

THE ANN ARBOR REGISTER.

VOL. XIV. NO. 51.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 730.

A NEW CITY CHARTER.

OFF WITH THE OLD AND ON WITH THE NEW.

Conference About the Proposed New Charter for Ann Arbor.—What the Principal Changes Are.—Now, Let's Pull for It.

The Ann Arbor Business men's association met a committee of the common council in the council room, last Friday evening, the committee having in charge the work of drafting a new charter for Ann Arbor. The committee consists of Mayor Beakes, Aldermen Allmendinger, Wines, and Kearns, and City Attorney King. It was moved by H. J. Brown that, on account of defects in the present charter, it is the sense of the Business men's association that a new charter, better adapted to our present requirements, should be adopted, and the motion was carried.

Mayor Beakes and Ald. Allmendinger read and explained the most important portions of the proposed new charter. The committee has done some hard work in its preparation, consulting numerous charters in the state, and their job is practically done, except that some legal gentleman must wrinkle his legal brow over every sentence to discover possible contradictions and errors. Then it will be in shape to present to the legislature.

Remarks were made by Frederick Schmid, Z. P. King, Moses Seabolt, and others, and a few minor changes were suggested and incorporated. On the whole the association seemed pleased with the proposed charter. A. L. Noble, Frederick Schmid, Moses Seabolt, E. K. Frueauff, and H. J. Brown were named as a committee to confer with the council's committee.

FINANCES IN THE NEW CHARTER.

The present charter of Ann Arbor is dear to many partly because of its age, and partly because, with all its antiquated and dangerous and weak provisions, it has had one good feature, that of limiting the taxing power. It has kept the city out of debt, certainly a very desirable thing, and the rate of taxation in Ann Arbor is exceedingly low. This has been a matter of great rejoicing to the citizen who cared little for improving the city, and it is something which properly commended the charter to all. To those who happened to know from actual experience how the charter worked in the expenditure of what money was raised by taxation; how careless are its provisions for the safe-keeping of the city's money; and how it discourages the placing of the best men in the council, that venerable document has not seemed a joy forever. On the contrary, it has been the cause of much forcible language not sufficiently polite to appear in these columns.

The committee has retained the valuable feature of the present charter which limits the taxing power. As at present no more than that specified can be raised for city purposes without a special act of the legislature, or without special authorization by vote of the property taxpayers. This retention must certainly disarm nearly all criticism on the score of taxation.

The present charter permits the raising annually of \$6,000 for general purposes; \$2,000 for street and highway purposes; and \$1,000 in each ward for highway purposes. The new charter has but one tax, that of 5 mills on the dollar of assessed valuation. This rate is the lowest in Michigan. Lansing's charter permits the raising of 8 mills; Adrian, 17½ mills. This low rate of taxation, coupled with the check which has been so long tried, ought to be satisfactory to the taxpayers of Ann Arbor.

The new charter retains the method now used in collecting taxes. A clause has been introduced to prevent rich residents of Ann Arbor escaping taxation by claiming a residence in some township. One especially notorious case of that kind flourished here for years. Ann Arbor lost the tax on a large amount of property, and a certain township taxed but a small portion of it, while the citizen really lived in this city. No such dodge as that will work under the new charter. The person trying it will be taxed here if he does not bring proof of full and fair taxation elsewhere.

THE MAYOR OF ANN ARBOR.

Under the present charter the mayor is a slightly enlarged alderman; that's all. Some of the worst evils of government in the large cities have been overcome by granting the mayor larger power, and making him directly responsible to the people at each recurring spring election. This plan has been wisely adopted in the new charter. Under it the mayor will be something more than a figure head. He will practically have the executive work of the city in his hands, and if anything goes wrong, the citizens at the next election will know more certainly where to place the responsibility. He will appoint the marshal, city attorney, city treasurer, the police, and members of boards, all heretofore appointed by the council. He will also have the power to suspend or remove the marshal or police, all subject, of course, to confirmation by the common council. The city marshal will not be allowed to go out of the city without consent of the mayor, except in pursuit of some one escaping from justice. The mayor's vote is taken away except in case of a tie. He will have the veto power; in fact Ann Arbor will have a real

mayor. The committee's draft left the mayor's salary at the present munificent sum of \$1, but the Business men's association is composed of gentlemen who don't want to get something for nothing, and they insisted upon increasing it just \$199.

THE CITY RECORDER.

Beg pardon! City clerk, Ann Arbor, besides having a mayor that is a mayor, will have a city clerk instead of a recorder, if the proposed charter carries. And he will amount to something, too. His work will be so great and varied that he must have an office in Fireman's hall, where the records of the city can be kept. The city clerk will have to stay there during customary office hours. No man fit to be recorder or city clerk can afford to do that now, and hence one who wants to do business with that functionary in a hurry has had to scour the city to find him. Occasionally a recorder was obtained who had an office of his own where he carried on another business, and by uniting the two, he was usually to be found during business hours. That is the case at present. But the work and status of this office are unsatisfactory. The clerk's salary is fixed by the committee at \$800, which, with chattel mortgage and license fees, will amount to about \$900. At the meeting Friday evening, H. J. Brown moved that it be fixed at \$1,000 without fees, but it was lost by a small majority.

The city clerk will audit all accounts before they go to the finance committee of the council, and he must report all counter claims. All claims must be presented under oath. He must keep a list of all city property. He must keep himself informed about the official acts of all officers who have to do with receipt and disbursement of city money. The clerk will have charge of all the city books, and must keep a "complete set of books exhibiting the financial condition of the corporation in all of its departments, funds, resources and liabilities, with a proper classification thereof, and showing the purpose for which each fund was raised. He shall also keep an account with the treasurer, in which he shall charge him with all the moneys received for each of the several funds of the city; and credit him with all warrants drawn thereon, keeping a separate account with each fund."

The city clerk will be the clerk of all committees and boards. He will have the entire clerical work for the city government. His vote in the council is taken away. He is made the depositor of standard weights and measures.

THE CITY TREASURER.

This officer, under the proposed new charter, will be appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the council. Now he is appointed by the council; and if a poor choice is made, the responsibility rests with several persons chosen in different wards, whereas it ought to rest upon one man representing the whole city, and who thus can be punished by a rejection at the next election. The new charter makes it a misdemeanor for the treasurer to use any city money for any of his own purposes. It provides several checks on this handler of the funds. Each month he must furnish the common council with a statement of the condition of the various funds, and the amount of outstanding warrants yet unpaid. Under the present system, the city recorder's financial statement has not for years agreed with that of the city treasurer. There would seem to be no excuse for that under the new charter. Besides the treasurer's monthly report, he must present a certificate from the cashier of the bank holding the city money, stating how much he has on deposit at the time. Under such a system it would be almost impossible for a defalcation to escape detection longer than four weeks.

THE COMMON COUNCIL.

Under the present charter there is no clear provision for a mayor in case of the death, absence, or resignation of the incumbent. The new charter provides for a president *pro tem.* of the council who shall act as mayor in any such contingency. Now it is easy for an alderman to escape voting on any measure in which he wishes to shirk responsibility, but the charter requires a yes and nay vote on all ordinances and resolutions involving the expenditure of money. The council can pass anything over the mayor's veto by a two-thirds vote. All communications from the mayor to the council must be in writing.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

This is an entirely new feature. Under the present charter, one alderman in each ward has practically had the entire control of the expenditure of \$1,000 annually, and there is no check on him. Those who know the demoralization this has led to, and who have the best interests of the city at heart, will hail almost any change with delight. The lives of aldermen have been made weary by that feature. It also gives a powerful temptation to the unscrupulous. The alderman who resists the scramble for that \$1,000 is marked for defeat at the next election by a two-thirds vote. All communications from the mayor to the council must be in writing.

THE ATTORNEY RESIGNS.

City Attorney King gave an affecting and exceedingly interesting reminiscence of the first city government under the present charter, and of the good and true citizens who composed it, many now of sainted memory. Robert E. Frazer was city attorney and Mr. King was recorder. His speech admirably showed the absurdities of the present charter under the present size and circumstances of the city. The charter has to be violated in order to pay the marshal what he gets. It showed clearly the necessity of new machinery to carry on the government.

Mr. King's speech led up to the miserable salary of \$100 allowed by the present charter to the city attorney. He had felt that he could not go on serving the city for the salary; but had kept on till this time at the request of the new charter committee of which he was a member. The council lays out a good deal of work for the city attorney. He explained the David Henning suit, and others. There will be many more suits probably, too much for \$100 per year. He thought it was impossible for him to do all this work for \$100 per year, and he presented his written resignation.

THE FIRE BOARD.

This is another new feature. It will consist of three members, appointed by the mayor. The term will be three years, and there will be no compensation. It will have charge of organizing fire companies, shall appoint a chief of the fire department, and make general rules and

(CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.)

WILL PROSECUTE HIM.

THE CITY FATHERS AND EX-CITY TREASURER SORG.

APPROVES of the New Charter.—Bluffs Mr. Joslyn Back.—Mr. Herrmann Makes Trouble.—City Attorney King Resigns.

At the adjourned meeting of the common council, Monday evening, Alderman Sutherland, Allmendinger, Martin, Herz, Kearns, O'Mara, Miller, Wines, Mayor Beakes, and Recorder Bach were present.

THE STUDENTS' CASE.

Ald. Allmendinger presented the following:

Resolved. That it is the desire of this council either that the so-called students' cases be dropped, or that the marshal be directed to bring cases against all persons against whom reasonable evidence is brought, with regard to stone throwing, egg throwing, or furnishing eggs to be thrown at any of the late political processions.

This resolution was promptly laid on the table by the following vote:

Yes—Ald. Martin, Herz, O'Mara, Miller, Mayor Beakes, Recorder Bach.

No—Ald. Allmendinger, Kearns, Wines

JUDGE JOSLYN HAS SUED THE CITY.

The question of Chauncey Joslyn's claim of \$100 for services as city attorney, came up,—the claim rejected at the last meeting. Mr. Joslyn had already begun suit against the city for this amount, although his declaration had not been filed; but he had weakened a little and wanted a committee to meet him and settle the claim. He had been paid about \$50 for his services, but thought he ought to have more. The finance committee had considered the matter and determined that the claim was not just. The council decided to let Mr. Joslyn fire away.

THE SORG MATTER AGAIN.

The following was adopted:

Resolved. That the committee on mixed questions of law and fact be instructed to confer with Mr. Sellick Wood, and find out the amount of money in his hands as trustee for the city, under the assignment of Albert Sorg.

THE COUNCIL ON ITS EAR.

After some discussion of the Albert Sorg matter, and the 50 per cent. offer which isn't quite an offer, the council became warm and passed the following unanimously:

Resolved. That the mayor and city attorney be instructed to commence criminal proceedings against Albert Sorg, late city treasurer, unless the deficiency be made up, and that the prosecuting attorney of the county be requested to aid by all means in his power.

The councilmen were in hearty accord about this, and said they had the "sand" necessary to carry it through.

MR. HERRMANN WILL NOT, YOU KNOW.

The city attorney presented a deed from L. Gruner and Mrs. Mine Burk for their land included in the extension of Second st., between W. Jefferson and Madison sts., and reported that Johann Herrmann positively refused to deed his part, although in a petition made in August, 1887, he agreed to do so if the city would extend the street. The deed was accepted and ordered recorded, but no action was taken about Mr. Herrmann.

THE NEW CHARTER.

The mayor called Ald. Miller to the chair, and then made the report of the committee on drafting a new charter. The important changes were read to the council.

The city attorney suggested a change, which was that the mayor be excluded from the council entirely as presiding officer. He would, however, give the mayor the veto power of all resolutions and ordinances, as the draft proposes. The question was referred back to the committee.

It was decided to substitute the words "chief of police" wherever the word "marshal" occurs in the charter, and a clause was inserted giving the chief of police power to serve all criminal processes.

The question as to whether the chief of police should be allowed to work for special rewards in apprehending criminals was referred to the committee. It was not in the draft of the charter reported.

The board of public works was questioned, and Mayor Beakes and Ald. Allmendinger explained its good features. The present charter makes the aldermen executive officers as regards streets and sidewalks. Ald. Allmendinger has been threatened with defeat at the next election if he didn't give work to certain men. He couldn't, for one, spend his time in running about the city seeing if people packed up the sidewalks.

The council expressed approval of the new charter.

CITY ATTORNEY RESIGNS.

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Mr. King's resignation was tabled and the council adjourned till the next evening.

A. A. Meuth asked permission to erect a frame dwelling on the corner of Detroit and Division st., and it was granted.

TOM KEARNEY IS CITY ATTORNEY.

At Tuesday evening's session, Ald. Sutherland, Martin, Herz, O'Mara, Miller, Hammond, Barker, Mayor Beakes, and Recorder Bach, were present.

The resignation of Zina P. King as city attorney was accepted.

The council took an informal ballot for a new city attorney, and it resulted as follows: Thomas Kearney, 4; Judge Joslyn, 2; Zina P. King, 1; A. J. Sawyer, 1.

The first formal ballot resulted as follows: Judge Joslyn, 3; Thomas Kearney, 3; Zina P. King, 1; C. H. Kline, 1; A. J. Sawyer, 1.

The second formal ballot resulted as follows: Thomas Kearney, 6; Zina P. King, 1; C. H. Kline, 1; A. J. Sawyer, 1. Mr. Kearney was declared elected.

TO SCAN THE CHARTER.

The mayor was authorized to secure some suitable person to read the proposed new charter to catch mistakes.

OUR 25 CENT COLUMN.

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

HELP WANTED, ETC.

WANTED—Two Girls for house-work and Store, 48 State-st.

WANTED—A servant Girl at 44 Miller Ave., City, will pay good wages to competent Girl. Apply at once.

WOOD CONTRACT open till Dec. 20, 1888, for 1000 feet each of white Oak, and Green body Oak. John Toms' Greenhouse, Miller Ave. and Chapin st., Ann Arbor.

LOST

LOST—A Green Muff tied with brown ribbon, on the evening of the 4th of Dec. Please leave at this office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—1½ mile south of Salem station on the Detroit & Lansing road, 50 acres of timber. Enquire of Ernest E. Prentiss.

PRIVATE SALE of furniture at No. 8 North State-st.

FOR SALE—One Sewing Machine at a reasonable price, only been used a short time. Inquire at 66 S. Fifth-st.

PIANO FOR SALE—Students wishing a first-class Piano very cheap, should see this one, at No. 18 Spring-st.

FARM FOR SALE—The farm known as the Grant T. Perry farm of 200 Acres of first-class land, situated in the township of Lodi. Inquire of Comstock F. Hill, Administrator.

FOR SALE—My undivided one-half of a Farm, situated three miles E. of Ann Arbor, and known as the Howe and North Farm, would exchange for property in or near Kansas City, Mo. Address me at 1228, Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Eliza North.

FOR SALE—VERY CHEAP—Nice feeding Carts. Will be delivered if desired. Address Box 1484, or apply at the Norgate Farm, Pittsfield.

FOR SALE—The best Grocery Store in Ypsilanti. Apply by letter to Box 466, Ypsilanti, Mich.

FOR SALE—Fruit Farm, 19 acres, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, for sale at a bargain. Only reason for selling is unable to tend to it. Choicest land, highest cultivation. 11 acres in raspberries and blackberries; 4 in grapes, pears, peaches; 2 in corn; 2 in turnips; 1 in beans; 1 in oats; 1 in hay. House cost this year \$1500. Abundant water. House cost \$5000. Elegant lawn, hedges and shade. One mile from Court-house. Terms easy. J. H. Clough

FOR SALE—House and lot No. 44 Washington st. Apply of N. W. Cheever, No. 10 North 4th st.

FOR SALE—Building Lots fronting west side Mann st. Extra view. Sizes to suit; long time for payments. J. D

THE REGISTER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

They Talk About Success and Failures.—Oration on French Revolution.

"Well, gentlemen, what of the year? tell us freely of your success, and forget not an outline of your failures; for from the latter may be gathered as deep lessons of wisdom as from a summary of the victories. If, during the passing months, conclusions have been drawn from the development of any interest connected with our occupation, whether in grass or grain, root, bulb, leaf, or tree, cattle, sheep, horses, swine, or poultry, or new methods of overcoming the difficulties that are constantly springing up in the pursuit of our business, it is expected that you will enlighten us so that in the future we may emulate that which has proved practicable and discard the impracticable. Our summer work is done, and we are on the threshold of the new year. It is important that we commence it with a full knowledge of the lessons the outgoing has by its peculiar nature taught us. If your efforts have not been crowned by that full measure of victory you wished, it is also important that we know your methods in order to judge of its merits."

This was substantially the charge of the chairman of the committee on topics to the assembled members of the Webster farmers' club at the December meeting, at the residence of Edwin Ball. Wm. Ball, in response to the call, said he was not a specialist in his business. All was grist that came to his mill. If he failed to exact his legal toll it was not from the lack of the disposition. His aim had been since he had been on a farm, and that embraced the best years of his life, to seize upon all the great and small interests thereunto pertaining and work them for all they were worth. Specialists are contracting of the mind and while one so constituted may become expert in one line when he gets outside his efforts are nil. His study was to be comprehensive, grasping as many objects of information as was possible. In our country with its change of climate a man to be successful must be more than a one idea human. The trouble with any business in which there is much routine labor, was that those who follow it are apt to get into a rut and the two can see but one way to solve any difficult problem. Every year that passes he believed he did as much unlearning as learning. Preconceived notions and experiences do not seem to count with these remarkable reasons. Who can tell whether they can overcome the elements, make a crop, plow or plant and cultivate, and reap in the end, or if moisture is withheld our labor is in vain; but it will not do to get discouraged. We must go ahead. Looking the whole field over, not this year alone, but for a series, he had come to the conclusion that our safety lies in mixed farming. We scarcely ever lose both corn and oats in the same year. One crop will succeed in a dry season while the other fails. Beef, mutton, wool and pork are seldom cheap at the same time, and by producing a little of each we can bridge over the worst depressions. These dry periods are not an unmixed evil, as their frequent recurrence will do much toward developing the best portion of Michigan, viz: the marshes. Certainly, if he had not had a little of this former despaired land he would be in a serious predicament with all of his stock this winter. Cut and cure the hay that grows on them with the same care you do your upland grass and there will be a feeding value in it not generally appreciated.

Wm. Brockway could see in the application of salt a moisture gathering element, and thought it had not lost its savor as a fertilizer. Corn with him responded readily to its power, while grass took on a more dense growth and a darker green. As to wheat, it seemed to be just the thing to force that cereal to perfection. He had been disappointed in the benefits expected from using manure on his corn ground this year, the parts left unheated doing the best; was an advocate of mixing unleached ashes in the compost heap to aid fermentation, and did not think any appreciable amount of ammonia was lost thereby, which position met with a general dissent from members.

Wm. Tubbs could see in the last season many valuable lessons. One that Mr. Ball touched had come home to him, the past summer. Being short of upland hay he had been compelled to go down into the swamplands and marshes for substitutes, and he was agreeably surprised now to see how much this neglected hay bridged out his shortage. Next year he should give more attention to this matter. He also had some pleasant experience in tiling a clay run that leads out from his barnyard; formerly he had to wait until almost too late in the spring before plowing. This year he was on time and raised a noble crop of potatoes, and just over the tile he had as many large ones as elsewhere and double the quantity of small ones. He would like to have the club solve the problem. The club thought those so situated might have vines yet green, when the late rains came and started in for a second crop.

D. Lyon had a very unpleasant experience with raising oats; he had drilled one field and broadcast another; the drilled one was more than half smut and the broadcasted was comparatively free. Query: has deep sowing anything to do with smut? Was an advocate of manuring in the winter; believed the soil had longer time to absorb the juices of the mulch of the land, left it in better shape to till.

George W. Merrill sowed oats on sod ground last spring, plowed the spring before, and he did not want to see any more smut than was in that field. Should double the amount of land to roots and corn fodder. Fed all of his stock for six weeks, commencing in September, from less than 100 rods of ground.

A. J. Sawyer: His first lesson this year was on oats. Instead of plowing he took A. C. G.'s advice and spring toothed three times over; he should never do it again.

Weeds and oats fought for ascendancy, and when he came to plow the stubble for wheat it was hard and lumpy, impossible to do a good job. Lesson No. 2 was to stop cultivating corn in a dry time where the weeds had been exterminated. On parts of his corn he kept the cultivator going and parts were allowed to rest. Where he kept the ground stirred the corn rolled soonest and was most affected by the drought.

Amos Phelps could see no benefit in draining the straw and litter from the stable on to land, unless it was to do a hard job while your muscles were in practice. It might forward spring work, but when you come to the real object, benefiting the land, he would wait until spring when the manure heap had ripened, so to speak.

L. Chamberlain was confident he could hereafter raise fruit; last spring he sprayed part of his orchard and left a part untreated. The portion sprayed produced good marketable apples with few defective ones; the part left alone produced just barely cider stock; used to 100 gallons of water 1 lb. London purple.

Ovis Cushing had a good word for tile draining on low clay lands. Raised a fine crop of oats free from smut on it the present year.

Johnson Backus had no failures to record, no trouble to raise a crop or make money either, farming, but what puzzled him was the best way to employ crops and money after he raised the one and secured the other. If he had a specialty it was wheat and sheep, good attention to which with a modicum of judgment will enrich a farmer and make a man rich every time. He thought we did not give the subject of consuming coarse grains and fodder the study it demanded, there was too much haphazard feeding and too little attention to requirements of markets at home and abroad.

Jay McColl gave the club an original oration on the cause leading up to the French Revolution.

The reorganized Nilsons were on hand with a choice selection of music, and relieved the monotony of the dry discussions with spirited songs.

The club has decided to hold a series of publics at the Congregational church, in which all are cordially invited to participate. These will be under the personal supervision of that prince of organizers, R. C. Reeve.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Opening of Congress.—Republican Joy.—Another Big Telescope.

To the Editor of THE REGISTER.

SIR:—The opening day of a session of Congress is always looked forward to in anxious anticipation by the residents of Washington. In fact it may be said that the first day of the session is the only day upon which the average citizen of Washington evinces a sufficient degree of interest in the proceedings of Congress to induce him to attend its sessions. As a rule the audiences that fill both House and Senate galleries are composed largely of sight seeing visitors from out of town, who go to the Capitol out of mere curiosity, and from their gallery seats look down upon the more or less animated scene that may be in progress at the time upon the floor, in very much the same spirit that animates the audience at a circus or theatre. As usual, the beginning of the session on Monday last, drew to the Capitol an immense crowd that was composed largely of citizens of Washington. The galleries were filled to their utmost capacity, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The desks of the presiding officers and those of many of the Senators and members were laden with floral offerings. Several of the floral designs had attached to them cards with bits of poetry. The most elaborate floral design in the House was noticed upon the desk of Representative Bliss, and upon a card attached were the following lines:

"Oh, Archin Bliss,
We send you this
Great bunch of fragrant posies,
And Archie Bliss,
We tell you this,
You are sweet as any rose is."

No attempt is made by the present minority in the House to disguise the pleasure experienced in the anticipation of their soon assuming control of the House, and the scenes of activity about the various committee rooms show the interest that is taken in the contest for the speakership. This early opening of the speakership contest it is expected will result in the calling of a special session of the new Congress soon after the 4th of March.

When the 26-inch telescope was constructed for the Naval Observatory, it was the largest refracting telescope in the world; with it, the astronomer in charge, Prof. Adolph Hall, discovered Dione and Phobos, the two moons of Mars, and many other interesting objects. For nine years and a half it held its position as the finest telescope in the world, but at the end of that time three larger ones were constructed in Europe; one in Russia, one in Germany, and one in France. A year ago America again gained the prestige when the great 34-inch instrument was erected in the Lick Observatory on the top of Mount Hamilton in California. With this the moon appears to be only sixty miles from the earth, and many new stars are constantly being discovered. At present the University of Southern California is negotiating for a 42-inch telescope, and last week a bill was introduced in Congress for the appropriation of a million dollars to construct a monster 60-inch instrument for the Naval Observatory. If this measure is successful, it is estimated that the moon will appear to be only a few thousand yards from the earth, and then we can determine to a certainty whether or not it consists of green cheese.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18, 1888.

He who ventures to eat beefsteak pie in a strange restaurant is a soldier at heart.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

A NEW CITY CHARTER.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

regulations governing the fire department. It will relieve the aldermen of much work; but the council keeps a firm grip on the financial part of it.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

There is little change made in the board of health. As at present it will consist of three members, but they will hold for three years, one member going out each year. Another change is that the board can, if it chooses, select a health officer outside its own number. The council fixes the health officer's salary.

There is room for improvement in this scheme. Here is a good chance for Ann Arbor to secure the best health service in the state. THE REGISTER would not attempt now to give a full outline of what such a service should be under the recent advances in sanitary science. The difficulty in the way of securing such a service is very great, because the majority of people consider the pocket book before they do public health matters. Rightly considered, it is for the interest of the citizens' pocket-book that Ann Arbor have a good health service. The present service is as good as can be expected under the circumstances; but Ann Arbor ought to have a better one.

The common council should be the board of health,—the power that controls the purse,—or else the board of health should have a generous appropriation. With the common council as the board of health, there should be a physician as health officer with large powers to act, and with a salary that would make him independent of the practice of medicine, at least of any but an office practice. This is radical, but it will bear examination. With a good health officer, clothed with such powers as the general statutes give in the absence of regulations made at home, and backed up by the common council and a good salary, Ann Arbor's death-rate would decline.

It should also be remembered that Ann Arbor must soon have some method of removing filth, or see its death-rate increase. There should be no slip-shod method of bringing it about. A good health officer could be a great help in that matter.

OTHER PROVISIONS.

Under the new charter the constables must obey the orders of the chief of police. The city attorney's salary is now limited to \$100. He has really been getting \$300 annually, under various pretexts, and the new charter limits it to that amount. The subject of sewers is left with the board of public works, but the money for sewers will have to be obtained by vote of the tax-payers, or by an enabling act of the legislature.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Scientific American, published by Mann & Co., New York, presents weekly to its readers the best and most reliable record of various improvements in machinery, the arts, and the technical industries, while the scientific progress of the country can in no way be followed so well as by the regular perusal of its pages.

Most people have heard of the disturbing influence exerted on the compass needle by the various masses of iron on shipboard, but few have any idea how the trouble is remedied. The whole subject will be explained in a copiously illustrated article, entitled "The Guiding-Needle on an Iron Ship," by Lieutenant-Commander T. A. Lyons, in the January "Popular Science Monthly." In the same number Mr. E. R. Shaw will tell how he made geometry a pleasure to his pupils, using the "Inventional Geometry" prepared by Herbert Spencer's father.

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—Flora would fain be a fashionable dame; Scholarly Susan's selection was books; Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks; Anna ambitious, aspired after wealth; sensible Sarah sought first for good health.

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

Pies such as "mother used to make" are rarely met with nowadays, probably because the modern mother don't know how to make pie.

Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical labor, a great bunch of fragrant posies, And Archie Bliss, We tell you this, You are sweet as any rose is."

No attempt is made by the present minority in the House to disguise the pleasure experienced in the anticipation of their soon assuming control of the House, and the scenes of activity about the various committee rooms show the interest that is taken in the contest for the speakership. This early opening of the speakership contest it is expected will result in the calling of a special session of the new Congress soon after the 4th of March.

When the 26-inch telescope was constructed for the Naval Observatory, it was the largest refracting telescope in the world; with it, the astronomer in charge, Prof. Adolph Hall, discovered Dione and Phobos, the two moons of Mars, and many other interesting objects. For nine years and a half it held its position as the finest telescope in the world, but at the end of that time three larger ones were constructed in Europe; one in Russia, one in Germany, and one in France. A year ago America again gained the prestige when the great 34-inch instrument was erected in the Lick Observatory on the top of Mount Hamilton in California. With this the moon appears to be only sixty miles from the earth, and many new stars are constantly being discovered. At present the University of Southern California is negotiating for a 42-inch telescope, and last week a bill was introduced in Congress for the appropriation of a million dollars to construct a monster 60-inch instrument for the Naval Observatory. If this measure is successful, it is estimated that the moon will appear to be only a few thousand yards from the earth, and then we can determine to a certainty whether or not it consists of green cheese.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18, 1888.

He who ventures to eat beefsteak pie in a strange restaurant is a soldier at heart.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine, it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A Daily Record of Events at the Nation's Capital.

Many Measures of Importance Being Considered in the Senate and House

Tariff Discussion—Other Notes of Interest.

Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—In the Senate yesterday the time was occupied in discussing the Tariff bill. A bill was introduced providing for the construction of torpedo-thrown for harbor defense.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—A resolution was introduced in the Senate yesterday asking for a report as to the condition of Alaska, and especially as to the treatment of Indian women by the white people. A bill was introduced for the admission of Idaho as a State. The Tariff bill was further discussed. Adjourned to the 17th.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—In the Senate yesterday a statement was presented from citizens of Orangeburg County, S. C., declaring that they had been prevented from exercising the right of suffrage last month, and petitioning the Senate to make an investigation of affairs there. The Tariff bill was further considered.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—In the Senate yesterday a trial bottle of Kemp's Basam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles \$50 cts. and \$1.

Some of the daintiest and most palatable desserts of the hour are founded on fruits and float about on a sea of whipped cream or wine.

If

you would enjoy your dinner Pepsi, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulence and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents.

JOHN MOORE, Druggist.

Roast oysters on shell, unless eaten in close proximity to roasting place, are a disappointment.

We Tell You Plainly

that Simmons Liver Regulator will rid you of Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation, and Biliousness. It will break up chills and fever and prevent the return, and is a complete antidote for all malarial poison—yet entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results of Simmons Liver Regulator.

CATARAH

A Cold in the Head is cured by an application of Piso's remedy for Catarah. It gives immediate relief. Catarah Virus is soon expelled from the system, and the diseased action of the mucous membrane is replaced by healthy secretions.

The dose is small. One package contains a sufficient quantity for a long treatment.

EASY AND PLEASANT TO USE.

Easy and pleasant to use.

Price, 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

"Show us how divine a thing a woman may be made" by smoothing out the wrinkles caused by neuralgia or toothache. This can be done only in one way. Invest 25 cents in Salvation Oil.

Unless boiled ham is cut exceedingly thin and freed from grease, nobody emulates Oliver Twist with it.

Used one bottle of Mother's Friend before my first confinement. It is a wonderful remedy. Looked and felt so well afterwards friends remarked it. Would not be without Mother's Friend for any consideration.

Mrs. Jos. B. ANDERSON, Ochopee, Ga. Write the Bradfords Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all druggists.

Any one, even of depraved tastes, must notice the great difference in the quality of oils in which sardines are packed.

The Homeliest Man in Ann Arbor

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Basam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Ast

MAKE NO MISTAKE—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all afflictions arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

Speaking of stock books, the pedigrees of male sheep should be kept on the ram-page.

"I speak within bounds, sir," said the prisoner in the dock, when addressing the jury. We speak knowingly when we declare with enthusiasm the great benefits of Dr. Bull's famous Cough Syrup.

A Dakota paper tells of a man at a political meeting who was "fired with indignation." We suppose this is only another way of saying that he was put out.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he won't use Athlophos, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

The skill of five physicians could not cure the Rheumatism which had settled in the bone and sinew, so successfully did the pain that there was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlophos gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep soundly. I am now well again, and I continue its use, and am now well."

Rev. S. H. TROYER, New Albany, Ind.
Send 6 cents for the book, "Athlophos," colored picture, "Mooch's Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOS CO., 112 Wall St. N.Y.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALEX. W. HAMILTON
Attorney at Law.
Will practice in both State and United States Courts. Office Rooms, one and two, 1st floor of the new brick block, corner of Huron and Fourth Streets, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

DR. H. R. ARNDT
(Office over First National Bank.)
Hours: 10:30 to 12 M. and 2:30 to 3:30 P.M.

Can be reached at residence, West Huron, a few steps from "Prof. Nichol place"; by telephone No. 97 and will reply to calls in the evening.

G. R. WILLIAMS,
Attorney at Law, Milan, Mich.
Money loaned for outside parties. All legal business given prompt attention.

C. HOWELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BLOCK, ROOM 4.

Telephone Connections, Ann Arbor.

WM. W. NICHOLS,
DENTAL PARLORS
over Savings Bank opposite Court House Square.

Teeth extracted without pain by use of Gas or Vitalized Air.

RUPTURE!
EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS.
Spiral Spring with graded pressure 1 to 6 pounds. worn day and night by an infant a week old or a man 80 years old. Send for a specialty. Enclose stamp to Testimonials of Cures, measurements, etc. EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., Hamilton Block, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WM. BIGGS.
Contractor & Builder

And all kinds of work in connection with the above promptly executed.

Shop Cor. of Church-st and University ave. Telephone 9; P. O. Box 1243.

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70 S. Main St.
Plans for Frescoing furnished on application.

D. CLARKE
ESTABLISHED 1851. Merrill
Detroit, Mich. Block.
The Regular Old-Established
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Is still treating with the Greatest
SKILL and SUCCESS
SAL.

Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases.
NERVOUS, PHYSICAL, Loss of Manhood, Falling Membranes, Impotency, Disease of the Brain, Head and Back, Acid and all the effects leading to early decay and perhaps Consumption or Insanity, treated scientifically by new methods with never failing success.

SYPHILIS and all Blood and Skin Diseases can be cured.

KIDNEY and URINARY complaints, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Stricture, Varicocele and all diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs cured promptly without injury to Stomach, Kidneys or other Organs.

No confinement, no experience important. Consultation free and sacred.

Send 4 cents postage for Celebrated Works on Chronic, Nervous and Delicate Diseases.

Those contemplating Marriage, Dr. Clarke's advice is best. Men and Females, each 25 cents, both 25 cents (stamp). Consult the old Doctor. A friendly letter or call may save future suffering and shame, and add golden years to life.

Send 4 cents postage for "Life's (Secret) Errors," 40 cents (stamp). "Life's (Secret) Errors," 40 cents (stamp).

Medicines and writings sent every month from exposure.

Hours, 9 to 8. Sunday 9 to 12. Address

F. D. CLARKE, M. D.,
Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.

TO ANNEX CANADA.

The Plan of Mr. Butterworth Presented to the House.

Provision for a Commission to Include British Representatives—Full Text of the Resolutions—Interesting Reading.

NEGOTIATIONS INVITED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—Mr. Butterworth (O.) introduced in the House at the morning session a joint resolution authorizing the President to negotiate with reference to the unity and assimilation with the United States of the Dominion of Canada, or one or more provinces thereof. It is as follows:

"WHEREAS, The citizens of the Dominion of Canada are one with us in race, lineage, history and tradition; and

"WHEREAS, The resources of the two countries supplement each other and the arteries of commerce, both natural and artificial, are so interlocked and mutually dependent upon each other that they ought to constitute a single system, to be one and inseparable; and

"WHEREAS, The commercial relations between the United States and the Dominion of Canada are and have been strained and unnaturally cramped, and in a measure paralyzed owing to the inability of the two Governments to establish such a system of international trade and commerce between them as is essential to meet the requirements of the situation; and

"WHEREAS, The conditions and relations before referred to, as also the geography of the two countries suggest the impossibility of a just and permanent settlement of the controversies pertaining to the fisheries, boundaries and trans-continental trade, except by blending of efforts and interests under one governmental system, and point logically to the necessity and probability of a unity and assimilation between the two nations under one government; and

"WHEREAS, The bonds of sympathy resulting from kinship, race, language, tradition and substantial identity of governmental systems, together with a community of interests, based upon commerce and its aids and agencies, are of such a character that such union and assimilation is being discussed and favorably considered by the citizens of both nations; and inasmuch as it is believed that its early consummation would be of great advantage to all the citizens and subjects of the two countries, provided the same can be attained in a manner consistent with the honor and dignity of the United States and Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada.

"Therefore with a view to aid in the consummation of what is hereinbefore suggested, be it

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, that the President be, and he is hereby authorized and empowered to invite negotiations looking to the assimilation and unity of the people of the Dominion of Canada and the United States, under one government, such unity and assimilation to be based upon the admission of the several provinces of the Dominion, or any one of them, into the Union of the States, upon the same terms and equality with the several States composing the Union, and the assumption by the United States of the indebtedness of the Dominion of Canada, or a just proportion thereto, and for other equitable terms and conditions as justice to the high contracting parties may demand; and

"Resolved, Further, with a view to such negotiation, the President invite the appointment of commissioners by the Government of Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada to consider the wisdom and expediency of settling and adjusting all controversies and differences which now exist between the two Governments growing out of the fisheries or otherwise, by such a union and assimilation as hereinbefore suggested, either as to the whole or any province, or several provinces of said Dominion, such negotiations to be conducted with due regard to the amicable relations which obtain between Great Britain and the United States, and the obligations imposed by two votes.

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THE REGISTER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
KENDALL KITTREDGE,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

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One Dollar per year in Advance \$1.50
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

The Reed City Clarion is enthusiastic for Hon. J. Byron Judkins, judge in the 19th judicial district, for the Republican candidate for justice of the supreme court.

ACCORDING to the Manchester Enterprise, Congressman Allen is reported to have said: "Willard Stearns will remain postmaster at Adrian until his term expires if I have anything to say about it. I shall make no recommendation of a successor and take no action looking to his removal. The fact that he ran against me for congress makes me the more desirous that he shall keep the place than otherwise. We had a fair fight for congress. I licked him. I'm glad of that, but I'm not going to do a little more pummeling just because I seem to have a chance. Not a bit of it."

THE significance of a United States officer walking up to a meeting of railroad magnates and saying, "Gentlemen, this thing must be stopped," can hardly be realized. That is what Judge Cooley, as chairman of the interstate commerce commission, did Dec. 11, in Chicago. And the magnates took the rebuke humbly, giving a vote of thanks to Judge Cooley. The immediate cause of this little episode was the practice of selling tickets to scalpers. Judge Cooley told them that neither morally nor legally could they sell tickets to scalpers or other persons at one rate and charge other patrons a higher rate. The price, he said, that is charged one must be accorded to all, and if railroad companies are discovered to be making discriminating rates they need not be surprised if the lowest rates thus made are adjudged to be the highest rates that they may hereafter be permitted to charge. What is the limit of possible governmental interference with railroads?

ON THE CAMPUS.

There is a new frat in town—the Alpha Tau Omega.

What's the matter? There will be two junior hops, it is reported.

The California students will banquet in Detroit at the Cadillac Christmas day.

Prof. Henry Wade Rogers lectured in the Central M. E. church in Detroit Sunday evening upon "Christianity and its relative aspects."

Miss Myra Pollard, '88, has been studying and is now teaching elocution at her home in Chicago. She has recently been in Dakota giving readings.

Last evening before the Political science association, President Angell spoke on "Recalls of foreign ministers," and Prof. McLaughlin on "Gen. Cass and the north-west."

Judge Cooley delivered in the law lecture room last Thursday evening, a lecture on "Prescriptive and written constitutions," under the auspices of the Political Science Association.

D. Augustus Straker, a colored lawyer of Detroit, spoke to both of the law classes last Friday, upon the invitation of Prof. Griffin. In the morning he spoke on "Law and law reform." He is the first colored man who has appeared at the university in the role of speaker to any of its students.

When the scientists hied them to Ballygooloo To explore the great river of Wing-chin-arn, They landed in France and they landed in Spain, And then to land at ports of the Mediterranean; They first dined at the top score, And purchased books by the tonne more; But when they had anchored off Ballygooloo They were stopped at the mouth of the Wing-chin-arn;

And in spite of all their "Varsity knowledge,"

And primaries, and languages learned at college,

And interpreters hired in France and Spain

And the various ports of the Mediterranean,

They had to fall back upon one of the crew

To converse in the language of Ballygooloo.

—Harpers Young People.

Governor Luce put in an appearance about 10 a.m. Tuesday, in Ann Arbor, and was shown about the university by President Angell. He was evidently well pleased with the thrifty management, and expressed himself favorable to the proposed new hospital. At 4 p.m. he met A. W. Hamilton, Sedgwick Dean, E. B. Pond, Judge Harriman and Ottmar Eberbach, who are interesting themselves in securing the hospital. Mr. Hamilton says that the governor acknowledges the need of greater hospital facilities.

The following course of lectures will be under the auspices of the Political Science Association:

1. The Federal Judiciary; its place in the American political system. Judge Thos. M. Cooley, March 8.

2. Constitutional Development as influenced by the Federal Court under Chief Justice Marshall. Hon. Henry H. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, Mo., March 15.

3. Constitutional Development as influenced by decisions of Federal Courts since the close of the war. Prof. Chas. A. Kent, of Detroit, March 29.

4. Constitutional Development as influenced by decisions of Federal Courts since the close of the war. Prof. Chas. R. Biddle of Philadelphia, March 22.

5. The State Judiciary, its place in the American political system. Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain, of New York City, April 5.

The Congregational church was crowded last Thursday evening to hear Prof. Stanley play. He presented the famous works of the English musicians. He was assisted by a splendid tenor, Mr. Taylor, whose singing was greatly enjoyed. Prof. Stanley this evening will be assisted by Miss Winchell, and will present the American school.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

The station agent at Pittsfield, D. G. Senger, is now station agent at Manchester.

The combined age of the five pioneers who have died in this place the past week is 407 years. An average of about 82 years. Truly a ripe old age, but still we cannot well spare them.—Saline Observer.

Wilton Post, G. A. R., of Saline, elected officers as follows: Com., L. S. Pierce; senior vice com., D. Simmons; junior vice com., J. A. Dunn; adjutant, C. N. How; quartermaster, S. H. Moore; officer of the day, Lorenzo Haught; surgeon, A. H. Howard; chaplain, J. H. Fish.

The Milan E. P. Allen Camp, No. 137, Sons of Veterans, elected officers as follows: Captain, Geo. P. Whaley; 1st Lieutenant, Charles H. Robison; 2d Lieutenant, Charles A. Taylor; Camp Council, Charles Davis, Frank Jackson, Arden Vesley; delegate and alternate to State encampment, A. B. Smith and C. H. Robison.

Meridian chapter, No. 48, R. A. M., of Manchester, elected officers as follows:

H. P., C. W. Case; K. Frank Spafard; S., B. G. Lovejoy; C. H. J. H. Kingsley; P. S., J. E. Nestell; R. A., Mat D. Blosser; M. 3d V., A. F. Freeman; M. 2d V., A. G. Case; M. 1st V., C. F. Kapp; Treas., J. D. Van Duyt; sec'y., G. J. Heussler; sentinel, S. Hammon.

At the annual election of Acme tent, Knights of the Maccabees, of Saline, elected officers as follows: Past com., David Sears; com., Alfred Miller; lieut. com., John H. Bortle; R. K., Frank E. Jones; F. K., David Sears; prelate, D. A. Bennett; M. at A., Henry Gaumer; 1st M. of G., Wm. Derindinger; 2d M. of G., A. H. Howard; sentinel, Howard T. Nichols; picket, Wm. Minnett, Jr.

The Women's Relief Corps of Milan elected the following officers: President, Mrs. W. Robison; senior vice-president, Mrs. F. M. Thorp; junior vice-president, Mrs. Wm. Whaley; secretary, Mrs. H. A. Taylor; treasurer, Mrs. Dan Case; conductor, Mrs. Charles Davis; assistant conductor, Mrs. William H. Whaley; chaplain, Mrs. Hiriam Jacobs; guard, Mrs. E. H. Davis; assistant guard, Mrs. J. H. Brownell.

The German workingmen's society held a special meeting on Monday evening and decided to purchase the Good-year hall block, also a grove, of Goodrich Conklin. The grove is about three-quarters of a mile north of town on the Sharon town line. The papers have not yet been drawn, but it is expected they will be in a few days. The society will make needed repairs and some changes in the building, and will fit the grove up for holding picnics, etc.—Manchester Enterprise.

Rev. Fr. Reichenbach, the new Catholic priest, after looking over this and the Freedom charges, concluded that he could better serve his flocks by residing in Manchester than if he went to Freedon to live. The plan suited the Manchester people very well and they went to work arranging for his location here. Horace Case's house has been rented, the goods from the Freedom parsonage moved in, and many new things bought, and the ladies are busy at work putting the house in order.—Manchester Enterprise.

Whitmore Lake.

The skating season has commenced.

Miss Maggie Dodge, of Laingsburg, is visiting at F. M. Dodge's.

F. S. Hornet will spend his vacation with his friends at Cherry Hill.

Our new feed-mill is now running, is doing satisfactory work and lots of it.

It is a pleasure to announce the rapid gain in health of Mrs. Rev. A. F. Hoyt.

Our merchants are showing some unusually nice holiday gifts, the season.

Al. Stevens, proprietor of the Lake house, has issued invitations for a New Year ball.

Geo. Lavender took a cool bath last week. The ice was too weak, or he was too bulky.

The corn donation at Rev. Robinson's, last Thursday evening, was a success both financially and otherwise.

The proprietors of the Clifton house are making arrangements for a grand New Year ball, on New Years night.

The M. E. people are making preparations for their Christmas entertainment. A splendid program has been arranged by Mrs. Rev. Robinson.

Cheslea.

The tinkling of Christmas bells is more and more distinct every day.

The display of holiday goods in some of our stores is "just splendid."

J. Raftrey, Chelsea's accomplished tailor, was in Detroit, Wednesday.

Miss Alice Sergeant, of Detroit, spent Sunday among her Chelsea friends.

Church congregations last Sunday were small on account of the storm.

Mrs. G. A. BeGole and Miss Nora Guerin, were in Ann Arbor on Tuesday.

Rev. J. E. Reilly is engaged to preach for a season at Lima on alternate Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dancer, of Stockbridge, were guests of Mrs. Dancer's parents last Sunday.

Mrs. Philip Clark, one of the oldest residents of the town of Lyndon, was buried Wednesday.

Miss Lynn Hatch, who is teaching at Bellevue, is expected home next Saturday to spend the holidays.

C. H. Kempf, county superintendent of the poor, was at the county house on Tuesday, acquainting himself with his prospective duties.

Charles C. Baughman, of Sharon, formerly of Chelsea, is apparently very near the close of life. He was 79 years of age on Wednesday, 19 inst.

Our "city fathers" have done a good work in changing the names of some of the streets, giving names to others that have heretofore been anonymous, and placing the names of the streets conspicuously at the corners thereof.

Miss K. BeGole, of Marshal, and Miss Myra Kanouse, of Vassar, who have for several weeks been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. BeGole, left for Detroit, Tuesday morning, where they will visit friends before returning home.

Rev. Dr. Holmes attended a convention of Congregational ministers at Jackson on Monday evening. The object of the convention was to take into consideration the advisability of founding a theological seminary in Michigan, for the training of young men who have not had the advantages of a classical education.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for 50. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The suit of Parker vs. Glover, tried before a jury in circuit court last week, plaintiff claiming that he had loaned defendant \$30, with which to take up a Bohemian oats note, but for which he neglected to take defendant's note at the time, was decided against plaintiff, to the surprise of many of our citizens. Moral.—When you loan money, take a note for the same then and there.

Saline.

Rev. and Mrs. Caldwell spent Monday in Ann Arbor.

Mrs. A. W. Lashier is somewhat recovered from her recent severe attack of neuralgia.

Miss Mildred Cole, the little daughter of A. G. Cole, has been very sick, but is now much better.

Christian scientists seem to be on the increase in Saline; there is now quite a little circle of them. Meetings are held once a week.

The Ladies' aid society of the M. E. church gave a very pleasant social Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. S. H. Moore.

The Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists will have a Christmas tree at each of the churches on Christmas eve, with appropriate exercises.

Geo. Geer, of Livingston, Montana Ter., has been renewing his acquaintance with old friends here. He came home to attend the funeral of his mother.

The Farmers' club held their last meeting at Geo. A. Shaw's, Friday, Dec. 14. A very enjoyable time is reported by those present, also a good attendance. The next meeting of the club will be at N. H. Isbell's.

Friday evening, Dec. 21, the young ladies of Saline will have a chance (probably the last) to improve the rapidly departing opportunity of leap-year, as a leap-year social is given at the home of Miss Florence Ruckman. It is to be hoped this opportunity will be taken advantage of, if only for the sake of our bashful bachelors.

Millan.

Our artist has taken a very fine view of the railroad wreck at this place last week.

Notwithstanding that we are overrun with curs, there was a dog show here on Monday evening with quite a drawing capacity.

Mr. Stewart, who came here from Detroit in the fall and erected a house, has now opened a flour and feed store in the Palmer building.

The account of the collision on the Wabash here last week was slightly incorrect. Instead of two engines meeting on the track as reported, a freight train was left standing on the main track while the engine was doing some switching. While so standing a train coming behind them had become broken leaving the conductor and brakeman, so that when the train got on the down grade the call for brakes was not answered; hence the runaway train ran into the the caboose of the standing train. The peculiarity of it was that the moving train was the one wrecked, while the standing train was little harmed. This wreck, together with the Ross accident, should give us a reputation.

Ypsilanti.

Harry Lamb, of Belden, is visiting in the city.

Mrs. Charles King died of pneumonia Saturday morning.

The Presbyterian ladies' society is doing a thriving fair business at present.

Geo. Spencer, of Charlotte, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Spencer.

The Hungarian Gypsy band called out a large audience to Normal hall Tuesday evening.

An organization of Sons of Veterans, called the Phil Sheridan camp, No. 152, S. V., is now in good running order.

The Young Women's Christian Association have opened an assembly room on Washington-st, and hope to establish a library in same room.

Manchester.

Repairs are in progress at the cemetery in the way of fences, trimming the trees, etc.

The fire company are talking of having a tongue put in the fire engine so that horses can be used.

J. M. Kingsley is now building a new feed mill in East Manchester, where the pulp mill was to stand. The mill is 20x30 feet, and is a two story building. There is a fine water power with a fall of ten feet. The mill will be ready to run in about 30 or 40 days.

Bolter Explosion in Salem.

The boiler of a portable saw mill on the farm of John Renwick, of Salem, exploded Wednesday morning, Dec. 19, instantly killing Joseph Weed, the owner, and fatally injuring S. D. Burch, a farmer. Joseph Weed leaves a wife and five small children. He was a son of William Weed, a prominent farmer of Salem township.

Al. Stevens.

Alleged "mu-hroom sauce" without any mushrooms, is one of the delusions and scares of some restaurants.

Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known reme.

Hood's Kingdom

Peculiar in its strength and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dolar."

Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Sarsaparilla itself and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad

no other Peculiar preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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MACK & SCHMID'S GREAT

CLOAK SALE

OF

All New & Fresh Garments

MANUFACTURED FOR THIS WINTER'S TRADE,

Contains Newmarkets, Wraps, Jackets, Sacques, Coats, Modjeskas, Raglans, etc., in every new style and color.



FROM \$1.75 TO \$60.00

We are overloaded with Cloaks, and for this reason we have begun our

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

So soon. Making this the best opportunity ever offered in variety as well as price. Our Stock is second to none in the county, and with our many advantages over the other Cloak Dealers in this city, we easily undersell them in every branch of it. We have been justly considered for the past few years as

THE CENTRE FOR CLOAKS

And everything in the Cloak line, in Washtenaw County. Prices and Styles, with the fact that we only have New and Fresh Goods, have given us this reputation all through this County.

ANNUAL DISPLAY

OF

HOLIDAY GOODS

SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Our many specialties in Handkerchiefs, Lace Goods, Knit Goods, Stamped Goods, Silk Umbrellas, Kid Gloves from 2-button length to the 26-button length for evening wear, and Ribbons, Rufflings, Aprons, etc., too numerous to mention, will be found displayed on our counters.

REMEMBER

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF DRESS GOODS

We now have plain colors as well as mixtures in our well known 25c double width, All-Wool Suitings.

New line of 60c Plushes in all shades.

MACK & SCHMID



N this com-mercial age there can be no good reason why Tilbury village should have been placed so near the summit of the hill, but so it is, and all but a few of the farmers around about have to toil upwards in order to reach the half dozen stores there and the three churches. Perhaps the original settlers of western Massachusetts had an eye, or two, for the beautiful, for there is not a habitation in Berkshire county that commands a more extensive or picturesque view. The natives of Tilbury seldom mention the scenery, but not many years ago it attracted the admiration of wealthy people from a distance, and they set up their summer homes there. It made a marked change in the village, the more because a portion of the new comers found it pleasurable to remain through the winter. It was the that evil entered and brought unhappiness to Hezekiah Martin.

My mind wanders back to that time when as a child I listened to his stentorian tenor voice leading the singing from the choir loft of the ancient Congregationalist church. There were two long services every Sunday then, and I recall that when the new preacher joined in the movement to abolish the afternoon sermon Hezekiah was one of those who stood hardest for the old custom, and when the inevitable reform was finally accomplished, the sturdy chorister never looked upon his minister in the same light that he had before. He was more faithful than ever and sang all the louder as if to make up in fervor for lack of opportunity; but when the daring divine finally went his way, and another preacher took the pulpit, the chorister felt as if a great burden had been lifted; as if the parish had escaped a most dangerous affliction.

The years turned steadily along and Hezekiah overcame every difficulty that choir-leaders are subject to. He pacified the jealous sopranos, raised up new bassos, sung four consecutive Sundays all alone when the choir deserted him in a fit of dudgeon because he refused to approve of a new anthem book, and in many other ways demonstrated his fitness for the work until prosperity in the shape of summer visitors fell upon Tilbury. Then began a quiet, insidious trouble, as imperceptible at first as the approach of old age, that eventually overcame him.

The first manifestation of revolution came in a division of opinion in the parish over the choice of a new preacher, for old Mr. Spooner had begun to feel that he was somehow in the way, and he resigned before the people were fully aware that they wanted to hear a new voice. There were two leading candidates for his place, a young and eloquent preacher and a zealous worker, and an elderly man against whom not a word could be said. The newcomers in Tilbury, joining hands with the younger members of the church, elected the young man, and as the contest had not been long or determined, there was a speedy healing of differences and no lack of harmony. Even then Hezekiah felt a vague presentiment that all would not be well with him, but several months passed before he received any direct intimation that the parish would appreciate a change in the choir loft. The first he heard of it was in a discussion among his singers at a Saturday evening rehearsal. It was not meant that he should hear, but he entered the vestry unexpectedly. Sam Hinckley, one of those very bassos who had been patiently trained by the chorister, was saying:

"Well, I shall be sorry to see the old man's feelings hurt, but he can't expect to lead singin' forever."

And pretty Maria Jasper, tacitly understood to be Sam's sweetheart, responded sharply:

"But I think it's just too mean, and if Kiah has to go I follow. That's all!"

And then they all saw the chorister coming down the aisle, and a painful hush fell upon them. Hezekiah bowed gravely as he approached the group and said:

"Good evening, neighbors." That was the way he always addressed the choir at rehearsals. Perhaps he avoided a greeting to each individual from fear of arousing jealousy by seeming partiality. At all events I never heard of his varying the formula. He continued, as he referred to a small slip of paper in his hand:

"When the Lord wills we will all go, and not till then. It is not our part to meddle with what is in His hands. The minister has chosen hymn 237 for the first piece. We will sing it to the tune of 'Cambridge.'"

At that rehearsal and during service next day everything went as usual, but report of the talk that Hezekiah had heard flew about the parish quickly, and at a few remarked that the chorister looked unusually grave.

"I call late," remarked Mr. Davis, the sheep raiser from Ram's Hill, to his wife as they drove home after meeting; "I call late Davis' Martin feels his years a growing on him; hay?"

"And I call late, Philander Davis," returned Mrs. Davis, with significant emphasis, "that ain't so much his natural years he feels as by the hand and answered nothing."

"Sho! Marthy, he ain't lost no friends."

The last gossiping couple had left the

church, the sexton had blown out the lights and locked the heavy doors behind him. Sleigh bells jingled faintly away out of hearing, and the slow footsteps of the sexton crunching on the half trodden snow mingled with the tones of the clock in the high tower striking ten. Then a door inside the vestry opened, and out of a closet where brooms and dust pans were kept an old man came hesitatingly. He made his way very slowly up the broad stairs to the main meeting room. At the door leading to the choir loft he paused a moment. His hand was on the knob, but he turned it not. More slowly than before he went down the aisle and dropped into a pew. He sat there in the darkness a long time, his head sunk forward on his breast. A half hour, may be, passed, before he rose and marched with determined step to the choir door, and up the stairs to the familiar loft. He found a match in his pocket and lit the lamp that hung near the bench, where Hezekiah for more than fifty years had sung God's praises and carried the voices and spirits of the congregation with him. The dim yellow ray threw gloomy shadows of the pew backs into relief, just disclosed the pupit at the further end of the church, gave faint hints of evergreen festoons on the walls, and here and there the laurel worked words "Emmanuel," "Glory to God in the highest," and so on, that had been placed there with great toll by the young men and women of the parish in honor of the day so near at hand; but had you been there you would have seen only the patriarchal form of the chorister with a sadly bitter look on his face gazing at the gloom about the pulpit. Was he thinking how often he had stood solemnly thus while the minister was praying? Perhaps so, for after a moment his lips parted, and a tremulous "Amen" uttered softly on a high note, sung to the evergreens and the shadows.

Then Hezekiah looked about the bench in front of him. He picked up one of the new anthem books brought in by the quartet. He glanced at the cover and let it fall. Taking the lamp from its socket he held it so that he could see, and presently drew forth the ancient collection of anthems, every tune in which he knew by heart, so sacred to him, and yet so speedily hidden away where it should serve nobody. He replaced the lamp and turned the pages to "Coronation," the first piece sung by a choir under his direction more than a lifetime ago. Fondly he looked at the familiar notes and then, his chest thrown out and his head held up, he sung the grand old tune and all its magnificent words with all the fervor and all the power that his voice ever had commanded. From beginning to end the hymn ran through the deserted gloomy church, and Dr. Williams, driving in haste to attend the ill of a far off patient, wondered that the rehearsal should have been continued so late. When the last note had ceased Hezekiah stood with the book still open and his head still up, but the tears were coursing down his face in steady streams.

At last he sank into a chair, and with a great pang at the heart he saw upon the bench beside the volume of newfangled tunes a little book of manuscript music. When he was a young man of not more than 50 Hezekiah had taken it into his head that he would write music, and the several anthems that he had composed in pure harmony, but with crude progressions, had been laboriously copied into books, and had been used occasionally ever since in church service. What had they been doing with his music? Was it not enough that they should discard him in his old age, and his ways and his books, without hunting up his feeble but earnest compositions to laugh at them? That could not be forgiven. With melancholy fingers he turned the leaves. His inspection stopped at an anthem for Christmas, composed on words taken literally from the Scriptures. There it was, with its introductory recitative for bass, and a double fugue, as he called it, when the angels' chorus was reached. His wife had sung the treble before she left the choir, and when with patient resignation he had laid her in the grave, his daughter had performed her part, and since she married and moved away the anthem had not been sung. With what grand emotion he had heard the voices begin the first fugue movement:



And how sweetly the second movement followed! and how they worked in together!

Glory to God in the highest, and

On earth peace, good will . . . to men.

Glo-ry to God in the highest,

And now it was all held up for the smiles of a modern quartet!

The old chorister's head sank upon the bench, and his tears blurred the notes on the ancient page.

"Gracious massy! Hezekiah, wake up! wake up 'Kiah; you'll ketch your death of cold! Come!"

It was Peter Stone, the sexton, dumbfounded by surprise, shaking the old chorister violently by the shoulder. Painfully Hezekiah raised his head.

"Merry Christmas, Peter; I'd rather stay here," he said feebly when he saw where he was.

Peter laughed almost hysterically and tugged away persistently at the old man's shoulders.

"Come down to the fire," he exclaimed; "the choir will be here right away to rehearse for the service."

"Yes, I'll go," answered Hezekiah, and with great difficulty he dragged his stiffened limbs down the stairs into the vestry, where the furnace was already roaring with a freshly made fire. He submitted to be rubbed and slapped by Peter to induce a quicker circulation of his blood, but he gave no clear answer to the wondering inquiries as to how he came to be locked into the church over night.

Presently the organ upstairs began to sound. Hezekiah shivered and Peter rubbed him the harder. Then the voice of the bass in the new quartet was heard reciting:

"And there were shepherds abiding in the field."

The old chorister listened with staring eyes. Could it be? The long recitation came to an end, and then all the voices took up in proper order the angels' chorus.

"What does that mean, Peter?" exclaimed Hezekiah, starting up.

"Why, 'twas meant as a Christmas sur-

prise in your honor. They're goin' to sing your piece."

The old chorister broke away from the sexton and hobble up the stairs. When he reached the organ loft they were singing

"And on earth peace, good will to men."

Hezekiah waited until they were done, and then in a low, grave tone that startled the singers, he said:

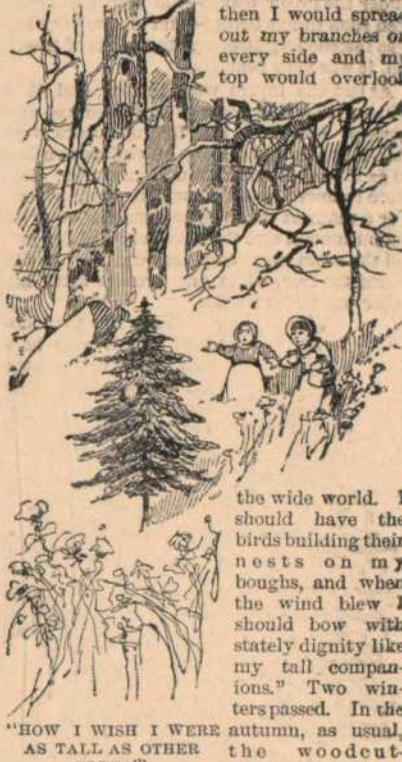
"I wish you all a merry Christmas, neighbors. I've had hard feelings against you, and I pray that God will forgive me and cause you not to look unkindly on an old man. This is more than I deserve."

F. R. BURTON.



THE FIR TREE.

Far down in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting place, grew a pretty little fir tree; and yet it was not happy, it wished so much to be tall like its companions, the pines and firs which grew around it. The sun shone and the soft air fluttered its leaves, and the little peasant children passed by prattling merrily, but the fir tree heeded them not. As it grew it complained, "Oh! how I wish I were as tall as the other trees, then I would spread out my branches on every side and my top would overlook



the wide world. I should have the birds building their nests on my boughs, and when the wind blew I should bow with stately dignity like my tall companions." Two winters passed. In the autumn, as usual, the woodcutters came and cut down several of the tallest trees, and the young fir tree, which was now grown to its full height, shuddered as the noble trees fell to the earth with a crash. After the branches were lopped off, the trunks looked so slender and bare that they could scarcely be recognized. Then they were placed upon wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest. "Where were they going? What would become of them?" The young fir tree wished very much to know. So in the spring, when the swallows and the storks came, it asked, "Do you know where those trees were taken? Did you meet them?"

The swallows knew nothing; but the stork, after a little reflection, nodded his head and said, "Yes, I think I do. I met several new ships when I flew from Egypt, and they had fine masts that smelt like fir. I think these must have been the trees; I assure you they were stately, very stately."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go on the sea," said the fir tree. "What is this sea and what does it look like?"

"It would take too much time to explain," said the stork, flying quickly away.

"Rejoice thy youth," said the sunbeam; "rejoice in thy fresh growth and the young life that is in thee."

And the wind kissed the tree and the dew watered it with tears, but the fir tree regarded them not.

Christmas time drew near and many young trees were cut down, some even smaller and younger than the fir tree, who enjoyed neither rest nor peace with longing to leave its forest home. These young trees, which were chosen for their beauty, kept their branches and were also laid on wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are not taller than I am; indeed one is much less; and why are the branches not cut off? Where are they going?"

"We know, we know," sang the sparrows. "We have looked in at the windows of the houses in the town, and we know what is done with them. They are dressed up in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of



a warm room, and adorned with all sorts of beautiful things—honey cakes, gilded apples, playthings, and many hundreds of wax tapers."

IT WAS THE FIRST TO FALL.

"And then," asked the fir tree, trembling through all its branches, "and then what happens?"

"We did not see any more," said the sparrows; "but this was enough for us."

"I wonder whether anything so brilliant will ever happen to me," thought the fir tree.

"Rejoice with us," said the air and the sunlight. "Enjoy thine own bright life in fresh air."

But the tree would not rejoice, though it grew taller every day, and winter and sum-

mer its dark green foliage might be seen in the forest, while passers by would say, "What a beautiful tree!"

A short time before Christmas the discontented fir tree was the first to fall. As the ax cut through the stem and divided the pith of the tree fell with a groan to the earth, conscious of pain and faintness, and forgetting all its anticipations of happiness, in sorrow at leaving its home in the forest. It knew that it should never again see its dear old companions, the trees, nor the little bushes and many colored flowers that had grown by its side; perhaps not even the birds. Neither was the journey at all pleasant. The tree first recovered itself while being unpacked in the courtyard of a house, with several other trees; and it heard a man say, "We only want one, and this is the prettiest."

Then came two servants in grand livery and carried the fir tree into a large and beautiful apartment. On the walls hung pictures, and near the great stove stood great china vases, with lions on the lids. There were rocking chairs, silken sofas, large tables, covered with pictures, books and playthings, worth a great deal of money—at least the children said so. Then the fir tree was placed in a large tub, full of sand; and green baize hung all round it, so that no one could see it was a tub, and it stood on a very handsome carpet. How the fir tree trembled! "What was going to happen to him now?" Some young ladies came, and the servants helped them to adorn the tree. On one branch they hung little bags cut out of colored paper, and each bag was filled with sweetmeats; from other branches hung gilded apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there; and above, and all round, were hundreds of red, blue and white tapers, which were fastened on the branches. Dolls, exactly like real babies, were placed under the green leaves—the tree had never seen such things before—and at the very top was fastened a glittering star, made of tinsel. Oh, it was very beautiful!

At last the tapers were lighted, and then what a glistening blaze of light the tree presented! And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a troop of children rushed in as if they intended to upset the tree; they were followed more slowly by their elders. For a moment the little ones stood silent with astonishment, and then they shouted for joy, till the room rang, and they danced merrily round the tree, while one present after another was taken from it.

"What are they doing? What will happen next?" thought the fir. At last the candles burnt down to the branches and were put out. Then the children



received permission to plunder the tree.

Oh, how the yesterdays rushed upon it, till the branches cracked, and had not been fastened with the glistening star to the ceiling, it must have been thrown down. The children then danced about with their pretty toys, and no one noticed the tree, except the children's maid, who came and peeped among the branches to see if an apple or a fig had been forgotten.

"A story, a story," cried the children, pulling a little fat man toward the tree.

"Now we shall be in the green shade," said the man, as he seated himself under it, "and the tree will have the pleasure of hearing also, but I shall only relate one story; what shall it be? Ivade-Avede, or Humpy Dumpty, who fell down stairs, but soon got up again, and at last married a princess."

"Ivade-Avede," cried others, and there was a fine shouting and crying out. But the fir tree remained quite still, and thought to himself, "Shall I have anything to do with all this?" but he had already amused them as much as they wished. Then the old man told them the story of Humpy Dumpty, how he fell down stairs, and was raised up again, and married a princess. And the children clapped their hands and cried, "Tell another, tell another," for they wanted to hear the story of "Ivade-Avede;" but they only had "Humpy Dumpty." After this the fir tree became quite silent and thoughtful; never had the birds in the forest told such tales as "Humpy Dumpty," who fell down stairs, and yet married a princess.

"Ah! yes, so it happens in the world," thought the fir tree; he believed it all, because it was related by a such a nice man. "Ah! well," he thought, "who knows? perhaps I may fall down too, and marry a princess;" and he looked forward joyfully to the next evening, expecting to be again decked out with lights and playthings, gold and fruit. "To-morrow I will not tremble," thought he; "I will enjoy all my splendor, and I shall hear the story of Humpy Dumpty again, and perhaps Ivade-Avede." And the tree remained quiet and thoughtful all night. In the morning the servants and the housemaid came in. "Going to be again?" thought the fir tree; and he believed it all, because it was related by a such a nice man. "Come on this day of days, Humpy pray on bended knee; Sing the fervid song of praise, All the seats in heav'n are free."

shines and the birds sing." And then the tree told the little mice all about its youth. They had never heard such an account in their lives; and after they had listened to it attentively, they said: "What a number of things you have seen! you must have been very happy."

One morning people came to clear out the garret, the boxes were packed away, and the tree was pulled out of the corner, and thrown roughly on the garret floor; then the servant dragged it out upon the staircase where the daylight shone. "Now life is beginning again," said the tree, rejoicing in the sunshine and fresh air. Then it was carried downstairs and taken into the courtyard so quickly

TOLD THE MICE ALL ABOUT ITS YOUTH. that it forgot to think of itself, and could only look about, there was so much to be seen. The court was close to a garden, where everything looked blooming. Fresh and fragrant roses hung over the little palings. The linden trees were in blossom; while the swallows flew here and there, crying: "Twit, twit, twit, my mate is coming," but it was not the fir tree they meant. "Now I shall live," cried the tree, joyfully, spreading out its branches; but, alas! they were all withered and yellow, and it lay in a corner amongst weeds and nettles. The star of gold paper still stuck in the top of the tree, and glittered in the sunshine. In the same courtyard two of the merry children were playing who had danced round the tree at Christmas, and had been so happy. The youngest saw the gilded star, and ran and pulled it off the tree. "Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree," said the child treading on the branches till they cracked under his boots. And the tree saw all the fresh, bright flowers in the garden, and then looked at itself and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret. Then a lad came and chopped the tree into small pieces, till a large bundle lay in a heap on the ground. The pieces were placed in a fire under the copper, and they quickly blazed up brightly, while the tree sighed so deeply that each sign was like a little pistol shot. Then the children, who were at play, came and seated themselves in front of the fire and looked at it, and cried, "Pop, pop." But at each "pop," which was a deep sigh, the tree was thinking of a summer day in the forest or of some winter night there, when the stars shone brightly, and of Christmas evening. Now all was past; the tree's life was past, and the story also—for all stories must come to an end at last.—Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES.

The village church on Christmas Day holds kindly hearts and pleasant faces. And some are seen to sing and pray Who seldom go to such like places.



THE FRONT PEW.

But if for only once a year Their hearts are touched, it makes them better; And he who feels his conscience clear Must own himself the season's debtor.

Enter here both rich and poor. Come in simple hope and faith; Leave behind you at the door Love of life and dread of death.



THE FREE SEATS.

Come on this day of days, Humpy pray on bended knee; Sing the fervid song of praise, All the seats in heav'n are free.

Christmas in a Restaurant.



Mr. Wayback (spending his Christmas in town)—Waiter, for gracious sake bring me something to break up this turkey with.

Waiter—Well, yer have, dynamite or an ax!

PEGGY.

The Story of a Wedding in the Cabin on the Hill.

TOM GOREE'S wife, daughter and two little boys lived in a log-house on a hill-top in a Southern wilderness. Tom was dead—killed at Manassas, in 1861. Below the house lay a field of corn, bounded by a creek; beyond the creek was a beech forest, where Tom used to shoot squirrels with his flint-and-steel rifle. Tom's children tilled the corn now, and the squirrels went unshot, for powder and ball were too scarce in the Confederacy to be wasted on such game; besides, Tom's family was too poor to buy any thing. They lived, and that was all.

On Christmas Eve, 1864, a brigade of blue-coated men marched up the road to battle.

"I love ter look at soldiers," said the daughter, whose blue eyes, fair skin and yellow hair made more than one trooper long to stop and tarry awhile.

"I'm ershamed uv you, Peg, ertalkin' that erway," spoke Pete, the eldest boy, a black-eyed fellow with bristling hair and thin, quivering lips. " Didn't the Yankees kill pap?"

But the girl had gone into the house, and his response was unheeded.

Before many hours had passed the loud crack of howitzers shook the rotten boards of the cabin roof, and the popping of rifles and muskets, like fire in a dry cane-brake, told a battle in the distance. When evening came men rushed hurriedly past—those who went by in the morning were defeated. Many, wounded, dropped in the road to die; others pushed on. A young officer on horseback with the shattered fragments of an arm dangling by his side and showering blood around him, rode swiftly down the slope, across the creek, and dismounting, lay down under a beech tree fifty yards from the highway. Here the surgeons opened their cases and soon had plenty of work to do.

"Well, doctor, they whipped us," said the Colonel, when his arm had been taken off.

"Yes, but they've stopped the pursuit. They're almost as willing to quit as we were."

"How am I, doctor?"

"Not so bad as I first thought. If there was a human habitation near I would take you to it; but I believe man was never in these parts before we came."

"What's that?" spoke the Colonel, looking over the doctor's shoulder.

"Where?" asked the doctor, almost fearing his patient's mind was wandering.

"A woman, if I'm alive; an angel, if I'm dead," said the Colonel, answering his own question.

It was Peggy.

"If yer please, sir, I live upon the hill, an' come down ter see if I could be uv any

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LONG years of watching have dimmed her eyes,
That once were bright as stars i' the sea,
And over her temples like snowdrifts lies
The locks once shone with the purpled dyes
Of the rich ripe grape in the tree.

She dwells in a cottage high i' the frown'd
By cliffs that shadow the breakers white,
And Christmas, ever it comes around,
Still finds her waiting, with holly crowned,
Repeating with voice of tremulous sound:

"It is Christ mas eve and the time is past,
The waiting and weeping are over at last,
For my rovers come home to-night."

"The bells will ring i' the hour, they said—
Blow softly what winds may blow—
I have decked with holly my rovers' bed
That coz i' stands in the room o'erhead,
Wt' its linens as white as snow,

As white as the snow on the window-sill,
As white as the snow that is lying still
On the still, white graves below.

"Graves! only the weak and old for graves!
We are strong, we have nothing to fear!
Come the grand, good ship o'er the dancing waves

That brings to my bosom my rover braves,
My mate and my boy so dear.

"My mate and my red-cheeked Robbie to-night.
Again in my arms shall meet,
And their thick' curls gleam like gold i' the light

Of the fire that never will burn so bright
As when they sit at my feet.

"He'll be ten years old when the clock strikes three—
Our Robbie—he's growing old!
Last April it was that my mate and he—
Who says they will never come back to me:
Ah, God! but the night grows cold.

"The night grows cold, but they'll soon be here—
Was that a step at the gate?
Or only the wind i' the lilac near—
The wind that startles my soul with fear,
The wind I worship—and hate.

"I dreamed, when was it? a dream so dread—
I saw myself sitting here
Awaiting my loves and there came instead
Some strangers bringing them into me dead,
Both dead on a single bier.

"A dream, but it froze up the founts of my soul—
O warm with their kisses I'll grow;
The bells are ringing—no, no, they toll!
Yes, yes, I remember—blow wind! ocean roll!
There is naught but a mound in the snow."

Long years of watching have dimmed her eyes,
That once were bright as stars i' the sea,
And over her temples, like snowdrifts, lies
The locks once shone with the purpled dyes
Of the rich ripe grape in the tree.

MIDGET.

A Story Illustrating the Power of Weakness.

IISS HETTY cleared the kitchen of the last traces of her early tea, brushed up the hearth and drew her chair into the circle of lamp-light. This had been her evening's programme with scarcely a variation for the last ten years. She knew the exact number of dexterous slips from the turkey's wing necessary

to reduce the hearth to speckless order and could calculate almost the number of steps she must take between the sink and kitchen pantry. To-night she glanced at the clock as she seated herself in the waiting chair and noticed that she had been five minutes longer than usual.

"I'm getting old," she thought, grimly. "Well, why shouldn't I be getting old? It's ten years since—" At this moment there was a long-drawn howl from the woodshed.

"Drat the dog!" she exclaimed. "He's a pesky nuisance. Protection indeed. I'll send him away to-morrow." A more prolonged howl brought Miss Hetty to her feet. She seized the broom and opened the woodshed door. There were several sounding thumps, a yelp or two, and then Miss Hetty, flushed with victory, replaced the broom and took up her work.

"Yes, I'm getting old," taking up her thought with her knitting where she had left off. "Ten years more, and in spite of my money, who'll there be to take care of me when I'm sick or—" There was a rap at the door. It was such a wee, timid little rap that it is a wonder Miss Hetty heard it at all. Five minutes before she could not. She got up and opened the door with a jerk.

"Land's sake, child; what ever are you doing there! No stockings, as I live!" The little lip quivered, and the choked voice sobbed: "You're my Aunt 'Etty." Miss Hetty drew her into the room and shut the door with a shiver. "What's your name?" she asked the trembling little figure before her.

"It's Midget."

"What's your papa's name?"

"I—I don't know." Miss Hetty was in despair. "What is your mother's name, child?" she asked at last. Midget brightened. "Papa called her 'Clara,'" she said.

There could be no doubt about it, then. Miss Hetty sat down in her chair, such a fierce conflict of emotion raging within her that she could not speak—could scarcely think. What was to be done with her?

"Do you love my papa?" Midget had drawn near and now laid a little hand impulsively on Miss Hetty's knee. She struck it off with a sharp breath that was almost a cry. The child's lip trembled, but the tears that filled her eyes did not fall. She drew back a step and folded her hands in a patient, unchildlike way that told of ageing sorrows borne even by her young shoulders.

It was late that night when Miss Hetty laid her weary head on her pillow. The little one murmured in her sleep and crept into Miss Hetty's arms, but she laid her slender back and tossed and turned until daylight.

Then she fell into a deep sleep, from which she was awakened by a little, cooing laugh from the kitchen, accompanied by various snortings that ended in a big sneeze. She crept to the door. Midget was dressed herself, and, hearing Rollo's

scratch at the door, had opened it softly, and, to her delight, let in a big, black Newfoundland dog, who rubbed his cold nose against her chubby hand and capered clumsily around her with joy, though as silently as if he understood the warning finger held up to him.

Now he lay in the middle of the floor while she sat beside him, warming one little cold hand in his shaggy hair and tickling his nose with a wisp of the broom held in the other. They had both forgotten Miss Hetty.

Midget saw her first. "Oh, auntie!" she cried. "See! I found him—my doggie!" Miss Hetty stepped to the corner and took the broom. Rollo crouched for the blow he knew would come. But Midget threw her arms around his neck and turned her blazing eyes upon Miss Hetty.

"You sha'n't! You sha'n't!" she cried.

"Bad, bad, bad!"

Her yellow curls were tumbled about her head, her cheeks were flushed and her blue eyes were black with excitement. She was a very Midea in her anger, and truly Miss Hetty seemed turned to stone. How many times had James looked like that when she had laughed at his childish anger; how well she remembered the last time she had seen that look on his face, when she had bade him, her only brother, leave her presence forever, since he could love a nameless shop-girl better than his sister, who could boast of blood descended from the veins of some of England's heroes.

She dropped the broom as suddenly as she had raised it.

"Very well," she said; "you may keep the dog."

Midget burst into tears and caught Miss Hetty's hand.

"Oh, auntie!" she sobbed, "Midget bad girl—Midget promised papa to be good!"

"I am not angry, child. Go and play with the dog," Miss Hetty said, quietly.

The snow lay thick on the ground and the air was still heavy with it as she looked out of the window after breakfast. She could not hunt up the child's parents to-day, she thought, but to-morrow she would surely go.

"Where do your papa and mamma live?" she asked, suddenly.

"I don't know," Midget replied. "Mamma don't live anywhere. Some men came and took her away a long time ago. Papa cried I didn't," she added, with dignity, that showed painfully how little she realized her loss.

"Papa don't live anywhere either, now. He brought me here an' he said if Midget was a good girl you would give her some Kissamus, cause he couldn't—he was going to find mamma. Will you?"

A sharp pain tore at Miss Hetty's heart. "Going to find mamma!" What did that mean? With a start she remembered that to-morrow was Christmas Day; the thought brought so many memories in its train!

"Will you?"

"Will I what?" She had forgotten all about the child and her question.

"Dive me my Kissamus."

"No, no, child. Don't bother!" she said, impatiently. What was Christmas to her if James had indeed "gone to mamma;" if because of her stubborn pride and wicked anger she could never again see his yellowcurls and blue eyes that mocked her in the baby at her knee!

Midget turned silently away. This last blow was too great for her to bear. She crept into the bed-room, and throwing herself on the floor, wept as though her heart were broken.

"Come here, child!" suddenly called Miss Hetty. No answer. She rose sharply and went into the other room. A rough shake brought the little figure to her feet. "What is the matter?"

"Papa, papa!" she sobbed. "I—want—to go home!"

The sharp iron in Miss Hetty's soul made her cruel. She raised her hand and let it fall upon the little tear-stained cheek.

"Will you be quiet?" she asked. "You shall stay in this room now till I come back."

She went out, shutting the door after her. She must do her marketing, and the child would be punished enough by the time she returned.

The stores were full of toys and Christmas goods. Miss Hetty could not keep the

SHE CRIED TO THE DOOR.

thought from her mind, "How Midget would like this—or that!"

Finally she stopped before a toy-laden window. "I will go in," she said, at last. Midget could not know what a victory she had gained.

An hour later Miss Hetty entered the house, and after disposing of the bundles with which her arms were laden, stepped to the closed door and opened it. A smile was on her face that had known a smile for years, and her awakened heart sent the blood pulsing to the ends of her fingers.

"I am glad I did not disappoint her," she thought.

Midget lay on the floor, one little hand under her cheek, the lips open, breathing heavily. "Midget!" The child did not wake or move. Miss Hetty lifted her hand and she moaned and muttered hoarsely. She sank for a moment, pale and trembling, on a chair. It was too evident what was the matter, and the doctor who came a little later only confirmed her fears.

"She may live till morning," was all he said.

Oh, the struggle of that long, long night! Every minute was an hour. At last Miss Hetty crept into the deserted kitchen and crouched over the dying embers of the fire. All her pride was gone; nothing but love and a great longing for forgiveness remained.

"James! James!" she cried, "what shall I tell him?"

She had not heard the door open until an icy wind blew across her cheek and a hoarse voice cried: "Hetty, where is my child—my baby!"

With a cry she was in his arms, and there the whole miserable story was sobbed out to loving ears and tormentedness asked and relieved.

"Hetty, darling, it's papa!"

"If she knows you we can save her," the doctor had said. Amidst a breathless silence she opened her eyes at the sound of the loved voice, and murmuring "Papa!" she fell smilingly asleep with his hand fast clasped in hers. And so after all it was to Miss Hetty a glad and thankful Christmas.

KATE A. BRADLEY.

LUTIE BENSON.

Her Grain of Faith and What It Accomplished.

AMMA, can't we have a real Christmas dinner to-morrow, and be like other folks?"

Lutie Benson drew her chair closer to her mother's knee and laid her curly head in her lap. The next morning's sun would usher in the glad Christmas time, and Lutie had been thinking seriously about the possibility

of being "like other folks," if only this once.

Mamma's heart was brooding over its own bitterness; her cup was full, and it needed but this little tilt which Lutie had unconsciously given, to start the overflow, that went out in her reply. "I know to-morrow is Christmas, dear, but Christmas dinners do not come to us any more, so don't bother me about it. Ragged shoes, faded dresses and empty cupboards don't promise much for to-morrow, Lutie."

Poor Lutie! she knew what mamma meant. She went back to the window and looked out.

She ceased crying with a sigh. "Now if you didn't drink so, why, how happy they would be. But then, God knows all about it anyway, and He doesn't think any more of the rich than the poor."

"Ask and ye shall receive." God meant any thing good you wanted and she believed it.

"Mamma," she said, shortly, "let's ask God to send us a nice dinner to-morrow. I know He will if we only ask."

"I should be thinking all the time, that it would not come, if I should; so there's no use in my asking," answered Mrs. Benson.

"O, haven't you any faith, mamma? It doesn't need much," said Lutie.

"How much does it need, daughter?" asked mamma, with a smile.

"O, not much; a piece as big as a mustard seed would do," answered Lutie, eagerly, remembering another text of Scripture.

"Ask and ye shall receive."

"Mamma," she said, shortly, "let's ask God to send us a nice dinner to-morrow. I know He will if we only ask."

"It won't be half as hard to get us a dinner as to move a mountain, mamma."

"Well, it would do no good for me to ask, at any rate," said Mrs. Benson, discouragingly.

"It won't do any harm, I know," said Lutie, with an emphatic nod of her curly head; "so I'm going to ask right away. We've put it off so long now that God is most ashamed of us."

Kneeling beside her mother's knee she said earnestly: "O, Lord! please send us a Christmas dinner; mamma would ask, but she hasn't any faith."

Then Lutie went out to where brother Johnnie was trying to make a "snow man."

"We're going to have a nice dinner to-morrow, Johnnie," she said, gaily.

"Are we?" exclaimed the astonished Johnnie, dropping the broken shovel and opening his eyes very wide; "who said so?"

"Oh, I asked God a minute ago, and He'll send it

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Have bought the business of Chas M. King, No. 11 East Liberty Street.
We will hereafter carry a full and fine stock of

GUNS, REVOLVERS

FISHING TACKLE,

POCKET KNIVES AND AMMUNITION

OF ALL KINDS AND SHAPES.

KEYFITTING AND LOCKSMITHING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

REPAIRING OF GUNS, ETC.

GENERAL MACHINISTS

By giving us a call, we will endeavor to please you all.
Don't forget the firm and place,

BAILEY & DOW

NO. 11 E. LIBERTY ST., ANN ARBOR.

Now for the Holiday Trade

Our Stock this Year will be Larger than Ever,

And it will be Impossible for us to display it all at one time, but New Goods will be added daily until Christmas.

IN LADIES AND GENTS' WATCHES:-

We have some beautiful designs, and our sales in this line for the past thirty days has been simply immense.

IN DIAMONDS:-

We have some very Fine Stones in Rings, Studs and Collar Buttons.

IN JEWELRY:-

We carry a general assortment.

IN SILVERWEAR:-

We are showing many New Designs just out for the Holidays.

IN SILK UMBRELLAS:-

We take the lead and carry the Largest Stock in the city, and what is more, we warrant them.

GOLD AND SILVER-HEADED CANES:-

A nice assortment of Gold and Silver-Headed Canes.

GOLD SPECTACLES:-

A pair of Gold Spectacles (correctly fitted) makes a nice present, we have them and fit them.

C. BLISS & SON, 11 S. Main St.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY

But Buy a

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

OF

Koch & Henne!

We have got a lot of Baskets of every Style Rattan Rockers, Fancy Chairs and Rockers with Plush Cushions.

CARPET SWEEPERS.

A new line of Smyrna Rugs in the Newest Patterns We have some very Fine Goods in Brass and Bamboo Stands, Easels, Screens, etc.

We have purchased a large lot of Goods at the very lowest cash prices.

THEY MUST BE SOLD.

If you want anything in our line, buy it now, for we can give you a Big Bargain.

KOCH & HENNE,

56 and 58 S. Main, Ann Arbor.

Undertaking, Embalming and Funeral Directing.

THE MILL BOYS.

An Interesting Autobiography by One of Them.



spirit, I must say, held himself greatly above the boys who worked for him.

One day the old man, with great hurry, declared that he had left his pipe at home. "I will go and bring it for you!" I exclaimed, and without waiting to hear any reply, either of remonstrance or agreement, I leaped over the low rail fence that surrounded the mill yard, and set out at a brisk walk along the road that wound among the great trees. Was there ever so long a distance? At last I saw the house. Kit opened the door for me. She blushed. I wondered why a young girl should blush upon seeing so strapping and awkward a fellow. I told her of my mission, and then we both began to talk of the books we both loved so well. Ah! What is sweeter, and what can be purer than the uneducated backwoodsman's love of books? I suddenly thought of the long time I was staying, and sprang to my feet. As I hurried along the road a sweet remembrance came to me. It was that Kit and I should meet the next Sunday at a place which we had appointed.

When I arrived at the mill the old man, pretty angry he was, too, demanded the reason why I had staid so long.

"I came upon a man whose wagon had broken down in the road," I replied, "and helped him to mend it."

What a lie—yes, what a pardonable lie.

The cold frown of winter was softened into the warm smile of spring. Kit and I had often met. She had promised to be my

spiritual guide. "I am going to tell a bit of my own experience an experience that I am not likely to forget. My name has not a single vine or leaf of romanée clinging about its sound; in short, my name is Zeb Brown. I was brought up in the country, without the advantages of education, but by the light of a brush fire I contrived to read a few old books; and permit me to say that a close acquaintance with a few masterful books is often better than a more pretentious education.

A short time after I had attained my majority, which indeed was all I did attain—I went over to a distant neighborhood and began work at a saw-mill. The owner of the mill—Old Bill Plunkett—was a brusque old fellow; and, so far as books were concerned, was about as ignorant a man as I had ever seen, except, possibly, my father, who, after the extreme effort, could not have spelled dog.

Old Bill seemed to respect me, not because I could read and write and cipher a little upon a pinch, but because I was a very strong and active young fellow and consequently very handy in rolling logs.

One day after I had lifted the end of a log which had been declared to be beyond the strength of any man in the party, Old Bill invited me to go home and take supper with him. This was a surprise, for he had never shown so great a preference to any of the other boys, holding himself, as he did, greatly above them. I went. He lived about two miles from the mill, not in a frame house as you would suppose from the fact that he owned a saw-mill, but in an old log house daubed with clay and not well daubed either. He hadn't much to say as we walked along the road, and just as soon as we had entered the house, instead of extending to me the courtesy of conversation, he fell to cutting hame strings from a piece of leather which he took down from the clock shelf.

Some time elapsed before any one else entered the room. Then, after light footsteps in an adjoining room, there entered a girl. As soon as I saw her I knew that I must have looked like a fool. What could you expect of a green young fellow, unused to the society of ladies? I say what could you expect of such a young fellow upon beholding a girl whose face must have been a pleasant contemplation to the creative god of beauty, and with hair—ah, what hair! Its silken threads flit across my face now and dim my vision.

"Kit," said the old man, squinting at his leather to see if he was cutting straight, "this here is Zeb Brown what works for me."

She dropped a graceful courtesy—she could not have dropped another kind—and gave me a smile that seemed to have dropped down from the glorious brightness of her hair.

"Kit," said the old man, "Zeb will eat supper with us. She ain't got no mother," he added, turning to me, "an' hasten 'tend every thing herself."

Supper was soon announced. How well I remember that meal, and how awkwardly did I acquit myself. I turned over a pitcher of butter-milk; upset a molasses jug and dropped a plate of butter cakes in my lap. Kit blushed and I knew that she was ashamed not of me, but for me. The old man burst out laughing, "W'y," said he, after he had, with the violence of his outburst, blown corn-bread crumbs all over the table, "you ken handle a pine log better than you ken a pan cake."

Blind old man. He knew not the cause of my awkwardness.

After supper Old Bill sat down to grease his newly-made hame strings. Kit and I naturally fell into conversation; no not naturally, for the blood-treacherous fluid kept mounting to my face, and my great red hands kept getting in each other's way. But I managed to talk, especially when the girl's cordial air had placed me more at ease.

"I have some books that I can lend you," she said. "I have a few very old ones full of poetry and songs. I had great work, I know, in protecting one of them. It was at a time when leather had suddenly become scarce. Father's passion for hame strings (here she gave the old man a glance of mischief) naturally drove him to my choice book, bound in leather. He wanted the binding for hame strings, and I do believe that the book would have been sacrificed had I not succeeded in persuading him that the binding was not strong enough for his purpose."

We had talked but a little while longer when the old man got up, put his can of beer on a shelf, washed his hands in a pan in which he had soaked the leather, and remarked:

"Wall, folks, it's bed-time."

"Wall, folks, it's bed-time. Kit, we've got ter hussle out early in the mawnin'! Zeb, we've got a good deal o' sawin' to do tomorrow."

I knew what this meant and immediately took my departure. The night was beautiful—at least, it must have been. I don't see how there could, at that time, have been any other than a beautiful night. The weather was cold, and I don't know but a sleet was falling, yet, above it all, arises the fact that to me the night was beautiful.

I do not think that I was so hasty at my work the next day, for once Old Bill cried out: "Look sharp that, Zeb, whar air you thinkin' about?"

Blind old man. He did not know.

I waited and waited for the old man to ask me to his house again, but he did not. Any plow-boy in the neighborhood was welcome there, but, as I previously remarked, Old Bill, with quite an un-American

DO NOT BUY

Until You Have Examined the Best

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

Schuh & Muehlig,

31 S. MAIN STREET.

HARDWARE,

PLUMBING,

STEAM HEATING,

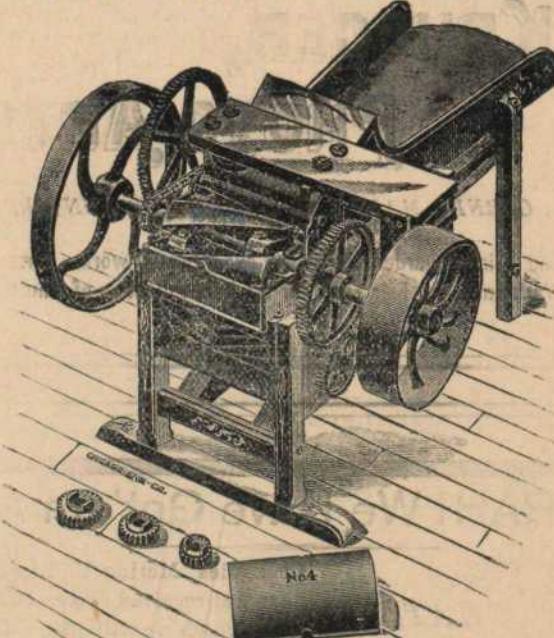
WOOD AND SLATE MANTELS

TILE, HEARTHS AND FACINGS,

Brass Fire Sets and Irons and Fenders

GAS FIXTURES.

ATTENTION FARMERS



The Ann Arbor Agricultural Co. would respectfully call the attention of the Farming community to the New Corn-Fodder Grinding Attachment for their Feed Cutters. It is something entirely new, and bids fair to revolutionize the Feed-Cutter business. It is designed to crush corn-fodder after it is cut, so that it will be entirely consumed by stock, and experiments have proved that it is a great success. It is a benefit to Cattle, a saving of 30 per cent. in feed, and a saving of labor. Come and see it, and (also the Improved Feed-Cutter and Horse powers) get the testimonials of those who are using it. It can be attached to any power Cutters ever manufactured by the Co.

Ann Arbor Agricultural Co.



What's the Matter with a

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

FOR A

CHRISTMAS PRESENT?

Why It's Just the Thing.

LEW. H. CLEMENT,

38 South Main St., Ann Arbor.

HAS THEM IN EVERY STYLE.

Look at his line of Banjos, Violins, Guitars, Accordions, Flutes, etc. Fine Music Books, Music Rolls, Music Racks and Sheet Music. Special Prices on first-class Pianos and Organs, New and Second-Hand; Two NEW "New Home" Sewing Machines will be sold at COST for CASH. Call and examine our large Stock.

LEW. H. CLEMENT.

HER PRAYER.

I softly peep through the open door,
I can see my loved one there;
She is kneeling down on the parlor floor
In an attitude of prayer.

Her back is turned, so her clasped hands
And her face I cannot see;
Yet I feel in my inmost heart that that prayer
Is raised to heaven for me.

As I draw near with gentle step,
And head bowed, as she pose demands,
I see that she kneels by a register,
And is merely warming her hands.—Cornelia Redmund in Judge.

SLUG NUMBER ELEVEN

"Never been in a printing office before, I suppose. What woman's picture is that over that case, you ask? Why, that's Nan. She was Slug 11. Oh, no. Slug 11 wasn't her nickname. 'Twas her number. See! here is a slug eleven. Printers use their slug numbers to mark their matter; else how could they make up their strings? A string? Oh, we paste all our dupes together, and that makes a string that shows what we've done. Here's my string for the day—regular rope, ain't it?

"Want to know about Nan, eh? Well, she was the only female typesetter we had, and she was a hummer. She could talk longer, and on occasions louder, than—well, than some girls. Pretty? Not exactly, just so so. Slender, lively, hair the color of canned salmon, teeth pretty well justified, and eyes that were usually blue, but liable to turn green if she got mad. Boys used to say that if Nan was going to Paradise she'd be late getting there; but I never saw nothing bad about her except, once in a while, her tongue. Mister, don't you get it into your head that because a girl sets type or works in a factory among a lot of men she can't be good.

"To resume my yarn. One day there came along a handsome young fellow that we dubbed Mr. Kokuk, because he came from the town of Kokuk. Nan took quite a fancy to him. He and The Rat were about the only persons in the office that Nan did notice. We called him The Rat because he went back on us when we struck. We took him back off of pity, but no one loved him. Lank, cadaverous, pock marked, thin lipped fellow, with eyes like two holes burnt in a blanket.

"Well, Nan and Mr. Kokuk went to two or three dances and a circus or two—we used to get plenty of comps to such things then—and first we knew they were engaged. The very next week we went on a strike again, all except Nan and The Rat. He said his wife was dying, and he had to earn what he could. It wasn't much, because he was a regular blacksmith. We call a poor printer a blacksmith. Nan's eyes turned green as she said she wouldn't go because she didn't want to, 'so there!' About a week after the strike began, Mr. Kokuk and I were in a saloon opposite the block where The Rat's folks roomed, and we saw Nan come in at the family entrance and buy a flask of whisky. We were in there celebrating the end of the strike. All went back next day, and late in the evening, when only Mr. Kokuk, Nan and I were left in the office, I heard him go over and tell Nan he must break off the engagement because she had gone back on the strikers, but more particularly for the reason that he would never marry a woman that bought whisky by the flask at a saloon. Mr. Kokuk was a kind of goody goody fellow, you see. Nan wheeled about on her stool, her eyes snapped till the lashes fairly cracked, and she said: 'You are a little plaster of paris god, ain't you? Be careful you don't tip over or you'll break in two. You ought to go to a missionary to the cannibals. You wouldn't be good eating, but they ain't very particular.' Mr. Kokuk put on his coat and went away, but after he had gone I went to lift a handful of type out of a form that stood near Nan's case, and I saw that her eyes were sweating. Tears as big as rain drops fell down over her case. She kept on throwing in type. She tossed 'a's into the 'e' box and commas over among the lower case letters in a reckless manner. Every stickful of type she set up next day was so lousy the foreman threatened to discharge her. What do I mean by lousy? Why, full of mistakes, to be sure. I knew the reason and corrected some of her gallops to help her out. At the next meeting of our union some one said it had been proposed to raise a fund to bury The Rat's two children that had just died that day of scarlet fever, both on the same day, mind you. He had buried his wife the week before. 'He ought to be able to bury his own dead; he's been at work right along,' said some one, and nearly all crowded assent.

"Who started the movement to raise the fund?" asked I.

"Nan," answered the fellow who had proposed the matter. "She headed the list. She's about the only friend the family had. Sat up nights to help care for Kat's wife, who was a mighty sweet little woman. Bought whisky for her when that was all that would keep the poor woman alive."

"You ought to have seen the expression of Mr. Kokuk's face when he heard this explanation as to why Nan went to the saloon to get a bottle of whisky. 'And when Kat's wife died,' continued the speaker, 'and his two children fell sick, she cared for them. Worked all day and sat up nearly all night with them. I tell you, boys, printing offices have their devils, but now and then angels drop down into them, and—'

"Before he could say any more Mr. Kokuk sprang up and moved that each member be assessed \$3 to defray the funeral expenses of Kat's children, and that as many of the boys as could hire subs should attend the funeral. Did we carry the motion? Well, rather.

"Nan was the only woman mourner, and she looked handsome on a cheap dress of black she had got for the occasion. Next day she was back at her case, and at evening, while she was distributing type, Mr. Kokuk crept up to her case looking like a whipped spaniel, and said: 'Nan, do you know what I think of you?'

"No; and what's more, I don't care! snapped Nan.

"Well, I think you are a saint upon earth."

"Do you know what I think of you?" said Nan, knocking about half a handful of matter into pi. "I don't think anything."

"Then how Mr. Kokuk did plead for forgiveness! Nan said not a word for a long time, but finally she turned about with a half sneer on her face and said: 'Till Jeff to see who pays for the tickets to

the theatre to-night.' To Jeff is to play a game with type. Mr. Kokuk got stuck for the tickets, and I tell you he was tickled. They went; but they only saw part of the play. As they were walking along to the theatre they passed a parsonage. 'Isn't that the man that preached the funeral sermon for The Rat's children?' asked Mr. Kokuk.

"Yes," answered Nan. "Let's go in and see him," said Mr. Kokuk.

"In they went, and Nan, who is usually surprised at nothing, was much astonished when Mr. Kokuk asked the minister to marry them, but she consented and they were married, and when the minister had reached the end of the performance and Mr. Kokuk took Nan in his arms and kissed her, what did she do but drop her head on his shoulder and cry? She said it was because she was worn out watching with The Rat's folks, but I reckon those tears were tinted with the compound essence of joy.

"Say, do you see that kind of country-fied looking fellow with a slouch hat standing over there by one of the forms talking to the foreman? That's Mr. Kokuk. He's now editor and proprietor of The Kokuk Banner. Gets all the county printing and is making a barrel of money. He's here on a visit and telling the boys about Nan. Gave me her picture as she new looks. Gentle, refined looking lady, ain't she? She's boss of the Sunday school in Kokuk, has two scholars from her own family to send to it, and when any of the printers go on the tramp she bustles into The Banner office and tosses metal with the best of them. If there's a sick family in Kokuk or the contiguous territory that needs help, you bet Nan will be there.

"Say, mister, I'm not well posted on religion, but when the saints take their places in line in heaven I'll bet Nan will be not far from the head."—New York Evening Sun.

Buried Alive.

In Russia people are oftener than elsewhere condemned—unintentionally, of course—to that most grievesome of all deaths, of which Poe had such unfeigned, horror—burial alive. But the circumstances accompanying this frightful torture are seldom so characteristic or so horrible as in the case of the wife of a peasant in the government of Volhynia, on the borders of Austria, who, according to the local papers of Volhynia, was lately buried in a comatose state. She was expecting soon to become a mother at the time of her supposed death. After the "corpse" had been kept the usual time, the parish priest, Konstantinoff, recited the prayers of the burial service in the churchyard, the widower cast three handfuls of earth on the coffin, and all departed except the gravediggers. In filling up the grave the latter shoveled in an unusually large sod of hard earth, which struck the coffin with a loud noise and woke up the unfortunate woman from her sleep. The horror of her position at once dawned upon her. She cried out in most piteous tones to the gravediggers to rescue her from a horrible death. She solemnly promised them all her property if they would take her from the grave and coffin. The more she cried and entreated the more strenuous were their endeavors to fill in the grave; and on leaving the church yard, when their work was done, they still heard her cries and moans. They at once hurried off to her husband, who was surrounded with guests, drinking to the memory of the deceased. Having related what had taken place, the master was discussed by the guests and the neighbors, who soon came rushing in, and it was finally resolved nem. con. that an evil spirit had taken possession of the deceased, and that in order to prevent her walking at night and disturbing the people, it was absolutely necessary to disinter her and drive an aspen stake through her body. The mir sent a deputation to the priest asking permission to disinter the body and perform the superstitious rite, deemed necessary in all such cases. The pope, horrified, hurried off to the churchyard and had the body disinterred in the hope of saving a life, but superstition had already got its victim, the woman was dead, but unmistakable signs showed she had struggled hard to escape from the most horrible death the human mind can conceive. —Boston Herald.

John Wise's Courtship.

An illustration of the somewhat grandiloquent style of our grandfathers, The Norfolk Virginian publishes letters, one from John Wise, written to Gen. Cooper, seeking permission to address his daughter, and Gen. Cooper's reply. Mr. Wise wrote: "Feeling myself irresistibly impelled by inclination, I have presumed now to address you upon a subject of importance and delicacy. Having conceived an affection for your daughter (Miss Sally), I beg leave to solicit your permission to make address to her, and at the same time let me express the hope that, should I be so fortunate as to succeed in gaining her affections, my first wishes may not be frustrated by your disapprobation. I have thought proper to make this application to you on the subject in this manner rather than in person, because my character (if I had acquired any), my condition and my situation in life are not altogether unknown to you, and if objections are to be made they can be more freely communicated in this than any other way. I have hitherto proceeded no further with the lady than merely obtain her permission to make this application; and, sir, I now pledge you the honor of a gentleman that, in case you have objection of an insuperable nature to the union, whatever may be the chagrin, regret and mortification which I may feel on the occasion, I will not disturb the quiet of a parent, extremely solicitous, no doubt, for the happiness of a beloved daughter, by persisting any further with her."

Under date of May 11, 1792, Gen. Cooper responded, saying: "Although the application made by your letter of this day was unexpected, yet my reflections heretofore on the subject have prepared me to answer that, however solicitous I may be for the temporal felicity and the future respectability of my daughter, she is the only proper judge of the person best calculated to make her happy. Respect and impartiality ought to be shown by me to you or any other gentleman that might make his address to my daughter, and I confide in your candor and judgment."

A Malicious Tramp.

Householder (to tramp)—No, you can't have anything to eat here. Go right away!

Tramp—That's what they told me over the way. They said you had only one meal a week here. Sorry I troubled you. Ta-ta!—New York World.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For Week Ended December 18.

Lord Dufferin has been succeeded by Lord Lansdowne as England's Viceroy of India.

The civil-service stores in London were nearly destroyed by fire on Tuesday. Loss, \$200,000.

Reports of rich fields of gold in the Harqua-Hula mountains in Arizona were made on Monday.

A panther, supposed to have escaped from a menagerie, is preying upon stock in Southern Wisconsin.

Charles Boyle, recently appointed Chief Justice of Washington Territory, died on Saturday at Seattle.

While playing with a saw on Saturday Addison Workman, a Lebanon (Ind.) boy, had his left hand cut off.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, celebrated his Sist birthday on Monday at Oak Knoll, near Danvers, Mass.

The corner-stone of the Good Samaritan Hospital for colored people at Charlotte, N. C., was laid on Tuesday.

A fire on Tuesday at Manchester, Kan., destroyed the school building, post-office and several business houses.

While rendering tallow near Reading, Pa., recently Mrs. Albert Kaufman and daughter were burned to death.

In the German Reichstag on Friday a resolution for the suppression of the East African slave trade was adopted.

The Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the world, was disbanded in London on Tuesday.

John Ferguson shot and killed his wife Mary and himself on Saturday at Toddington, Pa. He was temporarily insane.

A negro who shot and fatally wounded Captain Dunnivant on Tuesday near Chattanooga, Tenn., was caught and lynched.

Legitimist gun-boats bombarded the village of Cape Hayti, doing great damage to the town and killing over twenty persons.

The saloons and bar-rooms of the hotels of Syracuse, N. Y., were closed on Sunday by an order issued by Mayor William B. Kirk.

W. W. Smith, one of the Justices of the Arkansas Supreme Court, died on Tuesday at Little Rock of consumption, aged 50 years.

There were 303 business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on Friday, against 305 the previous seven days.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society was opened at Columbus, O., on Monday.

Eviction notices were served on Tuesdays on sixty-four tenants on the Marquis of Lansdowne's Luggacurran estates in Ireland.

Manufacturers of indurated fiber goods in Lockport, N. Y., and Portland, Me., have formed a trust with a capital stock of \$600,000.

William Johnson threw a brick through a window of a New York jewelry store on Saturday and stole a \$6,000 necklace. He was captured.

At Hinsdale, N. Y., on Saturday, Harvey Luddington, aged 15 years, threw a chair at his father, fracturing the old man's skull and causing death.

The California National Bank of San Francisco suspended payments on Monday, caused by the unfortunate loans made by the cashier, C. H. Ramsdon.

According to a New York commercial agency there is a general improvement in business throughout the country with a confident feeling for the future.

A trestle above a stand-pipe which is being erected at Stevens Point, Wis., for city water-works fell on Friday, killing four men and wounding one other.

Anna Langley, aged 18 years, who was said to have been the tallest girl in the country, died in New York City on Friday. She was seven feet two inches in height.

The fourth annual meeting of the National Indian Defense Association was held in Washington on Tuesday, and Rev. Alexander Kent was re-elected president.

Chief Forepaugh's giant elephant, was choked to death at Philadelphia on Monday by order of the manager of the show. The elephant had become unmanageable.

Clay Kelley, a 5-year-old boy, was killed by a grip-car at Kansas City. His mother was ill and the shock threw her into convulsions, from the effects of which she died.

By the derailing of a train on Friday near Tallahassee, Fla., Engineer Scott Seabrook and Fireman James Conners were killed and Brakeman Rice was fatally injured.

At a mass meeting of German Evangelists in New York on Tuesday a crusade was inaugurated against the power of the Roman Catholic church in the United States.

The plants of the Rechold Printing Company, Little & Becker and the Nixon-Jones Company in St. Louis were destroyed by fire on Saturday. Total loss, \$150,000.

Rev. Frank Alfred, of Jasper, Ark., a Methodist minister, and his two children, aged ten and six years respectively, died from the effects of drinking milk from a diseased cow.

Erland S. Parker, sentenced October 15, 1872, from Erie County, N. Y., for murder in the second degree, to life imprisonment at Auburn prison, has been pardoned by Governor Hill.

C. V. Strong killed William Houx, a stockman, at Hawk Creek, M. T. Houx had threatened several times to kill Strong but the latter got the drop on him when they met.

E. N. Yelland, of Philadelphia, who has several times made gifts to Wilberforce University (colored), has now transferred to the trustees 1,000 acres of mineral lands in Eastern Kentucky.

You ought to have seen the expression of Mr. Kokuk's face when he heard this explanation as to why Nan went to the saloon to get a bottle of whisky. "And when Kat's wife died," continued the speaker, "and his two children fell sick, she cared for them. Worked all day and sat up nearly all night with them. I tell you, boys, printing offices have their devils, but now and then angels drop down into them, and—"

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Marriage Licenses.

Charles Johnson, (colored) Ypsi.	21
Lizzie Wilson, "	17
Thos. H. Johnson, (colored), Ypsi.	27
Esther Wilson,	19
Jacob Nagel, Seio.	47
Catharine Lamb, Dexter.	45
Chas. Chadwick, Sharon.	26
Nettie Peckins,	23
Theodore Feldkamp, York.	23
Mary Koch,	21
Wm. H. Moore, Ypsilanti.	21
Adl. Olmsted,	18
H. T. Kipp, Grand Rapids.	48
Sarah B. Vredenburg, Milan.	24
John E. Parmalee, Grand Rapids.	27
Mac Dell Pratt, Dexter.	21
Christian Finkbiner, Saline.	28
John W. Robison, (colored) Ann Arbor.	20
Emma J. Davis,	19
Edward Olsander, Ann Arbor.	28
John C. Jackson,	28
David Farmer, Ypsi.	27
Rachel A. Emerick, Kendallville, Ind.	35
Will A. Shaw, Saline.	33
Anna Turner, Erie.	24
Stephen Moore, Ann Arbor.	45
M	

MR. DAWBARN.

BY T. W. ROBERTSON, AUTHOR OF "SOCIETY,"
"SCHOOL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Would you have the kindness to step this way, sir, into Mr. Dawbarn's room?"

These words were addressed by a banker's clerk to a young man whose dress and manners were a vulgar compound of groom, betting man, and pugilist. The sporting gentleman swaggered by the desks and the clerks, looking infinite disapprovement at the whole concern, and was ushered through the double doors into presence of Mr. Dawbarn.

Mr. Dawbarn was the principal banker in Bramlington, and Bramlington was the county town of the little county of Mufford. It consisted of one long, straggling street, beautified by five old churches, each a splendid specimen of architecture, which contrasted strongly with the Town Hall, the Corn Exchange, and the Market Place, which were modern buildings, and unpleasant to look at.

"Mr. Studden," said Mr. Dawbarn to the young gentleman of sporting appearance, "I have to talk to you, sir, very seriously; sit down, if you please."

Mr. Studden sat in a chair as if it were a saddle, shut one eye knowingly, and examined the thong of his whip with the other.

"Mr. Studden," continued the banker solemnly, "I have been informed that you have overdrawn your account to the amount of—"

"Yes; I know all about that, governor," broke in Mr. Studden. "I've been told so twice."

"I therefore gave directions that the next time you presented a check, you should be shown in here to me," said the banker.

"That is—a check of my own drawing."

"Quite so."

"Well, now I am here," said Mr. Studden, goading the side of his imaginary horse with his left heel; "respectful combs, and should like to know your little game. What's to be done?"

"Mr. Studden, I have known you from a boy."

"Well, I know that."

"And I now see you a ruined man!"

"Hold hard, Matilda," interrupted Studden; "not ruined—pushed for the moment on my knees, but not staked. I've been unlucky on the races this last year—unlucky at play. Why, last night I lost a pot at lot, and then that girl behaved to me in—"

"Mr. Studden," said the banker, closing his eyes, "I cannot listen to a catalogue of your cri—cri—imprudences. I am the father of a family, and!"

"Cut that, governor!" broke in the amiable Mr. Studden. "What I want is money, and not preaching—no preaches and foggoes too. This is the state of the odds. I've overdrawn my account, good; will you let me have some more? I mean. If you will, I am sure to retrieve myself. I've some splendid things on, but must have the ready—tide—rhino."

"Mr. Studden," said Mr. Dawbarn, "I do not understand your jargon, nor is such language the sort of thing I am accustomed to hear. You have lost the fortune left you by your father in gambling, horse racing, and—and the like. For the last seven years I have seen going to irretrievable ruin. As you had a long minority, and no friends to advise you, I have tried to help you, but I regret to say, your complete ruin is inevitable."

"Bet you fifteen to one it isn't!" said Mr. Stadden.

"What you owe me," continued the banker, not noticing the interruption—"what you owe me I shall never trouble you for."

"Bless you!" said the irreverent Stadden.

Mr. Dawbarn's face reddened. "Mr. Stadden," he choked out, "I am not accustomed to be treated with rudeness, and I don't mean to begin now. I would have given you some advice, sir."

"Don't want it, thank you."

"Good advice, parental advice; but it will be of no use, I can see."

"Not a bit."

"I shall leave you therefore to the pursuit of your career of profligacy, and may it—may it!"—Mr. Dawbarn stammered, for he felt that he was proposing a toast at a public meeting—"may it prove to you that—that—that!"

"Out with it, governor," said the insolent young sporting man.

"No, sir, I will not out with it," said the banker, majestically. "I will not say what I was going to say."

"Are you quite clear what you were going to say?" inquired the young man, who respected neither age nor weight.

Mr. Dawbarn covered his defeat grandly. "I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Stadden." He rang the bell. "I wish you good day, sir; my servant will show you out."

"Very good, governor," said Mr. Studden, dismounting from his chair, or saddle. "You throw me over—very good; and just at the moment when I could make a colossal fortune. If I had your capital, or you had my talent and speculated—ka fooculum!—what might not be made with the tips I have! I know the way out, Chawles!"—this Mr. Stadden addressed to the servant—"you needn't show me. Mr. Dawbarn, I have the honor to be, sir, yours truly, ever to command, et cetera—cetera—cetera."

Mr. Stadden departed with a flourish, leaving the banker in a state of the most wrathful indignation. Mr. Dawbarn was a great man in Bramlington and accustomed to be treated with respect and deference and servility, and though so excellent a person, Mr. Dawbarn was something of a humbug, and the young man's manners had convinced him that he knew it, and it is very annoying to men of 50 years of age to be found out by their juniors. Mr. Robert Stadden, or, as he was called, Mr. Bob Stadden, or Mr. Rip Stadden, swaggered past the cashier and clerks with the ease of a jockey and the grace of a groom. A dozen steps from the door of the bank he met a clerk whom he stopped.

"Hallow!" he cried, with graceful badinage, "Munro, how goes it?"

"How do you do, Mr. Stadden?" inquired the clerk.

"Don't be in such a hurry. Well, how is she, eh?"

"Mr. Studd—I—"

"Don't be afraid, my boy. I'm not the man to spoil sport. Why not bolt with her? Bolt! I'd land you my last liver to help you. I saw you the other morning. Ri-tol-de-rol, lol-liday."

Mr. Stadden closed one eye, thrust his tongue into his cheek, and strolled down the one long, straggling street of Bramlington, the pink of sporting self conscious vulgarity.

CHAPTER II.

In a small country town it is impossible that anything can be kept secret, except murder, and then rumor points to so many probable criminals that justice and detective policemen become lost in surmise, and embarrass the innocent that the guilty may go free. Slow to detect murder, the provincial intellect is swift at the discovery of love. Had Romeo met Juliet at a fancy ball in Peddington, instead of at a mas-

querade in Verona, and afterwards prowled about the garden of his mistress' father's house, the Signori Capulet and Montague would have been informed of the occurrences early on the following morning by several competent and credible eye witnesses—all of the gentler sex, and the majority on the other side of five-and-thirty years of age.

It was Christmas day, cold, clear and frosty. Mr. Dawbarn was dressed in his brightest black, and his cravat was as a monument to the most irreproachable of lannresses. But Mr. Dawbarn was pale and agitated, his head shook and his hands trembled, till the papers he held in them rattled and crumpled.

When a servant opened the dining room door and announced "Mr. Munro," Mr. Dawbarn turned paler, and when the young clerk whom Mr. Robert Stadden had so playfully rallied a fortnight before in the street entered, the banker trembled more violently.

"Mr. Munro," said the banker, when the door was closed, "you—you—you doubtless know why I have sent for you—on this festive occasion, today?"

The young clerk, who was as pale as Mr. Dawbarn, faltered out, "No, sir, with so transparent an effort that the banker saw that the young man perfectly understood the reason of the interview.

"Your conduct, sir, has been such that I—I do not know how to address you," stammered Mr. Dawbarn. "That you, sir, my servant, my paid and salaried servant, should have so abused my confidence; should have so dared to try to so injure me—is—is what I did not expect from you. I know all, sir, all. You are discharged from the bank this moment."

A pang shot over the young man's face.

"You will not be allowed to enter there again. This quarter's salary is there, sir." The banker put upon the table a small paper packet. "As I shall not suffer you to take your place at your desk again, there is a half year's salary." The banker placed another small packet on the table, and the clerk made a deprecative motion with one hand. "I insist on it, sir, and shall take no denial. I also insist on your leaving Bramlington to-night, or to-morrow morning, at the latest. Should you have any debts here, leave a list of them, and today being Christmas day, I will see that one of the clerks pays them the day after to-morrow. There can be no excuse for your remaining, and your absence, sir, is a matter of much more importance to me than a few paltry pounds; so I will hear of no objection."

Mr. Dawbarn paused and drew breath, and the young clerk looked at him and then at the window, as if out into a far distance beyond.

"My counts, sir"—he began, when the banker interrupted him.

"Will be found quite right, I dare say. Had you only robbed me of money, sir, I should have been better pleased. I have treated you only too well, and in return see what you have done." Mr. Dawbarn struck his clenched hand upon the table. "But no matter. Do I understand that you will leave Bramlington to-night?"

Munro took his eyes from the window, and, looking full in the banker's face, said:

"Lucy."

Mr. Dawbarn's face turned scarlet, and he again struck the table. "Don't mention my daughter's name to me, sir, if you please. I won't hear it! How dare you! There, sir, are the rubbishing letters you have sent to her, and if you have any sense of decency or honesty left, you will return those you have of hers—or of my daughter's."

Munro took up the letters his former master had tossed to him.

"Did you hear me, sir?" asked the banker.

"I beg your pardon."

"I say, will you give me back her letters, and will you leave Bramlington to-night?"

There was a pause, and the bells of the church rang out for morning service.

"I can make no promise, sir," replied the young clerk, very clearly. "I have a duty to you, and I am sure to retrieve myself. I've some splendid things on, but must have the ready—tide—rhino."

"Mr. Stadden," said Mr. Dawbarn, "I do not understand your jargon, nor is such language the sort of thing I am accustomed to hear. You have lost the fortune left you by your father in gambling, horse racing, and—and the like. For the last seven years I have seen going to irretrievable ruin. As you had a long minority, and no friends to advise you, I have tried to help you, but I regret to say, your complete ruin is inevitable."

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"Don't want it, thank you."

"Good advice, parental advice; but it will be of no use, I can see."

"Not a bit."

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CHAPTER III.

A year had elapsed since Lucy Dawbarn had bidden farewell to her father's clerk through the dining room door. He had left Bramlington and gone no one knew whither. Neither letter nor message came to Lucy; she was too strictly watched. She often walked in the garden and looked at that portion of the wall where they had concealed their letters. The good old brick that they used to take out and put back again was a thing of the past. In its place there was bran new red brick cemented by bran new white mortar that you could see a mile off. Lucy had been to London, and had been visiting not only her father's and mother's relatives but the magnates of the county, and had seen all sorts of

pleasures and fashion and distraction, and at the end of six months had returned very thin and pale.

She had been home but a few weeks when the news came that young Munro had sailed from Liverpool for New York. It reached Lucy's ears through a sympathetic servant maid. The next morning she sent word that she would like to have a cup of tea sent to her up stairs in her own room, as she had a headache and begged to be excused from the breakfast table. Mrs. Dawbarn knew that she had heard of Munro's departure for America, but she did not dare to mention even the name of the objectionable clerk to her husband, who was entirely ignorant of the young man's movements. Two or three days after the doctor was sent for. The medical man hummed and hawed and said that his patient was low. Lucy grew worse and worse. A consultation was held. The young lady's disorder was pronounced to be nervous fever, and one white headed old gentleman from London suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn that if the young lady were engaged he should not advise the postponement of the marriage.

"You see, my dear," said Mrs. Dawbarn the next morning as she entered the invalid's chamber, "I and papa have been talking about you."

"Yes, mamma," said Lucy, with an evident want of interest in the subject.

"And what do you think he says?"

"Don't know, mamma."

"He's going to make some alterations in the bank."

"Oh, indeed!"

Mrs. Lucy had not the smallest solicitude about the bank.

"And what else do you think?"

"Oh, mamma, I am so tired," said Lucy peevishly.

"What else do you think he means to do?" continued Mrs. Dawbarn, bending her matronly head over her daughter's face, and pouring into her ear words that made the girl flush scarlet and her eyes flash.

"Oh, mamma, it can't be true!"

"My love, could I deceive you?"

"No, dear mamma, no; but it is true? Kiss me, mamma dear. I am so happy and so thankful, and—ah, in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am too, and—"

But poor Lucy could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

"My darling, kiss me now," said her father, advancing from the door, behind which he had watched the effect of the words. "I'll do anything to make you happy—anything."

"O papa! my own papa!"

"My love, could I deceive you?"

"No, dear mamma, no; but it is true? Kiss me, mamma dear. I am so happy and so thankful, and—ah, in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am too, and—"

But poor Lucy could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

"My darling, kiss me now again as you used to do, won't you? and—ah, in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am too, and—"

But poor Lucy could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

THE REGISTER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

OPEN EVENINGS.

You would guess Christmas was near. Store shows it. Now is the best time for picking and choosing. Take a hint broadly given. Don't put off your Christmas shopping and bother yourself on the last days.

We told you last week about the reliable Black Silk Striped Velvets, at 75¢; we said they ought to go flying and they did. You won't buy us much longer a \$2.00 Striped Velvet for 75¢.

Our large assortment of Combination Dress Patterns, at \$1.00, has attracted a great deal of attention. They are handsome, reliable as to quality, and no two patterns the same, and quite cheap.

Holiday Handkerchiefs and Mufflers now ready for inspection. We have a reasonably large assortment.

We don't care for many words about those 54-inch Broadcloths, they tell their own story. They have been \$1.75; now \$1.25.

At \$1.00 each: We will sell this week about 25 dozen Fancy Aprons that have just come to us. These Aprons are very fine and well made. The selling price should be \$1.50, and you can't buy the same quality elsewhere for less than \$1.50.

We haven't lately done a more welcome thing in Cloaks than putting a big lot of Seasonable Short Wraps, at HALP the regular price. This is the way we will save you money. All of our \$8 and \$10 Short Wraps, \$5; All of our \$15 and \$20 Short Wraps, \$10. Not a grain of reason for the drop—except that we don't wait till sundown of a season to do such things.

We are showing a large assortment of Muffs, Monkey Muffs, Hare Muffs, French Seal Muffs, Natural Beaver Muffs, Nutria Muffs, Lynx Muffs, Alaska Seal Muffs, Marten Muffs, Fox Muffs, Raccoon and Opposum Muffs, etc.

BACH & ABEL.

NEW GOODS! AND



Lower Prices Than Ever

We can show you in Gents' Fine Cordovan Shoes for \$5.00 a perfect Beauty and will wear as long as two pair of Calf Skin Shoes.

In Ladies, we have as Fine a Shoe as any dealer can show you in French Kid; Our Price, \$3.00. In Hand Turns, Ladies, we have them from \$3.00, upwards. In Machine Sewed Kid Button, we have them from \$1.00, upwards. Our Goods are the Latest Styles. Our Gents' Shoes, at \$1.75, is a clipper, it is Seamless. Give us a call, it will pay you.

SAMUEL KRAUSE,
48 South Main-st., Ann Arbor.

THE CITY.

The university will close tomorrow for two weeks.

Mrs. Amelia Drake, wife of Bradley Drake, of Delhi, died Monday morning.

Austin McGuire, a dental student residing in Ann Arbor, fell last week and fractured his arm.

Prof. M. L. D'Ooge preached at M. E church, last Sunday morning, and Rev. A. F. Bourne in the evening.

The Wm. Sweet who was fined for drunkenness last week, was not the Wm. Sweet of Ann Arbor town.

Pohlemus & Saxton are charged before Justice Pond with selling liquor to a minor, and they will be tried Jan. 19.

John Schaeble, sr., near Saline, recently lost his eyesight very suddenly, and is now undergoing treatment in Ann Arbor.

Rev. Mr. Sunderland will preach a sermon appropriate to Christmas next Sunday morning, on "The influence of Great Souls in History."

A former business man of this city says that a more costly and attractive display of holiday goods was never before on exhibition in Ann Arbor.

Rev. M. C. Hawkes, pastor of Simpson M. E. church, Detroit, will occupy the pulpit of M. E. church, next Sunday.

Charles H. Harrison and Charles Smith; vags; Justice Frueau sent them to Detroit house of correction for 90 days.

A. J. Paisley has been appointed general passenger and ticket agent of the T. & A. A., and will begin his duties Jan. 1.

Orin Cady, having resigned as director of the Methodist choir, Prof. Geo. W. Renwick has been secured for the position.

The case of J. W. Hamilton against Dr. Frothingham has been turned over to the Livingston circuit court, and probably will be tried again in the spring.

The T. & A. A. R. has issued its new time table. One can leave Ann Arbor at 7:35 a. m. and reach East Saginaw at 10:55 a. m.; leaving East Saginaw at 6:05 p. m., and reaching Ann Arbor at 9:20 p. m.

This week Capt. Manly sold an undivided two-thirds of his abstract books to Judge Harriman and W. G. Doty for \$6,000. He has been engaged 11 years in making them and the blank books alone cost \$800.

Secretary Childs, of the Washtenaw Mutual, has received word of the loss by fire of John P. Merker's house and contents in Sylvan last Thursday. The house was insured for \$225 and its contents for \$150.

Last week, Miss Edith Huddy and Miss Cecil McMillan were out horse-back riding. On State-st the horses became unmanageable, and Miss Huddy was thrown to the ground, where she lay for a moment stunned but not seriously hurt.

Last Saturday about noon the house occupied by Mrs. Maggie Sheridan, at 28 E. Jefferson, was in danger of going up in smoke. The chimney was defective, and the roof was slightly scorched, but the fire company promptly suppressed the flames.

The Ann Arbor water company has purchased a new pump that can supply 2,000,000 gallons per day. It will come from the Gordon steam pump company, Hamilton, O. The agent of the pump company who secured the contract is W. T. Angell, a brother of President Angell.

The Helpers Band of the Presbyterian church are just now engaged in the laudable enterprise of gathering up 600 pictures to be distributed among as many children in Rangoon, Africa, by Miss Harding, a former graduate of the U. of M., and now a missionary teacher in that region.

The Knights of Pythias, Monday evening, elected officers as follows: C. C. John Lindenschmitz; V. C. Fred Barker; P. Benj. Barker; R. of R. and S. James Ottley; M. of Ex., Stafford Nickels; M. of E., Gilbert Bliss; representative to grand lodge, Gilbert Bliss. New uniforms have been ordered.

The Channing Guild will hold a public meeting next Sunday evening. The first part of the meeting will be devoted to music, Scripture readings, readings from Channing and Whittier, and a paper on "The work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union," after which Mr. Sunderland and others will speak upon "Jesus, his character and work."

Frank Hogan is a young, hardened tramp; came in from Chicago, Tuesday, and got drunk, he says, because it was a cold day; work was not lying around loose, he said; home in "York state"; had been in jail two or three times; was on his way to Detroit; didn't care to take three months now; Justice Pond gave ten days in jail.

The Ann Arbor Knights Templar commandery, 20 strong, went to South Lyon, Tuesday, to assist in the burial of C. M. Hagadorn. The train was a little late, and they found the church well filled, waiting for them. They escorted the remains to the church, and then went through the whole burial service in the church instead of at the grave. Chas. E. Hisscock, Eminent Commander, John R. Miner, Prelate, assisted by W. G. Doty and J. E. Beal, it was. It was a very impressive service.

C. H. Kemp, Loron Babcock, and R. S. Armstrong, as trustees of the Kavanaugh club, of Chelsea, have decided lots about the lake in Sylvan township to members of the club as follows: Herman M. Wood, Henry C. Palmer, Collin E. Babcock, Geo. W. Palmer, Timothy McKune, James L. Gilbert, Jabez Bacon, Geo. H. Kemp, Geo. A. Begole, M. J. Noyes, Loron Babcock, R. S. Armstrong, Geo. W. Turnbull, E. L. Negus, Geo. J. Crowell, Jno. A. Palmer, and C. H. Kemp.

Mrs. Dr. Sophia Hartley was driving on N. Main-st, near the old jail, last Friday, when she met three teams. One of them was a large lumber wagon which did not turn out at all. In order to avoid it, she turned out too near the side of the road, and her buggy was overturned. Mrs. Hartley was dragged some distance, and was seriously hurt. She was taken home in an insensible condition, and remained so for some time. She does not know who the driver of the wagon was, but thinks he must have been drunk, or he would have given her a part of the road.

At 3 o'clock last Saturday morning Mrs. Mary Bliss, at 42 Washtenaw Ave., was awakened by a sound that seemed like the crackling of burning wood. She was not mistaken; the house was in flames, and had probably caught fire from the chimney. A student named Wm. Blincoe, from Fort Scott, Kan., slept up stairs and escape the flames. Mrs. Bliss lost everything but a few chairs. The house was insured for \$1,800 in the Ohio Farmer Company, at Le Roy, O., and the household goods at \$500 in the Sun Fire, an English company. Miss Hills lost damages worth \$150, besides a fine collection of books and a valuable wardrobe. The other young ladies saved much of their effects. Mr. Blincoe was a heavy loser in the way of clothes and books, and as he is earning his own way through college, a purse of more than \$100 was raised for him.

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A former business man of this city says that a more costly and attractive display of holiday goods was never before on exhibition in Ann Arbor.

ADESTE FIDELES.

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come, ye saints of Bethlehem;
In a morn of peace and gladness;
Lies the king of angels;
Come let us adore Him,
Christ our king."

He comes to our earth
To succor all the needy,
To lift up the fallen, to relieve the oppressed;
His love is for all men —
The poor and heavy laden;
O come let us adore Him —
Christ our king."

The light of His love
Shines brightly in the darkness
Of man's hearts and lives, dispelling
Their hate and strife;

No more to oppress,
They live for another;
O come let us adore Him —
Christ our king."

By R. W. Harrison, of Ann Arbor.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Miss Anna Ladd is to spend the winter in Detroit.

Mrs. Lew H. Clement returned Tuesday from a visit in Homer.

The second Knights Templar party will be given next Thursday evening.

Fred. Wier has just returned from Europe and is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flynn, of W. Liberty street, spent Sunday in Geddes.

Miss Edith Huddy, of Cemetery-st, will spend Christmas in South Lyon.

Miss Alta Parker yesterday attended the wedding of Miss Alma Perry, in Chelmsford.

The Knights of Maccabees will have an installation and banquet next Wednesday evening.

A reception was given to the new tenor, Mr. Skinner, at the Baptist church, Tuesday evening.

Miss Laura Wallington, of Detroit, will spend Christmas with Mrs. L. A. Blake, W. Liberty-st.

Mrs. Delay Davis, of St. Thomas, Ont., daughter of Thomas Hayley, of Ann Arbor, is visiting in the city.

Mrs. G. N. Beckler, of South Eaglewood, Ill., is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. H. Shadford, of Broadway-st.

E. B. Gudley, of Grand Rapids, came to Ann Arbor Monday to attend circuit court, and to greet old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Runciman, of Lyndon, heard Rhea and spent Sunday with County Clerk Howlett and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wetmore, of Concord, will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller, of Ann Arbor.

E. B. Abel started for Colorado Saturday, with J. W. Hamilton, on a pleasure trip, and will probably take in California before he returns.

Pleg Marshall, now in his 89th year, is the most active old man in the city. He was down town last Monday taking his usual out-door exercise.

Miss Anna Soule, of the Minnesota State Normal school, in Mankato, is expected by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Soule, to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Mary B. Payne, grandmother of Prof. W. H. Payne, of the university of Tennessee, was 100 years old on the 9th inst. She lives in Lenawee county and drove seven miles to Adrian on that day to celebrate the occasion with her daughter and with F. R. Payne, another grandson.

One and one-third fare is the holiday rate to Detroit. Be sure and see Roehm & Son, Jewelers, 271 Woodward ave., cor. Grand Circus Park, before making your purchases in their line for Christmas and wedding gifts.

The Children's class in dancing, at the Academy of Dancing, begins next Saturday at 1:15 p. m. Children will find it to their advantage to begin at once, as the term lasts until close of season. All new dances tonight.

The little fellow can get a Savings Bank free at ten o'clock Christmas morning at Wagner & Co's.

There can be no more appropriate celebration of the coming of Christ, the Great Gift of God to Man, than by bringing joy into the homes of the poor and making them participants in the good gifts of the Father. Inspired with this thought, the Amphion Club will give a concert Friday evening of this week in the Baptist church and invite every one to aid in a generous Christmas gift to the poor. Concert begins at 8 o'clock.

The Annual meeting of the Stockholders of Forest Hill Cemetery Co., of Ann Arbor, Mich., will be held at the office of the company on Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1889, at 10 a. m. to elect officers and transact such business as may come before the meeting.

W. W. WINES, Clerk.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

School closes Friday for a recess of two weeks.

Students desiring to leave town for the vacation can secure reduced rates upon the railroads by first securing a certificate of membership to our school. Certificates are had of the superintendent.

A writing class has just opened in charge of Prof. Nichols. This makes the number of recitations per day, sixty-six, ten of which, because of the lack of accommodations, are held in the afternoon.

THE CIRCUIT COURT.

Tuesday Dec. 13, a verdict for the plaintiff, Mrs. Sarah A. Cole, against the Lake Shore and M. S. R. R. Co., was given and the damages fixed at \$5,000.

Bernard Parker vs. Ira Glover, appeal; verdict, no cause of action.

George W. Gill vs. Stephen Hutchinson; replevin; jury was discharged in this case on Saturday, and the case may be taken to some other circuit court.

On Monday Wm. Anderson was arraigned for larceny from a dwelling. He stole an overcoat from the house of Mrs. Brown on E. University Ave. He was before the court last term on a similar charge and the jury disagreed. In one day after he was discharged he was caught at it again, and this time the evidence was straight. The witnesses against him were M. M. Green, Margaret Brown, Julia Blackman, E. C. Williams, and Chas. Schott. He was found guilty, and sentenced to Jackson for three years.

Fred Wagner vs. Geo. Cavanagh; judgment for plaintiff by consent of counsel in open court for \$939.69.

Rout, Strong & Co. vs. Calvin Mitchell; assumption; continued for trial upon terms, on payment of \$16 witness fees and \$5 attorney fee.

Eliza Jane Calhoun vs. Toledo, Ann Arbor & N. M. R. R. Co. The company placed a culvert contrary to the plaintiff's wishes, and she sued for damages, getting a judgment in Milan for \$100. It was appealed to the circuit court, and no cause of action found.

One and one-third fare is the holiday rate to Detroit. Be sure and see Roehm & Son, Jewelers, 271 Woodward ave., cor. Grand Circus Park, before making your purchases in their line for Christmas and wedding gifts.

The Children's class in dancing, at the Academy of Dancing, begins next Saturday at 1:15 p. m. Children will find it to their advantage to begin at once, as the term lasts until close of season. All new dances tonight.

The little fellow can get a Savings Bank free at ten o'clock Christmas morning at Wagner & Co's.

There can be no more appropriate celebration of the coming of Christ, the Great Gift of God to Man, than by bringing joy into the homes of the poor and making them participants in the good gifts of the Father. Inspired with this thought, the Amphion Club will give a concert Friday evening of this week in the Baptist church and invite every one to aid in a generous Christmas gift to the poor. Concert begins at 8 o'clock.

W. W. WINES, Clerk.

M. M. Green has bought the hack and livery stock of C. O. Bush, also the bus, team and transfer line of Herbert & Marshall, and added his livery stock to the above, making it the largest and best in the city.

The T. A. A. & N. M. Ry. will on Dec. 18, sell tickets to the Sunny South, via the celebrated Queen & Crescent route one limited fare for the round trip. Pullman Palace Cars, Mann's Buffet Sleepers through without change, Baggage checked to destination. Full information cheerfully given. Apply to A. J. PAISLEY, Joint Agent.

Holiday excursion tickets will be sold by the T. A. A. & N. M. Ry. Co. to all stations on its line. Christmas tickets sold Dec. 24 and 25. New Years tickets Dec. 31 and Jan. 1. All good to return up to and including Jan. 3, 1889.

A. J. PAISLEY.

The Jersey City News says: Last evening Harry Amler appeared at the opera house here in "A Living Lie," a comedy-drama of the semi-annual order, and one of more than ordinary merit, as it contains sensation, sentiment and humor, and is well adapted to please any class of auditors. The situations are startling, yet not impossible; the sentiment is of a very refined order, and the comedy of which there is a great deal, is ridiculously funny. Mr. Harry Amler, as Frank Ainsley, the hero of the play, personates three separate characters. As Dixie, a colored detective, he gave evidence of being a first-class negro comedian. As Con O'Mara, he acted well an Irish part, and in his various scenes kept the audience in a pleasant humor. The play was decided the best we've had here for some time.

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