tortured limbs a cook is cooked indeed, but a certain cure in such a case is the real friend indeed. For burns and scalds and blisters too, it cures them to perfection, but be sure to use it every time in accordance with directions. Yes, strictly in accordance with directions.

Scores of people daily brought in contact with heat, steam, boiling water and combustibles are hourly injured by some mishap in the nature of a burn or scald, and thousands have been cured of such by the best known remedy for the cure of pain. The principle of how it works explains itself. It acts as a counter-irritant on the surface injured, gently drawing out the heat caused by the burn, while it soothes the pain, helping nature in the healing process, and a cure follows. It is a specific for pains of this kind and should be kept handy where fire and steam are.

But as a precaution to its use where serious burns or scalds occur, and that suffering may not be intensified through ignorance, read carefully directions for its use accompanying every bottle. Thousands who testify to being cured of burns and scalds have been so guided, and praise without stint its virtues by which they have been cured. "Gilbertville, Blackhawk county, Ia., Feb. 11, 1887.-Dear Sir: I have used your St. Jacobs Oil for burns and bruises, and I can say it does its work as recommended to do. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my neighbors. Yours truly, W. H. Schroeder."

"Fairmont, Neb., Feb. 7, 1887.-We find St. Jacobs Oil as good for burns or scalds as for bites." "Wexford, Allegheny county, Pa., Feb. 7, 1887.-Have been using St. Jacobs Oil for many years for burns and find it a good house doctor." Very truly yours, A. Maskey.

Statistics go to show that no case of "love at first sight" has ever lasted until the "second sight."

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

Many merchants object too much, content to long, advertise too little, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

Salvation Oil is the greatest pain destroyer of any age or clime. For the cure of neuralgia and rheumatism it has no equal. Price only 25 cents.

Some men seem to take failure quite comfortably; they stop and go on again, without changing their style of living or lowering their heads. That is a feat that no honest business man can admire.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porcus Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Eberbach & Son.

A distich out of time don't save the nine.

You can be cured of your RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA or NERVOUS HEADACHE by using ATHE-LO-PRO-RS.

For years it has been thoroughly tested and is today the only successful remedy for these diseases.

Where's the Man that we can't cure?

Send for the beautiful colored picture of the "MORRIS GIRL" THE ATLANTIC CO. 112 WALL ST. N.Y.

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Inspector Stevenson is in trouble in the Brooklyn Navy Yard about sailing rope. The Inspector has

A Full Stock.

All
The Latest
Novelties.

Fine American Watches.
French and American Clocks.
Diamond and Gold Jewelry.
Solid Silver and Plated Ware.
Gold Head Umbrellas.
Opera Glasses and Fine Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

Every thing Suitable for a

HOLIDAY PRESENT!

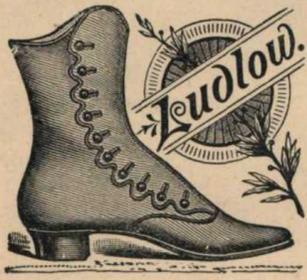
Can be found in our Stock and will be sold regardless of profits during this month.

J. C. & W. W. Watts, Jewelers,
10 South Main Street.

FINE SHOES AND SLIPPERS FOR HOLIDAYS.

DOTY & FEINER!

We are better prepared than ever before to satisfy



Customers with First-Class Goods at LOW PRICES.

The Largest Stock and Assortment in
WASHTENAW COUNTY.

WE MEAN BUSINESS!

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

Schuh & Muehlig

Will sell New and Second-hand Stoves at greatly reduced prices.

Low estimates given on PLUMBING, STEAM and GAS FITTING.

SCHUH & MUEHLIG, No. 21 S. Main.
AND NO. 11-2 WASHINGTON STS.

New Undertaking Business!



WM. G. HENNE,

Formerly with John Gates & Son, UNDERTAKER and FUNERAL DIRECTOR, Keck Building, now occupied by Richmond & Treadwell, No. 58 S. Main st., wishes to announce that he has purchased a new hearse and opened an entirely new outfit and line of goods, and will be pleased to serve the public in a manner that will give entire satisfaction, both as regards quality of goods and prices.

Having spent some time with one of the leading undertakers in Detroit, I have received instruction that will be of advantage to myself and patrons.

664-714

WM. G. HENNE, 58 S. Main Street.

INSURANCE,

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY OF

A. W. HAMILTON
Offices, No. 1 and 2, First Floor,
Hamilton Block.

Parties desiring to buy or sell Real Estate will find it to their advantage to call on me. I represent the following first-class Fire Insurance Companies, having an aggregate capital of over \$8,000,000:

The Grand Rapids Fire Ins. Co.,
The Ohio Farmer's Ins. Co., (insurers only dwellings),
The German Fire Ins. Co.,
The Concordia Fire Ins. Co.,
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The New Hampshire Fire Ins. Co.,
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Rates Low. Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid.

I also issue Life and Investment Policies in the Conn. Mutual Life Insurance Company. Assets \$55,000,000. Persons desiring Accident Insurance, can have yearly Policies written for them or Traveler's Coupon Insurance Tickets issued at Low Rates in the Standard Accident Insurance Company of North America. Money to Loan at Current Rates. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

ALEX. W. HAMILTON,
Hamilton Block.

Adams Express Company.

Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A subject in which Thousands are deeply concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from painful urination and great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I live at 941 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the Shaker Almanac that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the urinary trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.

W. H. HAIN,
For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street, New York.

THE REGISTER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887.

MY OLD HOME.

The dear old spot! the dear old spot!
Of childhood's days no more can be forgot!
Though months and years may pass away,
And we in distant lands may stray,
Its scenes from mind we never can blot.

When, after years of absence gone,
Back to its silent halls we come,
And view its rooms and stairs, where we
Once played and sang and laughed in glee,
And all our childhood pranks were done,

How sacred seems the batten door,
The windows small and oaken floor—
The broad stone hearth and fire-place wide,
Whose cheerful fires we sat beside,
And knelt our Saviour to adore!

How vividly we call to mind
The faces now we can not find,
Of father, mother, sisters, brothers,
Who've crossed the vale of death with others,
And all that's mortal left behind!

Solitude reigns upon thy hearth,
O silent house! once filled with mirth!
Thy chambers 'bove and 'neath are still
From sounds of voices loud and shrill,
And forms now laid in Mother Earth.

The family altar, board and hearth,
Where oft we met in sacred mirth,
Are all departed! the circle's broken!
And silence reigns where words were spoken.
In the old, old home so dear on earth.

I walk the yard with verdure green,
The hill-side slopes with rocks between,
And drink again from fountain cold,
As once I did in days of old,
When thirst was truly strong and keen.

I see the rocks still hang and lie,
Where birds both old and young oft fly,
Mid shady nooks along the dell,
With fragrance sweet and perfume smell,
Beneath a bright and cloudless sky.

The barn and orchard still are there,
Where in our childhood, free from care,
We climbed and strolled, as oft we chose
To gather fruit as luscious grows
On trees of pippin rich and rare.

O home! old home! my native place!
I stand once more with tearful face
'Mid thy portals where I was taught
To lip the prayer I ne'er forgot,
For pardon, peace and Heavenly grace.

The lips that taught me then are dead;
They thrilled me oft with joy and cheer;
Now I'm in tears, and they at rest,
I long to join those ransomed blest,
Where grief and parting none shall fear.

What can I do but bend the knee
On the lone spot! and make my plea,
And look through tears with saddened eyes
Far off to mansions in the skies?
There may my home eternal be.

O dear art thou, while now I gaze
On thee, old home, while free from cares!
Farewell! farewell! old house and home;
I'll think of thee where'er I roam,
My "Home, sweet home" of other days!

—REV. H. P. JACKSON.

Adventures of Tad.

—OR THE—
HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWS OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRANTON," ETC.

[Copyrighted, 1886, by D. Lothrop & Co., and
Published by Special Arrangement.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.
"Down to Commercial wharf, where our vessel lies, was the unhesitating answer. "My father is Captain Jethro Flagg, and I'm Polly Flagg," continued Miss Polly, vaguely conscious that some sort of introduction was the proper thing, under all the circumstances.

"My name is Tad—I mean Thaddus—Thorne, and I'm from Philadelphia," said Tad, wishing that his jacket was less threadbare and his shoes were whole, as he glanced at the simple but neat dress of his companion, whose face was completely overshadowed by a deep calico sun-bonnet shaped like the tilt of a market wagon.

"Oh!" returned Polly, and then, instead of speaking of the weather, or asking Tad how he liked Boston, Polly plunged headlong into a personal explanation: "The cook wasn't well this morning," she began, "so I had to go to market, for father was up-town. And while I was hurrying back through Lewis Lane, because it was nearer, those horrid boys chased the poor little dog that had got lost, and he ran to me so pitiful," said Polly, bending over the small animal in her arms until it was completely eclipsed by the sun-bonnet, "that I caught him up, and said they shouldn't have him. Then you came along, and—I'm ever so much obliged."

The abrupt wind-up, though a little incoherent, was perfectly satisfactory to Tad.
"He'll be a nice little dog after he's washed," Tad remarked, patting the pup to cover his embarrassment, for Tad wasn't used to thanks, particularly from girls. "I guess he's a Newfoundland," he continued, with a knowing glance at the animal's ears and paws, "and they're first-class water-dogs, you know."

Polly nodded, and after a short pause, looked curiously at the handsome traveling sachel in Tad's hand.
"You don't belong to any of those vessels?" she asked, inquiringly. For they had crossed busy Commercial street, and were walking along the platform on the water front, where the pedestrian looks down upon the bewildering maze of masts, spars and cordage belonging to the coasting and fishing craft huddled in the basin between the two wharves.

"No," replied Tad, in a low voice. He could not tell her that he belonged to nothing—to no one, as he mentally expressed it. It would make him seem like a sort of vagrant, youthful tramp. Nor did he—to Polly's secret disappointment—account for his possession of the handsome little traveling sachel, with its silver mountings, at which Polly had cast admiring glances.
"I hope he came by it honestly,"

thought Polly, and then was ashamed of the ungenerous self-suggestion.

Yet, I am afraid it lingered unconsciously in her mind, for she had in the flush of her gratitude decided she would ask Tad to take dinner with herself and Captain Flagg, on board the "Mary J." But as they reached the end of Commercial wharf, where the "Mary J." was moored, Polly hesitated a little.

"You can come aboard, if you like," she said; but Tad, who noticed her almost imperceptible change of manner without being able to account for it, shook his head.

"Oh, no, miss; I don't look fit," he replied, with a glance at his shabby clothes and patched shoes, that was pathetic. "I come down here," he continued, simply, "because there wasn't any other place where I could set down and look over the papers—good-morning, miss," and before Polly could reply Tad was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

Just astern of the "Mary J." a large iron steamer was discharging her cargo of cotton bales, a dozen or more of which were tied up one upon another, at the verge of the wharf.

Looking about him to make sure that he was unobserved, Tad scrambled up the back side of the tier, and, crawling nimbly over the top, dropped into a narrow niche between two of the bales, where, well sheltered from the wind, and warmed by the sun, he found that without being seen he could look directly down upon the "Mary J.'s" deck.

Polly Flagg had thrown aside her ugly head-gear, and, using the end of the half-house for a wash-bench, was vigorously scrubbing the small dog, who feebly protested, in a bucket of warm water furnished by the cook—a diminutive colored man with very round shoulders, and woolly locks plentifully powdered with gray.

"There, little dog," said Polly, as she rubbed the whimpering pup with a bit of an old sail-cloth, "you were never so clean in your life before. Now, George Washington"—addressing the colored individual—"take him and lay him in the galley, by the fire, till he's dry."

"Pears though he order be considerably refrigerated by his absolution, Miss Polly," returned Washington, with a convulsive giggle, as, receiving the small bundle, he hurried back to the galley, which was a sort of large "cubby-house," midway between the two masts, where the cooking was done.

Meanwhile, Polly unpinned her dress, which she had carefully turned up in front during the washing, pulled down her sleeves and, without resuming the big sun-bonnet, walked to the rail, where she stood looking up the wharf in an expectant attitude.

"She isn't exactly stylish-lookin'," said Tad, viewing Miss Polly critically, from his point of observation, "but she's got a goodish kind of a face."

No—Polly was not stylish-looking. Her cheeks were as rosy and round as a Baldwin apple, and her small nose not innocent of freckles. Then, too, her mouth was rather large, though one forgot its size in the kindness of her smile, which, moreover, showed a very perfect set of small, even, white teeth.

Polly had a pair of pleasant dark eyes that, when she was a bit excited, looked almost black, and she was also the possessor of what the novelists call "a wealth" of bronze-tinted chestnut hair, with a natural crinkle in it, which no amount of art could have imitated. But Polly briefly summed up her own personal appearance in one terse sentence "red hair, freckles and a snub-nose;" and no amount of reasoning could convince her she was not undeniably plain, or—as she unhesitatingly affirmed—"awful homely."

"I don't believe it's polite to stare at ladies, even if they can't see you," suddenly thought Tad. And vaguely wondering at his own newly-awakened sense of propriety, Tad settled back in his cozy nook and, pulling out his three papers, began running over the "Lost" columns, but his search was in vain. Watches had been lost, diamonds stolen, gold-headed canes taken by mistake and pet poodles lured from their homes—for the recovery of each and all of which rewards were offered, with the suggestive "no questions asked," as an extra inducement for their return.

But there was no reference in any of the papers to "a small alligator-skin sachel, with nickel mountings, left by mistake in the waiting-room of the Broad Street depot," or words to that effect; and Tad began to wonder what he had best do next. He could not advertise under the head of "Found," for five cents was all the money Tad had in the world; so, finally, he was forced to use his own unspoken thought—"to hang on a spell longer."

It was much harder to decide what he should do with himself. The bag had some one to look out for it, but there was no one to look out for Tad. And, for the first time in his short life, Tad felt a feeling of something like homesickness creep over him.

A familiar voice on the wharf, close to the pile of cotton bales, aroused Tad very suddenly from his reverie.
"It's that Jones!" he excitedly exclaimed, though under his breath, as he peered down at the speaker. It was indeed that ingenious gentleman, as, lifting his hat with winning politeness, he had accosted Miss Polly, who was evidently impressed at such a display of courtesy.

"May I ask, miss," said Jones, calling up his most agreeable smile, "whether you have seen a shabby-looking boy, carrying a small alligator-skin sachel, anywhere in this vicinity within half an hour?"

"Why, yes—he was down here awhile ago, but I guess he's gone up-town again," replied Polly, wondering what the stranger wanted of the boy who called himself Tad Thorne.

Mr. Jones looked sadly disappointed at Polly's answer, while Tad, winking at himself, chuckled silently. What Mr. Jones might have said is uncertain, for just then a third party hove in sight—to use a nautical phrase—who, Tad felt by a sort of instinct, must be Captain Jethro Flagg. He was a tremendously stout man, with iron-gray hair and a rim of white whiskers which made a sort of halo about his fat, weather-beaten face. The blue shirt, pea-jacket, canvas trousers, oil-skin hat and heavy sea-boots which he wore left no doubt as to the nature of his calling.

"Now, then, Eph'r'm," said Captain Flagg, in a voice like a trumpet with a bad cold, as, turning about, he addressed a long-legged youth who brought up the rear with a heavy basket, "heave ahead lively with them stores, my hearty, or you won't fetch the schooner till dinner-time." Thus admonished, Ephraim muttered something inaudible, and, reaching the edge of the wharf in a breathless condition, set the basket down with a bang, while the Captain greeted Miss Polly with a jovial wink.

"Haven't got to put back for nothing this time, Polly," he triumphantly announced, unmindful of the presence of Mr. Jones, whose abstracted gaze was seemingly directed at the little pennant which floated from the schooner's topmast head. "The stores is all in the basket, the new job is coming down this afternoon, and I've got my freight money along with my clearance papers all right in here," holding up a flat, japanned tin case as he spoke. For, being very absent-minded, though constantly ruminating in his great responsibility as master of the coasting schooner "Mary J.," Captain Jethro Flagg usually forgot some part of his up-town errands, and was invariably sent back therefor by practical Polly, as a sort of atonement for his sins of omission.

Polly nodded approvingly at her father's assertion, while Tad, as an unobserved but interested on-looker, noticed that, at the mention of freight-money, Mr. Jones' eye fell from the topmast head to the japanned tin case in Captain Flagg's hand, and briefly rested thereon. Suddenly producing a note-book from his pocket he began writing on a blank leaf, occasionally glancing thoughtfully at the "Mary J.," as though noting down a brief description of her build and rig, to the evident uneasiness of Captain Flagg, who regarded Mr. Jones and his little book with ill-concealed suspicion.

"Beg pardon, Captain," said the latter, looking up with easy familiarity, as Ephraim and George Washington succeeded by their united efforts in getting the stores safely on board, "but I'm a Globe reporter. Any thing extraordinary or unusual last voyage that would make us an item, eh?"

He held his head a little one side as he spoke, and tapped his teeth with the end of his pencil in such a business-like manner that the Captain's face cleared at once.

"Extraordinary!" thoughtfully repeated Captain Flagg, leaning up against a cotton bale, and inviting his companion by a nod to do the same, "well, lemme overhaul the log a bit, an' see. Polly," elevating his voice for the benefit of his daughter, who was regarding the representative of the press with admiring awe, "what night was it we lost Sam overboard, whilst we was hove to off Thatcher's Island?"

"A week ago last Thursday," promptly returned Polly, with shade of sadness in her tone.
"Ah, indeed!" returned Mr. Jones' interestedly, as he jotted something down in the note-book, and continued to write as he talked. "Heavy gale, I presume, and man fell from aloft, reefing the—main-t'gallant sails?"

Regarding the speaker for a brief moment in pitying silence, Captain Flagg proceeded to enlighten his ignorance. "Only square riggers carries 't'gallant's," he explained, "and the 'Mary J.'s' bein' a fore-an-after, has no need o' sech. Sam," solemnly continued the Captain, laying his stumpy forefinger on Mr. Jones' arm, to command his undivided attention, "Sam was a black pig—the cunnin'est, knowin'est—why, what's that?" he exclaimed suddenly breaking off in his eulogium on his lost porker, as the sound of a suppressed giggle was heard to proceed from directly overhead. Turning his eyes upward as he thus spoke, and catching a glimpse of Tad's mischievous face peering over the top of the cotton bales, Captain Flagg's fingers insensibly relaxed their hold upon the japanned tin case containing his papers and money.

This was the moment for which Mr. Jones had been watching! Whipping the tin case from the Captain's unresisting grasp, he dodged round the pile of cotton bales before Captain Jethro could say "Jack Robinson" or Polly recover her breath to scream.

Now, despite his sudden, ill-timed mirth, Tad had been sharply watching the movements of the erratic Mr. Jones, whose purpose he had dimly suspected from the first moment of his pretended interview. And, as he snatched the case, Tad, scrambling from his hiding-place with inconceivable rapidity, slid down on the back side of the cotton bales, just in time to confront the escaping Jones.

Unlike the average boy-hero of fiction, Tad did not throw himself bodily upon the would-be robber, regardless of personal safety, etc. But, instead, resorting to a device not unknown to playful youth in moments of extreme

hilarity, he threw himself on all fours directly in front of the flying feet of the fraudulent felon!

Uttering a wild whoop of dismay, Mr. Jones plunged with outstretched arms over Tad's prostrate body and struck the wharf with such startling suddenness that the tin case flew from his fingers and was immediately seized by Tad, who had scrambled to his feet in



TAD THREW HIMSELF ON ALL FOURS, a twinkling, though only a second or two sooner than the active Jones himself, who, taking to his heels with the speed poetically attributed to the startled fawn, was quickly lost to sight among the surrounding drays and express-wagons.

Without his hat, and in a very bewildered frame of mind, Captain Jethro Flagg rolled heavily around the corner of the pile of cotton bales. Following him at suitable intervals came breathless Polly, astonished G. Washington Johnson and the remainder of the "Mary J.'s" crew, including the chief mate—all comprehended in the lengthy person of Ephraim K. Small, otherwise known as "Eph."

Tad's honest face shone with pleasurable excitement as he handed the tin box to Captain Flagg, and began brushing his dusty knees, while Polly Flagg smiled her approbation.

"My lad," said Captain Flagg, placing his big hand on Tad's shoulder, "it's nigh eight bells—come along and have some dinner. We'll talk over matters aboard the vessel."

An invitation of this sort—particularly under all the circumstances, was not to be refused, and Tad, recovering the sachel from its hiding-place among the cotton bales, accompanied Captain Flagg on board of the "Mary J.," where mutual explanations followed, while George Washington was bringing the dinner into the small cabin.

In contributing his own share, Tad insensibly told the most of his simple story, after which Polly Flagg, with sparkling eyes, related her morning adventure and Tad's connection therewith; hearing which, Captain Jethro gravely shook hands with Tad across the table, without speaking. Indeed, he finished his dinner in like silence, and, after pushing his chair back, sat staring so hard at the youth that Tad began to feel very hot and uncomfortable.

"My lad," suddenly said the Captain, "which way might you be callin' to steer? Is it 'bout ship, and put back to Philadelphia, or," continued the speaker, rising to fanciful heights, "is it dead before the wind to whatever port promises the best freights and biggest profits?" With a dim comprehension of Captain Flagg's meaning, Tad, conscious of a slight choking in his throat, replied sadly that he didn't know—he had no mother, no friends, no home, and it didn't matter much where he went or what became of him. Polly's eyes shone sympathetically, and the Captain's voice was quite husky when, a little later, he replied to Tad's despondent answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Remember This.

If you are sick, Simmons' Liver Regulator will surely aid nature in making you well. If you are constive or dyspeptic or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the Liver, Stomach or Bwels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Simmons' Liver Regulator is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

"I saw you at the theater last night, Jack?" "No, did you? What did you think of the little party with me, Gus?" "Too much bustle and hat and not enough girl," said Gus, critically.—Pack.

Don't

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption. Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know it already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

A St. Louis man has succeeded in stealing a red hot stove. St. Louis is proud of him.—Free Press.

Fire—Insure Yourselves.
It is an established fact that the finest fire department in the world is that of New York city. Their champion fire engine company can harness up and get out of the engine house inside of two and one-half seconds. But this record is slow as the vengeance of the gods compared to the time made by "Tommy's Petrolina Foroused Plus ure" in curing Rheumatism and Neuralgia Affections. 25 cents buys it from any druggist. Insure yourself at once by purchasing a plaster, have it in the house, and

Damp cold and storm, From night till morn, will not bring on Neuralgia. For Sale by H. J. Brown, Dist. Agt. for Ann Arbor.

THE REGISTER

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887.

\$10.00. Have you seen those Extraordinary Wraps? At BACH & ABEL'S

\$1.00. A Great Line of Silks, Surahs worth 20 per cent. more, At BACH & ABEL'S.

EMBROIDERED HDK'FS, Matchless, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$2.00, At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$15.00. Have you seen those Extraordinary Plush Wraps At BACH & ABEL'S?

MUFFS AND BOAS, Glorious for Christmas Gifts, At BACH & ABEL'S.

SILK and Cashmere Mufflers, Matchless, 75c to \$2.00 Lines, At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$8.00. A Great Line of Ladies' Wraps worth 50 per cent. more, At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$6.00. Have you seen those Extraordinary Newmarkets? At BACH & ABEL'S.

LINEN TABLE SETS, Glorious for Christmas Gifts, At BACH & ABEL'S.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, Matchless 50c, 75c and \$1.00 Lines, At BACH & ABEL'S.

96. Have you seen the Extraordinary Scarlet Underwear? At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$2.75. A Great Line of Gents' Silk Umbrellas worth 30 per cent. more, At BACH & ABEL'S.

AIRY FAIRY FANS, Glorious for Christmas Gifts, At BACH & ABEL'S.

WATERED SILKS, Matchless \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2 Lines, At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$15.00. Have you seen those Extraordinary Astrachan Sacks? At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$3.50. A great line of Black Silk Fichues worth 40 per cent. more, At BACH & ABEL'S.

RUCHINGS, Matchless, 35c and 50c Lines, At BACH & ABEL'S.

KID GLOVES, Glorious for Christmas Gifts, At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$1.50. Have you seen those Extraordinary Marseilles Quilts? At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$4.00. A Great Line of Ladies' Jackets, worth 50 per cent. more, At BACH & ABEL'S.

DRESS GOODS, Matchless 50c and 75c Lines, At BACH & ABEL'S.

POCKET BOOKS AND HAND-BAGS, Glorious for Christmas Gifts, At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$13.00. Have you seen those Extraordinary Wraps? At BACH & ABEL'S.

\$2.00. A Great Line of Lace Curtains worth 20 per cent. more, At BACH & ABEL'S.

THE CITY.

It is not too late yet to get all of the serial story, "Adventures of Tad," now running in THE REGISTER. Trial subscriptions, 25 cents for three months. \$1.00 per year.

No New England dinner this year.

The clothing stores now keep open evenings.

Read "Misadventures of John Nicholson" in this number of THE REGISTER.

F. H. McFall is happy over the coming of a young son to his household last week.

O. L. Matthews has just finished extensive repairs on his house on Maynard-st.

J. T. Stafford will build a fine residence in the spring on corner of Thompson and Liberty-sts.

The knights of labor have moved into St. George's hall over Stimson & Son's store on Ann-st.

Fifteen members of Ann Arbor lodge, I. O. G. T., went to visit Ypsilanti lodge last Saturday evening.

Jerome Skimmerhorn was sent to the county jail last Tuesday by Justice Frueauff for getting drunk.

Emma DeFries, a six-year-old daughter of August DeFries, of W. Second-st, died Dec. 14, of diphtheria.

Erastus, son of Neil M. Collings of Fort Gratiot, died in Ann Arbor of tumor on the brain, Dec. 19, aged 18.

Company A will elect a captain, two lieutenants, and five members of the board of directors, Monday, Jan. 2.

The Ann Arbor Maple Leaf club will give their Christmas dance tomorrow evening in Hangsterfer's hall.

Chauncey Orotto of Ann Arbor township, had a valuable horse die Monday morning. Injudicious feeding.

The Ann Arbor Temperance Union will hold a Christmas social and festival tomorrow evening, and on Sunday Dr. Ramsey will give a Christmas talk before the Union.

The Ann Arbor Schutzenbund will hold their annual election on the first Monday in January.

Eight members of the Ann Arbor Schutzenbund will shoot at a mark on New Year's day for an oyster supper.

A dozen members of Washtenaw lodge, I. O. G. T., went to visit the Milan lodge last Friday evening, and report a good time.

James Murphy, of the Washtenaw lodge I. O. G. T., addressed a public meeting on temperance at Delhi Mills Sunday evening.

Michael Doyle was unable to keep sober, and Justice Frueauff was obliged on Tuesday to send him to the county jail for 25 days.

Hobart Guild will engage a Rev. Mr. Eggleston to give three lectures on Dante with stereopticon views of Dore's illustrations.

Prof. Wm. Clark, the Baldwin lecturer, spoke in Grace church in Detroit Dec. 14, giving his lecture on "Phases and failures of unbelief."

Schuh & Muehlig have a new safe which will both the burglars more than the other one which was blown open about two months ago.

Prof. C. G. Taylor, whose foot was crushed in the Engineering laboratory a few weeks ago, is now attending to business on crutches.

The Kirmess tea at the Congregational church last Thursday made over \$200 clear, and the M. E. fair which lasted three days, cleared \$500.

William Felske was found guilty of assaulting Mrs. Minnie Schmidt, before Justice Frueauff Tuesday morning, and was fined \$15 and costs, which he paid.

Mrs. Caroline Westcott Romney, a sister of Mrs. W. G. Doty of Ann Arbor, is visiting in the county. She has just returned from an extended trip in Europe.

Last week, Welch Post, G. A. R., elected W. B. Jackson commander; W. K. Childs chaplain; and Major Soule and W. J. Clark delegates to the state encampment.

The Ypsilanti Sentinel, in speaking of the Bohemian oats case in which Hamner of Ypsilanti was fined, says that the verdict was clearly against right and evidence.

Prof. H. S. Carhart did not buy the lot as reported last week, but has bought a lot on Monroe-st between State and Packard, of J. T. Jacobs, and expects to build there next summer.

Regents Grosvenor and Shever leave the University board at the end of 1887, and then Charles W. Hebard, of Pequaning, and Roger W. Butterfield, of Grand Rapids, will take their places.

W. E. Bryden of Delhi Mills and William Ball of Hamburg, were expected to read papers at the seventh annual meeting of the short horn cattle breeders' association in Lansing yesterday and to-day.

The board of directors of the Washtenaw Mutual Fire Insurance company will meet at their office tomorrow at 10 a. m. A tabulated report of the work of the company during the year will be made.

Mrs. J. T. Sunderland's temperance address of last Sunday afternoon upon "The license system a modern sale of indulgence," is to be published by the Temperance Union of this city in tract form, for general distribution.

The Cavanaugh matter will not down. Frederick L. Elms yesterday made complaint before Justice Pond that George Cavanaugh of Ypsilanti had secreted property with the intent to defraud his creditors, and the case is set down for Dec. 27.

The Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor creditors of George Cavanaugh of Ypsilanti have organized, it is reported, and appointed a man to urge their claims. This affair involves at least \$6,000. They will be apt to make trouble for Mr. Cavanaugh if he doesn't settle soon.

Fred Brown, while driving his mustang down a steep hill near the observatory last Sunday, acquired a good speed, and upon making a rather abrupt turn his bump was overturned. Mr. Brown had to jump, and it resulted in breaking his left leg at the ankle.

Since our last issue the committee was given power to arrange a settlement with the architects, Donaldson and Meier, and it is reported that a settlement has been made that the school board will accept, thus avoiding a lawsuit. Now, let us have the school-house!

At the Unity club Monday evening Mr. Sunderland gave the last of his talks on Ru-kay; Miss Ida Morrish had an excellent lecture on "Emerson, the essayist and lecturer." The story by F. N. Scott was postponed. Miss Myra Pollard gave readings; and Miss Lillie Volland read the Wit and Wisdom Bible.

At the semi-annual election, last Thursday evening, of Chatham lodge No. 130, Order Sons of St. George, the following officers were elected: J. H. Nickels, W. P. P.; S. Bulluck, W. P.; J. Looker, W. V. P.; J. A. Brewer, W. S. C.; S. Nickels, W. Asst. Sec.; B. Barker, W. Treas.; J. H. Outley, W. M.; G. P. Outley, W. A. M.; Wm. Biggs, W. C.; C. T. Houghtly, W. I. S.; A. Marsh, W. O. S.; Wm. Cleaver, Trustee.

Jacob Schuh yesterday afternoon was standing on the scaffolding overseeing some work on the new University boiler house, when the scaffolding gave way, and the captain fell twelve feet to the ground. It resulted in his being very severely bruised, the right shoulder, and perhaps broke two ribs on the right side. Mr. Schuh will be confined to his house for some time.

A large audience heard Thomas Mills last week in the opera house, on "Must government be by the people fall?" Comment on his speech will be found in the editorial columns. At the close a class of thirty-four persons was formed in what is known as the American "School of Politics." It is designed to furnish a course of reading on subjects of political science, with an examination. The amount of reading required does not exceed 1,000 pages.

Schiller Council, R. A., No. 595, elected the following officers last week: Regent, J. Q. A. Sessions; vice regent, Kendall Kittredge; secretary, Chas. S. Fall; treasurer, S. S. Blutz; collector, Fred. H. Belsor; chaplain, Geo. L. Moore; guide, W. A. Tolohard; past regent, L. D. Wines.

A new job press was received from Messrs. Schmiedewend & Lee, of Chicago, yesterday. It is a beautiful and substantial machine and will add greatly to the facilities of THE REGISTER'S press room. Nearly one thousand pounds of new type have also been received this week, to meet the demands of a rapidly increasing business.

Owing to the severe illness of one of her leading ladies, Maggie Mitchell appeared last evening in the role of Little Barefoot instead of Fanchon as was advertised. She was greeted by a full house and was frequently applauded, as this popular and inimitable actress always is, though the play she chose has been presented here before, but never in a more pleasing manner than it was last evening.

Coming Events.

The regular monthly Mother's meeting will be held in the Baptist church Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3 p. m.

Zion's Sunday school will hold a Christmas tree at the church Saturday evening at 6 o'clock.

At the Unitarian church next Sunday there will be a Christmas Sermon in the morning; and in the evening the fifth of Mrs. Sunderland's lectures on the "The Books of the Bible."

At the Congregational church on Sunday there will be no morning sermon, but instead there will be a Christmas service in which the Sunday school will take part. On Monday at 5:30 p. m. there will be a supper and exercises for the children.

Services in St. Andrew's church next Sunday, being Christmas day, as follows: 7:30 a. m., litany and address; 10:30 a. m., morning prayer, holy communion, and address; 3:30 p. m., evening prayer and children's service. No service at night. On Monday at 4 p. m. there will be a festival and Christmas tree in Hobart hall.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

THE REGISTER will next week receive and publish lists of those who will receive on New Year's. All are invited to send lists, but they should reach the office as early as Wednesday afternoon.

S. Krause was in Toledo Monday.

T. J. Keech was in Jackson Monday.

Prof. L. A. Rhodes will spend the holidays in Toledo.

Dr. T. J. Sullivan, of Chicago, will spend Christmas with his family.

Henry C. Apfel of Duluth, Minn., is visiting his parents in this city.

Miss Mamie Clark returns home today from a school in Windsor, Ont.

B. S. Krause, of Grand Rapids, will spend Christmas in Ann Arbor.

Miss Allie Curtis of Washington-st, will spend the holidays in Kalamazoo.

Miss Mary Kittredge returned last Saturday from a visit in Grand Rapids.

Mrs. A. A. Wood will spend the holidays with her daughter in Eaton Rapids.

G. H. Ludlow, of Detroit, is expected in Ann Arbor this week to visit friends.

Miss Elida Lovejoy of Fifth-st leaves tomorrow to spend the holidays in Buffalo.

Dr. Will Saunders, of Manistee, is spending the holidays with his parents in Ann Arbor.

Master Henry A. Hudson will go to Toledo, Dec. 26, to attend a Christmas party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blackstone of Chicago, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clough.

F. E. Parkinson, of Calkins' drug store, will spend Christmas in Pontiac with his parents.

Miss Mamie Benham of Wayne will spend the holidays with her parents on Huron-st.

Chas. Burg, brother of Frank and John Burg, has been elected assessor of Messa county, Col.

Mrs. Louis Blitz of Detroit will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Blutz of Ann Arbor.

Eugene Speoer is home from the theological Seminary at Afton, Minn., for a three weeks' visit.

Mrs. Hattie Powers, of Springfield, Mich., is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Benham, of Huron-st.

Robert C. Traub of Detroit will visit Gerhardt Josephans and other relatives during the holidays.

Miss Mary Kordes, of Farwell, will arrive in Ann Arbor this week to visit her parents on Pontiac st.

H. J. Robeson and wife, of Port Huron, will visit their parents, City Treasurer Moore and wife, this week.

Albert Robison, of Manchester, was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday, visiting his brother, J. J. Robison.

Geo. Grossman, of Detroit, a former Ann Arbor boy, is expected in the city Saturday to spend a few days.

Will Schneider, of Columbus, O., formerly of Ann Arbor, is visiting his aunt, Miss F. Schneider, of S. Main st.

News was received on Tuesday of the death of Channey Hurd, of Belden, Mich., father of A. C. Hurd of this city.

Miss Florence, daughter of Judge Grant, of Marquette, and grand-daughter of ex-Gov. Felch, will be married Dec. 28.

Alderman Allmendinger started for the south Monday morning to be gone about eight weeks. He will go as far as Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reed of East Saginaw, both lites of U. of M., are expected to spend Christmas with Dr. and Mrs. Darling.

Miss Thekla Bengel, of Main-st, left last Friday for her home in Hannibal, Mo., because her father, Prof. Bengel, a former well-known music teacher of Ann Arbor, is very sick.

The Misses McIntyre, the Misses Rinsey, Miss Gertie Clancy and Miss Celia Gilbert are expected home today from St. Mary's convent in Monroe. Miss Tessie Slatery comes to-day from the Sacred Heart convent in Detroit to visit her sister, Mrs. Sheehan of State-st.

William J. Oloott, lit of U. of M., of Hurley, Wis., will be married next Monday evening to Miss Fannie Bailey, of Ann Arbor.

Mrs. Maclean, of the Phi Kappa Psi house, will spend the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. H. T. Morley, at Marine City, Mich.

Mrs. Benson Duncan, formerly Miss Fanny Devanny, now of LaSalle, Ind., came to visit her mother in Ann Arbor last week.

Chas. Spoor, W. W. Nichols, and Eugene Mutschel, and their families, expect to spend Christmas with O. F. Webster, of Owosso.

Cards are out for the marriage of Henry Haskell, of Allmendinger and Schneider's mill, with Miss Mary Brooks St. Clair, of Bay City, Dec. 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes of Birmingham are in Ann Arbor to spend the holidays with the parents of Mrs. Hawkes, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stimson.

T. R. Bours who has been in Brown's drug store for the past eighteen months will leave next week with his wife to live in Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss May Hemingway, daughter of Mrs. N. Hemingway of University-Ave, will be married Jan. 12, to Leslie A. Jaxox of San Jose, Cal.

Prof. Carhart starts for Washington tonight to meet a committee of the American association for the advancement of science on teaching of physics.

Fred. Weir of LaPorte, Ind., medic about '85, will spend Christmas with Fred. McOmber in Ann Arbor. He will then travel for Europe to study two or three years.

C. C. Hawes, son of G. M. Hawes of the Arlington house, entertained the lit freshmen last Friday evening. There was dancing in the dining room, and it was a very enjoyable affair.

Philip Stimson, of East Saginaw, is to be married this evening to Miss Josie McCreery on Fourth-st, by Rev. W. W. Ramsay. They will take the 11 p. m. train for their home in East Saginaw.

Bart Collins, of Charlotte, and Miss Beattie Richardson, daughter of J. W. Richardson, formerly of Ann Arbor, will be married in St. Andrews church in Ann Arbor next Monday at 5 p. m., and will take the evening train for Charlotte.

The following pay more than \$500 in taxes in Ann Arbor this year: Estate of R. A. Beal, \$1,136.43; Ann Arbor Water Co., \$577.50; Alpheus Felch, \$577.50; Mack & Schmid, \$523.73; Estate of Lucy Morgan, \$814.12. Some of the other heavy tax payers are as follows: Wm. April, \$223.60; Ann Arbor Gas Co., \$462.00; Dean & Co., \$253.64; C. Eberbach, \$277.85; Estate of J. J. Ellis, \$482.50; A. W. Hamilton, \$254.21; Hutchinson estate, \$326.70; Israel Hall, \$23.20; L. D. James, \$386.20; J. T. Jacobs, \$227.48; Wm. Wagner, \$487.63; Mrs. M. L. White, \$312.11.

High School Notes.

School closed today at one o'clock.—The library closes today and will not be open during vacation.—School will resume its regular work on Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1888.—The regular examinations in the minor studies will begin Jan. 12, the first being in arithmetic.—The Christian association had a very pleasant time at their social at Prof. Perry's last Friday evening.—Lyceum No. 1 holds its meeting tonight instead of tomorrow evening. The debate is, Resolved, That the jury system should be abolished.—A large number of juniors enjoyed themselves at the home of Willie Cheever last Saturday evening. Games were played, music rendered, and the evening passed away very pleasantly.—The names of those who are to take part in the junior exhibition, in March, were read in chapel Tuesday, and the following were the lucky ones: Thomas Chalmers, John D. Duncan, John Quinn, Lewis G. Whitehead, Harry Randall, Jeanette Baldwin, Ella Bennett, Lola Conrad, Alice Cramer, Grace Laraway, Carrie Sperry, Julia B. Southmayd, and Jessie E. Penny.

LITERARY NOTES.

The comic side of life is not neglected in Harper's Magazine for January 1888. The full-page cut by George Du Maurier illustrates the "March of Progress" in a way that every one, even a dyspeptic, can appreciate and laugh over. "A real 'Chestnut'" is cleverly described by the studies of W. H. Hyde's clever pencil.

Readers interested in the workings of high and low tariffs in the various civilized countries of the world, will find an unusually readable discussion of the subject by Hon. David A. Wells, under the title of "Governmental Interference with Production and Distribution," in the forthcoming January number of "The Popular Science Monthly."

Mark Twain, who has discovered great dramatic virtues in a popular language system, has written a three act play illustrating them. He calls it "The Patent Universally-applicable Language Drama." It will be found in the January Century.

The Magazine of Art for January is a fine number. The editor, acknowledging the growing taste for plastic art, gives us as a frontispiece a photograph of Delaplanche's Statue of Music. The opening paper is devoted to the consideration of the "Forest of Fontainebleau in Winter." As much as this forest is described, it is a subject one never wearies of. Both pen and pencil are called into service in this article, and the result is a delight to the eye as well as to the mind. The subject of the "Progress of English Art" is discussed by Claude Phillips, and we have the second paper on "Studies in English Costume." A full-page engraving is devoted to that quaint old painting, by John Van Eyck, "John Arnolfini of Lucca and his wife." The new editor of the Magazine, M. H. Spielmann, contributes a readable paper on "Glimpses of artistic life," showing how art studies are pursued in London. The Boy of Egremond furnishes the subject of this month's chapter on the "Romance of Art series." A copious review of W. P. Frith's autobiography is given, and is followed by a copious supply of notes. More of a feature than usual is made of this department, and it is something more than a dry record of facts.—Cassell & Company, Limited, 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.

Diaries for '88 at Andrews & Co. 678-9

THE WHY OF IT. The new "Red Star" Oil we are now selling is beyond controversy the best Oil ever offered in this market.

First: Because we pump it directly from our tanks on the Railroad, thereby avoiding contact with the coating of the Oil Bobs, and thus having the oil as clear and clean as distilled water.

Second: The oil is, so to speak, from the heart of the crude oil, which leaves it free from paraffine and of a lighter gravity than ordinary "Water White" oil.

For these reasons it will all burn out of the lamp, will not crust the wick, does not smoke when burning, gives a white light, and will save your eyes, by the purity and the brilliancy of the light. Ask for Red Star Oil.—Buy of us and you will be sure to get what you ask for.

DRAN & CO. 44 Main-st, South. 676-79. Magazine subscriptions at cut rates, at Andrews & Co. 678-9

Catholic Prayer Books from 25 cents to \$5.00 each, at Wahr's Bookstore. 676 f

Money to Loan On first class and first mortgage Real Estate. Apply to S. H. Douglass, S. H. DOUGLASS, I. W. HUNT, Trustees, Ann Arbor, Dec. 1886. 626 f.

Save money on magazine periodical subscriptions. Cut rates at Andrews & Co. 678-9

Go to Andrews & Co. and see their immense variety of choice Christmas gifts and books. 678

2000 choice books at Andrews & Co. at 25c, 39c and 50c. 678-9

Doc. Simon's Pleasant Barber Shop, directly opposite the south door of the court house, is the best place in the city for anything in his line. Try it. 645 f.

Oysters hot! Oysters cold! Oysters best—not When nine days old—but When eaten at M. S. Pratt's CANDY KITCHEN, 23 East Huron Street, served in different styles at all hours of the day and evening. See our home-made candies in great variety, fresh and pure. Old-fashioned molasses candy a specialty. French goods always on hand. 677-79

Coke for Sale. The Ann Arbor Gas Company having adopted the plan of burning crude oil instead of coke can now supply coke to any who may wish it. 677-78w2

Don't fail to visit the leading Bookstore in the city—Wahr's Bookstore. 676 f

All the Poets in Russia binding for 50 cents at Wahr's. 676 f

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Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railway Company.

Notice is hereby given, that there will be a special meeting of the stockholders of the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan Railway Company, at the Company's office in Toledo, Ohio, on Monday, February 27th, A. D., 1888, at 11 o'clock.

The object of this meeting is to approve or reject the agreement for consolidation, heretofore made by the Boards of Directors of the Toledo Ann Arbor & North Michigan and the T.ledo, Ann Arbor & Cadillac Railway Company, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting. C. F. Cook, Secretary. Dated Toledo, O., D. c. 12 1887.

Forest Hill Cemetery Company. The annual meeting of the stockholders of Forest Hill Cemetery Company will be held at their office on the grounds on Tuesday, January 3, 1888, at 10:30 a. m., for the purpose of electing three trustees for full terms and one trustee in place of Emanuel Mann, deceased, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. W. W. Wines, Sec'y. ANN ARBOR, Mich., Dec. 20, 1887.

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