

THE REGISTER.

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THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1889.

The Beloved Professor.

In the death of Dr. Henry S. Frieze Michigan University loses one of her oldest and most eminent professors. Widely known and universally admired and esteemed, he has gone, leaving behind a multitude of friends but no enemies. As a teacher, he had no superior and few equals. Always thorough and painstaking with his pupils, he added that peculiar interest, which made each feel it was not merely instruction but culture he sought—not merely brains but the soul. His very presence carried with it an air of refinement and purity that could be felt. With him education was not an end but a means. And he was in himself the best illustration of how much is gained, when there is added to the pedagogue, the spirit of a man. The quiet way in which he left his personal impress upon his pupils has often been noted, and this lofty idea which he had of his calling, no doubt explains it.

Many a former graduate will recall some act of kindness by this loved teacher, which has helped to shape his whole life. One relates that when he was in the "trough of that sea of indecision," trying to know what he should be, it was Prof. Frieze who kindly invited him to his house, and gave him just the advice he needed. In his great modesty, this noble man was always preferring others before himself, and never seemed to realize how great a work he was doing; but he has now gone where he shall see the fruit of his labor, and be glad. To him if to any one we may apply the words of the good book. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, yea saith the Spirit and their works do follow them."

It was fitting that such a man should be laid away with nothing but the beautiful words of the burial service, in which he had so often joined. It was not the best time for eulogy! The hush of that silence was better! He himself wrote in his "Giovanni Dupré"—"Life affords nothing more beautiful than a family perfectly one in love and sympathy; nothing more sad than such a family invaded at last and broken up by death." But as I listened to those words in the burial service to which he had often given his earnest assent—"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die"—I said, yes, it is sad; but there is glory on the other side. Then, like a new fresh greeting came the words, "A little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father!"

The city has another chance for a park. This time it comes from Messrs. Hamilton, Rose and Sheehan. The offer is a very flattering one and should, by all means, receive the favorable consideration of the council. Next week we will speak more at length upon this matter, as it is one that should interest every citizen of Ann Arbor.

The old cemetery is still a bone of contention. It occupied much of the council's attention last Monday night and is likely to occupy more before the matter is settled. In another column we print a communication from Ald. Allmendinger setting forth one side of the question. The other view is, as nearly as we can gather, about as follows:

The title to the cemetery was in the township of Ann Arbor when the city was incorporated. The Supreme Court has decided that the incorporation of a city does not divest the township of the title. If the city has the title it is only by adverse possession. The council for years has been trying to make a park of the city cemetery but all the city attorneys advised that they could not do it without securing other title. Mr. Conley of Detroit and Mr. Norris give no assurance that the city could make the cemetery a park after litigation which would not be ended if the city beat Mr. Whitman. It is proposed to pay Mr. Whitman only after a decree of the court has been made, deciding that the city has the title to the cemetery. If this decree is not made he is not to get a cent. The expense of litigation would be much more than \$1,300 and the city would not be sure of getting a title. If the matter was settled now there could be no question of the city's title. Huron and Twelfth-sts could at once be put through without further expense for land to the city, an eyesore would be removed, and the city would gain a beautiful park. The Board of Public Works and the Mayor have spent much time in investigating the matter and agree in this conclusion, as do all the attorneys consulted upon the subject.

Our readers will have no difficulty in deciding upon the comparative merits of these two statements. We have no doubt that the council will settle the matter satisfactorily to all parties concerned, and not allow any undue pressure to influence them in any person's favor, to the expense of the city. The old cemetery is, and for years has been, an eyesore to the city, and should be made use of for some other purpose.

But there is a right way and a wrong way to adjust the matter. If the city council will look at the question from the city's standpoint, as they should do, they will have no difficulty in seeing the matter in the right light.

The Courier this week makes another desperate attempt to weaken the influence of the opposition to their candidate for the postoffice. Evidently it is becoming frightened at the turn which postoffice affairs have taken. The truth is, almost every man in Ann Arbor believes that Mr. Allen promised Mr. Beal the office nearly a year ago, and would have delivered the goods to him long since had not such serious opposition to him been developed. The Courier places itself in a rather peculiar position by pretending that the opposition to its candidate is insignificant, as it tries to show by the figures which it quotes. The very fact that it finds it necessary to give these figures shows that what the figures are meant to prove is not true. If Mr. Beal has so many more names to his petition, and Mr. Allen has received so many more letters from prominent republicans favoring Mr. Beal, will the Courier please explain why it is so anxious about the matter, and why Mr. Allen still delays to name the next postmaster for Ann Arbor? Mr. Allen promised months ago to settle the matter at once. If the sentiment is so decidedly in favor of Mr. Beal, why does Mr. Allen delay the matter when there is so much hostility to inaction? The broad smiles which accompany the reading of the Courier's article by our leading republicans, indicate quite plainly the weight that such an article carries with it. Although the Courier would have people believe that THE REGISTER was "a millstone about the neck of the party" it will find that its course on the postoffice question will, if continued, make it the cause of more trouble to the party in this district than all else combined.

COMMUNICATION.

EDITORS REGISTER:
As there is considerable misapprehension as to the status of the old cemetery matter, the writer will, with your permission, answer a few questions that are daily being asked.

First.—How much will it cost the city to clear up the title to this property as proposed by Mayor Beakes? A recent article in the Argus has led many to believe that \$800 will embrace nearly the entire expense. This is very far from being the case. Mr. Beakes' proposition is first of all to pay Mr. Whitman \$1,300.

The next item is to clear up the title of the Nowlands. By one survey the Nowlands still have title to a strip on the north end of the cemetery averaging four rods in width and some 20 rods deep, which will some day be necessary for the extension of Huron-st. They also claim reversionary rights to the whole cemetery. The Nowland heirs are so far the only public spirited persons who have had transactions with the city. They will deed all interest in the cemetery now held by them for the sum of \$500, which will be invested in a new lot in Forest Hill cemetery and in the removal of the remains of relatives still in the old burying ground.

Other grounds for other remains now resting in the old ground will cost at least \$500 more, making at least \$2,300 necessary for the real estate alone. Competent judges place the cost of the removal of the remains of nearly 300 persons still in the old cemetery at at least \$1,700 more, making the bare cost of the grounds, without any improvements whatever, not less than \$4,000.

Second.—How large is the old cemetery? After opening Huron and Twelfth streets, there will remain two and 6-40 acres of land.

Third.—Has the city the amount of money on hand necessary to carry out Mayor Beakes' plan? It has not. Every fund will soon be or has already been overdrawn. The city will, the coming year, be called on to vote a special tax for the purpose of carrying on even absolutely necessary street work. This too, in spite of the fact that the present tax levy is the largest in the history of Ann Arbor.

Fourth.—Will the city lose the cemetery if Mayor Beakes' plan is not carried out? It will not. The city of Ann Arbor is master of the situation, if not sold out by officials who desire to gratify political cronies. Until Ann Arbor City says the old cemetery shall be vacated, no man may disturb one single grave. In this assertion the writer believes all legal authorities are heartily agreed.

In the belief that \$1,300 was too much for Mr. Whitman's interest, bought for \$500, less than five months ago, and at present of so little value that Mr. Conley says Mr. Whitman has no present ownership whatever, the council on Monday evening refused to follow Mr. Beakes' recommendation, and of the ten members present, only two voted to take his recommendation a possibility.

The writer, as one member of that body, enters a protest against such conduct as Mayor Beakes is guilty of on that occasion. Mr. Beakes has the veto power over the proceedings of the council. This does not appear to be enough. He aspires to be dictator.

When the proceedings took a course unfavorable to his wishes, he assumed a standing position before Ald. Miller who occupied the chair and instructed him what rulings to make. To another alderman he dictated resolutions to be made. To another the clerk brought word that if the council persisted, the entire proceedings would be vetoed. Every ruling was, however, overruled, every obstructing motion was defeated and the threats failed of their object. Never, however, has the writer seen the office of mayor degraded to such littleness as on this occasion.

If the mayor instead of spending his

time in coaching, threatening and dictating to the council, will devote part of it to the enforcement of order, it will be better spent. It is a democratic paper which has just charged that the reason this is not done is through the fear of loss of votes.

An effort might have been made, for example, to prevent the coarsest, lowest and most brutal exhibition which has taken place in the city in years, so long as information concerning it was furnished Mayor Beakes twenty-four hours in advance by a reputable citizen. No attention was paid to it and none, so far as is known, to the statement made in a city paper that two officers were present at the dog fight alluded to.

If Mr. Beakes will attend to duties he has sworn to fulfill and not attempt to be the entire city government, he will probably succeed fully as well.

Respectfully,
G. F. ALLMENDINGER,
Ann Arbor, Dec. 10, 1889.

Dumplings with Royal Baking Powder

No dessert is more delicious, wholesome and appetizing than a well-made dumpling, filled with the fruit of the season. By the use of the Royal Baking Powder the crust is always rendered light, flaky, tender and digestible. Dumplings made with it, baked or boiled, will be dainty and wholesome, and may be eaten steaming hot with perfect impunity.

RECIPE.—One quart of flour; thoroughly mix with three teaspoons of Royal Baking Powder and a small teaspoon of salt; rub in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg, and then add one large potato, grated in the flour; after the butter is well mixed, stir in milk and knead to the consistency of soft biscuit dough; break off pieces of dough large enough to close over four quarters of an apple (or other fruit as desired) without rolling, and lay in an earthen dish (or steamer) and steam until the fruit is tender. Bake if preferred.

In all receipts calling for cream of tartar and soda, substitute Royal Baking Powder. Less trouble, never fails, makes more appetizing and wholesome food and is more economical. Royal Baking Powder is specially made for use in the preparation of the finest and most delicate cookery.

A FEW WORDS

FROM

Santa Claus.

Don't expect me to do it all this year. I'm the same old Santa Claus, but there are more people expecting

Christmas Presents

than I can attend to. So everybody ought to make it their duty to help me as much as they can. I have looked over the markets of Washtenaw County, and find the largest assortment of useful presents at

Koch & Henne's

Their store is just filled with beautiful things of the latest designs which they have just received especially for the Holidays. As I have said before, I am the same old Santa Claus. I have been about the country for a good many years but I never saw a lot of fine, useful goods, appropriate

For Presents!

sold so cheap as those exhibited at
KOCH & HENNE'S.

I will mention a few articles which took my fancy particularly: Their large line of

Fancy Rush and Willow Baskets, Stands, Music Racks, etc.,

are really fine. Most of them are imported from Germany. They have a large, fine assortment of Fancy Chairs, and

ROCKERS

Rattan Chairs, Easels, Music Racks, Fancy Tables and Stands, Carpet Sweepers, Lace and Heavy Curtains and many other articles too numerous to mention. Don't forget their

Carpet Department,

for among their fine selection of Art Squares, Rugs, Mats, etc., you will find presents that will always be appreciated. In short, KOCH & HENNE will please you at astonishingly low prices. I am yours truly,

SANTA CLAUS.

**DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT
MAYER & COMPANY,
Successors to Mayer & Overbeck, for
HOLIDAY GOODS.**

We have everything in the line of

FINE CROCKERY, TOYS,
and all sorts of fine presents at the very lowest rates. As an inducement for Cash trade we will give a FREE COPY of the HOME CYCLOPEDIA, (a book that should be in every home) with every \$20 worth of Groceries paid in cash.

The Latest Fads

—IN—

OVERCOATS.

—AT—

A. L. NOBLE'S.

We can fit all sizes from small to great.
We can fit all pockets from cheap to dear.

SIGN OF THE RED STAR.



J. F. SCHUH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Domestic, Davis & White

SEWING MACHINES.

NEEDLES AND PARTS FOR ALL
MACHINES.

SEWING MACHINES RENTED AND SEWING
MACHINES REPAIRED.

31 S. Main-st. and 1 1-2 E. Washington-st.,
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

"The Most Agreeable of Companions is a Good Book."

CHRISTMAS, 1889.

Books SHEEHAN & CO., Books

We'll open This Week the Largest and prettiest line of

Christmas Presents for Everybody
Sets of Books in various Bindings

At prices to suit the times. 2,000 Standard Books, Poetry and Prose at **25c Each.** Large discounts to Sunday school buyers. Bibles, Prayers, Hymnals, Albums and fancy goods. Choice Novelettes, Catching articles, Temptations for everybody. Admission Free to all.

Come and see this Great Exhibition and the prettiest store in the Country.
SHEEHAN & CO., State Street.

HICKORY AND HICKORY TIMBER.

I will pay \$12.00 per cord, cash, for Good Second Growth Hickory Butts, suitable for Axe Handles.

Delivered at My Shop, or at M. C. R. R. Track, Ypsilanti.

Good Second Growth White Ash also wanted.
C. W. DICKINSON,
YPSILANTI, MICH.



I take pleasure in announcing to my many patrons that I have now completed my assortment

For the Holiday Trade

and respectfully invite the public to examine my goods when you will surely be able to find a suitable article for a Holiday Gift.

Splendid Parlor Sets, Bed Room Sets, Dining Sets and Library Sets, Handsome Desks, Book Cases, Cabinets, Music Stands, Work Baskets, and Oak Rockers, Fancy Silk Plush Chairs, Bamboo Goods, Foot Rests, Blacking Boxes, Tricycles, Screens and a large variety of Folding Beds, Silk Tapestry, Lace and Chenille Curtains, ranging in price from \$1.75 to \$20. New Patterns in Coverings and Plushes.

Please call and examine my stock. Respectfully,

MARTIN HALLER.

GOODYEAR & ST. JAMES.

SPECIAL SALE. DRY GOODS SPECIAL SALE.

For the Next Thirty Days we offer you the following Popular Price Trade Stimulators:

| | | |
|---|----------|-----------|
| 3 Bales Lawrence L. L. yard wide sheeting..... | at 51c, | worth 7c |
| 2 Bales Lake Michigan yard wide Sheetting..... | at 41c, | worth 6c |
| 2 Cases Fruit of the Loom Bleached Cotton..... | at 81c, | worth 10c |
| 2 Cases Lonsdale Bleached Cotton..... | at 81c, | worth 10c |
| 5 Pieces Unbleached Cotton Flannel..... | at 6c, | worth 8c |
| 10 Pieces Extra Heavy Unbleached Cotton Flannel, 40 in. wide..... | at 111c, | worth 18c |
| 10 Pieces Unbleached Toweling, 16 in. wide..... | at 41c, | worth 6c |
| 10 Pieces Extra Heavy All Wool Red Flannel..... | at 25c, | worth 35c |
| 10 Bales "Electric" Batts, Extra Fine, full 16 oz..... | at 121c, | worth 16c |
| 25 Pieces Plaid Dress Gingham..... | at 6c, | worth 10c |
| 15 Pieces Mixed Dress Goods, 38 inches wide..... | at 121c, | worth 20c |
| 5 Pieces Checked Shirting Flannel..... | at 121c, | worth 15c |
| 5 Pieces Checked Shirting Flannel, Extra Heavy..... | at 23c, | worth 30c |
| 50 Dozen Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, Extra Heavy..... | at 23c, | worth 35c |
| 25 Dozen Ladies' Merino Vests, Heavy..... | at 43c, | worth 50c |
| 25 Dozen English Satteen Corsets, all sizes and Colors..... | at 43c, | worth 75c |
| 10 Dozen Ladies' Winter Skirt Patterns..... | at 59c, | worth 75c |

SPECIAL BARCAINS

| | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| In Turkey Red Table Cloths..... | at 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c yard |
| In Bleached and Unbleached Table Linen..... | at 35c, 40c, 50c yard |
| In White Spreads..... | at 75c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.3d |
| In Blankets..... | at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.00 paid |
| In Extra Heavy All Wool Dress Flannels, 52 inch wide..... | at 50c yard |

We invite a careful inspection of these Goods before purchasing, and guarantee everything exactly as represented or money cheerfully refunded.

18 South Main Street, **GOODYEAR & ST. JAMES.**

1861. TWENTY-NINTH 1889.

ANNUAL OPENING.

On December 14th we shall make our usual Attractive Display of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

From Dec. 14 to Jan. 1st, we shall sell Candies as follows, viz:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Ordinary Mixed Candy, --- | @ 10c per lb |
| Cream Mixed Candy, --- | @ 12c per lb |
| Triumph Stick Candy, --- | @ 12c per lb |
| Chocolate Cream Candy, --- | @ 14c per lb |

As heretofore, our stock this season will not be surpassed in Central Michigan in Beauty, Variety or Price.

44 Main Street, South. **DEAN & CO.**

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

James Clements started for New York yesterday.

Alvin Latson and bride of Howell have been visiting D. C. Fall.

Ed. Flannigan moved his family from this city to Detroit last week.

B. F. Watts visited his brother at East Saginaw Saturday and Sunday.

Ray Fall has been spending several days with relatives in Webster.

Mrs. C. H. Worden went to Detroit Tuesday to spend a week with her son, Dr. A. L. Worden.

Mrs. George H. Miller and son of Grand Rapids are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. E. L. Miller on N. Fifth-st.

Mrs. J. W. Thompson has gone to Detroit to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Porter Lathrop.

Edward S. Studley, of the Preston National Bank, Detroit, spent a few days last week with his parents on N. State-st.

Wm. E. Quimby and Joseph Greusel of the Detroit Free Press, were in the city Monday to attend the funeral of Prof. Frieze.

Ex-Prof. Chas. N. Jones, actuary of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., was in the city Monday to attend the funeral of Dr. Frieze.

H. Woodward left Monday for Boston. He will represent a Boston clothing firm in Wisconsin, and will remove his family to that state this month.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Crane of St. Paul, Minn., formerly of this city, arrived in the Friday to visit her sister, Mrs. Wm. Waldron of S. State-st. Mr. Crane returned Sunday.

Judge Cooley left Monday night for Washington to resume his duties as chairman of the Inter-state Commerce Commission. He is much improved in health and was anxious to get to work again.

Dr. Fred H. Weir and wife left this week to make their future home in New York City, where the doctor will practice his profession. During their sojourn in this city both Dr. and Mrs. Weir have made many friends who watched their departure with sorrow.

German in the Public Schools.

DEAR EDITOR:—On my way home from Pennsylvania, I stopped over at Cleveland, Ohio, and spent one day in examining into the practical workings of the German department in the public schools at Cleveland, from the lowest grade up to the normal department. German at Cleveland is very popular among Germans, as well as among English-American children.

I had hardly introduced myself at the Public Library to Mr. Day, superintendent of the Cleveland schools, the omnipresent reporter put in his appearance, to my surprise, in the person of a former Ann Arbor citizen, recently of THE REGISTER, now working for the Cleveland Leader. I was very cordially received by Supt. Day, successor of Prof. Kinsdale, now of our own state University.

Mr. Esch, superintendent of the German department, gave me all his time to hear

recitations in all grades, from the lowest up to the normal, which is a part of the Cleveland school system. Of the 30,000 children, 14,000 study German under 127 teachers.

If German is introduced in Ann Arbor I sincerely hope it will not be done only for the sake of the Germans in the 2d ward.

If its study is an educational advantage the English children who wish to study it should have the privilege of doing so.

Those who doubt that the study of German is an educational advantage, even in an acquisition of a better knowledge of the English language, I would most respectfully ask to read my translation of Dr. John B. Passlee's address on that topic, published by the Courier, and now to be had gratis at Hutzler Bros., Main-st.

Those engaged in teaching German in this country, especially at Ann Arbor, the seat of our state University, should be well acquainted with the idioms of both languages. The instruction among the English-American children, being for the most part a conversational character, so that the English children can make practical use of the language at home and abroad, demands a very fair knowledge of a pure German idiom. Without an able superintendence of a German department by one who knows both languages it will prove a failure.

EMIL BAHR.
Ann Arbor, December 7, 1888

Webster.

Master Ray Fall was the little guest of Mr. Latson and family last week.

Averill Burnett is on the sick list, having a stroke of paralysis last Friday.

The Ladies' Home Missionary bazaar is held at George W. Phelps' this week.

The Y. P. S. C. E. met last Thursday and elected the following officers for six months: President, Will Wilson; vice-president, Will Tubbs, recording secretary, Ida Henry; treasurer, Edgar Phelps; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Lincoln.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.
COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, } ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 6th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of John G. Hoffstetter, deceased.

Leonard Griner, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such executor.

Thereupon it is ordered, That Tuesday, the 7th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing said account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ann Arbor REGISTER, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate.
[A true copy.] WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register.

OVERCOATS!

—AT—

THE TWO SAMs.

Overcoats for Men.

Overcoats for Boys.

Overcoats for Children.

Don't forget to Bring Your Card.

Everybody gets a card this week

—AT—

THE TWO SAMs.

LOUIS BLITZ.

J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

DECEMBER ANNOUNCEMENT!

OVERCOATS.

OVERCOATS.

We have just received a telegram accepting our offer on 250 Overcoats at a price we can give the people a Great Bargain in. **A Real \$9 Overcoat for Only \$6.** Ulsters and Fine Overcoats a specialty.

In Men's Suits we are showing all the Latest Novelties. Youths' Suits in endless varieties. Boys' Suits to please the most fastidious. Children's Suits, to excel all competition.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS.

This department is complete in every respect. You can find all of the leading makes of Shirts. Endless varieties in Neckwear, Hosiery, Mufflers, Handkerchiefs, &c., &c.

Hats, Caps, Silk Umbrellas and Canes, TRUNKS AND TRAVELING BAGS.

What is more useful for A CHRISTMAS PRESENT than some one of the above articles mentioned, which you can find in every department. Great variety to select from and prices to please all.

Remember the time is drawing near when the following presents will be given away:

| | |
|--|--|
| One very fine Organ, valued at \$100.00. | One Sewing Machine, valued at \$40.00. |
| " Base-burner Coal Stove, - 35.00. | " Driving Harness, " 32.00. |

A Ticket given with every Dollar's worth of Goods sold until January 1st, 1890.

J. T. JACOBS & CO.,

27 and 29 Main Street,

ANN ARBOR, MICH.



Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburg, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-fed babies. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes; 2c., 5c., \$1.00. At druggists. Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

WM. ARNOLD Watch-Maker and Jeweler, 36 MAN STREET.

Has received a new line of Non-Magnetic Gold and Silver Watches for exact service; also the latest in Elgin and Waltham Gold Watches, 0 and 1 size, the smallest American Watches made; also the "newest in Oxidized and Bright Silver Jewelry."

BURG'S Cash PRICE LIST on Groceries.

Table listing various grocery items and their prices, such as Best Roller Process Flour per bbl. \$ 4.40, Granulated Sugar per lb. 7 1-2, No. 1 Japan Tea per lb. 40, etc.

For a Christmas Present, a large, beautiful Porcelain Fruit Dish given with every pound of Empire Baking Powder. See in Show window. We will deliver any amount of goods in city for 5c extra. All these warranted first class.

F. BURG.

Love and Spasms. "What shall a young woman do with an auld man?" says the old Scotch song. Mrs. Hannon, of Hoboken, decided that the thing to do with her old man was to frighten him to death.

James Hannon was not very young, and he was not at all handsome. His wife was young, pretty and fair haired. We will not lift the veil from their domestic happiness. Suffice to say it was like the domestic happiness of numerous married people. Not long since Mr. Hannon went scurrying into the Hoboken police station at the witching hour of 2 o'clock in the morning. His face betokened woe and trouble in the camp. He begged that a doctor be sent at once to his wife, who was dying in great agony. She had taken the road out of the world by the aid of that handy domestic remedy, "Rough on Rats."

A city physician grabbed a stomach pump, which he kept handy for people who commit suicide, and hastened to the scene. He found pretty Mrs. Hannon in spasms. Spasms are ever the refuge of unhappy womankind, married or single. The sex are partial to them. Some of them can glide into the most horrible spasms at a moment's notice. So with pretty Mrs. Hannon. She contorted and cavorted till her husband came near going into convulsions too. It was a terrible situation, but the doctor bravely kept his head. He was used to spasms. He had been brought up with them, so to speak. He felt pretty Mrs. Hannon's pulse. It was beating as calmly and regularly as if Mrs. Hannon wasn't dying of convulsions. It seemed indeed as if that cantankerous pulse had no respect even for the jaws of death itself, but meant to go on beating just the same after the woman was dead.

Mrs. Hannon watched the doctor out of a narrow slit in the unconvulsed half of one eye. "This is a very serious case," said the doctor, solemnly. "The pump is no good here. I shall have to cut a hole in her stomach." With a shriek the unconscious and convulsed woman sprang bolt upright. Her eye glared. There was not a trace of a spasm in it now. "Oh, doctor, don't do that," she cried. "It wasn't poison at all. I only took tooth powder and water, and I only did it to frighten Jimmie. He was jealous and neglecting me." (Boohoo.) Then the happy husband and wife flew into each other's arms and made it all up. All's well that ends well. But what the doctor thought as he trudged sleepily home has not been recorded.

Linked Arms at Long Branch. The affectionate and touching interest the inmates of a boarding house take in one another's moral characters was fully exemplified recently in the divorce suit of Mr. Fitch against his wife. The lady was at a hotel at Long Branch with her mother and three children. Several times she went out and said she was going to the drug store. She went out in the evening, and went alone. Once or twice she did not return till 10 or half past.

The highly moral ladies in that boarding house held a meeting in the parlor. Then the following proceedings took place: Each lady "told Mrs. Fitch what she had heard, and an attempt was made to get at the bottom of things." This is too absolutely delicious for anything. There is something not less than sublime in the unconscious assumption that Mrs. Fitch's affairs were their affairs. How kind it was for these good women to look after Mrs. Fitch's morals, even to the neglect of their own. Nay, more; they went further. When she stepped out to walk of an afternoon, Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Halsey followed Mrs. Fitch to see where she went. But virtue was not its own reward here, for the indefatigable Mrs. Halsey and Mrs. Bailey didn't find out anything.

Baffled virtue now applied to the sterner sex for assistance, and was not disappointed. Mr. Halsey stepped upon the scene. He took a carriage and followed Mrs. Fitch. He bent his fair, large ears to the task of eavesdropping, and said he heard a man—actually a man—engage a carriage to take Mrs. Fitch out. At last a mare's nest for lofty virtue! But, no! Disappointment again! Mrs. Fitch did not go to ride. Then the hotel porter enlisted in the cause. He watched night and day. At length his gaze was rewarded by beholding Mrs. Fitch "walking with linked arms" with a man in the evening about 6 o'clock, and again one evening between 8 and 9 o'clock. He watched the mails. At the trial he swore that he knew Mr. Fitch's writing, and that Mrs. Fitch received some letters that were not in Mr. Fitch's chirography.

The amount of watching it must have taken to find this out would have been painful in anything less heroic than the cause of virtue. But what settled matters in the porter's mind was the "walking with linked arms." Ladies at Long Branch never "linked arms" except with their husbands or a relation, he said. The reprehensible custom of linking arms has therefore been abolished in the etiquette of Long Branch. It is sad to record that, after all the trouble taken in her behalf, not a shadow of a case could be made out against Mrs. Fitch. But, brethren, let us one and all forthwith take up our abode in hotels and boarding houses, where attentive porters will learn our handwriting and ladies of leisure will take care of our morals.

Some men enjoy the habit so much that they would pick their teeth carefully if they had nothing but soup for dinner.

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 affections arising from impure blood or low state of system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

It is the man who orders a room on the top floor who takes up the most room in writing his name on the hotel register.

The blood makes the entire circuit of the body every seven minutes, and whenever this circulation is impeded, or any of its channels are clogged by impurities disease follows—Fever or a Disorder of the Liver or Kidneys. To get at and remove the source of the difficulty, use the infallible blood purifier, Sarsaparilla. At Druggists, \$1.50.

A good many men are unable to prove that the world owes them a living.

Veni! Vendi! Veci! This is Salvation Oil, for it conquers the worst of rheumatism and neuralgia at once. Price 25 cents a bottle.

If you want to flatter a man, talk to him about his great "es-rve force."

"I would not live alw-ys," said the Psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture "I would not either," says Josh Billings, irreverently. So we say—but than while we do live, let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this, is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Try it.

Man, like the fire, is apt to torment woman by going out at night.

Interested People. Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it, a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from Consumption.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes you for a fool.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winalow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents bottle.

A man's smile is either his conviction or acquittal.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Eberbach & Son. Nightcaps still hold their own in Kentucky.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

1890. Harper's Bazar. ILLUSTRATED. Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1890 Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herriek and Mary Lowe Dickinson will respectively furnish a series of papers on "The Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day" and "The Women of the Period." The serial novels will be written by Walter Besant and F. W. Robinson.

PECULIAR Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known vegetable 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 Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, 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. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research has developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla

TO ITSELF In medical science has developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla

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HARPER'S PERIODICALS: Per Year. HARPER'S BAZAR \$4.00 HARPER'S MAGAZINE \$4.00 HARPER'S WEEKLY \$4.00 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE \$2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



Three little Maidens with their Skipping Rope. Forget that they were sent for SANTA CLAUS SOAP. Standard Quality and Weight.



MADE ONLY BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO.—CHICAGO.

The Ann Arbor Savings Bank

Organized 1869, under the General Banking Law of this State. CAPITAL, \$50,000; SURPLUS, \$100,000; TOTAL ASSETS, \$661,186.

Business Men, Guardians, Trustees, Ladies and other persons will find this Bank a

SAFE AND CONVENIENT

Place at which to make Deposits and do Business. INTEREST IS ALLOWED ON ALL SAVINGS DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 and upwards, according to the rules of the bank, and interest compounded semi-annually.

Money to Loan in Sums of \$25 to \$5,000.

SECURED BY UNINCUMBERED REAL ESTATE AND OTHER GOOD SECURITIES. DIRECTORS:—Christian Mack, W. W. Wines, W. D. Harriman, William Deuble, David Rinsey, Daniel Hiscock and W. B. Smith. OFFICERS:—Christian Mack, President; W. W. Wines, Vice-President; C. E. Hiscock, Cashier.

Report of the Condition of the Ann Arbor Savings Bank

AT ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 30, 1889.

Table showing RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts \$ 315,338 94, Stocks, bonds and mortgages etc. 250,143 42, Overdrafts 665 80, Due from banks in reserve cities 59,618 92, " City of Ann Arbor 6,709 25, " School Dist. No. 1, Ann Arbor 2,141 12, Furniture and fixtures 1,930 85, Bills in transit 3,343 20, Current expenses and taxes paid 1,624 43, Checks and cash items 3,659 53, Nickels and pennies 84 00, Gold 15,300 00, Silver 1,230 53, U. S. and National Bank notes 9,549 00, \$ 671,283 99

Capital Stock paid in \$ 50,000 00, Surplus Fund 100,000 00, Undivided Profits 10,171 90, Dividends unpaid 185 00, Commercial deposits 140,581 74, Savings deposits 358,004 26, Due to banks and bankers 913 51, Certificates of deposit 11,927 58, \$ 671,283 99

GREAT BARGAINS

All Kinds of Furniture

Bedroom Suites, Parlor Suites, Patent Rockers, Fancy Chairs, Lounges, Elegant Sideboards, Tables of all descriptions, and everything else that you would expect to find in a first-class Furniture Store.

Our \$14.00 Antique Oak Bedroom Set

Is the finest thing on the market for the money. 50 Sets sold in four weeks. All other goods in proportion. Give us a call before buying.

W. G. DIETERLE, Ann Arbor, Mich. 37 SOUTH MAIN ST.

HOLIDAY GOODS

ADAMS' BAZAR.

We are opening an immense line of CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Dolls, Toys, Games, Books, Fine Bisc Dolls with real hair, Fancy China, Fancy Stand Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Plush Goods, Albums, Novelties, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, &c.

13 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Henry Richards, OSCAR O. SORG,

DEALER IN PAINTERS' SUPPLIES

House Decorating and Sign Painting a specialty. 70 S. Main-st, Ann Arbor

BACH & ABEL.

Every week something of interest will appear in this column. The bargain hunter may know that the bargain maker is busy here.

We're selling Ladies \$8 and \$9, all Wool Newmarkets at \$6.00.

Ladies handsome striped Newmarkets, heavy and warm, worth \$9 and \$10, for \$8.

Ladies Silk and Wool Twill Cloth Newmarkets, worth \$12 and \$14, going at \$10.

Ladies Two-Tone Scotch Frieze cloths, in stylish Newmarkets, \$10, worth \$14.

Ladies handsome tailor-made Newmarkets in Black, Blue or Green, \$13, worth \$15.

Ladies fine Silk and Wool Stripes in Black, Blue and Green in newest cut Newmarkets. About ten different styles, either you like, \$15, worth \$18 to \$20.

Closing-Out Sale of Short Wraps.

All of our Astrachan, Boucle, Frieze and broadcaded Velvet Wraps, deliciously lined with All Silk Satin, all to go at \$10, worth \$15, \$20, and \$25.

A fairly good Blanket at \$3.50 the pair. We don't know its equal at the price—5 lbs weight, all fine clean wool, save the light cotton warp you see nothing of.

A window full of rich Broadcloths will give you a notion of our stock. But you must see them closer to realize how absurdly little they are going for—94 cents.

BACH & ABEL.

\$100 REWARD To anyone finding anything but

Solid Leather In Our SHOES.

Job lot at less than cost to manufacture. Men's Calf Boots, 6 and 7, \$15.00 less than cost. Women's Calf Sewed Lace Shoes, 2 1/2 to 5, 75c a pair less than cost.

SAMUEL KRAUSE, 48 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mi.

THE CITY.

Dr. W. J. Herdman is very sick again. C. B. Woodward now says: "Come up and see my boy."

Justice Pond sentenced Daniel Mack to jail Friday five days for being drunk.

Clara P. Laraway has been granted a divorce from Gay L. Laraway of Northfield.

Burglars made an unsuccessful attempt to enter the residence of Lew. H. Clement Tuesday night.

Bishop Davies will visit the Episcopal parish this week and preach at St. Andrew's church Sunday morning.

Dr. Studley will discourse next Sunday evening in the Methodist church on "The Late Chief of the Confederacy."

The subject of Rev. J. Mills Gelston's next Sunday evening address is: "What need was there for the atonement?"

Prof. M. W. Harrington was made a member of the Royal Meteorological Society of London at their last meeting.

Paul Gabler was fined \$1 and \$2.70 costs by Justice Pond, Saturday, for stealing 20 pounds of soft soap from Louis Rhode.

Bessie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smith of Mecosta county, died in York Dec. 5, of pneumonia, aged three years.

Miss Kate Jacobs sang a solo at the Congregational church last Sunday. It was rendered in her usual excellent style.

Rev. Judson Brown will address the gospel temperance meeting at Cropsey's hall next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Monday afternoon the circuit court adjourned in order to give the court officials a chance to attend the funeral of Dr. Frieze.

The vestry of St. Andrew's church met Sunday night and adopted suitable resolutions bearing on the death of Dr. Frieze.

Mary Kuhn has filed a bill in the circuit court asking for a divorce from Christian Kuhn, charging him with extreme cruelty.

Mrs. C. S. Durand of this city died Tuesday morning of consumption at the home of her grandfather, S. G. Ives of Chelsea.

The stockholders of the Ann Arbor Savings Bank have filed articles of association reorganizing that institution for a period of 30 years.

Judge Kinne has again postponed the calling of the jury until further notice. This delay has been caused by the length of the Cornwell Swift case.

John DeConcey was sent to the Detroit house of correction for 60 days by Justice Pond, Friday, for stealing a pair of rubber boots from Reinhard's shoe store.

Mrs. Sunderland will preach at the Unitarian church next Sunday morning on "Jesus as the Messiah." Mr. Sunderland's evening subject will be "Hinduism."

Adeline E. Holland of Ypsilanti was granted a divorce from Francis M. Holland by Judge Kinne, Saturday, and was granted the charge of their three children.

The fire alarm Sunday evening was caused by J. F. Lawrence's barn, near the saw-mill site, being on fire. The fire was extinguished before much damage was done.

Monday Justice Pond sentenced John Kelly to the Detroit house of correction for 90 days, on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. This was his second offense.

A special collection is to be taken up in all the Congregational churches of the state next Sunday for the purpose of relieving the state society of a heavy indebtedness.

The Ann Arbor Agricultural Company started their works Monday, after having been closed several weeks, during which time a number of valuable improvements were made.

County clerk Howlett's fine new house caught fire in the laundry from a defective chimney, Monday. Fortunately the fire was discovered and extinguished before it was beyond control.

The Ann Arbor Savings bank elected the following directors Tuesday: Christian Mack, W. D. Harriman, Wm. Deubel, W. W. Wines, Daniel Hiscock, W. B. Smith, David Rinsey.

Friday evening Father Nugent of Illinois delivered an address at St. Thomas' school hall upon "The Lost Confessional." The speaker was a fine orator and his address was deeply interesting.

Unity Club programme for next Monday evening consists of a paper, "The Engineer—What Manner of Man is he?" by Prof. J. B. Davis, and an original story by Miss Maude Caldwell, together with music.

In the suit brought by the superintendents of the poor against Matthew Jensen of Chelsea, to compel him to support his mother, an order has been issued by the court instructing him to contribute \$1.50 per week towards her support.

Dispatches from Washington this morning say that the head of Postmaster Duffy will come off on or about Jan. 1.

The pretty operetta, "The Silver Slipper," will be given at the opera house next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The parts and choruses will be filled by 120 juveniles of this city, who have been carefully trained by Miss Carrie Rose.

The Ypsilanti Gas Co. has notified consumers that the price of gas will be reduced to \$2 per M. after January 1. It took several meetings of the council and a large amount of threatening to induce the Ann Arbor company to do what our neighbors do voluntarily.

The annual meeting of the Washtenaw County Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held in the basement of the court house on Tuesday, Dec. 17. Important business will come before the meeting and it is necessary that every member should be present.

A letter has been received by C. H. Worden, stating that the firm of Stearns, Worden & Co. of San Francisco, with which his two sons are connected, had been awarded the highest awards by the Mechanical Institute on an exhibit of pharmaceutical products, etc.

About the worst piece of legislation that can be charged up to the present common council was forcing the gas company to furnish gas at \$2 per thousand. Another such move and our citizens would be forced to use tallow dips to find the gas light. Poor light is not cheap at any price.

Golden Rule and Fraternity lodges, F. and A. M. are making arrangements to hold a joint public installation of officers during the present month. This will give the friends of the members a chance to witness some of the ceremonies of the order and to view the most beautiful lodgerooms in this part of the country.

Last Thursday evening the members of the Foley Guild gave a reception to Rt. Rev. Bishop Guile at St. Thomas school hall, which was a pleasant affair. An address was presented by the guild, to which Bishop Guile responded feelingly. The hall was filled and an opportunity was given all to meet the reverend gentlemen after the address.

The special meetings which are being held at the Baptist church this week are developing great interest. The pastor's brother, Rev. J. C. Carman of Zanesville, Ohio, has preached and sung each evening with great effect and there have been many religious inquirers. He will remain until Friday evening and it is hoped that he may be able to remain over Sunday.

There will be an informal reception in the parlors of Hobart Hall, on Saturday, December 14, from 8 to 9:30 p. m., to the Rt. Rev. T. F. Davies, D. D., L. L. D., Bishop of Michigan, at which time the opportunity will be given to meet the Rev. Henry Tadlock, rector of St. Andrew's church. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all who desire to meet these gentlemen.

At the annual meeting of Golden Rule Lodge, F. and A. M., held last Thursday evening, W. W. Watts, the retiring presiding officer, was presented with an elegant diamond-set, gold, past master's jewel. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: N. J. Kyer, W. M.; R. H. Curbert, S. W.; J. B. Davis, J. W.; D. C. Fall, Treasurer; N. D. Gates, Secretary; Seward Cramer, S. D.; Morris Lantz, J. D.; Z. Roath, T.

A public musical recital by pupils of Prof. Stanley, Mr. Luderer and Mr. Cady, will be given to-night at Hobart Hall at eight o'clock. The participants are: Violin, Misses Flora Finley, Mary Gay, Grace Hendrickson, and Messrs. Ross Whitman, Albert Long, Ross Spencer; piano, Mrs. Buckley and Misses Eddy and Clark; vocal, Misses Ball, Jacobs and Cole and Mr. Reid. All interested in music are invited to attend. Admission free.

Saturday evening while all the employees were busy in the front part of the store, a man sneaked into the rear door of the Two Sams store with the evident intention of getting away with a supply of clothing for the winter. He was crawling on his hands and knees when Mr. Blitz heard him and called out. The man jumped up and ran out of the back door, with Mr. Blitz in hot pursuit. But by the time Mr. Blitz had reached the back door, the man was out of sight and a search through the alley failed to bring him to light.

Saturday evening Fred C. Root, who drives a baggage-wagon in this city, attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. He was intoxicated at the time and this probably saved his life as he took nearly two ounces of this powerful drug. He induced his little sister to get it on the pretense that his baby was sick, and as she came out of the drug store he grabbed the bottle, ran to the alley in the rear of Caspar Rinsey's grocery and took the drug. He was taken to his mother's rooms and a doctor summoned who succeeded in saving his life after considerable work. This was his second attempt, and he will live to try again.

On Saturday morning Willis, the eight-year-old son of County Clerk Howlett, met with an accident by which he will lose the sight of his left eye. He, with a couple of young companions, was toasting up some horse-shoe nails, and as he was looking upwards one of the nails struck him in the eye, the point penetrating the ball and injuring the lens. Dr. Carrow was summoned and thinks that it is very doubtful if he will be able to see again with this eye. The young boy has been peculiarly unfortunate during the past two years, having met with several serious accidents during that time, and having recovered from the effects of one of them but recently.

A branch of the National Loan & Investment Co., of Detroit, an organization similar to building associations, has been organized in this city. The stock is \$100 per share, payable at the rate of 75 cents per month for six and one-half years, when the face value (\$100) will be paid. Already 162 shares are represented in the local branch. The organization appears to be a splendid investment for both workmen and capitalists, and

some of our most influential men are at the head of it in this city, the officers being as follows: Dr. W. B. Smith, president; F. A. Howlett, vice-president; C. E. Hiscock, treasurer; N. G. Butts, secretary; G. Brehm, C. H. Manly, D. Rinsey, W. G. Doty, and M. C. Peterson, directors.

Response. EDITOR REGISTER.—It has become necessary to reply to the Allmendinger "Piano and Organ Co." as their card headed "Caution," is doing me much damage. It is evident a personal injury is intended.

I have been doing a good deal of work in their line, and have purchased a small amount of supplies of said company, which necessarily informed them that I was repairing and tuning instruments, and on two occasions was asked, by their tuner, if I was finding much repairing to do. My son, who is giving instructions on the guitar at No. 1 Bowery-st., has cleaned two organs, one in the country, which after it was put together, was declared to be all right by a music teacher who tried it immediately after the job was finished, and one for J. W. Johnson of Wall-st., Ann Arbor, which gave satisfaction in that instance too. Hence the fallacy in the statement made by the "Allmendinger P. & O. Co." in regard to being "called upon to correct the damages done by him in such attempts," if he is the one alluded to. Having been engaged in the music business more or less since 1868, I do not count myself a novice in the work, neither a "tramp or impostor."

As for my work in the country, I have repaired one recently for B. W. Waite, who resides about half a mile north of Scio. A man who was selling organs for the "Allmendinger P. & O. Co.," and claimed to have worked in the factory, attempted to repair it some time ago, but failed to do a good job or complete it. I also repaired and tuned one for B. Culy, who lives one mile east of Dexter, and one for Miss Libbie Gaffney of Scio. These are the only instruments I have repaired in the country of Washtenaw county.

Furthermore, I have never claimed to be connected with the "Allmendinger Piano and Organ Company" in any way. A. G. Moxey.

Oxford & Bagster's Teachers' Bibles, Late styles in Prayer Books, Ladies' Card cases and the most fetching and beautiful things for holiday gifts at Sheehan's, State st. \$3

Randall has a fine Christmas opening this week.

Children's Books, Toy Books and Games of all sorts at Sheehan's Bookstore. \$3

Don't fail to see Randall's Christmas opening this week.

See the Evangeline prize pictures on exhibition at Blitz clothing store for a few days. These pictures took the prize at the Boston Photographic Convention last summer. They would make a handsome Christmas present. \$1

T. A. A. & N. M. Ry. is now the short and direct line to Manistee. Low rates and quick time, via. Capernish.

350 house jerseys at prices that will close them out within two weeks. Mack & Schmid.

All cards issued at The Two Sams for Encyclopedias are good until July 1, 1890. \$1

Have you seen the 5-A five Mile Horse Blanket? If not, why not? If you have a horse you need it.

The markets are being flooded this year with cheap and adulterated buckwheat flour. We cannot always meet the prices at which these are sold but we can guarantee an absolutely pure buckwheat flour at a fair price. Remember that Central Mills products are the best. ALLMENDINGER & SCHNEIDER.

Sheehan is selling the most beautiful books this year at prices unequalled. \$3

The new monotyp and art books to be seen this year at Sheehan & Co.'s book store are perfect triumphs in art and book making. \$3

Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Ann Arbor for the election of directors will be held at their banking house on Tuesday, January 14, 1890. Balls will be open from 10 o'clock a. m. until 12 m. By order of the Board, S. W. Clarkison Cashier. Ann Arbor, Dec. 3rd, 1889.

Having learned that we are located in the center of the most remarkable oil field in the world, we have decided that good business policy requires us to make many changes in our prices, all of which it is impossible to enumerate. As an indication of what we mean, we quote: Ordinary Mich. Test oil @ 7c per gal; our "Red Star" Oil (the best made) @ 8c per gal; Until the gasoline wells in this vicinity develop a larger flow of pure naphtha, we shall continue the sale of best Deodorized Stove Gasoline @ 10c per gal; Ordinary Stove Butter Crops @ 6c per gal; Standard Granulated Sugar @ 7 1/2c per lb; other grades at proportionate prices: Pure Ground Pepper @ 22c per lb; 3 Cans 3 lbs Tomatoes for 25c; 4 1/2 lbs Fair Japan Tea \$1. We invite an examination of our stock and prices. Dean & Co., 44 S. Main Street. \$1

Look Here, Citizens of Ann Arbor. H. J. Brown has just secured the sale of the greatest medical discovery of the age, the Dr. R. MacFarland's Indian Pill, a positive cure for rheumatism, sciatic or chronic, inflammatory, sick and nervous headache and stomach disorders. It positively cures the above complaints when used according to directions. We only ask a trial of one box and if they fail to benefit you, then your money will be refunded. Remember we say refunded. This is a highly concentrated preparation in pill form, entirely free from all deleterious ingredients, a combined alterative and laxative and blood purifying remedy; and those who are afflicted will do well to try this greatest of all discoveries. Be sure and get the genuine, see trade mark design on each box, a pink wrapper and yellow telescope box. Fifty pills in each box, fifty days treatment for one dollar. Sold in Ann Arbor only by H. J. Brown.

'A Good Book is the Best of Friends, the same to-day & Forever.'

WAHR'S BOOKSTORE

The Leading Bookstore in Ann Arbor, offers the largest collection of Fine Art Books, standard works in sets, Books for Children, ever before shown in this city. Below we quote only a few of the leading books for Christmas, 1889:

STANDARD SETS. Waverly Novels, best ed.....\$ 5 00 Dickens Complete, 15 vol..... 4 98 Macaulay's England, 5 vol..... 1 20 Green's History of the English People..... 2 70 Chambers' Encyclopaedia, 10 vol. full sheep binding..... 13 60 Emerson's Essays, 2 vol., gilt top. 98 Geo. Elliot, (cloth), large print, 6 vol..... 2 75 Hudson's Shakespeare, morocco, 6 vol..... 5 28 Thackeray's Works, 15 vol..... 4 78

IN SHORT THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF SETS IN THE CITY AT CUT PRICES.

SOME BIG LEADERS. Two thousand 25 cent books, on history, biography, poetry and fiction. One hundred copies of Dante's Inferno, Purgatory and Paradise, Milton's Paradise Lost, Bible Gallery, new ed., illustrated by Gustave Dore, printed from the original plates full size, elegantly bound in cloth only \$1.18.

Some famous books for young people. Poor Boys who Became Famous. Girls who Became Famous. Famous American Authors. Famous American Statesmen.

Louise M. Alcott's works, Edwings' works, Susan Coolidge works, Story of the Nation series, Great Cities of the Republic, Lives of the Presidents, Elegant Color Books, printed by Nister, at Nuremberg, Germany, and others.

Our Juvenile leaders: Cheerful Hours, 38c.; Children's Delight, 38c.; Sunday Chats, 1890, 38c.; In Picture Land, 38c.; Storytime, 38c.; Chatter-box, 78c.; Zig Zag Books, The Knock-about Club, The Vassar Girls, Charles Carleton Coffin's Books, The Nursery, The Wide Awake, and one thousand Juvenile Books at one-half off.

We are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Teachers' Bible, Evre & Spottiswoode, London, and the Bagster Bibles, Catholic Prayer books, an immense variety from 25c to \$5.00.

GAMES. A full stock, also the new game "Halma."

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1890

HOLIDAYS

SUPPER AND ON EARTH

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON EARTH PEACE

T. J. NICHOLL.

"I WILL KNOW CHRISTMAS IN MY HEART AND TRY TO KEEP IT EVERY YEAR."—DICKENS.

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.



STAND above the earth to-night,
To hear its music swelling,
And watch the play of life and light
In many a scattered dwelling;
In hamlets near and homes afar,
O'er earth's wide-reaching spaces,
The blessed ray from Bethlehem's star
Lights up all human faces:
The air is full of happy songs
From choirs of children singing,
And on the ear of listening throngs
The Christmas bells are ringing;
And all because the Lord of light,
As ancient bards had sung us,
Came down to earth on Christmas night
To live and dwell among us.

He came to earth a little child,
A meek and gentle stranger;
The holy, harmless, undefiled,
Slept in a lowly manger;
But wise men watched that guiding star,
Its heavenly pathway keeping,
And brought their gifts and gold from far
To where the babe was sleeping;
And angels sang their rapturous strains
In radiant bright and shining,
O'er Bethlehem's lonely midnight plains.
Where shepherds were reclining;
And all because the Lord of light,
As ancient bards had sung us,
Came down to earth on Christmas night
To live and dwell among us.

A HOME CHRISTMAS.

It Proved the Happiest Day Emily Ever Knew.



HE home is so fearfully, dreadfully dull," said Emily, in a complaining voice.
"I was hoping you would not find it so, my daughter," said mother.
"Well, how can I help it?" went on Emily, in the same tone. "There's no society here, nothing ever going on. You ought to see how it is at Janet Lister's—always something pleasant and exciting. O dear, I wonder why some girls have things so different from others."
"You never used to think things dull at home, Emily."
"No, of course not, when I didn't know of any thing better."
Mother looked out of the window near which she was sitting. The grass was brown and the trees leafless and bare, for December was very near, but even winter's forbidding approach could not take away the pleasantness of the outlook over the driveway with its line of old elms, the sweep of meadows beyond and the hills in the distance. And she knew well that no one could approach the cozy farm-house without being attracted by its cheery fire-side lights at night, or the busy stir by day.
The windows which looked through the other side of the great kitchen gave a view of the lively farm-yard with its crowd of crows, cackling, gobbling, quacking denizens.
"I sometimes wish we hadn't let you go, Emily."
"Nonsense, mother," was the impatient answer. "Do you mean that you are sorry I have had good advantages?"
"If they make you less happy in your home than you used to be, are they advantages?"
"Do you think it's according to nature, mother, that I should be contented with the dull routine of work on a farm when I know of things so much better?"
"Perhaps not according to nature, dear, but wouldn't it be according to grace to make the best of your home as it is and make yourself a blessing in it?"
"O, I suppose so," said Emily, rising

as she finished picking over some pease for soup, and leaving the room.
Mother looked after her with a heavy sigh, a sigh which was only one of many which came unbidden to late.
They had made such strenuous efforts to send the oldest daughter away to school, had so saved, pinched and gone without. To mother not the least severe feature of this self-denial had been the giving up of the company of the dear child with her cheery spirit and her loving help for two long years.
Words could not tell the fond hopes which had been built upon her home-coming. The growing-up boys, full of tasks and ambitions which there seemed no present way of gratifying, could look to her for valuable help in improving themselves. And the two little girls—there was no telling the good things she was to do for them. In a word, all the sweet, beautiful, wise things of the world to which she had gone out were to be brought home to be lavished through her upon others.
But there came changes which the loving mother had not anticipated. The music and the drawing and the sciences were all absorbed in quantities amply sufficient for the modest needs of the farm, for Emily was a bright scholar, but something more came with them. She had made acquaintances who had quite turned her silly little head. She had spent some other holidays with a dear friend who lived in a town, and the glimpse of a new life had seemed for the time being to have utterly unfitted her for her own old one.

Emily carried out the refuse of her pease to the poultry-yard and could not help a glow of pleasure as she stood and watched the pretty feathered creatures who quickly gathered about her. She was rather fond of feeding them and they seemed to know her and always gave her a noisy welcome.
Mother followed her out.

"I wish you would look for the golden pheasant's nest, Emily," she said. "I am sure she is laying somewhere, but she is always very cunning about hiding her nest. How nice to have all the hens laying so late in the season. We always get such prices near holiday times."
"Can't the boys hunt for the eggs?" asked Emily.
"I have been thinking," said her mother, without noticing her lack of interest, "that I would let you have entire charge of the poultry yourself. So take care of it all, and after we have what we want for the house, you are to have all you can make for yourself. Don't you think you would like it, dear?"
"Perhaps so," said Emily.

"I used to like it when I was a girl," continued her mother, "and I can remember taking a great deal of pride and pleasure in my poultry-yard."
"I'll think about it," said Emily.
"There comes Caleb."
A bright-looking boy came into the yard handling a theodolite with great care and pride.

"I've been out with the surveyors all the morning," he said, with great animation. "Had a glorious tramp, I tell you, mother. Forbes says I'll make a tip-top surveyor if only I give my mind to it and study up some this winter. Wish I could manage somehow to get hold of a few books and some little instruments. But I guess father's pushed hard enough already."
"I am afraid so," said mother, looking with affectionate sympathy and regard at the glowing face of the boy, feeling a pang which only mothers can feel at seeing him denied the reasonable privileges to which he was so justly entitled.
"I think you'll have to wait till spring, dear. It won't be so very long now, and we'll see how things are looking then."
Caleb assented, not saying a word about the long hours of the winter which might be so profitably spent in the study he loved.

"I came through the village," he said, "and I've got a letter for you, Emily."
"Ah, it's from Janet Lister," she said, seizing it eagerly and running into the house and up to her own room to read it by herself.
Mother talked a little more with Caleb concerning his hopes with regard to the surveying, contriving at length to gather

how much he might be doing during the winter in the way of fitting himself for work in the spring.
"Well, we'll see how father feels about Christmas time, dear," she said. "If he gets good prices for his crops perhaps we can get some of the things you want."
She was assisting Hester with the dinner when Emily rushed in from her room.
"O mother! Janet Lister has written asking me to go and spend Christmas with her. O mother, I wish I could go—but of course I can't—can I, mother?"
She waited in the half hope that she would be contradicted. She knew very well that such a thing would be next to impossible, but away down in her heart an almost unconscious hope had sprung up that her ever-indulgent mother might see some way of contriving such a great treat for her.
"No," said mother, who, in truth, saw little to desire in the visit even if there had not been so much in the way of it. "I like to get a pleasure for you when I can, but you know there's no use talking about it."
"It would be such a grand thing," said Emily, fretfully. "I feel as though I needed a change."
"Somebody else don't get a change very often, seems to me," said Hester.



"DEAR UNCLE ROBERT HAS MADE CHRISTMAS FOR ALL OF US," SAID EMILY.
The woman of all work, who chanced to be passing.
"There are many things much more needed, Emily," said her mother. "You seem to forget that others besides yourself are to be thought of."
And Emily sulked. She went about the pleasant farm-house with a face which Hester declared was enough to turn all the milk sour.
"Times was," she said, shaking her head in impatient disapproval, "when she used to go a-singing! about like a canary bird. What's come to her? I wonder if she'll ever get back to her natural self!"
Mother sadly wondered so, too. The days in the sunny kitchen and the cozy sitting-room were very cloudy ones in spite of all which the December sun could do, until Uncle Robert came with Aunt Helen for a day's visit.
Uncle Robert lived in the little village a few miles distant. He was mother's youngest brother, had no children of his own and was much given to petting those of his sister.
"What's the matter with Emily?" he asked, good-naturedly, after one or two looks at her downcast face.
"Sure enough, what is it?" said Aunt Helen, who always echoed her husband.
"O, Emily's feeling badly and can't get over it quite yet," said mother.
"Well, what about?" persisted Uncle Robert.
"Let's hear it all," said Aunt Helen.
"Why, Uncle Robert," said Emily, mournfully, "my dearest friend, Janet Lister, has asked me to go and spend the holidays with her and I can't go."
"Can't, hey?" said Uncle Robert.
"Well, that's too bad—although I don't know what we'd do without you about here if you should go. But it couldn't be done, you think?" he went on, turning to her mother.

"Couldn't be managed anyway?" asked Aunt Helen.
Mother shook her head.
"What'll it cost?" asked Uncle Robert.
"Not very much, I guess," said Aunt Helen.
"The fare there and back is twenty dollars," said Emily.
"Well, now, let me see," said Uncle Robert. "Business has been pretty good with me lately. How would it be if I should give you twenty dollars for a Christmas present, Emily? To do with it exactly what you would like to?"
"O, Uncle Robert," said Emily, throwing her arms around his neck, "you are so good."
"Yes, you are very, very good, Robert," said mother, hesitatingly. "We'll have to think of it, I suppose."
"Why, won't that fix it?" said Uncle Robert, as the cloud again settled on Emily's face.
"I know what she is thinking of," said Aunt Helen. "She's afraid it will cost too much to get Emily ready. But I don't believe it will. She could take my new cloak and furs—I could easily get along without them that long, and some of my collars and things—O, yes, we could easily fix her up."
"I'd get along with just as little as

haven't any time to lose, for it will only be two weeks before I go. I can get it charged at Wickham's."
Emily passed a pleasant afternoon with her aunt, and when supper was over set out on her return home with Farmer Hayes.
The full moon shed a glow of light upon every thing far and near, broken by deep shadows which only made the brightness brighter. Her home, as she drew near it, impressed her with its air of quiet cheerfulness. A twinkling light shone out of the window, whose curtain was never drawn, seeming to carry in its ray an assurance of the comfort and hospitality which dwelt inside.
"Prettiest farm-place in all the country," said the farmer, enthusiastically, as he turned into the drive-way under the elms. "Lots of folks would be thankful for such a home as that."
She could not help agreeing with him as they drew near the house, and she begged him not to trouble himself to drive around to the side-door where the turning was not so easy. The warm glow of light streamed more clearly from the window now, and as she stepped toward it she paused for a moment and looked in.
Father and mother were sitting by the wide fireplace. Father held in his hand the large red pocket-book which Emily knew so well, and after unfolding some papers over which he shook his head with a depressed look, took a few bills from the pocket-book and laid them on the table.
Mother turned towards the light as she took them up, and Emily could not forbear a little start of surprise and dismay as her face came into full light. Surely she had never seen it so pale and anxious before. Then the two looked into each other's faded eyes and talked—talked of things which must have borne heavy burdens to the hearts of each.

Emily turned and went out of the porch into the moonlight. In her own very heart of hearts she felt that this amusement for herself only to be gained only at serious cost to others.
She did not like the thought, for she was not a really selfish girl. It was only that she had been carried away by her longing after pleasures which did not belong with the real, true, honest happiness of life, at least of her life as it had been laid out for her.
But they were so delightful—these things. How could she give them up?
"I'll go and have this one good time," she said to herself as she walked up and down in the moonlight. "And I'll make it my good-bye to such things. I'll come back and settle down to be a real help and comfort to mother."
Filled with the satisfaction of these good resolutions, she again approached the door and opened it.
"Why, father, what is the matter?"
In an agony of alarm she rushed to the lounge upon which lay her mother.
"Don't frighten her," said father. "She has been so before. She—she is getting over it."
The dear eyes opened slowly and mother smiled at sight of Emily's anxious face.
"When has she been so before?" asked the young girl of her father after she had seen her mother comfortably at rest.
"Several times lately. Just a short fainting-spell. The doctor says it is owing to long-continued over-exertion and that she should have rest. But she will not rest."
The sigh which accompanied his words told of his realization of the fact that rest was not within easy reach of the overworked mistress of the farm.
Emily felt as though years had passed over her head when at length she sought her own room. Every time she shut her eyes the image of her mother lying pale and apparently lifeless came before her. If she had indeed been taking her final rest she could not have looked more like death, except that in that case the sleep which he giveth to His beloved would have brought peace upon the poor worn face to smooth out the lines of care.
During the long hours of that night Emily took herself to task for past, present and future much more vigorously than ever before in her life and settled with herself some weighty questions.
She took quiet, tender care of her mother for a few days until she seemed to be feeling quite well again, then said: "I am going over to Aunt Helen's for a few days if you are willing, mother. She's going to help me get ready for Christmas and it will be much less trouble to you if I am there."

At the Threshold.
WITHIN the portals of dead centuries,
Old year, you pass to-night,
And by the redness of my ingle-light
I muse alone,
Why should it make me grieve,
Old year, that you so soon must take your leave?
I have not known
O'er much of gladness
since you first found
birth
That I should weep
you vanished from this earth.
I have not known—Ah! 'tis the "might have been"
That makes my heart so sore.
And starts the hot, unwilling tears once more,
The twelve-month past
Into my life has brought
Not even a tittle of what my dreams had thought.
Yet why so fast?
Tarry awhile and teach me how to bear
The disappointments loathed to my share.
What! will't not stay? Ah, then, companion,
friend,
One hand-clasp e'er you go
A fleeting shadow through the night and snow.
Another year
Waits entrance at the door.
Perchance of grief and tears he brings me more,
Purchase of cheer.
But he will help me read the lessons you
Have written out. And so, old year, adieu.
—Mary Clark Huntington, in Good Housekeeping.

TOEING THE LINE.
HE Christmas carols had been sung,
The guests had turned to go;
Down from the chandelier
there hung
A spray of mistletoe.
Beneath, along the polished floor,
A clear-marked line there ran;
No face was peering
at the door;
I was alone with Nan.
Her hair in ripples ringed her brow.
An amiable divine;
Then courage came—I know not how—
I dared her toe the line.
She smiled a roguish smile and fleet;
She gave a dainty trip—
And oh the honey, Hybla-sweet,
I tasted from her lip!
A few months more and I opine—
(Perhaps you'd like to know)—
'Twill be the matrimonial line
This charming man'll toe.
—Bissell Clinton, in Harper's Magazine.

Happiness in Store.
A colored man entered a Woodward avenue jewelry store yesterday with a small silver watch in his hand, and passing it to the repairer he curtly said: "See what ails it."
"The mainspring is gone," replied the repairer as he opened the case, "and—"
"Dat's all right."
"And the jewels and—"
"Dat's all right."
"And most of the wheels."
"Dat's all right."
"In fact, there is only about one-quarter of the works left."
"Dat's all right. Kin it be fixed?"
"No."
"Is it with ober a dollar?"
"No."
"Dat's all right. Ize gwine to put it in de ole woman's stocking fur Christmas."—Detroit Free Press.

Presents for a Family.
Fond Mother—Here comes my dear boy. Bless his precious heart. He has been out all the morning buying Christmas presents with his own money for the whole family. Well, pet, did you have a nice time?
Little Dick—Yes, indeed, mamma; I bought a paper of pins for the cook and some hairpins for you, and a pocket-comb for pa, and a brass collar for my dog, and a bell and ribbon for my kitty, and a drum and trumpets and sled and pair o' skates for my little brother.
"But you haven't any little brother."
"Well, may be I'll have one before Christmas. If I don't I can use the things myself."—Shoe and Leather Review.

Faint Congratulation.
Mr. Chestacorn—Rawther nice of my wife, dear boy. Made me a smoking-gown and cap, and blew me in for a box of cigars.
His Friend—Say, Billy, ain't you glad Christmas comes only once a year?—Judge.



HAZIE'S STRATEGY. The Mystery of the Two Christmas Stockings.



HAZH-ZHU-EERUS!" It was Auntie Chloe's voice musically calling from her cabin door. No response. "Neb-uh-chad-naz-zur!" It was Aunt Chloe calling again. She had a silvery voice.

the solemn genius presiding at the cabin. Hahzie trembled. He knew the meaning of this. The decision would affect the size of his Christmas stocking and also its contents. The two boys would generally spend the night before Christmas with Uncle Solomon and Auntie Chloe, receive a stockingful from Christmas-land per Santa Claus' express, and then go home after breakfast Christmas morning. One year Auntie Chloe made a mistake and hung up one of her stockings for the boys. It fell to Hahzie, and wasn't it a big one!

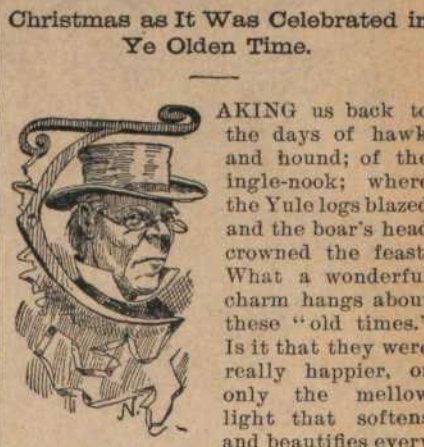
While executing this fraud he hit a table, and Uncle Solomon, troubled by



HE MADE NUMBERS THREE AND FOUR CHANGE PLACES. the moonlight and unable to sleep, heard the noise. "Who's dar?" he shouted.

Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian, in behalf of Ahasuerus, the Persian, now slipped out of bed. He stole among the gay shadows of early morning in the stocking-row. He made number three and number four change places. Then he stole back to his side of the couch where he slept with the enterprising Persian. "Hark!" he said. Was it the wind moaning hard around the house, or some creature's distant howl down in the swamp by the dark bayou, or a far-off drum-roll from early Christmas rejoicings?

PLEASANT MEMORIES. Christmas as It Was Celebrated in Ye Olden Time.



AKING us back to the days of hawk and hound; of the ingle-nook; where the Yule logs blazed and the boar's head crowned the feast. What a wonderful charm hangs about these "old times." Is it that they were really happier, or only the mellow light that softens and beautifies every thing seen in a backward glance?

Next door to him a maiden lived, a lovely, charming miss; She had but sixteen summers seen, was full of life and bliss; Her eyes, her cheeks, her hands, her face—well, they were just perfection!

On Christmas morn that aged man his stocking full he found, With plenty more of other things pinned up and nailed around. He wiped his specs five hundred times, his laughter turned to screaming, On opening such queer packages; he thought he must be dreaming.

A bustle, hair-pins, bracelets four, gold garters, eighteen vails, A gross of gloves, nine bonnets gay, a case to shine the nails, Six dresses, stail, flowing trains, two muffs and sealskin sack, Two parasols, a dozen fans and slippers white and black,



HE THOUGHT HE MUST BE DREAMING. The old man wiped his specs again. Said he: "Tis mighty queer That I should get such funny things, and I so near my bier. I am afraid—I am afraid—I'm very sure, That Santa Claus 's been getting drunk on whisky or on beer."

On Christmas morn the lassie gay her stocking full she found, With plenty more of curious things pinned up and nailed around. She wiped her eyes five hundred times; she thought she must be dreaming, Each package was so very queer; at last she felt to screaming.

One pair of spectacles of gold, two goggles, gray and blue, A golden box, three pounds of snuff, six pipes all bright and new, Five pairs of socks of woolen blue, three night-caps, foot-bath, too, Suspenders four, two satin stocks, hair dye of blackest hue,

Pajamas two, three morning gowns, six razors sharp and bright, With brush and cup and shaving cream, one crutch both strong and light, Six canes, a suit of nice, warm clothes just suited for a dandy, A prayer-book with the largest type, one bottle of old brandy.

The lassie wiped her eyes again. Said she: "Tis mighty queer That I should get such funny things, and in my sixteenth year. I am afraid that Santa Claus has got a wee bit crazy, To leave for me such useless things, and I a little daisy."

When Santa Claus had left that night and found out his mistake He laughed, he laughed, he laughed so hard you'd thought his heart would break. He laughed, he shook, he shook, he laughed—more stockings were to fill— He laughed so hard, he shook so hard, it almost made him ill.



SAID SHE: "TIS MIGHTY QUERER." On Christmas Day, at dinner time, old Santa sought the city. And changed the things from house to house, laughed, danced and sang a ditty. And when the Christmas dinner o'er, the old man sought his room, The phantom changed perplexed his mind with joy and awe and gloom.

And when the Christmas dinner o'er, the lassie sought her room, No pack of fire-crackers e'er created such a boom. She laughed, she cried and flew about, jumped high upon a stool, And said: "It is not Christmas Day; it must be April Fool."

Now, when the old man thinks of it, his thoughts are very hazy, He hardly knows just what to think, while sure he was not crazy. And when the lassie thinks of it, her thoughts are very nutty; She hardly knows just what to say—the pretty little daisy.

SANTA CLAUS' MISHAP.

HOW THE BROWNIES HELPED HIM OUT OF A BAD SCRAPE.

I. 'Twas Christmas Eve and Santa Claus Was in a dreadful hurry, And swift as thought he donned his cap And coat so warm and furry.

III. When all was ready off they flew As light as sunbeams dancing, Each town and city skimming through And o'er each hill-top glancing; Down every chimney on the way Went Santa without knocking, And with a smile and knowing look Put something in each stocking.

V. Just then from everywhere appeared A throng of tiny creatures, With nimble feet and willing hands, And funny little features; Without delay they went to work With stern determination To extricate poor Santa from His awkward situation.

VII. Ere long once more upon his way The good old saint was skimming, But from his face the smile had flown, In tears his eyes were swimming; The loss of many of his toys Had filled his heart with sorrow, For some dear little friends would miss His presents on the morrow.



II. Said he unto each antlered steed: "My pretty one, my beauty, We've many a mile to go to-night And you must do your duty; My little friends, the world around, Have given me fair warning That they expect a call from me Before to-morrow morning."

IV. But ere the night had worn away Our dear old friend faced badly, And by mishap his headlong course Was terminated sadly; While swiftly gliding o'er the snow, No sign of danger spying, A wayside tree upset his sleigh, And sent its contents flying.

VI. Some darted off to catch the deer, Which o'er the hillside skurried, Some tugged away at Santa Claus, Who 'neath the sleigh lay buried; Some gathered up the broken toys Which in the snow were scattered, And o'er the sad catastrophe The busy Brownies chattered.

VIII. No doubt Saint Nick has often met With some such sad disaster, And caused some little hearts to throbb With grief they could not master; But if one year he fails to come, His precious gifts bestowing, Another year he'll be on hand With bounty overflowing.

sun, said: "Ah, dar dose boys! Dey comin'!" Another minute and her sable face was awry with indignation. Ahasuerus, or Hahzie, as he was generally called, had thrown Nebuchadnezzar down—Nebbie, for short—and Hahzie was kicking Nebbie.

Auntie Chloe marched at once to the battle-ground. She separated the boys and sent them into the cabin. Then she sat in judgment upon that humiliating scene. Hahzie was the stronger and less tractable boy, envious and cruel. Nebbie was a bunch of generous nature, and his weaker frame often fell a victim to his cousin's assaults. When Auntie Chloe had a special largess to bestow, or a special wrong to redress, she used the boys' full names.

"A-hahz-zhu-ee-rus! I'm shamed ob yer! By yer own ownin' up, yer began it, an' yer bout finish Neb-uh-chad-naz-zur. What do yer say fur yerself?" "Dunno!" was the sullen answer. "Neb-uh-chad-naz-zur. What am I to do wid dat boy? You be de judge!" "Dunno!" sobbed Nebbie. "I 'spose yer would let him go," said Auntie Chloe.

Up and down went Nebbie's head. "He won't—do it—agin—and—it's Christmas, Auntie," sobbed Nebbie. Auntie Chloe shook her head doubtfully. She did not know about making so small the terms of Ahasuerus' payment. "A-hahz-zhu-ee-rus must not spect so much Christmas from his auntie," said

"afore de shibly." When Auntie Chloe had hung her own and Uncle Solomon's, then came Nebbie's, being a few months older than his cousin, whose gifts had the fourth place.

That night Ahasuerus, the Persian, had an evil thought while lying in his bed:



"I'll 'slip o'er easy, change de stockin's, and slip off easy wid mine fore de beekfus." The Christmas moon, round and white, was looking in through the cabin window when Hahzie stole out to the stocking-row and made stocking number three and number four change places.

"Oh—oh—bugglers!" shrieked Auntie Chloe, pulling the bed-clothes over her head. "Sol'mun, jes' go an' see."

It was the last thing Uncle Solomon wished to do, as staying in bed and hollering were far more convenient, but he obeyed his wife. Hahzie looked up. What was it, that tall figure in white that he saw? "Old Santie!" he groaned, and fled for his bed. Uncle Solomon was startled. He saw something white and spectral flitting over the floor in the moonlight, and prudently, tremblingly, went back to bed.

"Who dat?" inquired Auntie Chloe. Uncle Solomon was dumb. Auntie Chloe shook him. "Suffin' in white!" snapped out Uncle Solomon. Auntie Chloe did not shake again. "Dat am Santie," she whispered. With big eyes she lay in silence till Santa Claus' friend and fellow-conspirator, sleep, shook a poppy flower over her eyes and she dropped into a slumber.

Toward morning Nebuchadnezzar had a thought. This young Babylonian said: "Hahzie has a hard time at home. I know my stockin' an' better. I'll gib it to him." Yes, Ahasuerus did have the harder time at home. His father's cabin was on a rice plantation. Nebuchadnezzar's father lived on the sugar plantation of "Massa Jurdan." Oh, the untold sweets of such a life in the shadow of the tall cane!

As soon as it was actually light he shouted: "Merry Chris'mus, Uncle Sol'mun! Merry Chris'mus, Auntie Chloe! Don'tink I ken wait for brekfus! Neb, wish ye—"

His tongue caught in his teeth when he tried to wish his late bedfellow a merry Christmas. Off he went, clutching that much-desired stocking. "How am dis?" wondered Nebuchadnezzar, handling a precious stocking later. "Oh, dat am your'n, honey!" said Auntie Chloe. "But Hahzie?" said the perplexed Nebbie. "He hab de right one, honey," replied Auntie Chloe.

Had he? That moment he was up on the roof of his father's cabin, dismally looking into a very thin stocking and saying: "How am dis? Dis am a mystery!"—Rev. Edward A. Rand, in Interior.

LITTLE DOT—"I heard your mamma tell my mamma that you were getting to be an awful good boy." Little Dick—"Yes, I am." "She said she knew what you wanted for Christmas, 'cause she heard you a-prayin' for them." "Yes; I prayed real loud so she would."—Omaha World.

"If I were a bird," said a boy, And exceedingly wise looked he, "I'd always build my little nest In the top of a Christmas-tree."

—Harper's Magazine.